Majorie II

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

It was one of those coffee tables with a hard-edged steel frame and a glass top. The kind that when you see it you might say that to trip and fall and hit your head on that could cause a serious injury. This was just that. Otis Mailing could see that from the moment she fell, struggling to escape him. There was blood everywhere. Her eyes were open and staring up at him, as dead as a rock.

“Fuck, Otis!” said Zack. “This is bad, Bro”. He had been talking to her – Majorie was her name. He thought that he had been getting through to her. They were just doing a job. She had to go back. She couldn’t just run away like that. She needed to front up to the Duke, and tell him why she needed out. But she made a run for it. She broke free from Otis. Where did she think she was going? Some women can be stupid. Now she was dead.

“What have you done?” It was Majorie’s brother Silas. It was his place. She was taking refuge there. There was not much that he could do against a pair of professional toughs like Otis and Zack. Hell, he was no bigger than she was, and built the same way too.

“It was an accident,” said Otis. He had killed men without thought, but somehow this was wrong. Now he felt guilty. He had not wanted this. He knew Marjorie. He had protected her in the past. “She tripped and fell.”

“We need to get rid of the body,” said Zack.

“That’s my sister! “We need to call the …”. Silas stopped short of the word police. He looked at each of them in turn, as they just stared at the body that had been his vivacious sister only seconds before. The police would not be called, and suggesting it would see him turned into a corpse to lie alongside hers. “You guys have got to put this right. She was innocent. I am innocent.”

“You might be the only one who gets to live,” said Zack. “Otis and me are dead. The Duke is going to be more than fucked off. He is going to be … murderous.”

“He is going to kill us, Zack,” said Otis. “Maybe she didn’t really matter to him, but he won’t see it that way.” Sometimes Otis could get things right, and those words were that.

“Ok, so you’re going to have to come with us,” Zack said to Silas, trying to think as he was talking. “We can’t have you calling anybody.”

The Duke is going to want to see Majorie, not her brother,” said Otis, his face the picture of ignorance, but also of deep concern.

But those words suddenly made Zack turn, and have a closer look at Silas. He had been in the shower when they pushed their way through the door. He was wearing a robe and his long hair lay damp to his shoulders. His face was similar to his sisters but perhaps even smaller in its features – even more feminine than his sister.

“Maybe we can make that work, my brother,” said Zack. Otis was not his brother but the big man liked the word – being called it and calling others by it. It made Otis feel loved. It made up for the family never had.

“You’re thinking again,” said Otis. It was not his thing, but he recognized it in others.

“Silas, right?” Zack focused on his target so intently the prey could feel it. “We have work to do, but to save our asses you are going to have to be your sister for a little while. By the looks of it you are about the same size. We just need to produce you and we can talk on your behalf. Don’t worry. You’ll be saving our lives so we will save yours. You may thing that we are just gangsters that can’t be trusted, but we have a code, don’t we Otis?”

Otis paused for a minute before saying - “He’s always kept his word to me.”

“I suppose I don’t have much of a choice,” said Silas. These two would never know the truth that he had done it before – pretended to be his sister. But it had never been a matter of survival, more a way to sneak into a R-rated movie, but with a slight weird pleasure attaching to it.

“Like you say, you are an innocent, and so was Majorie. We know her, you know. We liked her – right Bro?”

“That’s right,” said Otis. “She was a nice person. It is sad to see her dead.”

“But now we have to find something to wrap her in,” said Zack exercising his practicality. And you have to dress up, Silas. Just put your phone on the table over there.”

Otis found a shower curtain. He rolled the body on to it. On the back of Majorie’s skull was the indentation of the corner of the coffee table. A perfect triangle.

“So sad,” said Otis. “I really liked her. Why did she have to struggle like that?”

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“I’m not very good at this,” said Silas. He was sitting on the back seat of the car checking his makeup with a hand mirror he had brought with him. “I really don’t look enough like her.”

“I have thought of this,” said Zack. “You don’t have to. Majorie has been missing for months. So she changed her appearance. Colored her hair, or rather dropped the blonde, and had a little work done on her face. That explains it. You just need to stay quiet while I speak for you.”

“I can actually do her voice a bit,” Silas blurted, and then almost immediately he wished he hadn’t.

“Oh yeah?” said Otis at the wheel. “Let’s hear some.”

Silas cleared his throat and then spoke his sister’s words – “I just can’t stand living with that man any more. He is very generous, but he is not a great lover and he is very possessive. Sometimes I think that he really doesn’t care for me at all. I’m like an expensive painting that he never really liked, but likes having hanging around.”

“Hey, that’s good. You sound just like her,” said Otis.

“Just don’t use those words is my advice,” said Zack. “We carry on with the plan, I will try to get Majorie out of this relationship and if you need to talk, just agree with me.”

Silas was looking in the mirror again. “I really don’t look feminine enough.”

We need to stop at a beauty shop and get you the works,” said Zack. “I will pay. Our lives depend on it.” He had his phone and the other’s too – one from Silas and one that Majorie had been using. He looked for something local, and then navigated Otis to it.

Otis waited in the car while Zack and Silas walked inside.

A large lady bustled over from a customer to attend to them.

“This is a special occasion,” said Zack. “This here is my girlfriend Marjorie. She is transgender and this her first day presenting as a woman, which is how I want her to be. I am talking her out tonight and I want her to look flawlessly feminine.”

“Well, Honey, by chance or downright miracle you have come to exactly the right place,” said the lady with a smile that threatened the walls on both sides. “My name is April. It so happens that I am a transwoman myself, seven years post op next week! I know all there is to know about this. Let me finish with Mrs. Batey and I will give this my full attention. You just wait here now.”

“Well, there’s a stoke of luck,” said Zack. “Things are looking good for us all of a sudden, don’t you think, Majorie?”

“Oh Girl, just look at all this body hair!” April exclaimed. “We’re going to start with an all over wax, and something more effective for the face. Are you sure that you want to go out tonight? Tomorrow night would be better?”

Zack nodded. Another night didn’t matter. He would call the Duke and explain that they had found her and they were on their way back.

“Are you on hormones, Honey?” April asked. “Well don’t you worry, I have regular customers and I have spiro and estro patches on hand. You really need to get a prescription, but I can help put you on the road. Let’s clean you up and I will put them under your stick-on breasts. I have some that will be perfect for you – not too big. Now, don’t you be concerned, I have done all this before. They will look seamless and you can even shower with them on. They will cost a little extra, but feminine is what you asked for … right, mister?”

“That’s right,” said Zack. “She’s my girl, so I want her to be perfect.” Perfectly convincing was worth paying for. He had cash. Crime pays. Silas looked alarmed. Zack nodded reassuringly as April led his away.

Zack called Otis to check whether there was a back door – there wasn’t. It struck him that Silas was unlikely to run. Marjorie was different – high spirited and even ornery. She had been impulsive and witless, using only her looks to get where she was. Her resting face was the pout, which on her like many models, looked good.

Silas was a very different personality - somebody who liked to please. They had not driven far together, but Silas had talked most of the way. He was much smarter than his sister. He seemed to be capable but he was going along with this, and that was good.

He sat down in the waiting area. The magazines were hair and ladies’ fashion. He played a game on his phone. He was on Level 8 by the time that he was aware somebody was standing in front of him. He looked up.

The new Majorie stood before him. She was fully clothed in a dress that displayed long smooth legs, and an impressive cleavage, as well as a waist clearly achieved with corsetry of some kind. But it was her hair and face that caused Zack’s mouth to drop open. The hair was Silas’s brown with a few highlights, in soft curls that screamed girl, and the face was made up gently but impeccably.

“I decided not to go blonde,” came that Majorie voice from her painted lips. “After all, I am in hiding – right? What do you think of my nails? April has given me tips on how to sit, and stand, and walk. We have been practicing. Would you like to see?”

Zack stared. He barely heard the words, and barely noticed that April was standing beside her masterpiece, beaming.

“I know woman when I see one,” said April. “When you pull the skin of a man and it just falls off to reveal the woman beneath, you see it immediately. You have a true beauty here, Mister. You look after her. But in the meantime I will give you an itemized account. Once I had the measurements I had an outfit brought in from next door, including the shoes and the bag. In that are the essentials for every woman. I will list them all.”

“Forget that,” said Zack, his eyes still fixed on the vision before him. “Just give me a figure and I will round it up to the nearest thousand.”

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They stood in the room that the Duke called “my Inner Sanctum” – large, windowless, containing priceless items, leather furnishings, earthy tones, masculine. The Duke sat behind his desk. Between Zack and Otis stood a woman he barely recognized.

“I just want to know why,” he said. Then he added – “You look different.”

“She had a little work done to change her face so we would recognize her, but we did,” said Zack. “But we found her. Here she is. But we have had a chance to talk and …”.

“Don’t you like the way I look now,” snapped Majorie, butting in and knocking Zack off his game. “This is me. I am not a blond bimbo anymore.” She glared angrily at the man behind the desk.

“You can’t change who you are, Baby,” said the Duke. “The truth is that I barely missed you. I can do without your dumb questions and your inexplicable behavior. You looked good as a blonde. You looked as dumb as you are.”

“Yeah Boss, we figured that as …”. Zack was stopped by a raised hand.

“So you had everything, and still you ran off … I just need to know why?”

“Had you thought for a minute that it might all have been an act? Maybe I thought that was what you wanted? Maybe I figured you for a bimbo lover – somebody who just wants eye candy on his arm to be envied by your goons like these guys?” Majorie II gestured to the men either side of her, with Zack realizing that he had totally lost control of this exchange. “Maybe I figured that you liked your woman pretty and flighty – aren’t women supposed to be unpredictable? Maybe I just go sick of being that?”

The Duke seemed startled, but then his face broke into a smile. He leaned back in his chair.

“Maybe you’re wrong?” he said. “Maybe you were wrong from the start? I think I prefer the new you.”

“I don’t think you would,” she said. The new me has one surprise in particular that you might find very unpleasant. No, I think that we should just part company, Baby. Don’t worry, you secrets are safe with me, not that I have any.”

“You have never called me Baby before,” he said, his eyes narrowing. “You have always been my baby – an infant in so many ways, needing constant care and attention. That was always you. I am not a baby. You know that.”

“A new name for a new status,” said the new Majorie. “Men do need care and attention. Bimbos are just visual. I am no longer that.”

“You are too different,” he said. “I am starting to think that you are not really my Marjorie. But so much much like her. A younger sister perhaps – slightly prettier and with natural hair color. Maybe pretending to be her while she gets away.”

The only woman in the room raised her chin in defiance. She looked at him with a strength he could feel. She said – “She’s gone. You’ll never find her!”

“As I was just getting around to saying, I don’t want her,” said the Duke, fixing his gaze on her eyes with the same strength, like the laser eyes of two superheroes meeting in the middle of the room. “I want you,” he said.

“You won’t when you find out my secret,” she said. She raised her dress and pulled aside the restraining garment that had become so uncomfortable since she first laid eyes on this man.

He looked at what she had revealed with more puzzlement that disgust. Here was a man who had seen many things more than most.

“I was right then,” he said, with mock smugness. “Her little sister. The prettier one. And you put that away.”

“Yes. You are right. I am her little sister, although I didn’t realize it until today.”

“You are a fascinating woman,” said the Duke. “I feel that I should know you better.”

“I feel that too,” she said. “I mean I need to know myself better than I do.”

“Let’s do that then,” he rose from his desk, and Zack thought that he could see a bulge in his boss’s pants. “You two can leave me with this lady,” said the Duke.

The End

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Erin’s seed: “A bad guy's wife has run off so he sends his trusted henchmen after her and they accidentally kill her so they need a substitute fast So they snatch the woman's kid brother and force him to imitate her, but they promise to help him get away. The boss finds out what is going on but decides he likes the brother anyway and he offers his new girlfriend his henchmen's hide but she settles for humiliating them instead of murder …