Always Fi

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

There was no voice. With a buzz the gates swung open and the cab continued up the drive to the large house.

It was impressive. Large columns beside the entrance. Two storeys with attic rooms visible. Wings extended either side. A fountain in the forecourt. At least one of us has done well, Gary thought to himself.

He wondered for a moment whether his war buddy would meet him on the step, or whether he would have to ring the bell. Only for a moment as he could see the figure stepping out of the house.

This would be a first.

He thrust the 50 to the driver and pulled in his kit was on the seat beside him. He was only just conscious of the blue dress waiting outside. He slipped through the door and stood up.

There “she” stood. It was a blue sleeveless dress down to just above the knee. Her hair fell in soft brown curls around his shoulders. Her eyes were green. He had never noticed before. Outlined in black or dark brown. Sparkling like her ruby lipsticked smile.

“Gasman,” she said. Her voice was high like a woman's but his tone was familiar. The name he had been called a thousand time by this person, and the others. “Not even a man hug for your old buddy?”

He walked to her as if in a trance. It was so unreal. She hugged him, one arm over his shoulder, the other below. He could feel her large soft breasts pushing against him. He could smell her floral perfume. He could feel the soft fragrant curls against his face. Only now he he returned the hug. He could feel a bra strap under the dress.

The whole thing seemed so strange.

“Thanks man,” he said, suddenly realising that this might now be the wrong word. “Thanks for putting me up for a few days.”

“Are you kidding me?” she said. “You didn't even need to ask.”

She broke the hug and held him by the shoulders, her grip as strong as he ever remembered. “It's so good to see you again.”

He could see her too. He knew the face, but this was a woman. He was looking at Frank's sister. Frank's pretty sister. His penis seemed momentarily confused as he became aware of it.

“You too,” he said. “But for me, it seems like … for the first time.”

She smiled. It was a wonderful smile.

“Not too weird?” she asked.

“Hey. No. Fiona? Right?”

“Call me Fi,” she said. She picked up his kit bag.

“No, let me,” he said.

“You think a lady can't carry a heavy bag?”.she asked. He knew she was joking. “19 kilos”, she said, guessing the weight.yelashes ulled at it as he lifted it.

Gary could now see that she had long shaped nails painted red. “I wouldn't want you to break a nail on my account,” he said.

She handed over the bag with a laugh. “Drop it in the hall,” she said. “I will take you to you room later. First come and meet my husband.”

Gary knew all of this. He had heard all about Frank. The guys from the unit had talked about it. But somehow every new word spoken that was inconsistent with the man he knew, seemed immeasurably strange.

“Sure.” He tagged along behind her. She was wearing heels that clicked on the marble floor of the grand entrance and the corridor. Her hips swayed as she walked and her hair bounced. They was a cloud of womanly smells about her. He was not expecting the physical response to all of this.

“I'll grab you a beer on the way through,” she said. The kitchen was huge and well equipped. There were several fridges. One glass fronted fridge was just for beer. Gary accepted a bottle. Fi had a bracelet around her wrist and had somehow used it to flick the cap off, catching in mid air and placing it on the kitchen bench. The move was so Frank.

They went outside and he could see a wheelchair under an umbrella beside a large swimming pool. The sun was out but the chair was shaded. He could see that the occupant was slim and white haired. The face was tanned and good looking, despite advanced years.

Fi went over to him and kissed him on the forehead. She said: “Darling, I want you to meet Gary Howarth, one of my old buddies.” She stood behind him with her hands on his shoulders. Her hands seemed to be almost giving him life as he stirred into a response. She said: “This is my husband, David Feilding.”

“Pleased to me you Gary,” David said, the word appearing to clear something from his throat. “I would jump up to greet you but I am afraid the second stroke in a year has put paid to that. I want to tell you that you are very welcome here. You can stay as long as you like.”

“Thank you sir,” said Gary. He knew that he liked this man. His humor shone through whatever was his disability. Gary added: “Truth is I came down this way looking for work, and well, Fi asked me to stay. How could I say no?”

“Exactly,” he said with a smile. “Nobody can say no to my wife. And I should add, I never get tired of listening to war stories. I never served, so that makes me even prouder of her.”

He looked up at her and Gary could see the love. She kissed him again on the forehead, tenderly. Then she went over to sit by Gary. She had collected a beer for herself, and she held it to Gary so they could chink bottles.

“Cheers”, she said. “Here's to war stories.” They drank. Gary deeply, but she sparingly.

“Have you seen much of the guys?” asked Gary.

“Sure,” she said. “Everybody but Waldo. Tom and Foxy have visited me here, and I have been up to VA to see Cal two or three times. Just Waldo has a problem with me. Sad, but not a worry for me.”

“Waldo owes you his life,” said Gary. “Maybe we all do, but him in particular.”

“There are no debts between us,” she said with finality. Gary thought again how much he had admired Frank for his wisdom, his clarity, his decisiveness. This woman had all of that, and more besides.

They finished their beers and then she took him for a walk around the grounds while David read.

“He seems like a great guy,” said Gary. “And all this, besides. But he seems very old.”

“I know what you are thinking,” she said. “But he has only recently been like this. When I met him he was fit and active. We had some great years. Now he needs looking after. That's what I do, right?”

“Yeah,” agreed Gary, “that's what you do.”

She stopped to smell some roses. The sunlight was in her hair. Gary found himself thinking again how beautiful she was. How could the man he fought alongside have turned into this creature? He found himself correcting his feelings yet again.

“Does he have family?” he asked.

“Oh yes,” she said. “There's a story there. I had real hostilty to start with, but things have turned out quite well. They insisted on a pre-nuptial. David was opposed, but I backed them. It expired a few years ago, and I pushed for a trust in their favor. They understand that I am not after his money. Although I will never want for it, even after he dies. And now that he is, well, and invalid, they are supportive.”

“So they are OK with your … your background?”

“As I said to his daughter, with a trans-stepmother there is no risk of adding to his children. And I assure you that up until the lastt stroke, David was very active and entirely capable of getting a woman pregnant. My children are his grandchildren. They are great kids, or will be with the right handling.”

Gary laughed. He knew what she was talking about. He said: “The job I am looking for tomorrow is at the Stanhope Academy. All of those lessons will stand me in good stead.”

“I hope you get the job,” she said. “We would practically be neighbours.”

Within an hour they had done a complete tour and Gary's kit was in his room, a generous guestroom with a view over the pool.

“I am going to suggest that David has a nap before dinner,” she said. “We are having a dinner prepared tonight, to spare you my cooking, and if it goes on into the evening he will need some rest in advance. When he is settled, I am going for a swim.”

“I would join you, it is a warm day, but I didn't bring any trunks,” he said.

“You are a big guy, but I will find something to fit you. See you down there in 15 minutes.”

She arrived at the pool a liitle later than that. She was wearing a robe and tossed him the trunks. He stood up checked them against his waist and thighs. They would fit. Were they David's? Or an old pair of Frank's?

She said: “I always said you big guys were a waste of rations,” she said. “Waldo and I were the ideal size for long range ops.” She was teasing him. He slipped off his shirt.

She let he robe fall onto the lounger. She was wearing a bikini. It showed everything. She had the most amazing rounded breasts, full in size but perfectly proportioned. He knew they must be silicone but they looked so natural. Her stomach was smooth and soft looking, with no sign of the abdominal muscles that Frank had been renowned for. For some reason Gary had an urge to lick something off that perfect belly. Then her groin. A perfect feminine mound where once Frank's junk had hung. No doubt about it – gone for good.

With skillfull she twirled her hair up and clipped it into place with a clip of some kind. She moved gracefully on bare feet, with legs the envy of a supermodel and walked down the steps into the pool.

While her back was turned Gary slipped down his pants and reached for the trunks. His penis was engorged with hot blood – not yet hard but heading that way. He had some difficulty in getting everything in. Hopefully the cool of the pool would reduce the obvious.

She turned to face him. He moved quickly and dived in.

“Careful,” she said, as he emerged. “I don't want to get my hair wet.”

He decided that a few lengths might help to settle his organ and take his mind off whatever was exciting him. She just quietly breast-stroked in the shallows.

He stopped near her. She could see some confusion in his face.

“Don't worry about it,” she said. “With the money I have spent looking like this I would be dissappointed if it did not have some effect on any red-blooded male.”

Gary thought about denying it, but he knew this person, and he knew that she knew him.

“You make a great looking woman,” he said, sheepishly.

“Thanks”, she said with a smile.

“It's just that, we must have fucked a hundred women you and I. I just can't understand. Who were you? Was any of that real?”

“I have learnt that it is too hard to explain to anyone who doesn't share the problem,” she said. “But I have always been Fi inside. Frank had a wonderful life. He did great things, had great friends, but it could never last. I couldn't hide from the truth. I had to be a woman.”

“Sure,” he said. He still did not understand.

“If you have any lustful thoughts it is because you now see that I am a woman. You are not turning gay. I am a woman you know.”

“Sure,” he said. He still did not understand. He walked up the steps out of the pool. She had brought towels for both of them.

He needed to change the subject. He said: “Can I ask: Why Fiona? It's kind of a … not a common name?”

“Have you seen Shrek?” she said. “The princess inside the ogress. Or in my case the ogre.”

“But she was really the ogre all the time?”

“Yes, well, not in my case. The princess is free. Princess Fiona.” And to emphasise the point, she unclipped her hair and it fell down around her shoulders.

His penis stirred yet again. He was now officially disturbed by all of this. She was lying on the sun-lounger in his full view, a person who had once been a close friend and fellow soldier, and he was hiding an erection behind his towel.

“I have some stuff to prepare for tomorrow,” he said. “What time do I come down for dinner?”

“I about an hour for drinks,” she said. “Say seventeen O five.”

He knew the phrase. 17:05. It was a joke that only his unit understood. It meant be there by 5 o'clock or buy the next two rounds. A marine is always in the action early. He left the pool area with a smile. No matter what, friendships forged in battle are special.

Gary and David were casually dressed when they arrived on the Terrace for drinks, but Fi had taken some care. She had a bright colored dress on, her hair was up and she was wearing drop earrings. She was late, to make an entrance. So as she walked past Gary she whispered: “17:05. I guess I'm buying.”

Despite being in a wheelchair and with weakness in one arm, David had made martinis, and despite it no being his favored drink, Gary joined in.

David spoke freely about his life and work, but encouraged Gary and Fi to talk about their adventures. The words seemed to flow around the fact that Frank had been at the heart of these stories, but Gary found it surprisingly easy not to mention his name. He would say: “And then Fi shouted out ...”. He would look to her to finish the story.

As they ate Fi stayed close to David. He had explained to Gary that the stroke had affected his swallowing so he needed to be wary of choking. He drank fine wine, and plenty of it. They all did.

And then after dinner, there were more drinks, and more talk.

David disclosed that he knew the Board of the Stanhope Academy. One word from him and the job was Gary's. Gary was uncertain as to whether he should accept the offer of help.

“But I want you to have the job,” said David. “I want you to be nearby. We both do.”

Fiona smiled at Gary. And she smiled approvingly at David.

As David offered more Gary said: “If I don't stop now I'll be drunk at the interview.”

They all agreed to retire and said their goodnights.

Gary undressed for bed and lay in his boxers on the quality sheets. The window was open. The night was warm. He thought about Fiona and contemplated jacking off. Somehow that still seemed unnatural. He forced his mind back to other times. So many thoughts.

An hour later, or so it seemed, he was still not asleep. He heard the door to his room open.

She was standing at the foot of his bed. She was wearing a short white nightie, low cut in the front revealing her wonderful breasts. Her long beautiful hair framed her pretty face. It must be a dream.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“David asked me to come to you,” she said. “He has an idea that you are attracted to me. He is worried that he cannot …, well, he likes you. And he is always thinking about my happiness.”

“Come here,” said Gary. It was the first time he had ever commanded this person to do anything, but the time was right to be firm and direct. A bit like another part of him at that moment.

She undid the nightie, which was somehow held together in the front. It slipped from her broad shoulders and he could see her now, as he had been imagining her almost since the first moment that day. The perfect body, with the little bush now visible. She walked to the bed.

“Only if this is what you want,” she said.

“Are you kidding?” he said. “I want it. I need it. I think that I will explode if I don't get it.”

She pulled down his boxers and his erect penis sprang to full on-parade attention. She stroked it with a gentle hand as it pulsed to full stretch. She straddled him and gently lowered herself onto his pole.

She was lubricated and the moisture was warm and inviting. But the tight entrance to her vagina massaged him all the way in. When their pubes met she ground them together a little, just to get comfortable, and then she started to move. Up and down slowly at first. She leaned towards him. Her hair fell into his face. She kissed him on the lips. Her saliva tasted like sugar and cherries. He reached up and ran his fingers through her hair. Her first moan was like electricity.

Within seconds she was bouncing on him and his hips were thrusting up to meet her, his back arched almost to breaking point. She was moaning and he found noises coming from his mouth quite unlike his usual grunts. It was like the sound of amazement.

At the point of orgasm, he heard her squeal. It was such a female noise that if he had even thought about whether this was a real woman, that doubt would have been blown away in that moment. That sound triggered his own orgasm - a release beyond his experience. It seemed as if a bucket of fluid had been drained from his balls that must have turned them inside out.

She felt it as hot as lava inside her.

They rolled slightly so that she crashed on the bed beside him, his shrinking penis coming out of her with a satisfying 'plop'.

He propped himself up on one elbow and pushed her curls aside to look at her smiling face in the dim light.

“Who fucked who just now?” he asked. “I don't normally lie underneath.”

“I know from experience what fucking is,” she said softly. “That was not fucking. I think what we have just done, is made love to one another.” Her eyes seemed to sparkle even in the darkness, as if with their own energy.

“I think you're right,” he said.

They lay together in each other’s arms. He marvelled at how soft and smooth her body was.

He said: “I cannot believe the change has been so amazing. Not just the body … everything.”

“Really?” she said. “You see, to me, the body is the only change. I have always been me. I have always been Fiona. Semper Fi.” She pronounced it ‘fee’ rather than ‘fy’.

“Semper fi,” he echoed.

The End