Cuckoo

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I should explain right at the beginning why Daddy did the things that he did to me. You see, Daddy is not my real father. That is the whole problem, and the reason why things fell apart. He told me that he did not want to believe that I was not his, so he ignored the fact that I did not look anything like my two older brothers. He loved me, and now he loves me more.

We lived as a family. Father and mother with three sons. But it was a lie, although as children we knew nothing about it. Looking back, I can see now, that my parents did not love one another as parents should. My father was a good provider, and he was a good father – to my brothers anyway. He left me mainly to my mother.

Things came to a head when Steve Hadfield, my biological father, was killed in a car accident. My mother went to pieces. She had been engaged in an affair with Steve for the previous 13 years – longer because the affair had started before I was conceived. For their own reasons she and Steve had each tried to end it more than once, but they could not. It went on for that long, under the eyes of Daddy and Steve’s wife Rachel.

My mother never got over the loss of Steve, and she took her own life. That is not what Daddy wanted. To say that he forgave her would not be true. Maybe over time he would have, if she had re-committed herself to him as her husband. But she did not do that. She could not do it. She basically locked herself away from all of us. Maybe it was true love, she and Steve? That just made it worse for Daddy. That would mean that for more than 13 years he had meant nothing to the woman he loved. He just funded her lifestyle while she enjoyed love in the arms of somebody else. Daddy needs to be loved. He needs somebody to hold.

It was worse because Steve Hadfield had been his friend since childhood. They did not see one another a lot but they went back a long way. It was because of this, that Daddy said that he could see the young Steve in me, and he could not stand it. He loved me, but he hated the person that I looked like. His way of coping was to ensure that I would not look like Steve – now or in the future.

That is why he did what he did.

As it turns out, Steve’s wife Rachel, was a lesbian. She told me that she enjoyed sex with Steve but that there was no attraction to him. Maybe that is why Steve sought love with my mother. Rachel married Steve initially to put an end to her desires and lead a normal life. But she could not be somebody who she was not. She told me that fantasies and occasional affairs kept her sane while she stayed Steve’s wife. She told Daddy that she did not know that Steve was banging our mother, but I am not sure I believe her.

On the plus she was there for us, a little. She had only just buried her husband and settled his affairs, and his other woman was dead. She felt sorry for Daddy, and for me also. But when Daddy told her what he wanted to do, she agreed to help him.

Maybe she could see her two-timing husband in me too, and like Daddy, she wanted to wipe away that image. Or maybe she just did not like boys. She always said so.

Of course, Rachel had known my mother. She said that I looked nothing like her, even when she had me wearing her clothes, as I had to, every day after school. That was the first thing that she and Daddy had me do. And they had me grow out my hair. And they gave me drugs, and made sure I took them. Both of them did not want me to look like Steve Hadfield, or to grow up to be anything like him.

Both my brothers participated too. It turned out that they never really thought that I was their brother. They were fair like Daddy and to a lesser extent, my mother, where I was dark like Steve. I was really an outsider in my own home. I was close to my mother before she died, and it was after her death that I needed Daddy’s love more than ever. And I got it, by being who he wanted me to be.

Rachel and Daddy had a crazy idea in their head, that if I looked like a girl, I would not look like Steve. I didn’t want to be a girl – at least I didn’t when this all started – but I did want to be a part of my family. Hell, it was all I had. I had some friends at school, but when things started to change, most of my friends got confused and a little scared. The only real exception was Jake Marsten.

I think that I am smart. Not book smart maybe, but I watch people and I know what makes people feel things and do things. I know what made Daddy love my mother, and what she did to upset him. I knew that if he was going to love me, maybe even more than my brothers, I had to have a plan, and follow it, no matter where it led. My plan was to go along with things.

I might have the look of Steve, but I had my mother’s wonderful green eyes. I knew how to accent those. And her honey brown colored hair could be found in a tube, provided that my hair was the right length. I could not only not look like Steve, but I could look like my mother.

I learned a lot from Rachel, but the time came for her to move on. As I explained, she was just there to help after our mother gave up on her family. That, and to start me on a pathway from male to female. Staying on that path became much easier when I started to realize what was behind the way my father had begun to look at me.

Before I am accused of anything, let me make it clear that my father and I share no blood. I am the child of his wife and Steve Hadfield. I am a biological orphan, living in my father’s family, trying to make a place for myself.

As I said, I am smart when it comes to people. I could see that when I tried to resist Rachel’s attempts to feminize me my father looked at me in disgust. I was a not just the child of another man, but the boy in a dress. But when I wore that dress and acted like a girl, even using some of the mannerisms that I remembered from my mother, he looked at me in a very different way. He saw a woman – a younger version of the wife he had lost, and still cared deeply for, no matter what she had done. He looked at me with desire, if not love.

When those are the options, there is powerful motivation to correct your conduct. Every morning I would wear my mother’s silk robe to have breakfast, sometimes pinning my growing hair up. I would change for school only after my father left for work and change back into my mother’s clothes before he got home.

I could pass as a boy at school, but as I became increasing feminine in my behavior at home, despite doing my best to avoid it, I appeared more effeminate in class. My brothers did nothing to help me until I came home bruised one day.

My father was shocked. I had put some curls in my hair to look pretty and I made sure that my eyes were wet with tears when he got home. He saw the bruises and demanded to know what had happened. He ended up scolding my brothers for not protecting me. When they sneered, he was very firm in making them entirely responsible for protecting me at school.

I thanked him with an embrace. I wanted him to smell my hair, which I had washed and sprayed with some of my mother’s preparations.

My brothers kept their promise to him, but they hated me for it. But that did not concern me. They had never been my friends, let alone my brothers. But now I was freed to present myself at school however I liked. I developed a new group of friends among girls who were willing to accept a sissy-boy as one of their own.

The only other friend was Jake Marsten, who was starting to look at me a bit like my father did. They both desired me, and that desire was strongest when I was girliest. Because of that, it seems a little unfair to call them gay. But what was I?

I think that when people desire you, you feel good. You want their desire, so you feed it, just a little. It was like I was almost drunk with the power of it all. Did I have to choose between them?

Now, with Daddy, he was the person I most wanted to love me, but not like this. I have to say that despite the taboo of incest, I was not opposed to having some kind of sex with Daddy. He was an attractive man. He could provide for me like the Jake could. But choosing him meant staying in this house with my brothers who now hated me. The point is that I had options.

Then it occurred to me – my real problem was my brothers. Why did I have to leave? I should have them shown the door. And that meant using all my power to make that happen. To dislodge them from the family nest.

It meant becoming a real sissy, and learning how to suck and pull cock, and take it inside my properly prepared butthole. It was new to me, but I was ready to learn.

The opportunity presented itself when Daddy came home drunk one night. I prepared myself in every way, including wearing one of my mother’s nighties and doing my hair exactly like hers, and wearing her scent. I helped Daddy to bed and then I hopped in with him. I told him that he could cuddle me if he liked, and when he did, I started stroking his cock. He started to grow big – really big. Luckily I had prepared myself to cope with size.

He tried to stop himself. He tried to say that it was wrong. But I suppose there is a point where the animal in a man overtakes such thoughts, and alcohol probably plays a part. He mounted me and fucked me. I was prepared for it to be unpleasant – I was pursuing an objective – but I found it surprisingly tolerable, maybe even a little pleasant when the warmth of his fluid entered me like the enema I had used to prepare.

It was the first time but not the last. Daddy and I knew that when we woke up in one another’s arms. Daylight gave him another bout of regret and self-recrimination, but my first of many blowjobs put paid to that.

My position was secure within a month or so, and from there my brothers’ days were numbered. It is just me and Daddy now, with a little Jake on the side.

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| The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019    Daddy | Jake on the side |