Flicka

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

My father had left when I was not yet a teenager. I had only good memories of him, but our mother prohibited any contact between him and me or my younger brother. No explanation was ever given. Because any mention of him sent our mother off in tears or a rage (usually both) we simply never mentioned him.

The funny thing is that we knew she spoke with him every now and again. I overheard sometimes. Clearly, he was asking her about us. She would give him a report, but the calls always ended with her in tears. I guessed that he was in a new relationship and she just could not accept that. She had never really had anybody after he left.

So, it was a total surprise when I got accepted for a mechatronics degree at a college out of state, but without residence on campus, that our mother announced that our father was living in that town. “Maybe he can put you up,” she said. She gave me an email address and suggested that I ask him.

I guessed that the email address belonged to his new partner – felicity78@gmail. But when I wrote I got a message back almost straight away. “Please stay with me as long as you like. Just a fraction of the time I owe you. Dad”.

It sparked me to ask a bit more about him, but mother would have none of it. “He must explain,” she said. She was happy that I could follow my dream and that I would be staying “with family” but she still seemed upset with my arrangements to stay with my father, even though it was her idea. Right up until I left we did not mention my living arrangements.

As the time got a little closer, some of the messages from my father became a little odd to. Things like “I have changed a lot since we were last together. Be prepared”.

Well I was not prepared. I rang the bell and a lady answered the door. I was just about to say: “You must be Felicity” and then I realised. This lady was my father. I just stood there open mouthed.

“Have you got a hug for your old dad,” sang a surprisingly feminine voice. The arms were open, so I just stepped into them. There was a floral perfume in the air. I could feel large soft breasts pressing against me. It was the weirdest feeling I have ever had in my life.

“Does Mom know? She didn’t say anything to me…”, I stammered.

“She knows. She disapproves. I understand completely. Your mother is a good woman. It is my fault that she didn’t understand that I was a woman too.”

He, or should I say she, ushered me in. I put my bags down.

“You look a bit shocked,” she said. “I quite understand if you think twice about staying, but if you do I will show you your room and rest of the house.”

If I was a little shaken by the situation, it did not take long for me to realise that I would be crazy to turn down boarding here. The house was really close to the Engineering School. My designated room was huge and light and airy, and equipped with a desk and a double bed. And there was a big workshop in the back of the garage.

“What do I call you?” I asked.

“People still call me Flick, or Flicka now.” It was a name he had picked up as a firefighter many years before. That was when my father was the manliest of men. Now there was almost nothing of that left. This person was still fairly tall (but not as tall as me) but much slimmer. This person had shoulder length honey blond hair and a pretty face. It was only the sparkling blue eyes and the strong line of the chin that allowed me to recognise him, in her.

Flicka moved with a grace that was nothing like I remembered either. He got me a beer from the fridge and the ingredients for a sandwich, closing the door with a swing of his hips. I could see that her hands were feminine, and the nails were shaped rather than long, and covered with clear polish.

“I need to tell you something else,” she said. “I have married again.”

“Oh, OK. I look forward to meeting her.”

“Not her, silly – him. I have married a man. His name is Mike. He gets back from work any minute, so I thought I had better warn you.” She presented my sandwich to me with a smile that really threw me. My father was now a woman and an attractive one. Why shouldn’t she attract a man. The creepy thing is that I found her attractive … even arousing. I knew then that he was now she.

“So, Dad, I figure you may have had some surgery on … you know…”.

“Oh yes,” she said breezily. “I had my gender confirmation surgery years ago, even before I met Mike. And please call me Felicity, or Flicka, or even Mom if you feel that you can, but not Dad.” She smiled at me as I ate and added: “it’s so good to have you here Jason. I really have missed you. You and your brother. I do hope that you will stay.”

“Sure. I’d love to stay. If it’s OK with your … husband.” I ate my sandwich and had only just finished when he himself stepped in the door.

He was a big guy. Tall and strong and quite good looking I guess. He thrust out his hand and shook mine warmly and firmly: “You must be Jason, Flicka’s son. And our new boarder.” He left me in no doubt that I was welcome. And with those greetings over he went over to my father and took her into his arms and kissed her deeply.

She giggled and pushed him off: “Get off. I’m getting dinner ready. Why don’t you show Jason your man cave?”

“Sure,” he said. “Come on Jason.”

He ushered me to the workshop behind the garage and then down a flight of stairs. The garden sloped away behind the structure and it had been dug out to form a room with sliding glass to a paved terrace. It was a true man cave. A bar with a fridge, a pool table, a locked gun cabinet, a barbeque on the terrace outside. He grabbed me another beer and started asking me about my studies. He made me feel right at home.

All I really wanted to ask him about was his relationship with my father, but I was careful not to push it too hard. I learned that they had been married for 5 years, that he had met her a year before that, and that she had told him about her past on their 3rd date.

Responding to my question, he explained: “It was a shock and I walked out. But I found that I just had to see her again. And when I did I knew that the past was not important. For me she is and always has been, a woman. We can’t have kids together and that is a shame. But she has two kids, you included, and I have three from my first marriage. We both love having them over. It will be great having you here. No pressure on you to stay, but you are welcome here, as a stepson, and you can stay as long as you like.”

I never doubted it from then on.

That night over dinner I could see how much Mike and Flicka meant to each other. I have to say that I felt a little envious, of their relationship I suppose. Or maybe of the fact that he had such a woman all to himself. She was shapely, pretty and full of life. She was so feminine, but she could talk to him about sport with some depth of knowledge. My father had been an accomplished sportsman in his youth, and obviously a keen sports follower since.

That night they had sex. I knew it because I thought I overhead something and I sneaked into the hallway to listen at the door. I had a clear image in my mind of Mike fucking my father in his man-made vagina while she wrapped her legs around him. I could hear the grunts and moans and it was clear that this was good sex. Maybe better than any of my efforts over the past year or so.

I enrolled at the college and attended my classes, but in downtimes I kept thinking about my father, about Flicka. She had become in my mind a kind of sex goddess. I know that this sounds really weird, maybe even taboo as some kind of incest fantasy. But for me, I had only just met this woman and I found her fascinating beyond all understanding. Perhaps it was the fact that there was a man in there somewhere that caused the fascination, but I really could not see my father. All I saw was the woman.

At home I would jerk off thinking about her. I would imagine her pussy where the penis had once been. The fact that it was the penis that had fathered me was not preying on me. But it was still not a healthy fantasy. That does not mean that I could make them stop.

I had a look at some tranny porn, but that did not satisfy me. I could not get out of my head the vision of my father with tits and a pussy. It became an obsession. I could talk happily to Flicka and we could sit down over dinner and talk about the day, but I kept looking at her crossed legs or her glorious bottom, and wondering about what lay nestled between her thighs. I just had to see it.

One Sunday I was drinking beer and playing pool with Mike in his man cave when the subject of sex came up. It was not about Flicka but he added: “I suppose that it must be weird for you that I am having sex with … you know, your dad.”

“Is it weird for you?” I asked. “I mean, I know that you love her, but is it strange knowing that she was once a man?”

“I just can’t see it,” he said. “I have only ever known her as a woman.”

I wanted to ask him what it was like to stick his penis into that vagina made from an inverted penis. It was as if I really needed to know that kind of detail. Why?

“I need to go away for a couple of months,” he said. “I have an installation in South America and I need to be on the job until turnkey handover. I am asking you to look after Flicka while I am away. To see that she gets everything she needs.”

“Sure,” I replied. “I’m family after all.”

But I did not feel like it. My father had been family. Flicka was something else. I knew that she loved me as a parent loves a son, but I could not love her as a son loves a parent. But I adored her. That is the word. Like a moth adores a flame.

She cried a little the day that Mike left. I put an arm around her to comfort her. I could feel that her shoulders were broad, but her muscles were soft. She shook a little with the tears. She was fragile and sensitive. She needed a man. Without Mike I would be there for her.

Even though Mike was not there, his three kids came over to stay the weekend, as they did every second weekend. There were two girls and a boy also named Michael and known as “Junior”. He was around 11 I guess, and I played ball with him. Flicka could play sports with him too, but she also liked to spend time with the girls who were older than Junior. Flicka would help them with their hair and go clothes shopping and the like. She was clearly just as feminine as they were. But she could still pitch a ball to Junior as well as I could.

Their mother, Mike’s ex-wife, picked them up on Sunday and Flicka shared a glass of wine with her. They clearly liked one another. They chatted about some mutual friend who was two-timing her husband. They both disapproved. It seemed like a very womanly conversation.

How could Flicka have been my father?

Rather than go up to my room I stayed downstairs to watch TV with Flicka – some costume drama of her choosing. She put her head on my shoulder. I could smell her gorgeous hair. It was intoxicating. I could not hide the erection pushing up from inside my jeans. Still, I hoped that she would not notice. There was little chance of that.

“I think that you need a girlfriend,” she observed, without lifting her head.

“I’m too busy,” I said. It was true. That and the fact that I seemed to get all my release from jerking off thinking about fucking her.

“I could help,” she said. Just the words stiffened me further.

“Mike has been gone less than a week,” I said. It was not as if I really cared about him, but it seemed that they were happy together. I would not want to do anything that might threaten her happiness.

“It would not be like that,” she said. Her head was still on my shoulder. I could not see her face to understand what was going on.

“Help me then,” I said. My erection was now extremely uncomfortable.

She unzipped my jeans and pulled down my boxers, and the Empire State Building sprang up. She took it gently in her hand.

“I feel guilty,” she said.

“Mike is a great guy,” I said.

“Not that,” she said stroking me as I started to fever. “I was not there for you and your brother. I could not be a father then, and now, you understand, I can never be a father. I took him away from you. All I have to offer you is me.”

Oh my God. From nowhere she produced a tissue and capture the geyser of semen that surely would have stained the ceiling.

“I’m sorry,” I said. For what? For coming too soon? For inviting my father to hold my dick? For luring a married woman into … what was this?

“No, I’m sorry,” she said. “Letting you stay here for a while is the least I can do. I wish I could do more. Name it.”

She was polishing my knob with a clean corner of the tissue while it continued to ooze, while looking at me with those blue eyes, framed in long dark lashes. It seemed as if the erection would not fade.

“Can I see you naked?” It just came out of my mouth.

She smiled. She said: “Why don’t we sleep together tonight? Who knows what might happen in the morning. But do not get any ideas, Jason. I am Mike’s wife. It is just that he is away, and … well, I get lonely at night.”

“Sure,” I said. “He did tell me that I should make sure that you have everything you need.”

“Which is exactly why I love him,” she said. “But I love you too, you know that, right?”

“Sure,” I said.

She killed the TV and led me upstairs to her bedroom – the bedroom that she shared with Mike. She told me to take my clothes off. I did. I stood there, naked and uncertain. It felt wrong, but still I wanted whatever was going to happen.

The bedroom had an ensuite. She went in to sit on the toilet, which was in my full view from the bedroom where I stood. She pulled off her panties and sat down to pee, looking up to smile at me. As I heard the sound, I pictured the anatomy at work. The modified genitals. The piss passing through the man-made flaps. I gulped.

She left her panties on the bathroom floor. She entered the room and unzipped the back of her dress letting it fall to the floor. I wanted to do that, but she did it. She must have seen the disappointment on my face, because she said: “Would you like to unclip my bra?”

I was transfixed by her crotch. There was only a small strip of pubic hair on the mound, and the emptiness below it was where a penis had once been. Her legs were slightly apart, and with the light of the bathroom behind her, the folds of her labia seemed visible in silhouette.

“Come over then,” she said. I went behind her to do what she asked. My hands suddenly seemed very clumsy, as if it was the first time, I had ever done this. Finally, it snapped open. “Hold my breasts,” she instructed. I put both arms around her to hold them as the bra and straps fell away. I was so close now. I could smell her honey blonde hair. As my fingers touched her nipples, she gasped. Even though only minutes ago I had spilled my load, my cock started to fill all over again.

“Get into bed, then,” she said. “I want to curl up with you.”

The words were like setting me on fire. I could not get into that bed fast enough. She slid in beside me. She leaned over me and stroked my face. Her breasts hung down on me and jiggled. I could not ignore them. She was driving me crazy. She kissed me softly.

“Go to sleep,” she said. “I will be right here.” And she curled up with her head on my shoulder, her breasts against, her leg over mine. I could feel her bush against my hip, her breath on my chest. The sheets were tenting on my cock. I was rampant, all over again.

It was clear that she was asleep, but I was on heat. Should I feel guilty? This was another man’s wife. But more obviously, was this legal? This person was my blood – my parent. But that did not seem real. This could not be my father. I was not raised by this person. I barely knew her. That is what I was telling myself as I lay awake that night.

All I knew is that I wanted to fuck her. It was not even about wanting it – that implies a conscious decision – it was an animal drive. It had to happen. I finally went to sleep knowing that, and I woke knowing that.

Her hand was on my cock. I turned my head to see her. She was looking at me smiling. She even looked great in the morning.

“I am sorry, I am just used to holding a cock in the morning.” What the hell did that mean? Mike’s cock, or her cock, an old memort?

“I like it,” I said. I did.

“I can feel that you do,” she said. “Morning erections are always the hardest, don’t you think?” She was trying to tell me that she had been male. I did not want to hear it.

“Would you let me …”, I said.

“Let me,” she said.

She pushed off the sheets and lifted a smooth shapely leg over me. With clear experience she lowered her lubricated pussy onto my raging cock. I could feel her shudder, and I knew that she was going to enjoy whatever followed, perhaps even more than me, if such ecstasy were possible.

She moved up and down using just her thighs, so that there was a rocking backwards and forwards. She had been looking up, but then she looked at me. My eyes were open. I wanted to watch her all the way through. I wanted to see her tits jump about, her blonde hair dance around her shoulders, I wanted to see her face contorted at the very moment …, but she looked down at me. It was almost a glare, but one driven by pleasure, as if accusing me of giving her more than she could take.

It thrilled me. But I could not keep my eyes open. It was too intense. I erupted. Her perfectly constructed pussy held me tightly and sucked every ounce from my balls.

Then she cried out. It was not the scream I expected. It was a roar not entirely feminine. But somehow that was what I wanted to hear. This was special. She was special. But it left me wondering just who had fucked who?

She just sat there as I shrank away, leaving the ooze to empty out of her onto my belly.

“Now I’ll need to wash the sheets,” she scolded. “Maybe later we should do it on the kitchen table?”

Oh, sweet Jesus. It was suddenly clear that I would be sexually exhausted long before she was.

I had to get up because she wanted to strip the bed. I followed her around trying to fondle her body while she did her chores. She giggled. When she did pause to kiss me, it was on the cheek, or my forehead, as a parent would kiss a child. It was only in full blown sex that she was my lover.

“I don’t have to go to the campus today,” I said.

She suddenly got very serious with a dark look on her face. She said: “Study is the most important thing. Get your stuff and go. And don’t think about coming home any earlier than usual. You need to get your college degree.” She sounded like a parent. Then she added: “I will make something nice for dinner.”

She made those last words sound very inviting. I did as she told me an spent the day in lectures and labs, but I was thinking about her.

I made a point of getting home late. I suppose that I was trying to impress her that I was doing what she wanted of me – concentrating on my studies. When I got home, she was in the kitchen. She had put a few curls in her hair and was wearing just a little more makeup than usual. She was wearing a frilly apron. She told me that she had made lasagne and it was in the oven.

“Would you like a beer?”

When she went to the fridge, I could see that she was wearing stockings and heels but nothing else except a bustier and the frilly apron. Had I been standing I would have fallen over.

It was pretty clear what I had to do. The kitchen table was not just a flippant remark, it was going to happen. It was as if I had spent the whole day on heat, or like a beer keg fizzing at the bung. When she was on her back on that table, I was deep inside her and she was screaming for it. I swear that when I came, I must have emptied a quarter of my body weight into that wonderful pussy.

That same cry. Husky. Neither male nor female. But somehow empowering for me. As if my manhood had the power to make anything I fucked weak and girly.

I left my pants on the floor as we ate that dinner. She sat on my knee, and I could feel her hot oozing vulva on my thigh. She giggled and tickled my ear. I was in heaven.

After dinner she lay in my arms. The TV was on but I am not sure whether either of us were watching. We were in a sort of post-coital haze, completely unaware of our surroundings.

But she broke the spell.

“I am a horrible person,” she said.

“You are the most perfect woman in the world,” I reassured her.

“I am driven by my desires. My desires led me to abandon you. I will never forgive myself for that.”

“You needed to be who were meant to be,” I said. “I understand that. In the modern world, most people do.” I was trying to tell her tat I knew that she was a transwoman and that everything that she had done to herself, and the effect that it had on others, including me, was beyond her control.

“Your mother could have allowed me to stay,” she said. “But I wanted to be a wife to a man. I wanted to be under a man. I always want that. Mike is more than I deserve.”

“Sure,” I said. “I like Mike. I feel uncomfortable about … betraying him, I guess.”

“Oh no,” she said. “It was his suggestion. The last time he went away, I strayed. He knows what I need. He just doesn’t want to lose me. He knows that he could never lose me to my own son. You know that too, don’t you?”

I was suddenly a little confused. I was trying to make sense of whatever was happening for the first time. The sexual fantasy was so complete, I really had lost sight of who this creature in my arms was. She was a wet dream come true. Not my father. How could she be? Maybe my father had helped my dream come true, but they could not be the same person.

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| But they were. The horror of it finally dawned on me.  “Come to bed,” she said.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019 |  |