Terms of Parole

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Intransigent. Why do judges use words that your everyday criminal just does not understand? In my experience most of the people I have to attend to as a parole officer are just plain dumb. Criminals are people who think that they have done nothing wrong or that they have, and they can just get away with it. That is just stupid. You just have to give it to them in language that they understand. But in this case, I am very glad that she used that word. For my point of view, things could not have turned out better.

It is not true that beauty and brains can seldom be found in the same package, but it was true for him. He was beautiful, in a way that no young man should be. It may be that which made him rebel and resort to violence to assert a manhood that his looks denied. But in the main it was stupidity.

But in him, and more so in her, that foolishness had its own charm. It was an also childlike fascination with simple things, and a willingness to follow instructions without significant questioning. That is what brought him before the court and beside me.

The judge could see what would happen to him if he went to prison. A young man that pretty would find himself impaled on Day 1. That would be the end for his chances of anything like a normal life. So she set terms to give him a chance. If only he had been smart enough to follow them.

He was not one of mine when he breached parole. He had been assigned to assist in a soup kitchen simply because he was regarded as being to slight to assist in the work assigned to other male parolees. The uniform was a pinafore. A man might have worn it, but he objected. There was sufficient violence to bring him back before the judge rather than a Parole Board review.

“Intransigent,” the judge said.

“What does that mean?” he asked me.

“It means that you are refusing to be transigent,” I said. “You have been selected for transition, and your refusal to transigate has got you into trouble, and you have been reassigned to me. My job is to see that you do your transition, and that we keep you out of jail.”

I gave a complete deadpan delivery. I suppose that if he had said – “That is bullshit!” I would have smiled and treated it as a joke. But he didn’t, and that was just what I had hoped for.

“So I have to dress up like a chick?” he said.

“That is right,” I said, with a joy I found hard to conceal. “But not just dress as a woman but be a woman. I will find you a place to stay – I have a place near me. I will get you some new clothes, and I have a job lined up.”

I was making it up on the fly, but I was just dying to see him as a woman. And the truth is that it is always easier to place female parolees and ex-cons. Would he be able to be that? He may have seemed a bit rough for a girl, but plenty of young women in my care are.

“You have to do this right,” I continued. “The judge is expecting me to see you do this right. Prison will see you dead, and I think that you know that. You have to do as I say and fully transigate – do you understand? No more intransigence, Okay?”

He looked glum but resigned to comply. I took him to the place I had arranged for him to stay. It was an apartment in the block owned by a blind trust I had set up. That way I could let out cheap apartments and get state payments based on my reports of quality. But I put him in next to me, with an adjoining door lockable on my side only.

The same blind trust owned a piece of the diner on street level of my block, and I had a job for “her” lined up there. It could be waitress if she was up to it, but if not just a dishwasher and general cleaner, and that was where any newcomer must start.

“You will need a new name,” I said. “Josephine will do. I will call you Josie. I will line you up a body wax and a hairstyle, and some dresses. Pants would be seen as intransigence. The rest is up to you. You can wash and clean, but if you want more money you will need to be a waitress and earn tips, and that will require real effort.”

“Okay”, she said, although she was hardly a she when she went to bed that night. But that would all change the following day.

On the other corner of the block was a salon. The women’s prison offered hairdressing classes so there were workers available for the salon pre and post release at rates they really had to accept. That meant that the staff there would do what I want and ask no questions.

But Tamara was in charge and I told her that this kid’s future depended on passing as a girl.

“Josie sure is pretty,” she said. “Looks like that are wasted on a boy. And we don’t want him looking like a sissy, so we need to get him looking like a girl. And that means acting like a girl.”

“You do that and I will get some time knocked off your husband’s sentence,” I told her. I could do that, and I would if she did a good job.

I am not sure exactly what she did say to Josie, but when he came back to his room later in the day he was plucked and colored and curled, and practising walking with a book on his head.

“Do you think I could be a waitress?” she said, in a voice that she must have been practising all day.

“If you take these tablets I am sure that you could be,” I said. I have access to these pills. There are transpeople in prison and on probation, and it is always better to keep them supplied with hormones. Criminals unmanned or feminized are always easier to deal with. It was not going to make Josie smarter, but it would make her more placid.

For the following day I had purchased some clothes that afternoon. There were just simple dresses and wedge sandals, but underneath there would be suitable foundation underwear to hold in some bits and allow other bits to stick out. Crude stuffing would fill that for now.

“This sure is uncomfortable,” Josie said. “How am I supposed to piss?”

“Just flick it out the side and piss sitting down,” I said. “Then stuff it back and make sure nothing shows. And watch that voice. Keep it higher. You don’t want people thinking you are a tranny, do you?”

“Hell no!” she said. She then corrected herself saying “Goodness no!” in a much better voice.

She did start in the kitchen, with a pinny on and a hairnet over the blond curls. She wore makeup because Tamara insisted, and had instructed her how to freshen it. The work seemed to suit her. People with limited intelligence just seem to be able to work like this.

She asked about going out, but I told her that if she was going out it would have to be with me, and that would mean not just a new outfit, but much improved feminine behaviors. It was something to work on. So in the meantime when not at the diner she was next door at the salon with Tamara.

I was not sure where all this was taking us. I was busy at work at that time, but after work I could wait at the diner after my meal for Josie to finish and take her home, just admiring a successful rehabilitation, and her growing beauty.

It was agreed that those looks could be better employed out front in the diner. She was getting some flesh in front and with inserts and the right bra, and with some padding on her butt she filled out a waitress’s uniform better than most. Her hair was a little longer and could be pinned up by Tamara into the perfect look. Some customers just turned up to look at her.

She was not a great waitress. She could hand out menus and carry plates but she was always forgetting specials and getting orders wrong or taking things to the wrong table. But pretty women always seemed to be forgiven for being stupid, almost as if it makes them more attractive. Tips flooded in.

Josie started to feel good about herself, maybe for the first time ever. It seemed to me that perhaps I had found a solution by accident. I had a moment of perverse desire some months before and now it was showing all the signs of being a professional success.

It was not long before I took her out as I had promised. She was a nice bauble to have hanging off my arm and drawing admiring glances, but the fact is that when you are alone one on one with somebody so dumb, it can get very boring.

I do not want anybody to think that I wanted to have sex with Josie. I am not gay and had no thought of entering her anally. I did fantasize about her having another form, and I did get some gratification from those thoughts regularly, but all contract was affectionate rather than sexual.

“When does this transigation thing finish?” she asked me, to my dissappointment.

“You are doing so well, why would you want to change things?” I asked. “You are popular. You are making money. Why would you want this to finish?”

“I just fell that this is not me,” she said. The look of confusion on her face was nothing new to me.

“The old you was the problem,” I explained. “The new you is the solution. It could be a permanent one.”

“You mean like cutting my dick off and getting a pussy?” she whispered. It was a look more of fascination rather than horror. The problem with idiots is that it is hard to know what they are thinking, or if they are even thinking at all.

“If that is what you want?” I have to say it – in that moment I had a flash vision of being deep insider Josie’s vagina fucking us both to heaven.

She just smiled and walked away, as if to confirm that her head was as empty as I imagined.

But as far as I was concerned, it seemed to me that professionally this was a success story. Parole officers perform a real service to the public and to people placed in their care – or they should do. We are as important as nurses or firefighters. If we do our job right criminals can re-join society and make a positive contribution. That means that we foster change. Change might not as drastic as it was for Josie, but that is not the point. The point was that she was not offending,; not exhibiting anti-social behavior; society now welcomed her where it had rejected him.

I suppose that I am looking at results rather than how I have affected people, but results are what makes me good at my job.

You could say that I have rorted the system for my own benefit with rentals and skimming wages and taking payments to disregard small misdemeanors, but I have a high success rate, Josie included.

But in all honesty her position on the statistics was irrelevant. What I really enjoyed was having created a beautiful woman from a piece of junk. That is what he was. There was just something out of place in him being male, and that was now put right.

I watched her attending to the table down the back. There was a man sitting there talking to her, and holding her hand. She was laughing and pushing him away. I suddenly felt something welling up inside me that was strange to me. But I could guess what it was – jealousy.

I asked the cook who the guy was.

“He is a regular. He tips Josie big time. Always chatting her up, trying to take her out on a date.”

I decided that I needed to warn him off. So, I went over to his table and I introduced myself as a part-owner of the diner and I sat down at his invitation.

“Yes, she is quite something,” he said, when I had raised her name after an initial exchange.

“I am just concerned that she is easily taken advantage of,” I said. “She is a very simple girl, if you know what I mean.”

“Uncomplicated?” he said. “Oh, you mean that you think that she might be retarded in some way?”

I have to say that put me back a little and I had to deny I thought that, even though I did.

“I think that she is charming,” he said. “I have my children for intelligent conversation. What I am missing in my life is a beauty and sensitivity and well, other things.”

He was talking about sex. He was talking about sex with my Josie! I needed to put an end to this.

“Beautiful and sensitive she might be, but she is also a man underneath that!” I dropped the bomb and sat back to wait for the explosion.

“So she told me,” he said, as calmly as you like. “She even took me round that back to show me last week, as I refused to believe her. I have told her that solutions are available. I am not without resources.”

I had to take a breath, but I found myself saying – “Well, I don’t think that she will be doing anything that I might disapprove of.”

“We have had some very long chats, and she has told me all about you,” he said. “You intrigue me, Sir, so I have carried out some investigations of my own. You have confirmed that you are a part owner of this place so I now understand how a certain trust figures in all of this. That trust is the recipient of a large amount of Justice and Corrections money, and as an Appeals Court judge I am very concerned to ensure that the justice system operates properly.”

Which leads me to my present circumstances.

I am sure that Jose has no idea that her mindless chatter with a friendly customer on many afternoons would be my undoing. I don’t believe that she owes me any ill will. When she visited me in prison it was to thank me and show me her engagement ring.

She said that she had quit the diner and was learning cookery and household skills up until she was headed in for surgery, all paid for by her fiancé.

She asked what I could do and I asked her to have him help her write a letter of support for the hearing next month. Although I have forfeited property I am only concerned about getting out, and that means achieving favorable terms of parole.

The End

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