Tango
A Short Story
By Maryanne Peters

I came from a family of dancers, so of course I danced. In their day my parents, David and Penny Cyprien, had been Ballroom and Latin Dance Champions and continued to compete at a high level when we were growing up. My mother taught dance. My father was involved in the administration of dance competitions. My older brother Daniel and my sister Beatrice had been junior champions and were near the top now that she was out of High School. My aunt (my father’s sister Jeanne) was also heavily involved, and was my mother’s family, but on the other side of the country.

For myself, as the youngest I had rebelled slightly. I suppose that because my brother and sister danced together, and my parents were dance partners of course, I struck out alone for a while, but in dance. I stepped away from ballroom and became involved in “interpretive dance” with a local troupe. I was probably the most instinctive dancer in our family, except for perhaps my mother. I loved her and everything that she could do on the floor or the stage. It was the subtlety of her movement that was so alluring. Nobody could do it like she could.

My limitation was in upper body strength. My father had it, and so do my brother. It allowed them to do lifts and even throws. It is not essential in ballroom, but it can be spectacular. In other forms of dance that strength is also desirable for all male dancers. It is not expected for female dancers.

So my style was heavily influenced by my mother. She encouraged me and I think that it was well known that I was her favourite. Perhaps that was why her death was such a tragedy for me. After a short but horrifying battle with cervical cancer she was dead at 46 and I was motherless at 18.

It was a sorrowful time for us all. My father was deeply depressed for a while. My aunt Jeanne came to stay with us, and she encouraged all of us to get up and get back dancing. In truth she was a poor dancer. Her skills and her enthusiasm were for the costumes and the presentation of the ladies dancing, but she was good enough to get my father motivated.

I came back into ballroom too, dancing with a girl Tilly, who my sister had introduced. She was not a great dancer, but she was good in bed. Many guys think of dancing as not a masculine activity, but it has always been a great way to get the girls.

But when it came to practice I still worked with my family. We had a dance studio in our home. Beatrice and I still lived there and Daniel lived with his new wife only a block away. When there was only the four of us, I would find myself dancing the female role with either my father or my sister. I was light enough to present no problem, and I knew all the moves. I even danced in heels when with my brother as he was much taller than me. My feet were the same size as my sister.

And that is the reason why this whole thing happened to me. It was when Beatrice got injured on the eve of a big competition. It was a serious injury and she would be out for months. Daniel’s wife was a dancer too, but she was pregnant. All the family’s hopes were pinned on Dan’s success in this contest. Tilly and I were really not in the running. That is when Aunt Jeanne came up with her outrageous idea.

“You could be your brother’s partner,” she said. “You know all the moves and you have that extra flourish that could be an advantage.”
“Nice idea,” I said, “But I don’t think to men dancing together have a chance of winning.”

“Well, there’s no rule against it,” she said. “But that is not what I was thinking. You would need to appear female, at least in front of the judges. To keep it in the family you could be my daughter, come in to cover for your cousin.”

My father and brother laughed, and I almost joined them, but I could see that Aunt Jeanne was serious. Dad and Dan stopped laughing and looked at me.

“You do have your mother’s legs,” my father said.

It was true. I was not muscular like my brother. I always thought of myself as having a dancer’s body. I was slim but rounded. My limbs were not angularly or sinewy. They were legs that any women would be happy to have.

“You have a good head of hair,” Dan sniggered. He often teased me about my longish hair and “man bun” I sometimes wore, where his hair was short, more suited to his day job in accounting. I was still a student and I could wear it as I liked.

“Just some padding and tucking needed, and some work on the face,” said my aunt, moving in for a closer inspection. “That wispy beard and moustache will have to go, but beneath it I see a very attractive young woman.”

There was a moment of silence with everybody looking at me, before my father asked: “Would you do it?” His look pleaded for a positive response. To confirm it he added: “I think your mother would have been thrilled to fill in for Bea, in these circumstances. You dance so much like her.”

If I had said no at this point, my life would so different now. I had almost turned my back on my family to find my own life, and then my mother had died and I was back. I was needed. There was love, and there was guilt in that moment, but most of all there was the desire. The desire to dance.

I shrugged my shoulders. “Okay,” I said.

I think that most people, particularly men, do not understand how much of femininity is in movement and gesture. I have always understood it because of dance. As a dancer I understand what movements of the hand, or the feet, or the body, are the signals of a woman, and what would look ungainly and unfeminine in a man pretending to be a woman. I already had a head start.

The other thing that was up to me was to speak with a female voice. It was agreed by everybody that I would need to present myself as a woman throughout a contest, and that meant learning to speak like a woman. Fortunately, there are resources available on the web for transgendered people, and exercises that can be done to adjust resonance. I was able to acquire the skill and be accepted as female over the phone, within a fairly short time.

The rest was up to my aunt Jeanne – the physical transformation.

At the outset she said that I would need to adopt and hair and skin regime to improve the quality of both, and that included taking pills and adjusting my diet. I was only joking when I asked her whether the pills were female hormones, so I was a little dismayed when she said what they were.
“Not exactly female hormones”, she said. “They are synthetic and mimic hormones, but they are not them. They will do you no harm, I promise.”

I accepted what she said and I did not push further as I should have. In fact, these synthetic compounds act exactly like hormones but are even more powerful and tend to stay in the system to continuing effect. But I was not to learn that until later.

My aunt had decided what my measurements would be and she prepared a body stocking to give me that shape. Then she had a number of outfits that she had sketched out for the tournaments, some re-cycling but modernising outfits that both my mother and my sister had worn and adjusting them to my size. This was the kind of thing that she was really good at.

She had also sketched the hairstyles and makeup that she was proposing for each outfit. For most of the hairstyles the hair would be worn up or back, so it was necessary to use my own hair. Using a wig was hardly an option even if the style was loose, as it could fly around, and with the heat and movement of the dancefloor, keeping a wig on could be a problem.

“And we will need to do some work on your face,” said Aunt Jeanne. “The eyebrows will have to be done and we will need to get rid of all traces of facial hair.”

This meant that when dressed as a male I would certainly appear different. I might be able to conceal my brows under a cap, but Tilly would certainly know. I had to bring her in the plan.

She was not at all happy. I think that she understood that she was not good enough, and that with another partner I had more chance of winning, but she did not want me to win disguised as a woman. “Who would know that it was you who is winning?” she asked.

My simple reply was: “I would.” Because winning is winning. Even winning as Cherise instead of Chuck, I would still be the best. That is what mattered.

Tilly told me later that the last time that we had sex, it was weird. My body was hairless and she said that when she looked at me with my smooth face, shaped eyebrows and long hair, she felt like a lesbian! It was the last time.

The first dance was out of town, so Aunt Jeanne and my sister Bea had me travel the whole way dressed as Cherise. I wore jeans and a simple top, but both were tight fitting. They showed me how to apply light ‘daytime’ makeup. As a theatrical dancer I knew about makeup, but not like this. Anyway, I thought that I looked entirely convincing as a woman, and nobody disagreed.

When we got to the venue there was enough space and some screens, so two costume changes were not a problem. There was an outfit for the Latin dances with a red rose in my hair and smokey eyes, and one for classical ballroom with curls added to my bun. My aunt had done well, and I felt that I had the best costume on display that night.

My brother and I danced up a storm. We came second, but the opinion was that the judges should have given us first. That was the only second placing we got. After that we got firsts only. We both
knew that we had to put the effort in. He took time off work. I arranged to do my studies on an extramural basis. We practiced extensively.

When I was not practising dance, I was practising being Cherise off the dancefloor. Tilly had drifted away from me, without a formal breakup, but my aunt and sister were there to help. I think that we all understood that the best way to adopt a character is by immersion in that character. That is how I came to spend more and more time living as Cherise.

My aunt’s “not-really-hormones” were starting have an effect too. There was some softening of my body, but with no effect on my fitness or flexibility. My penis rarely got hard, but that was useful as I needed to tuck myself in public. And there was swelling in the chest which was easier to ignore as a bra became a regular item of clothing.

It was unimportant because Dan and I were winning. We won the next two competitions, clean sweeping all the dance styles, which is almost unheard of. But then two things happened to upset the plan. Dan’s wife had the baby and that became his focus. And my sister Beatrice recovered and was ready to dance again with Dan when he was ready. We were two weeks from a major competition and I had no partner. We had to withdraw.

Then I had the call that changed my life. Dario Alvarado was well known dancer who not only competed, but did exhibition dances. It was well known that he had fallen out with his dance partner of many years (Maria somebody) and while they continued to dance together, it was awkward. He was looking for a new partner and he wanted me.

Now, it is a very different thing to pretend to be female when you are dancing with somebody who knows, but Dario had no idea that I was really a man. I wanted to dance with him, as he was probably one of the best ballroom dancers in the country, if not the best. But how could I tell him that I was only pretending to be a woman? Or could I get away with being Cherise and not telling him?

My family were all supportive. They wanted me to compete. They would all be in the audience.

“You with Dario cannot lose,” said my father. “You would be an unbeatable combination.”

So, I said yes. I called Dario back and told him to put our names down as the new couple.

Dario really burnt his bridges on this. His ex-partner Maria was furious, or pretended to be. I think she was relieved to be out of it, but she wanted him to know that she would never dance with him again, anywhere.

“Would you be able to help me with some exhibition dances as well?” he asked me.
This was my dream come true. Exhibition dances means shows put on in clubs or functions where expert dancers display their skills and get paid for it. The best can demand high performance fees and Dario was the best. It meant the prospect of being a professional dancer. What could I say?

My only condition was that we needed to avoid becoming personally involved. I did not want a working relationship being complicated by any overtures from him, especially because I was a man, although he did not know it, and a heterosexual man besides. He readily agreed. He told me that he had learned his lesson from his most recent partner. Keep it strictly professional.

But somehow, I knew that things were different. When I danced the female role with my father or my brother, the physical contact was about closeness as a family. When Dario held me, it was not like that.

His real skill was in the Latin dances, and in particular the tango and the Argentinian tango. These are dances of passion, and he had bucket-loads of that. I needed to reflect that passion with disdain, but also add my own movements signalling the repressed desire for sex. When it is danced properly the tango is the most titillating vision imaginable. It should affect the audience, so how could it not affect the dancers?

For the competition (which we won easily) we followed a strict agreed choreography. But the first demonstration we did, which was as guest performers at a large private function, Dario said that we should push ourselves a little. He had a signal with his right hand if I went too far, but he never used it. I was all over him throughout the dance. I was up and down his leg, I was pushing his head towards me, I was turning away or pulling away, to flick my full skirt at him, before twirling back into his arms. In tango we say that the man drives the woman across the floor. The woman responds by accepting the movement, but not yielding to him. She plays with him. She frustrates him. It has the effect of increasing his passion. We were fantastic. The whole room stood and applauded that dance.

But more importantly, at the end of it we sat down for our break, and I felt as if I had just had the most incredible sex. I had not had an erection for weeks, for reasons that I did not then understand, but I felt as if I had just orgasmed at least 3 times. And I had been with a man.

There was nothing gay about this. In interpretive dance we are always seeking to “live the dance”, to be absorbed by the character we are playing. For me I had become the woman in the arms of a man. I had responded as a woman and I had been sexually fulfilled. It was all a fantasy of course, but it translated into a great performance.

But Dario looked at me after that dance and I knew something had changed between us. Something that would change me forever. He did not say the words, but he wanted to fuck me. I said nothing either, but he knew that I wanted to be fucked by him.

I knew that I had to end the fantasy, and soon. I had to tell him who I was. I was reluctant for two reasons. The first was that I worried that our dance partnership might end just as we were fulfilling the hopes we both had. But the second reason was harder to describe – I suppose I did not want to disappoint him, or hurt him, by the revelation.
There was an all-night café near the venue, and he suggested we go there. I asked for decaf, but he drank only espressos.

“I told you when we started all this, that I could not be involved with you,” I said.

“That was your plan, and mine,” he began. “But it is clear to both of us …”

“Please stop right there Dario.” I held up my hand. I could not help but notice how feminine it looked – softened with twice daily hand cream and with long painted nails. “I want to dance, but I cannot be involved with you because I am not a woman.”

It was said. It was as if I had pulled my penis out and slammed in on the table, if it had been big enough to get out of my panties. His expression was blank. Shock, I guess. We sat there looking at one another, as if daring one another to blink first.

Then I felt a tear in my right eye. I have no idea where it came from. Then it dripped hot onto my flushed cheek. It turned the potential for anger in his face into sympathy.

“We can make this work,” he said.

“So, we are still partners?” I reached out my hand so that he could shake it to seal the deal. But he took it and kissed it.

“Partners,” he echoed.

It was just as well, because we had another competition coming up. We were great, and we won all of the dances. There was no trace of reserve in Dario, although the tango was strictly to plan.

It was not until the next exhibition dance that the shooting box was re-opened. And to make it worse it was well away from our home city, in a resort on the coast.

The organiser had booked adjoining rooms for us at the hotel where we were to perform. There was a live band so we had to be there in the afternoon for a rehearsal. After we had done that, Dario ran through the music while I went to have my hair done. I was without my entourage so I had to book a salon. They were very good, but it was not as my aunt would have done it. She loved hairspray. The style delivered was loose curls held up with two clips and my Spanish comb on top.

It was not until we had already taken the floor that Dario warned me that he had extended the tango. I should have been angry, but I knew that he wanted us to give a performance that would please the audience, and we knew what we were best at. I was up for it.
It was the last dance of the night, or supposed to be. It started as we had rehearsed, and then close to the end, a single violin started picking a rhythm. Dario started to push into me and I knew what to do. The passion flowed. The loose curls danced around my head and into his face as I whipped my head around. His eyes were fierce when I glanced them. But I turned my head away as I teased him. In the final move I ended up on the floor, holding his leg. The last minutes were completely improvised, and they were perfect.

The house came down. The audience clapped their hands red.

They insisted on an encore. We had nothing, but Dario asked the band whether they could do a particular number so we could dance a slow rumba. It was not even in our repertoire for the night, but we knew what to do. He held me and we danced. He oozed passion and his hips and mine moved as if hungry for sex. As the last note played we were standing on the dance floor face to face. He kissed me as the applause rang around us. Somehow it was the right thing to do. It was part of the performance ... surely it was? So why did it linger? Why were our mouths open?

We broke to take a bow.

We mixed with the audience for a while afterwards, but Dario and I were both keen to call it a night. And neither of us were tired. We kept looking at one another across the room when we were separated.

He took my hand as we got into the lift. It seemed unbelievable that we were behaving this way. We were two heterosexual men, although you would not know I was. He kissed me at the door to my room and then we both fell into it as the door opened.

I took the clips from my hair and my curls fell around my shoulders. It was like gasoline on his fire, he seized me and kissed me, his hand finding the zip at my back. My dress fell down, with the two gel inserts holding up my tiny breasts escaping and lying on the floor like dead fish.

“They not much,” I apologised.

He bent down and licked my nipples. They suddenly stuck out like bullets. I noticed that my breasts were in fact bigger than I thought they were.

“They are perfect,” he said.

“What's in my panties is a long way from perfect,” I gasped as his kisses played on my neck. “Perhaps I should keep them on?”

“I want to bring you to orgasm,” he whispered. “Preferably before my penis explodes.”
I undid his belt and let his pants drop. I reached into his underpants and held his stiffening penis. I had never dreamed that I would ever hold another man’s penis like this, but here I was, stroking it and being thrilled by its reaction to me.

“I could blow you?” I said. I could hardly believe the words were coming out of my mouth.

“No,” he said. “I want to look at your pretty face while we make love.”

“I have never done this,” I said. “Please don’t hurt me.” I knew that I sounded pathetic, but I could see that he loved it. He kissed me tenderly.

“Do you have lubrication?” he asked. My dressing table was nearby, and I grabbed a tube of hand cream.

“I need to have a piss,” I said. I rushed to my toilet and tore off the gaff and tape before sitting down to piss, just like a girl should. I was pleased to see that my embarrassing anatomy was largely undisturbed by what was happening, and would be unlikely to get in the way.

I squirted the hand cream into my ass and around it. He was ready and waiting, stark naked and fully erect. I lay on the bed and spread my hair out across the pillow. He crawled between my smooth legs, and then found a pillow to put under my bottom to better present my rosebud to him.

Dario Alvarado entered me. With tenderness and love he pushed into me and past the point of no return. Through the pain barrier and into the true comfort to be had from having another person inside you, binding you together as a single sexual being. His strokes were gentle. This was love making and not fucking. I was not sure how my body would respond. I just wanted him to be fulfilled. But as we reached a climax I was first. The penis that had lain limply although enlarged, on my belly, spewed clear liquid, at the very moment he cried out. Then I felt the essence of him fill me. It was a perfect moment.

Somehow it felt so natural. What was totally unnatural seemed right.

We slept in one another’s arms that night, with the sticky mix of two semens and hand cream over our thighs and my sheets.

In the morning we woke together and just looked at one another in the dappled light.

“So much for keeping it strictly professional,” he said at last.

He looked at me lovingly. He was a good-looking man. I felt suddenly filthy and inadequate. Despite the moment I felt a tear drip from my eye onto the pillow.

“I’m sure you want a real woman,” I said. “Not one like me.”

“You are a real woman,” he said. “Any deformities can be corrected. You are the woman I want.”

Deformities? Was he suggesting that I have sex change surgery? Was he suggesting something permanent? Was this a true declaration of love? A proposal?

If that is what it was, then I wanted it. Oh, how I wanted it. Please let it happen. Because there is nothing that I wanted more, than to be with this man forever.
It was a year and only after I was fully healed, that we danced at our own wedding, Dario and me. It was the Tango. It was the closest thing to sex standing up that anybody had ever seen. Which is exactly how it should be danced.

The End.

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