Biker Chick

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Iggy Harper was in a strange mood when they left the roadhouse. He had learned that his oldest son, no living with his mother miles away, had won a big baseball game that very afternoon. It left him with a warm feeling, as if the success of one of his, had made his presence in the world a good thing. Not everybody would agree. In any other time and place, Iggy Harper would be a man to be avoided.

But only just before they had left there was the chance of a fight. It could have been a big brawl to mark their exit. It was not uncommon. His gang of bikers liked to fight. Iggy did too. Just not that night. He could sense the terror of the men they confronted. He just smiled and told them that he preferred to get on the road. He even left half a yard on the bar to pay for drinks.

Two home runs. His boy had won the game almost single handed. He thought the kid was a wimp, but he had come right. Iggy was still smiling.

But as they came up to Ottoway Bridge Iggy could see a figure standing on the North rail of the bridge, faintly illuminated by the poor light. It appeared to be a young woman, her thin pink dress fluttering in the wind. It was a 100 foot drop to the rocky canyon below. Her intentions were clear.

Maybe on another night he would have throttled on through? Maybe he would have shouted to her as he rode by: “See you in hell, Baby”. But tonight, he was not in a mood to do that. She seemed just a little older than his son. They both had futures. His life was set on its course. Hers, like his sons, was only just beginning.

He slowed as did his followers. Then he came to a stop beside her. Her hair was in a fairly short style, but was blonde and shiny, flapping in the breeze. It seemed as if the girl had taken time to look good. Can any corpse look good? Not smashed to pieces on the rocks below, he thought.

She turned to face him. There had been tears and there was too much mascara. She looked like a panda bear, but somehow that made her look cute. Her body was slim and short of curves, but the wind made the soft pink fabric hug her butt and strong thighs.

“What are you doing?” asked Iggy, flicking down the stand to park up.

“I’m going to commit suicide,” she said, as if that were not clear.

“Well, before you jump, why don't you give me a kiss?” said Iggy, glancing either side to see his followers smile in approval. Maybe they were thinking that he would get her down and rape her before she did the deed. It could be the perfect crime. No witness, and not even a murder. The death would be self-inflicted.

“Leave me alone,” she said. Her voice seemed husky as if she had been wailing all day. Such sadness, thought Iggy.

“I won’t talk you out of it,” Iggy said with his trademark snarl. “I just want to let you know that there are things in the world you might want to try before you die. A ride on the back of my bike. Something hot and powerful between your thighs …”. He was not talking about the bike. “A kiss from a real man,” he added. He wondered if it might even be her first, excluding the shy pecks of a boy or two.

She looked at him. If he was in a strange mood, then this look made it even stranger. It was a look that betrayed a glimmer of hope, and curiosity. He had seen the look on women’s faces before in bars and on the street, sometimes beside their husbands or boyfriends. It was a look that asked: “Should I?”

Iggy Harper was a wild man. He was untamed and windswept. Attractive only in the way that the truly exotic can be attractive to people thirsting for adventure. That was what he thought, in any event.

He stepped off his bike and reached out a hand to her. She paused for a minute, but Iggy knew that she would take it. Unlike all those other women, this one had nothing to lose.

Once she had given him her hand, he lifted her down with outstretched arms. She was a little heavier than he expected, but he was a big burly guy who stayed in shape with weights. He brought her gently to the ground in front of him and drew her closer.

It seemed to Iggy that she was far too young and too fragile to be abused by him. He kissed women roughly, as a rule. It was what they expected of somebody like him. Those women expected it of him. And he was surrounded by his gang, who expected it too. He held her by the arms as they would expect, but his grip was more gentle than they would know. He kissed her. He gave her the kiss he had promised. The kiss if a real man.

Iggy Harper was no romantic, but something clicked in that moment. If it had been just momentary, he would perhaps have laughed at it, but before he knew it her arms were around his neck and he was pulling himself deeper into her. It was as if a kiss united two bodies. And time stood still, just like in a romantic movie, the kind he would deny even having seen.

His followers found themselves looking at one another as their leader was locked in this long, deep, lingering kiss.

When they parted, he found himself looking in those dark ringed eyes. It seemed that they might be blue, but with the poor lighting he could not tell. They were still wet and somehow looked even bigger after the kiss.

“Now how about that ride?” he said.

“Ok,” she said. It was not joyful agreement. There was a trace of uncertainty. She feared him. Who wouldn’t?

She got on behind him and put her arms around him. He could feel her thin arms even through the leather. She was holding on tight. He guessed that she had never been on a bike before. When he came to the first corner and he leaned over, his left gloved hand checked her grip to reassure her.

The night was warm but at speed she would have felt cold if his bulk had not shielded her. He opened the throttle and she drew closer to him. He could feel her chin on his shoulder, even feel her breathing a little faster. She was excited. He smiled.

Several miles on they left the road and followed a smooth dirt path to the collection of trailers that served as a home for some of them. It was a life that had seen him forgo living in the suburbs. He lived on the road. Real estate was a ball and chain. There were some women tending to a small fire in the middle. He pulled to a stop.

He took off his helmet. His hair was thick and speckled with grey, but less grey than was his beard. He had been thinking about her kiss the whole way. It was not his nature. It was a riddle to him. Perhaps to solve it he took her and kissed her again.

“What is your name?” he asked.

“I like to be called Tina,” she said.

“Boys,” he called out to the group dismounting. “This is Tina. She is in my care, tonight and for as long as she wishes.”

They seemed to nod. It was as if he had said these words, or something similar, on more than one occasion. He needed to assert his rights and ensure her protection. If he did not she would be theirs once he had finished with her. By saying what he had, she was his and his alone.

She said nothing. She felt safe. She was. Iggy could sense her relief.

He led her towards the fire. A box of beer appeared from nowhere. He did not take a bottle. He put his arm around her and held her close.

“Your kiss talks to me,” he whispered to her. “You are young, and you are full of passion. Why would you think of taking your own life?”

“My parents don't like me dressing up like a girl,” she said.

Iggy Harper stiffened. He looked around. It had been said softly. Nobody had heard it. He kept the arm around her, but to hold her in her place. To keep secret for the time being, the fact that he had kissed a man. Not a man, but a boy, or something less than a boy.

It seemed as if she had not even noticed his reaction. She stared at the flames. The orange light danced on her smooth face and seemed to make her look like a goddess. He could not see the boy she had said that she was. How could this be happening? His whole gang had seen him rescue this creature and take her in. What kind of fool would he be if they knew the truth?

“Tina,” he said. It was just to affirm that she was female. “I want to hear you story, but in private.”

She looked at him. He could have led her into his trailer and strangled her to death. Nobody would have done anything, except help him bury the body. Nobody would need to see her crotch. But in her eyes, he saw trust. It was not something he was used to, but he recognized it. She didn’t have to say anything. They rose together and walked to his trailer.

As the door closed behind him, she said: “I have never had sex before”.

Why would he care? Iggy Harper fucked anything, and he fucked it hard. But this was innocence - innocence and trust.

“Is that sex as a boy or sex as a girl?” he asked, taking off his leather jacket.

“Neither,” she said.

“Do you want to have sex?” he asked. “Would you like to have sex as a boy, or a girl?”

Were they multiple questions? Was he going to penetrate her, or was he interested in her sexuality? Surely not? But she sensed that it was not a threat.

“I want to be a girl,” she said. “I want to have a boyfriend just like any other girl.

Iggy found himself thinking of his son again. The school hero. Worshipped by girls. Tina could have been one of them, but for an accident of birth. He realized that from the moment she had told him who she was, he had not seen her as a fag. If he had done, she would likely be unconscious and bloody. She had been that sad girl on the bridge, and now she was the girl trembling in his trailer, but still a girl.

“I wish it could be that way for you,” he said. “You need somebody your own age, not somebody like me, more than twice your age. I’ll take you home in the morning.”

“I can’t go back there,” she said dolefully. “Take me back to the bridge.”

It was the demand that made him bristle. She could see it and cowered as if expecting blows. But Iggy Harper was in a strange mood that day.

“You can stay here and be a girl,” he said. “Just tell nobody that you are anything less than a real girl, OK?"

"Be your girl?" she asked. It was not intended to sound like a proposal. She was trying to understand what was going on.

She seemed so young that he stopped himself. It was a moment of conscience that needed to be suppressed. It was unfamiliar to him. He seemed to be behaving out of character … to be saying things that he ould not normally say. He said: “That’s right.” But he added: “If that’s what you want.”

Iggy Harper made love to his Tina that night. He realized that he had fucked a lot of women, and maybe even a tranny or two, but he had never really made love until that night. She was a virgin but he was gentle. Perhaps more gentle that he had ever been with a woman. She seemed to cry out to be treated like that. She was misunderstood, maybe even abused. In his hands she would know that even the roughest brute could be tender.

When the sun rose, she was lying beside him with her soft thin arm draped across his hairy chest. Her eyes were open looking at him. They were blue. Big and blue, and still ringed in black, but no longer sad. They looked at him with adoration.

It was a look that he never tired of. It made his life complete. He set her up so that he could come home to that look. He gave her everything she wanted so that she would look at him that way. And when she was away from him, he longed for her, and hurried home so that they could be reunited.

She was standing on the porch as his bike roared before he shut it down. She did not run to him. He looked at her as he climbed the steps. Her hair was now much longer – blond and beautiful. She had added some curls and applied makeup with skill that she had developed.

His kiss was like the very first time. It always was.

“I owe you my life,” she said.

“You were just at a low point and I was there,” he said.

“No,” she said, lifting her skirt. “Not that life. This one.”

The End

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This story was suggested to me by [Dawnfyre](https://bigclosetr.us/topshelf/user/dawnfyre) who told me of a "joke" about a transwoman, a burly biker and suicide.