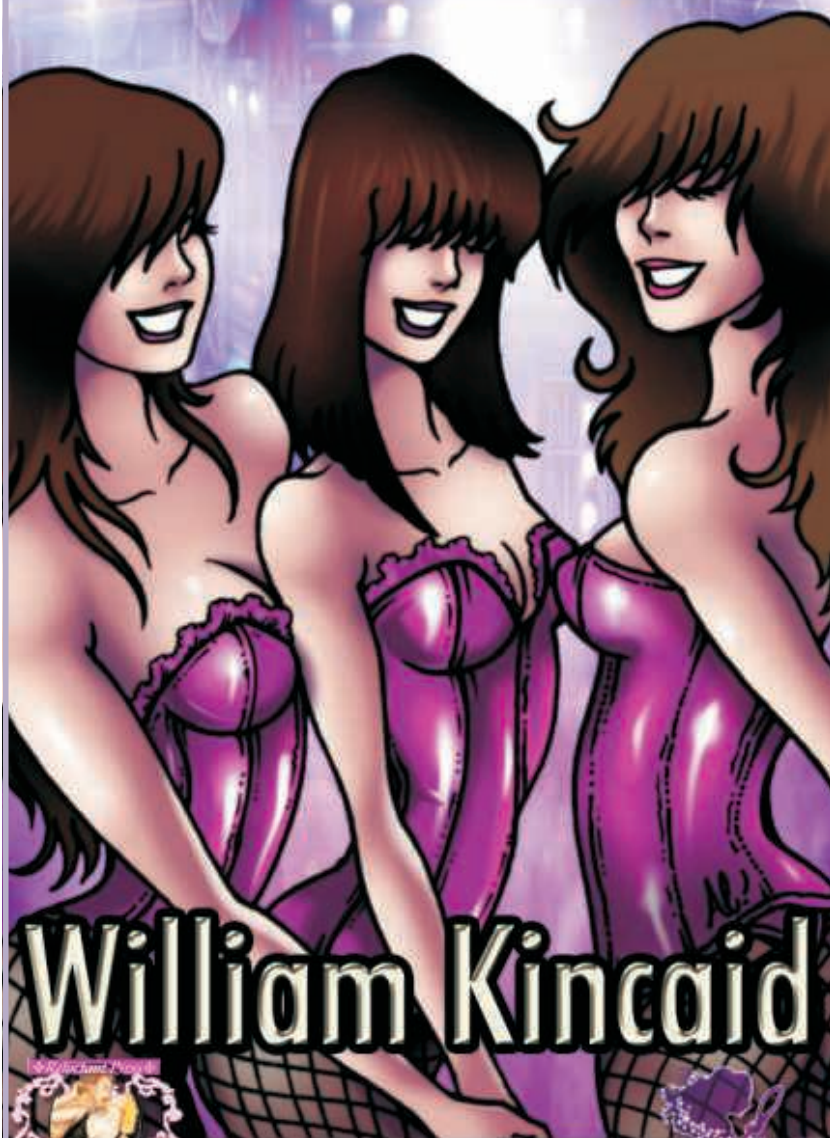


Beyond All Expectations



William Kincaid



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Beyond all Expectations

William Kincaid

Prologue:

The casket was covered with flowers and the rain mercifully held off. Around the grave in Thailand were gathered several distinguished looking American couples with their adult children giving them support. A well-dressed young Thai man also looked distressed at the demise of a cherished friend and lover.

Finally, a short, older woman stepped forward. She was wearing an orange robe, and had a solemn, but composed look on her face. The woman began to talk, while the assemblage tried to hold back tears.

“James Kishimoto lived an extraordinary life, the testimony of which is gathered right here, even if they had to come from half a world away. He started the ball rolling that brought everybody here together. When I think of the last time you were all here in Thailand, over twenty years ago, when you all were forging your own path, far beyond what the world would have offered, I am just amazed.” The woman who had rarely been at a loss for words, now became completely choked up. Her son and daughter in law left their places among the mourners and comforted her.

Another woman in her forties, also short, and a little pudgy, took the lead, “James had made such a beautiful life for himself and for everybody here. Right now he is sipping wine in Heaven from his cabana overlooking the beach and looking down on us, smiling his quiet grin talking about destiny.”

Chapter 1

The morning fog had burned off the bay on the Oregon Coast, and the fishermen started to gather up their gear and head to their cars. A few lucky ones carried salmon over the shoulders to the envious glances of those who went home empty. Tim knew the bite was over, even though he had nothing and resigned himself to heading into town before he crashed for the afternoon. He would be out again tonight, casting with the same intensity and hope that he had started with in the pre-dawn hours.

Rather than heading to the campground, Tim decided to check out a local gift shop. He was about ready to start his second year of law school in San Francisco and he wanted something to remind him of Oregon. Although he was tired, and smelled of bait, he wanted to see what the store had to offer.

A cute, dark haired girl gave him a cheerful greeting as he entered, "Usually we don't get fishermen in here."

"Just wanted to get something to remind me of this place before I go back to law school."

"If you need any help, just ask."

Tim immediately found a calendar with some great shots of the bay and river, including some good fish pictures. He then came upon a sweatshirt with a salmon on the front, but wasn't sure whether it would fit him. It looked pretty big.

"Miss, I have a question for you. I love the sweatshirt, but I'm not sure it will fit me," Tim asked, beckoning her from behind the register.

"It fits me really well, it's the size I wear," the girl responded.

Tim studied the young lady who was very close to his height and reasonably slender. "Are you a size eight?"

"Yes. I am." The girl seemed surprised.

"Well, then I'll take it."

The girl rang him up and bagged the sweatshirt and Tim turned to leave. She smiled at him though with a wicked grin, "How did you know my size?"

Tim decided to put the secret out there. The girl seemed really nice.

"Because I also wear a size eight in most dresses, and a size nine in heels. I'm a t-girl."

He half expected the girl to look on him disgust, but the smile remained, and she did not even blink.

"That's kind of what I thought. We don't get that much honesty among fishermen in this town. Do you have any pictures of you in drag?"

The store was empty at this early hour, so Tim pulled out his smart phone and scrolled to pictures of him in full drag at a bar in San Francisco. He was wearing a purple blazer, with a matching short skirt, and black, strapped pumps.

"Oh my God. You look incredibly hot." the girl exclaimed.

"That's almost exactly what I said when I first saw myself in full drag."

"Well, you do look smokin'."

Tim smiled, " thanks."

"I don't have any plans after work, would you like to get together tonight for dinner?"

"But I'll miss the evening bite."

"You'll survive. I'm Beth, by the way, and you are?"

"Tim, also known as Cindy."

"Nice to meet the two of you."

The two sat at a corner of a local seafood restaurant. Tim had ordered some oysters as an appetizer, and they split them while waiting for their entrees.

"So tell me how a smelly ass fisherman doubles as an incredible babe."

"It's a long story."

"Things can get boring up here at times. I'm all ears."

"I hope I don't bore you even more."

Tim sat at a dinner table at Kishimoto's, a gay friendly restaurant and bar in San Francisco, that had a drag act every Friday night, which typically started an hour past advertised time. He had never done anything else so openly related to being transgendered other than going to adult book stores and embarrassing himself in front of the

cash registrars, who looked on him with an infinite sense of superiority.

Tonight was no exception for starting on time, and Tim became restless. He heard some of the guests joke about drag time, and started to wonder if the show would ever start. Finally the show started. Some of the girls were truly amazing, and Tim became depressed, "how the hell would he ever learn to look even half this good?"

The night was beginning to seem to be a complete bust, another glimpse into what couldn't be had.

A distinguished looking Asian gentleman in his mid-fifties then sat across from him at the dinner table.

"How are things in the navy, lieutenant? The gentleman asked.

"How did you know I'm a lieutenant?"

"You live in San Francisco as long as I have, and you can tell a navy officer a mile away. You have too much of a cynical look to be an ensign. I'm the owner of this establishment."

Tim smiled, and started to relax, "I love that salmon over the bar."

"I caught it about fifteen years ago."

"It's a Smith River fish, right?"

"You know your fish."

"That's about all I know."

"So what do you think of my place?"

"I have really had a good night. I usually don't get to places like this, the clam chowder and rockfish are incredible, so is the chocolate mousse."

"I meant what do you think of the girls?"

"They look amazing."

“And you wish you could look as beautiful, but have no idea on how to go about it, and are distressed at not knowing.”

Tim was impressed with Mr. Kishimoto’s prescience. He decided there was no need to lie to him. “Yes, and how did you know?”

“Like I said, I have been running this place for twenty years, and like navy lieutenants, I can smell a transgendered young man from across the bay.”

“Yes, it’s true, and yes I would like to look at least a tenth as good as your girls.”

“You sell yourself way short. Probably have been doing that your entire adult life. You could be every bit as good as any of those girls on stage.”

“Do you really mean that?”

“I have seen guys like you come and go. You seem like a decent enough guy, although incredibly reticent. I will write that off as you being new to all this. I’m going to do you a favor. I am going to call a very dear friend who will help you become your dream girl, a beyond your dreams dreamgirl, if I am correct, which I usually am about this. The girls on the stage are usually too cocky to seek her help, but you will. You treat her with respect and kindness and you will find exactly what you are looking for.”

Mr. Kishimoto pulled out his smart phone and called one of his saved favorites. Tim estimated that the phone on the other rang ten times before the person picked up.

“Alexandra, this is James Kishimoto, how are you?”

The answer was very terse, as Mr. Kishimoto immediately spoke, “Alexandra, I have a friend, whose name is Tim, he is very nice. I want you to take him under your wing and turn him into a woman. He will be there tomor-

row at 9. Bring her to the club tomorrow night. There should be enough action for her."

The person on the end responded.

"Thank you very much, you are always the lady."

Mr. Kishimoto beamed, "well, there you go. Why don't we toast your good fortune with a glass of champagne? You don't know how lucky you are. You will go far if you just approach this with an open mind, especially Alexandra."

Tim and Mr. Kishimoto sat and talked at the table to long past closing. Tim opened up about his life. His isolated teenaged years wanting to dress as a girl, being called out by a gay man in the undergraduate library, a deep depression in his sophomore year at college that demolished his grades, his time in the navy, and finally his visit to Kishimoto's.

"Well, those days are behind you as of tonight," James grinned.

Tim felt an immense weight lift from his soul. He had talked at length with an intelligent person who heard his story and his desire to dress as a woman and was incredibly understanding and non-judgmental.

The next morning, Tim knocked on the door and waited for almost three minutes until a lady in her forties, wearing a dressing gown opened the door. An aroma of kittie litter, wine, perfume, and rotten food wafted into the threshold. Used to exotic aromas, Tim didn't react with revulsion and turn away, but instead entered.

"So you are Tim?" the lady smiled. "You are muy guapo."

Tim was taken aback, no female had ever said he was handsome. At best he was cute, which was basically a dismissal.

He pondered this development, when Alexandra's right arm suddenly shot out and grabbed Tim's lower jaw. She slowly turned his face right and left, studying it with a penetrating gaze.

"You are muy guapo, but you will become muy bonita, very beautiful as a girl," Alexandra smiled. "Would you like something to drink?"

Alexandra led Tim through the apartment, which was cluttered except for the pathways with clothing, shoes, purses, makeup, luggage, and photo albums. She cleared an easy chair from a sleeping cat on a threadbare leather jacket and offered it to him. While Alexandra rummaged through the refrigerator, Tim assessed the kitchen, which was buried under unwashed pots and pans, and plates with half eaten meals. The stove top had a meal that was cooked days before, and the sink had food debris and plates that had celebrated Mother's Day, the Fourth of July, and Labor Day. Canonical legend also stated that some items in the sink had witnessed Easter. Empty wine bottles littered the kitchen and living room.

Alexandra concluded her expedition into the refrigerator and offered Tim a Tamarind soda. "Let me get dressed and we will go buy your clothes and makeup and a nice wig. You will be muy bonita, I promise."

Alexandra led Tim to a consignment shop and talked exuberantly with the attendants in Spanish. They talked too quickly for Tim, but he heard the word travesti, and knew they were referring to him. She then began to hold up dresses and skirts to him, and either put them back on the rack, or onto a rapidly growing pile. You are a size ocho, eight, I can tell. What is your men's size shoe, a woman's size is one size bigger."

"Can you walk in heels? You will learn," Alexandra remarked as they pilfered the store's shoe rack.

The two piled the haul of impending feminine glamour in Tim's car and went to a drug and cosmetics store. Alexandra grabbed Tim's face once more, studying his coloration. Tim bought concealer, foundation, rouge, dark powder for shading, brushes, sponges, lipstick, lip-liner, eye-liner, eye shadow, mascara, and a previously unknown device that Alexandra insisted was mandatory, an eyelash curler.

The final stop was the wig store, and Tim was starting to feel a pinch in the wallet. Alexandra could see Tim's concern, took his hand and gave him a reassuring pump. She talked with the wig store proprietor, and they chose a blonde wig that emerged from a dusty box. "It is a very natural look. Most of the women are looking for something more glamorous, but you will be very sexy in it," Alexandra assured her charge.

The final stop of the day was to get some super burritos to go. Alexandra and Tim sat at a cleared dinner table, while her cats vigorously rubbed themselves against Tim's legs. Tim reached over and started petting the closest, a massive gray male tabby which started to purr.

"My cats like you, that means you are good person. So do have a girl's name?"

"Cynthia, after a very pretty girl in college I knew."

"Cynthia, that's a beautiful name. Come let's make you una chica bonita."

"Oh my God. Oh my God." Cynthia was awestruck as she gazed upon herself in the mirror for the first time.

"I'm a woman."

Cynthia's eyes teared up and Alexandra dabbed her mascara with a kleenex. She smiled and laughed in joy, "Cynthia, you are magnifica."

Alexandra quickly changed into evening wear and hustled Cynthia out the door. Cynthia wore a playful, flower print dress with a short, flared skirt, and black pumps. She had learned to walk in heels from her mother's wardrobe for years and capably sashayed to the club.

Sitting with her legs naturally crossed, Cynthia learned about her creator's life. Alexandra was a clean cut kid from a middle class family in Venezuela, and was runner-up Miss Gay Venezuela years ago. She started taking hormones immediately afterwards, sensing her destiny lay as Alexandra, not Rafael. Breasts came a year later which brought her an American who worked the oilfields. They moved to San Francisco, but back in the United States, her man could no longer be open as a husband to a transsexual. Alexandra was heartbroken, but in very high demand as an entertainer and escort. Finally she found a wealthy gentleman who bought her condominium on California Street and set up a trust account of \$200 a month for her to live on.

The real estate purchase was over ten years ago. The man had moved on, \$200 a month was not even enough to care about, and Alexandra became entrapped in what once was a beautiful love nest. She started drinking heavily and her impeccable looks started to fade. She had not been in the club in many years, a forgotten and apparently obsolete relic.

As she recounted her tale, the revived Alexandra scanned the bar like a hawk. Finally her predatory gaze settled on an older, graying, African-American gentleman, in a sport coat and slacks. He was smiling whenever he glanced at her new daughter, Cynthia, and she decided that he would be the man to make her into a fully-fledged woman.

“That man over there, he will make very good love to you. Go to him,” she commanded, placing a tube of lubricant and condoms that she had secretly purchased into Cynthia’s purse.

Cynthia gulped, looking terrified, but steeled up her courage as she became aroused at the thought of being taken as a woman.

“Do I look okay?”

“Very bonita, mi nina. Now go to him.”

Cindy calmly walked to her fate, both her drag mother and Mr. Kishimoto at the bar staring proudly at her. She sat on the bar seat, crossed her legs, and demurely held out her hand to the gentleman. “Hello, I’m Cindy.”

“Did he do you doggie, cowgirl, or missionary?” Beth asked.

“Missionary. On the side of the bed. He wanted to look into my eyes as he fucked me. I hope I’m not boring you?”

“Not yet.”

The next day, Tim returned with croissants and orange juice. Alexandra was surprised, but overjoyed to see him.

“Why are you here? Is it true, are you now a woman.”

“Yes”, Tim laughed. “I am now a woman.”

“That’s very good. I am proud. We must go there again.”

“Of course, Ms. Bocarro, but today I want to help you clean your apartment.”

Tim worked for the next eight hours, hauling out trash and litter clumps, gagging at the foulness of the rotten food, scrubbing floors and pots and toilets, and consolidating clothes. The apartment was not pristine, or presentable to a mother in law, but it was now livable for

most humans and cats. The two shared a bottle of wine, and Alexandra toasted to her new nina, Cynthia.

Tim then asked Alexandra if she could have her last name, as it would be an honor.

“So you want to be my daughter in name too. It’s not easy. You must never take money from a man for sex. Don’t be like I was. You must never play with your cock while being a woman. A good woman can cum without touching it. You must also learn Spanish, my native tongue, and learn to do makeup like a professional, so you will not just be a girl, you will be a lady. Finally, you must never bring a man into this home, unless you hope to marry him someday. You only allow a man in who is good enough to meet your mother, and no sex under my roof. This is a peaceful place now.”

Although Beth looked disappointed at the no-play pledge, she still said, “good for your Mom,” about all the other rules. She insisted that Tim continue the tale.

Tim spent every weekend he could in San Francisco, taking the cheap flight into Oakland. The cycle of wanton party girl on Saturday, and apartment cleaner on Sunday continued throughout Tim’s last year in the navy, until Cindy became insatiable. Taking Alexandra’s guidance seriously, both Cindy and the condominium emerged from that period with elegance. Cynthia’s mother also revived. She cut back on the wine, and began to exercise outdoors every day.

With Alexandra’s revival, came a new burst of energy. She insisted on calling Tim, Cynthia, even when he was dressed in public as a man, like when they went shopping for groceries. Finally, he just smiled and shrugged and answered to Cynthia, regardless of where he was.

Tim’s life came to the predictable cliff when his father found letters from Alexandra to Cynthia hidden in his car.

Tim's father attempted to gouge his eyes out in a burst of rage. Once the two separated, he disowned Tim on the spot and insisted he change his name to avoid bringing shame on the family.

Tim drove that day to San Francisco, and Alexandra took Cynthia in and gave him the extra room. They were now living together as mother and almost daughter. She harangued him because of his hesitance to transition fully to being a woman, "What have you got to lose, I am your mother now and I would be proud to have you as my daughter. You should think of it as an honor to be able to become a woman, especially one as bonita as you could be. Many people wish they could but many are too cowardly to do it, and my daughter will not be a coward. This is San Francisco. If you can't become a woman here, where else in America can you?"

"Your Mom is amazing. I would hate her to ever get in league with mine. They would be unstoppable," Beth remarked.

During salmon season, Tim fished with James and brought his mother monsters from the Smith River, and glimmering beauties from Clear Creek in Oregon where Beth lived. James was impressed with the emergence of Cindy as a young lady. He was even more impressed with the salvaging of Alexandra from the hell she had been in. In the vacuum created by Tim's father's rage, James had become a father to both Tim and Cindy.

"Alexandra wants me to become a woman."

"All in due time. I think the first priority is for you to become a good law student."

"Mom says there are plenty of women lawyers," Tim added.

"And she is correct. But not many of them are transsexual. And you are a long way from becoming a lawyer."

I have seen people like you come and go in the past twenty years. Drag is an intoxicant that doesn't obey the laws of nature or of physics but some of these beauties end up just like Alexandra. Others get their life completely focused on the transition. You may become a woman, or you may not, I will think the same of you regardless. But if you become a woman, I want you to be more than a fixture at my bar. There is no long term return in that. If and when you cross over, I want you to have as much ass behind you as possible."

"Wow. I wouldn't want him to get in league with my mom, either."

"I also really would want you to continue these father son salmon fishing trips as my daughter," James added.

"And that brought you to me," Beth concluded.

"I guess it did."

"You lost a family but gained another one."

"You can say that."

"I did. It's true."

"So when you go out in drag, you pass pretty easily, right?" Beth asked.

"Passing is the baseline measurement of drag, but it has less value than people think. It really depends on the audience and you can't control that."

"How?" Beth demanded, as she took Tim's hand in hers.

"Well, some persons have an innate ability to read you with less of a glimpse than most people get of Bigfoot. I was on a date riding in a car on a darkened road and looked briefly at the driver in the next car. He read me in the dark in a split second. Another time I was walking in a crowd at Christmas after shopping in a department

store. I was wearing a woman's coat, jeans, and boots, relatively innocuous, full makeup, wig, the works, but a street walker picked me out of the crowd, at night, and started shouting, 'Whoa, girl's got it going on. You go girl.' Nobody else in the crowd even registered who or what she was making the fuss about."

"On the flip side, I was outside a bar in which all the local TVs were hanging out after a meeting. A guy came into me into the parking lot, I looked great, a short red dress and black pumps, and he said, 'Excuse me miss, do you know why the guys in there are dressing like women? Doesn't make sense.'"

"What did you say?"

"I just smiled all pretty and shrugged. He never figured it out, even when he was primed to be looking for guys in dresses."

"Way cool. So when you were a teenager and watched movies were you the hero or heroine?"

"Depends on the movie, but often enough I was the heroine or at least the best supporting actress."

"Such as?"

"Well, Lilli Von Schtupp immediately comes to mind. Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*. JLo as *The Wedding Planner*, Diane Kruger as *Helen of Troy* and *Abigail Chase*, and most saloon, harem or *Bond girls*. I also wanted to be the strippers in *Stripes*, and the blonde bimbo in the short dress, high heels and fur coat."

"I love *Mel Brooks* and *Pretty Woman*, but fur is murder."

"I'm reformed, thanks to *Cindy Crawford*."

"So who is your *Hector*?"

"*Hector* wasn't *Diana's* husband."

"Oh yeah, so who is your Orlando Bloom?"

"Princes don't patronize Kishimoto's. Fans of T-girls do."

"So what do you look for in a man?"

"Well, first if he was great in the sack and had reasonably good hygiene it was great. But now I look for a man who likes and accepts the whole me, and has good hygiene and is great in the sack."

"That's a tall order. I am going home now, but I am going for a picnic tomorrow on the river. You are very welcome to join me."

"But."

"But you will miss the morning bite. Too bad. I will make it up to you. Bring your rod and tackle anyway."

At the picnic, Tim was dumbfounded at Beth's suggestion. "Are you crazy? That's insane."

"I think it's an incredible compromise."

"What compromise? You are taking the big jump."

"Only because you already did your homework."

"You would do that for me? It's nuts."

"Crazy, insane, nuts, whatever. You are looking for a man and now you find him and are balking."

"But you're not a man. If anything you are an adorable, intelligent, amazing girl."

"And you are a lady and a gentleman. The fact that you are objecting shows that you are a good guy, a lot of guys would be happy for me to make the jump. I discerned that on the internet last night."

"But becoming a man?"

“It’s an amazing turn-on being transformed like you did. God knows I am already turned on by the thought of it. I stayed up all night online learning about transgendered people. I also read about crossplay and it seemed perfectly natural to me. I want to be a part of your life.”

“You mean it?”

“Yes, I really do.”

Tim bit his lip. “All my life I wanted to meet somebody like you.”

Beth leaned over and kissed Tim on the lips. “You found me, girl.”

The two then played a game in which Tim would recite the woman’s lines from a movie, and Beth would respond in the man’s role. Beth became incredibly turned on playing the role of numerous male leads.

Twenty minutes later, three salmon broached in front of them and Tim started fishing for them, hooking a beauty on the second cast.

“See, I take good care of my girls.”

“Indeed you do, Sir.”

Beth’s mother, Nancy Kincaid, stood at five foot nothing and was universally known as the Big N. She had gone to Berkley and was a hippy at heart, but had gained most of her wisdom living in a small town on the majestic Oregon Coast. She came to Clear Creek one summer though, and fell madly in love with a local cop and Vietnam vet who she married within a month. The two quarreled incessantly, each exchanging intellectual blows, and made passionate love when they were too tired to argue. They had one daughter, who inherited her parent’s sense of adventure. Big N loved Beth’s father until he died in her arms at the local hospital from a gunshot wound in-

flicted by a serial rapist. As the principal at the high school, Big N herself had taken a 9mm round from a sophomore before she and her secretary wrestled him to the floor and knocked him out with the butt of his pistol. She had become a legend in town, and a highly effective teacher who the students adored. Big N's students always went on to do great things.

"Mom, I have something to tell you."

"It doesn't sound good, so spill the beans," Big N answered without looking up from her gardening.

"I met a guy, he's really nice, smart, and I like him."

"So how is that a problem?"

"Well..."

"Well what? Please don't hide anything from me."

"He's a good guy, but he is also transgendered and has been with a lot of men. He gets completely in the role of being a woman and I want to be one of "her" men."

"Well, when you get your hair cut. I think you should donate it to a cancer charity. It's very beautiful hair and somebody would really appreciate it."

"Mom, I told you I was going to date a t-girl and the most you can say is, 'Make sure I donate my hair.'"

"Well, I would feel awful if it went to waste. Cancer patients could use the hair."

"You don't seem to understand the basic issue."

"What the hell do you want me to say? No, don't do it? I didn't raise my precious little princess to become a man? You said he was nice, and intelligent, and you liked him. It's a lot better than the guy you dated at college. I have seen you smiling a lot, and a new brightness about you. If it's because you have met a very interesting person who you like I have to be happy for you and supportive. I

have always thought gender was an artificial construct anyway, unlike sex. It's transitory or at least malleable, so if my daughter wants to assume the role of a "guy" while dating a "girl" I will support it. Besides, I always hoped you would find somebody interesting. So what is this guy's name?"

"Tim."

"And his girl's name?"

"Cindy."

"So when you say you're going to be her guy, I presume you mean to dress and act as a man when you two are dating?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Well, since you are going to be the man in the relationship, I do have one request."

"What?"

"Your Dad was going to name you after his friend from Vietnam, who was killed in action and got the Distinguished Service Cross posthumously. You are going to be William Parsons Kincaid, and I guess Bill for short. Beth's mom chuckled, "funny, your Dad whined for over a year about not getting a son. It just took 23 years."

Beth gulped.

"Do you have your girl friend's picture?"

Beth rummaged through her purse and pulled out her smart phone. She mutely showed her mother pictures of Cindy in a little black dress, a maroon and gold evening gown, and a pink bustier with white stockings, elbow length gloves, and a feather boa. Her makeup was flawless and she had a confident, seductive look.

"Oh crap. She is a knock out. You are one lucky man. And speaking of being a man, you are going to need to

get rid of your lavender smart phone cover. Think of that as your first lesson."

"So you think she looks hot?"

"Very. I am sure she had all kinds of men after her and I'm sure she repaid their attention. You have a tiger by the tail."

Beth looked concerned.

"No problem, Cindy is obviously an attractive "woman" who is sexually active. The thing about transgendered girls like her is that to become women, they have to become sexualized. It's ass backwards. There is no time when they are just normal girls like you or me. You ever heard the saying treat a whore like a lady and a lady like a whore?"

Beth nodded.

"Well, you are going to set yourself apart from all the other men and boys who are just trying to get into Cindy's panties. You are going to be a gentleman and you are going to forbear on sex for awhile. Otherwise she would get bored with you after the first couple of dates. Let her be a normal girl with you. She will love you for it and then you are in for the long haul"

Beth just stared. She was shocked at her mom's response.

"You were just going to get a few guy's clothes, cut your hair short, and strap on a cock to be Cindy's girl friend, weren't you?" Beth's mom was enjoying this. "Where does this girl live?"

"San Francisco. She was up fishing before law school started in a few weeks."

"Anything else about her?"

“Tim said that none of the guys he dated as a girl cared anything about what he did as a guy. He also commented that he lost 20 IQ points the moment he put on his wig.”

“As a blonde she should have lost thirty.”

They both laughed.

“Well, she must be thrilled to have met you, especially if you are willing to be the guy. Terrific symmetry, don’t you think.”

“That’s why I was willing to do it.”

“How far did you think you were willing to go to be the man?”

“I don’t know. I was going to see how it goes. Mom, I thought you would think I was completely nuts and said I was being stupid and immature like at college.”

“I know you have grown up since then and I see that on a daily basis. You look very happy when you talk about his. I just ask that you take a week and think about it and get back to me next Sunday. “

The Big N knew what her daughter’s answer would be. She called a student who was in town on military leave after returning from Afghanistan. Sergeant Frederick Williams had grown up with an alcoholic father who mistreated his wife and kids. At sixteen, he had stolen a car, and nobody was there to represent him in juvenile court until the Big N showed up. He was amazed. He was a major league smart ass and a D student at best. She promised the judge that she would take responsibility for him. She gave him private tutorials on all subjects and books to read. His grades improved, and he stayed out of trouble until she walked him to the Army recruiter.

Frederick proved to be an exceptional soldier, and a good leader, who was toughened by adversity, but hum-

bled by the fact that a five foot nothing ex hippy teacher had turned his life around. He won the Silver Star on his second deployment, and had been wounded twice.

“That’s crazy. You want me to help turn your daughter into a guy. Beth is really cute.”

“I know she is, and I also know she is stubborn and wants to do this. I also have learned not to pass judgment on somebody’s sexuality, even my daughter. Just meet with her, ok.”

“For you I will. But only because it’s you.”

Beth and Frederick met at a restaurant, and Frederick ordered dinner for the two of them.

Why?” he demanded.

“Because Tim has a cool story, and it really is intriguing to me. I want to be with him. I know you disapprove but I don’t care. To use the old drag saying, ‘He’s more of a man than you will ever be and more of a woman than you will ever get.’ I don’t need your help.”

Beth was getting up to leave, but her words had stung Frederick enough that he had accepted the challenge.

“Ok, you want help. I will help you. Be at the beach tomorrow at 6:00 ready to run. I’ll make you regret this craziness.”

Beth met Frederick at the beach at the appointed hour, ready to run.

“Okay, we do it my way. First when we run we are going to sing cadence. Just like we do for Uncle Sam, but customized for you. I will call out the song and you will repeat it. I think you should get the gist of the songs pretty fast, so I want you to start coming up with your own verses.”

They started running at a strong pace, and Frederick belted out the first verse.

"I used to paint my nails red, now t-girls give me head."

"That's disgusting." Beth's feminine sensitivity was appalled at the crudity.

"That's the point dumb-ass. Sing it."

"I used to paint my nails red, now t-girls give me head."

"Now you try."

"I don't know any."

"Neither did I with this theme, I just made that one up a minute ago. If I can, you can, it's all about you anyway."

"I once was Beth, a comely lass, now I fuck T-Girls in the ass."

"Bravo. I'll let you lead the songs and I'll follow."

"I once was Beth a gorgeous hussy, now I bang T-Girl pussy."

"Excellent."

"I used to wear heels and a skirt, now I make my cock squirt."

"Nasty. Are you sure you are not already a man? Have you examined yourself lately?"

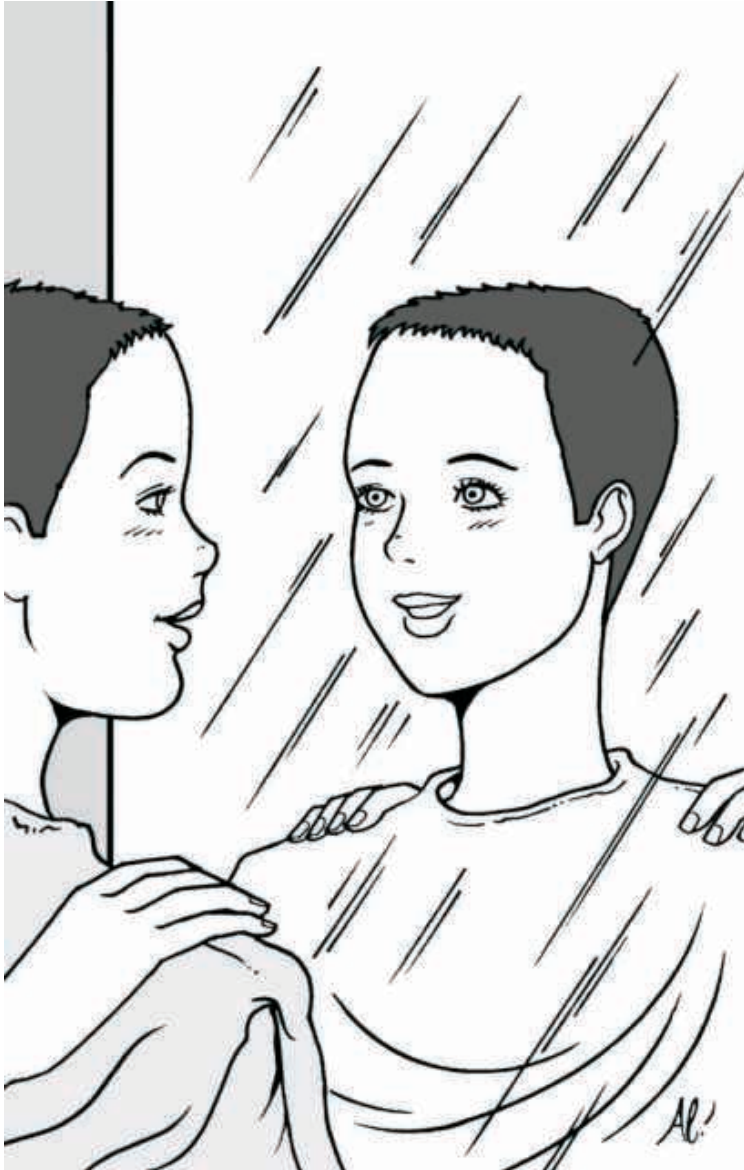
"I used to be a lady fine, now the cock I have is mine."

"Too true."

The two finished their beach run with Beth doing thirty push ups.

"Not bad, Little Brother. Now get cleaned up and we will go get you a haircut."

Beth sat in the barber's chair in the next town over and watched her femininity disappear with each stroke of the electric razor. Frederick asked the barber to make her look like a man and to save the hair and the barber nodded his assent.



He scraped the back of Beth's head with a straight razor and touched up the whitewalls above her ears. Finally he ran gel through her hair. When he swung Beth around in the chair, she gasped. A young looking man stared back. She could barely stand and walk out the door. Frederick paid for the haircut and got the hair in a shopping bag.

"Are you okay? It's like you saw a ghost." Frederick had warmed to Beth and her crazy scheme.

"Worse, I saw the new me."

"It's okay dude. Are you up for getting guy's clothes today?"

"Sure, why not."

The two went shopping at a second hand store, where Beth bought a couple pair of jeans, a sport jacket, a leather jacket, and a pair of khaki slacks. Frederick than took her to a mega mart where nobody would notice or care that Beth was purchasing men's underwear, socks, shirts, and shoes. Beth even purchased an inexpensive suit and a few ties.

"So when do I get my cock?"

"When you are ready, Bro. Having a cock between your legs is the most dangerous thing a person could have. The cock is the most destructive force on earth. It has led to more wars than anything else in our history. Asian aphrodisiacs have led to the extinction of a cool species every month. You will get a cock when you're ready. I will see you on the beach tomorrow for another run. In the evenings we will go for a hike. You will be man enough for the Russian River, but you won't yet be issued any weapons."

Tim entered the outdoor store in San Francisco and went to the back towards women's apparel. Cindy would

need a whole new wardrobe if she was going to go canoeing down the Russian River, a gay resort area an hour north of San Francisco, and wine tasting in the Alexander Valley. Bill had invited her for these activities as a way of branching out. Tim was thrilled that Cindy would no longer have her largely nocturnal existence, but was nervous that she would crumble to dust if caught under the sharp scrutiny of broad daylight. Even her trips to New York had lots of cover in the form of rain and mist, or hundreds of TVs at Wigstock.

"Can I help you?" an attractive brunette with brown eyes and a soft voice asked.

"I am looking to buy some outdoor wear."

"For a girl friend? That's nice."

"Uh no. It's for me. I am sure you have never heard that one before. If you don't want to help I understand."

The sales girl momentarily hesitated and nervously looked around the store. Satisfied that her boss was not recording the conversation behind the row of mountain bikes she calmed down.

"I can help. You are right though. This is a first, even if I am pretty new here. What are you looking for?"

"Well, my boyfriend wants to go canoeing on the Russian River, maybe do a little hiking too. All my wardrobe is dresses, evening gowns, short skirts, and high heels, so I need new stuff."

"Okay. You must know your woman's size."

"I'm an eight, usually."

"That comes to a medium here in most things. You are going to need some pants, shirts, shoes, and other things."

The sales girl and Tim started shopping, and Tim's load got heavier. She then pulled up a pink chemise.

"How about this?" the sales girl asked, as she broke into a smile.

"I don't know, my shoulders are a dead give-away, plus I don't have real breasts. It's tough to wear."

"It's very feminine, and you can wear it under a light jacket. Plus you can wear a sports bra underneath. It would look really cute. We have a jacket that is in the back that we are returning. Let me get it for you."

Tim waited for awhile. Getting more nervous that the sales girl had made her escape from the overly honest t-girl. He looked around and picked up a purple bandana. "This would be perfect for my Adam's apple."

The sales girl returned with a bundle in her arms. "I'm sorry I took so long, I was going through the summer clearance stuff picking out additional things along with the jacket. I hope you don't mind."

Tim smiled broadly. "Thanks."

"I got you some sport panties," the girl said with a naughty inflection, holding out three pairs of stretchy briefs. "I think they will do a very good in hiding what's down there," the sales girl said with a wicked grin.

"Thanks again."

"Going to the Russian River with your boyfriend? Well my boyfriend and I are new in town. We just transferred from Sacramento and are looking to meet new people. Would you mind if we tagged along?"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure. You are the exact type of person from San Francisco that my mother warned me that I would meet and be corrupted by. I hope that's the case. So what's your name?"

"Tim."

"And what's the name I call you when you are wearing all this?"

Cindy.

"Nice to meet you Cindy, I'm Jess."

"Nice to meet you, Jess. Say, would you like to get some lunch during your break so we can talk about this?"

"I brought lunch, but I would be happy having coffee with you after work, just two girls catching up on things and planning the weekend."

At the coffee shop, Jess could not hide her surprise, "You mean your boyfriend is really a girl?"

"We have just started dating. But she's really cool."

"And I'm to call her Bill, right?"

"I am sure it would make "him" feel more comfortable."

"No problem."

"And how many men have you been with?"

"Way too many."

Jess looked chagrined and cast her eyes downward. "I have been with two, my jackass fiancée and once with Robert, my boyfriend."

"Yes, but being a slut and sleeping around is hardly an accomplishment."

"Isn't it? It seems to be, every wholesome adolescent singer tries as hard as they can to become a slut as soon as they smell eighteen. Reality TV has turned slutdom into a multi-million dollar business. If anything it seems to be empowering, look what it did for you."

"Well, it did get me some exciting sex and a confidence and place in the world I never had as a guy. No-

body ever paid much attention to me as a man, but as Cindy I carry thunderbolts in my purse. “

Jess looked on intently. “And these guys you were with, they fucked you in the ass?” she asked deliberately being as coarse as she could.

“Yes, and it’s incredible.”

“I would want to agree, but it seems like you have much more experience as a woman than I have.”

The fall morning on the Russian River was crisp and inviting, with a beautifully soft sun overhead. Robert, Jess and Cindy met Frederick and Bill at the put in place. The groups were nervous, until Jess walked over and introduced herself to Frederick. “Hi I’m Jess, welcome to California and thank you for your service.”

The ice broken Bill walked up to Cindy, who was wearing Daisy duke shorts, lady running shoes with pink accents, an unbuttoned shirt over her chemise, woman’s sunglasses, a cowboy hat and a purple bandana. “You look incredible, girl.”

“Likewise, dude.”

The two embraced and Bill gave his girl a gentlemanly kiss on the cheek while all the others smiled approvingly.

Frederick broke the moment, “These canoes aren’t going to unload themselves.”

He was quickly joined by Jess who expertly took the two canoes off the Camaro’s roof while Robert took the canoe off Jess’s Matrix. Cindy and Bill walked down the river bank for fifty yards before returning to help load up the canoes.

“We brought some smoked salmon from Oregon, plus some huckleberry jam. It’s really good,” Bill said trying to win approval.

"We brought brie and hummus wraps, plus a bottle of cabernet sauvignon," Cindy smiled, trying to bait Frederick.

Frederick looked disgusted, the exact reaction Cindy was hoping for. "Actually, we got chicken salad and some turkey jerky, and beer," Cindy grinned.

"Don't push it girl," Frederick joked.

"Oh I push and get pushed upon."

Frederick laughed. "It's good to be down here at the Russian River", he thought. "Too bad it's no longer a real river."

With the fall sun at his back, Bill began to relax as he steered the canoe downstream with his girl paddling at the bow. "His girl," he thought to himself. "Pretty cool."

This trip was turning out okay. Jess and Robert appeared really nice, and Frederick was behaving himself well enough, considering the circumstances.

Bill studied his girl approvingly. The shorts made her ass look inviting, even for a novice like himself, her legs were smooth and tanned, and he loved the cowboy hat and bandana. "My girlfriend the cow girl."

Bill had noticed that Frederick even seemed to be attracted to Cindy. "He is such a real man, I don't know how it would play out if he made his move," Bill thought, "Him against me."

With that thought in mind he stared intently at Cindy and notice she had a henna tramp stamp with wings in the small of her back. Intertwined in the stamp were the letters, WPK. "What the hell is WPK? Bill wondered. "Makes no sense. Except it's me." With the light finally on, Bill smiled, and felt much more comfortable with his new fledged manhood. Sensing her man's concern, Cindy turned around and licked her crimson lips.

“Very nice,” she whispered.

The group pulled ashore for lunch, and Jess stripped off her shorts and shirt to a black thong bikini and an impossibly small top for a swim. Robert double-taked, as she emerged from the river looking like a sea nymph. “Boy am I lucky,” he thought as Frederick gave a quick wink. Even Bill seemed mesmerized by Jess.

Cindy and Bill held hands as they shared a beer and looked into the river. Bill then possessively repositioned his hand and placed it on his girlfriend’s denim clad ass. Observing the move, Frederick smiled, “he’s learning. ”

He approached the pair to see what they were looking at, and noticed three sizable smallmouth bass hovering in the cool shade of a tree.

“Nice bass, didn’t think they would have them in this river.”

Cindy was quiet, and Bill squeezed her bottom.

“There’s lots of smallmouth here, carp too, and salmon and steelhead,” Cindy said defensively.

“Maybe the three of us should fish together some time, it’s always good to have a woman along, the other fishermen give you room and act less like jerks.”

“Yes we should,” Bill said. “It’s always good to have a woman,” he thought.

That afternoon Cindy and Jess took over Cindy’s hotel room getting ready for dinner. They had gone to an up-scale woman’s boutique in Walnut Creek to shop, but the sales girl seemed very uptight. They could only shop for Jess, while Cindy could only get inspiration for internet purposes. “Oh well, this girl works on commission.”

Jess looked spectacular in slim fuschia Capri pants, matching stiletto pumps, and a white blouse. Cindy had a deep maroon long skirt with an inviting slit, sandals, a

white blouse, and a matching scarf worn around one shoulder. She helped Jess do her makeup, matching her lipstick and eyeshadow to her ensemble. Jess never felt more alluring or confident in her life. She felt lucky to have met Cindy.

The soft candlelight made the two girls glow at dinner, silencing Robert and Bill, but Frederick was unperturbed. "You two ladies look incredible, too bad all the clientele in the restaurant can't appreciate it. So tomorrow you two should look hot in the Alexander Valley at the wine tasting. I can't believe I am doing this, but you guys are a fun group."

An hour into dinner Bill started to fidget and Cindy, looking across at her man, was the only one to immediately grasp the dilemma. "Jess, let's go powder our noses and renew our lipstick. Why don't you guys go and freshen up too."

Robert stated he didn't need to go, but Jess butted in, and glanced towards Bill. Robert finally grasped what was going on, and said, "yeah we need to get cleaned up." Frederick, his combat honed senses on edge in a gay restaurant, got up with Bill, and the three men walked to the rest room.

Bill had never been confronted with a urinal, but didn't want to disappoint. He walked up to the porcelain nemesis and asserted his mastery. He then glanced in the mirror and saw a man looking back. He was voyaging in deep waters but had new friends to accompany him.

In the hotel room, Cindy gave him a heartfelt embrace, opened her mouth and gave Bill a passionate kiss. The two stood and kissed and explored each other's bodies for an hour. Cindy then moved catlike to the bed, but Bill stood like a statue. I'm not going to fuck you tonight darling, not tonight or tomorrow. You are far too valuable to

fuck on the first date. I am going out for a walk, I had a truly amazing day, and I will be back to tuck you in bed, girl.

Cindy undressed, and put on a purple baby doll nightie with marabou trim and slid her smooth, shaved legs in the sheets. She had finally met a real man, she thought to herself as she smiled with joy.

Frederick also felt the need to walk in the moonlight. Soon enough Bill would be awarded his cock to fuck Cindy, like a knight with a sword, but not this weekend. He laughed to himself thinking about the military issuing a cock, "Cock, no, Phallus, Sexual , Mk I Mod 7, 1 each. Of course it would be MILSPEC and cost \$500 and take a year and a half to get out of supply."

Frederick's walk carried him past Jess's Matrix, parked in a different parking lot than the hotel. He saw Robert with the driver's seat tilted back, and Jess bobbing her head up and down in his lap. Frederick made eye contact with Robert and winked. Robert then took his right hand, pushed down on Jess's head and grinned back.

"Gotta love this group. But damn, I wish I had a woman."

Twenty minutes later, Jess and Robert joined Bill as he was walking in the night.

"What's up dude?" Jess asked. Her lipstick was smeared and her hair was tousled.

"Just enjoying the evening."

"Well, you two make an adorable couple. Are you glad you came down?"

"Yes, but next to Frederick and Robert, I feel like such a geek."

"You have been a guy for what, one day, dude. Look Cindy likes you, you can tell. You are a man for one day

and already have a mega hot girl," Robert said as he reached around Jess's waist and looked in her eyes. He did not kiss her though.

"I couldn't say it better. You are pushing Cindy out of her element, and she is doing great. Plus you have made some new friends. You are batting a thousand, Mr. Kincaid. Now I have to go to the convenience store and get something to drink and wash this taste out of my mouth." All three of them laughed.

The next Friday evening, Cindy met Robert and Jess at the nightclub, making a grand entrance in a ivory short lace dress, matching pumps, and a small off white boa. Her make-up was subdued, but her smile was radiant. Contrasting Cindy's off white, virginal look was Jess's little black dress with sheer gauzy shoulders, sleeves and a front panel that revealed most of her breasts. Jess wore darker, maroon lipstick, with smoky eye shadow. Jess and Cindy embraced and gave each other a faux kiss on the cheek.

"Hey girl," they said in unison.

The three ordered dinner and shared a bottle of Sonoma Chardonnay while they waited for their appetizers. Robert observed the crowd and noted the numerous stares his girlfriend and Cindy were getting, and laughed.

"What's so funny?" Cindy asked.

"This whole club wants to do either you or Jess or both. I have been watching the guys in the club, and they are all staring."

"Who is getting more attention?"

"I think they wouldn't pass up fucking either one of you," Robert said crudely but diplomatically.

At that juncture one of the starers had a waiter approach Cindy with an offer to buy her a drink.

Cindy looked over her bare shoulder at a tall, well dressed man at the bar. "I already have a bottle of wine so he can save his money."

The waiter returned after delivering his rebuff to the man. "He would like to talk to you, miss."

Angrily, Cindy got up from the table and stormed to the bar on her heels, demurely carrying her boa.

Jess and Robert watched Cindy confidently standing up to the man, engaged in a heated discussion. She returned with her lips trembling, and her body shaken. "He wanted me to sleep with him for five hundred dollars. I told him I wasn't for sale."

Jess smiled, but said nothing, while Robert muttered about jerks thinking with their dicks.

Dinner came and the conversation turned to Cindy and Bill, and Cindy's identity.

"So why don't you just get tits and go on hormones like your Mom wants you?" You would be a knockout? Robert asked.

Chagrined at her boyfriend's candor, Jess added, "He is right you know, you would look great with breasts, and it would be much easier for you to pass as a woman."

Cindy answered. "Well, thanks, but I'm not ready. And I really don't know if I'm a TS"

"How do you know?" Robert asked.

"Because I like to do guy things."

"Most of those guy things you can do as a girl, girl," Jess challenged.

"So do you want me to become a woman?"

"I want you to be true to yourself and happy."

Cindy looked worried, and then Robert interjected, "So what percentage of you is man and what is woman?"

"It fluctuates."

Jess laughed. "That's my man, quintessential engineer. She then caressed the inside of his leg. Just remember, girl, whoever you are, and whatever happens, you have friends. We are already working on getting you out more often as a girl. Whatever your Mom or Dad says, I believe you should follow your heart on this one and not allow yourself to be defined by labels. Robert loves math, and speaking of math, I think that guy will come back and offer you a grand. Good luck on that one." Jess smiled at Robert and beckoned him to leave. Love you girl, have fun. Robert took Jess's arm and they sauntered out of the club with Robert fondling Jess's ass.

Two weeks later, Bill arrived in San Francisco on Saturday morning and stopped at a gas station, complaining that he waited too long to fill up and had to pay San Francisco prices. He went into the store to get a soda. At the counter he saw some bouquets of flowers and his thoughts immediately went to Cindy.

"Roses. How romantic." Cindy embraced Bill and gave him a kiss on the lips. She placed the roses in an antique vase, but broke one off and placed it in her hair.

"I always wanted to do that."

"Very cute."

The two drove to Golden Gate Park where they were going to meet Jess and Robert at the newly renovated Aquarium and then go on to the Japanese Garden. Cindy was wearing a long sweater, black leotards, and knee high brown leather boots. She looked like any other San Francisco girl out for the weekend.

“Hey girl,” Jess and Cindy said in unison, as they gave each other their faux kiss on the cheek.

The two couples held hands as they walked through the aquarium. They quickly forgot Cindy and Bill’s alternate identities as they allowed themselves to be mesmerized by the life within the fish tanks. Similarly mesmerized, the crowd did not place Cindy or Bill under any scrutiny, but accepted them at face value, a guy from Oregon and his cute girl. Cindy finally came to the tank with salmon and was spellbound. Bill hoped they would have that effect when he suggested the place for a date and quietly placed his arm around his girlfriend’s waist. She didn’t seem to notice.

“Love you, girl.”

Cindy didn’t move or acknowledge her boyfriend’s words, but remained looking at the fish shyly swimming in the tank. A halibut rudely barged into a salmon and created a flurry of action as the fish went into high gear, breaking Cindy’s trance.

“Typical guy, screwing everything up,” she laughed.

The couples continued on to the Japanese Garden, holding hands and exchanging glances. In the garden Cindy became much more animated and delicately touched the flowers and sniffed the aroma. Jess looked at Cindy and smiled at the blossoming femininity of her friend. “Whatever happens, whoever she is,” Jess thought.

“I’ll have a water and a fruit salad,” Cindy requested. Bill devotedly got his girlfriend’s order, and then joined his girl sitting in the grass with Jess and Robert.

“Gotta keep that girlish figure,” Jess laughed.

After their lunch, the girls lay back into their men’s laps, looking up into their smiling faces and the deep blue sky above. Both guys ran their fingers through the girl’s

hair and Robert leaned over and gave Jess a kiss on the forehead. The group just relaxed that way for almost an hour before Jess indicated it was time to go. She had a campus meeting that evening, and had to get back to school.

The couples bid hasta luego, and Cindy and Bill walked away holding hands. In about ten minutes they came to the buffalo paddock, the descendents of the herd from William Randolph Hearst's fantasy park at Cambria. Bill commented that he would never have thought he would see buffalo in San Francisco.

"There is a really good restaurant, Jeffrey's off Van Ness that serves great buffalo brisket. You should take me sometime."

"I will."

Just then a bull buffalo decided to mount one of his harem. Bill caught Cindy looking wistfully at his engorged phallus and laughed to himself. "Maybe, girl."

"It's time to get ready for tonight," Bill said as he led his girlfriend to the Camaro.

The two drove back to the hotel. Cindy offered Bill a root beer and bag of chips with French onion dip while she prepped for the evening. She had reserved a table at a very upscale restaurant near the Maritime Park. It was a straight restaurant so she wanted to be exceptionally well put together.

Bill put on a sport jacket, a shirt and tie, and dark green slacks. He looked every bit a young gentleman as he stared at himself in the mirror. Bill sat on the couch and began channel surfing. I guess I should watch football now. Hey it's my team. Bill watched for about thirty minutes, and then saw the cheerleaders at a commercial break. He looked them over and wished Cindy could have had pompoms.

On queue she emerged from her bedroom.

Cindy had a short bluish black dress with long sleeves, black stockings, and black stiletto pumps. The rose remained perched behind her ear. She twirled on her heels for her man and looked provocatively in his eyes, while licking her lips. Bill felt aroused as he sauntered up to Cindy and gave her a kiss on her lustful mouth.

The two arrived at the restaurant and Bill went over to let his girl out of his car. Her stocking clad legs led the way out, looking exceptionally feminine and seductive. Bill felt a lump in his throat and a stirring in his groin. "God, she was good at this."

Bill opened the door for her and she beamed at him, and winked. We have a reservation for Kincaid, Bill said in his deepest imitation of a man's voice. The hostess did not look convinced, but politely smiled and led the couple to their table.

"She knew," Bill sounded alarmed.

"I told you about passing, but she didn't call you out or refuse to seat us. Besides, the only woman you really have to please is me." Cindy delicately placed her hand over Bill's and gave him a playful pump. "And I'm very pleased. Just relax and go with it."

Bill ordered a bottle of Merlot, spicy chili squid for Cindy, and curry chicken for himself. The waiter didn't seem to catch on to his identity, but Cindy wasn't certain.

"We both need to work on our voices, it would help," she stated.

When the wine arrived Cindy raised her glass. "Here is to a wonderful, charming man, who I am very happy to have met." Bill was speechless but clinked her glass.

"I had a terrific day today, Jess and Robert are terrific. You really loved the fish."

"I loved the buffalo even more," Cindy whispered, looking directly in Bill's eyes, while she stepped out of her pumps and rubbed her stocking clad feet on his legs.

Bill looked like he had just been hit by lightning, but recovered and took Cindy's hands in his own.

"You are so incredibly hot. You are so much a woman right now, I don't even think of you as a guy."

Cindy's mascara started to glisten, and she demurely said, "you make me feel so much like a woman."

"Me?"

Cindy recovered, "you".

"But..."

"But nothing, I want you." Her foot moved up Bill's shins and settled between his thighs. Bill took her foot and started stroking her sole.

"I should tickle you."

"You wouldn't dare. So how is it to be my man?"

"Eye opening. I was really nervous about meeting you and was wondering how I would actually respond in the man's role. I was also intimidated by Robert and Frederick. They are such masculine guys and I was wondering if you would even be attracted to me next to them. But I do enjoy your company and am really turned on by being transformed into a man and having an amazingly hot, cool girlfriend."

"Really turned on?"

"I want you. I want to make you my woman."

Cindy bit her lips, and then let out a soft purr. Bill then slowly brushed her cheek with his free hand, while fondling her foot in his crotch.

"I am truly enjoying this."

“Slow down though stud, we haven’t had dessert.”

Cindy ordered a crème brulee, and held the spoon vertical while licking the custard off with her tongue. Bill could hardly keep himself from leaping across the table, and he looked more and more distressed, as his arousal became unbearably potent. Cindy was thrilled at watching the cross dressed girl embracing her new identity. She had Bill exactly where she wanted him, and knew Beth would never be the same. She pushed her foot deep into his crotch, and he could barely maintain his composure.

Just then Bill received a text from Frederick, which broke the embarrassing spell of inappropriate carnality.

Bill laughed, “it’s from Frederick. I think it’s time I paid the check.” Bill’s voice had changed, it was confident, deep, strong.

“I agree.” Cindy said in a more natural soprano.

“Looks like we have already solved our first challenge, huh girl?” Bill grinned.

“Very much so.”

The couple walked out onto the pier by the Maritime Museum with Bill alternately holding Cindy’s hand or clutching her bottom. They went half way out and Bill maneuvered her against the wall. She was taller than him in her heels, but she gave her man a passionate kiss. Meanwhile Bill’s hands had worked their way up Cindy’s nylon sheathed legs and were feeling underneath her dress. She gasped when they reached the smooth exposed flesh between her thigh high stockings and panties. “God, this is amazing.”

“You like it huh, girl?”

“Yes.”

“You want me don’t you? Just like I want you.”

Bill was completely natural now in his voice, his words, and his actions. He was a guy and was fondling his very hot girlfriend. He pulled her away from the wall and did not say another word in their five minute walk to the car. He knew what he had to do and was determined to do it. Bill's text alert rang again with the message, "Go for it Little Brother." Bill felt incredibly at ease, he was soon to become a man like Frederick, Robert, or his father. He had earned the name Bill.

At the car he pulled Cindy to him before she opened the door. "You are one hot girl," he said before forcing open her willing lips and roughly grasping her rear.

She moaned and let out a whimper. "Oh Bill."

Bill drove past Fort Mason and pulled into a secluded parking lot overlooking the bay. He felt like a schoolboy about to get laid for the first time, which he indeed was, and wanted to get his first sexual experience in a car, like every other red-blooded American boy since the 1950s.

Cindy was touching up her lipstick in the passenger's side mirror, when he opened the glove compartment to get his male equipment. Cindy lost a breath when she saw how well endowed Bill was, and then beamed with anticipatory pleasure. She immediately smeared her makeup on Bill's lips, feeling the heat rise within her. She was breathless.

The two kissed passionately for ten minutes, exploring each other's bodies until Bill positioned Cindy over onto her belly and dropped the seat. She closed her eyes and thrust her ass out, waiting to be entered like the woman she was.

Although a virgin, Bill had taken some time to learn about sex with women like Cindy from the ever reliable internet. He pulled up her dress and pulled down her panties. Her naked ass gleamed in the moonlight. Bill ap-

plied lubricant to his fingers and inserted his index finger into his girl. She let out a quick shriek, but then began to moan softly as his finger made a circle inside of her. He inserted another finger and got a deeper moan. He continued to prep his girlfriend, and ground in a third finger.

“OOhhh. God, it’s so good. Fuck me stud, take me like your bitch.”

Bill ignored her pleadings, as she began to pant in heat and begged for his cock. He pushed in the fourth finger.

“Yesss.” Cindy screamed in a high pitched shriek.

Bill knew his woman was ready and moved on to the next step. He fumbled with his harness in the narrow confines of the Camaro while Cindy continued to exhort him to fuck her, until finally he grasped a raging hard that jutted proudly from his groin and waved menacingly over his woman. “ That buffalo has nothing on me.”

“I once was Beth a comely lass,” Bill said to himself as he pushed into the resistance of Cindy’s rosebud, forcing her to squirm and gasp for air. Bill’s cock penetrated her resistance and slid into her pussy. He was now a man.

“I’m your girl. Fuck me, I’m all yours.”

Bill began an awkward thrusting motion into Cindy, who softly moaned with each thrust. His motion became smoother as he relaxed and enjoyed the moment. He was a man inside a hot blonde. He then pistoned his hips and thighs, sending his cock deep into Cindy. She screamed. He did it again, deeper, and she screamed louder, he did it again and again and again, thrilling with the power he had to make Cindy squeal with delight. He felt a primal urge cloud his mind like a bay fog, as he brutally picked up the pace into high gear, exalting to Cindy’s high pitched, lustful shrieks.

"You like that don't you?" he said as he grasped Cindy's shoulders to impale her more assertively onto his maleness. "Don't you, you fucking love it, you whore?"

"Yes, yes, I love it. I love it." she responded. "I love your cock, your hard cock." Cindy thrust herself onto his shaft, meeting the thrusts of his enraged hard-on with thrusts from her impaled ass. She had a wonderful man inside her and she was now his woman.

"You're my whore, my hot, slutty whore." Bill shouted as the two reached a crescendo.

"Yes, I'm your whore." Cindy cried out at the top of her lungs as she repeatedly came into her dress. Bill then felt his own volcano build from deep within his core that exploded in a white hot fury that drove away his mind. He collapsed onto the limp figure of his bitch and blacked out.

The next morning Bill woke believing he had died and was in Heaven. A bright sunlight shone, and an angel sat smiling at him. He was frightened and confused, thinking he had screwed himself to death, until he remembered that he had awoke from his stupor, pulled out from his unconscious girlfriend, and pulled himself together enough to drive her to the hotel, carry her into the hotel room, and place her delicately into bed. She groggily looked up at him, and with a barely audible whisper said "I love you, Bill," before slipping back into unconsciousness.

Cindy smiled lovingly at her man, lying on the couch, under a blanket. She had risen an hour before, shaved her legs, done her makeup, and donned a full length sheer white negligee with marabou trim, and a white bra, panties, garter belt, and 4" mules. She was demurely reading her insurance law casebook in the easy chair.

"Good morning, darling. I hope you slept well."

"Like a log."

"Well, after last night, I'm going to call you Buff, short for Buffalo Bill."

"Ditz."

"I have prepared breakfast for you, Buff, so don't get up."

Cindy smoothly pranced to the kitchen. She had an enhanced feminine grace and wiggle about her that Bill found too irresistible to observe from the couch. He got up and approached her in the kitchen.

"I hope you're hungry," she innocently said.

Bill growled as he pinned Cindy against the counter and brushed aside her negligee and pulled down her panties. "I'm hungry, but for something else."

"Oh my. Oh yes."

Beth awoke the next morning in her own bed in Oregon. She was exhausted from the two days of rutting. Beth drug herself into the shower and let the hot water flow some life back into her. She lathered up her hairy body and went to wash her cock, but was momentarily alarmed when it was not there.

"Duh. Girl now."

Beth dressed, but when she tried to apply her makeup she thought immediately of Cindy. She could barely put on her foundation, and could not apply her mascara or lipstick without feeling a driving urge to bang Cindy again. She hurried to her bedroom, threw off her clothes, attached her cock, and pounded away thinking of her hot girl friend.

At the end of the session, Beth broke down in tears, horrified to know that she was now truly part man, and that Bill would eventually drown her in a tsunami of male

lust. She had a male libido that would incrementally grow until Beth was nothing but a worn out husk or shell that a crab sheds. A transfer of essence was happening between Beth and Tim, accelerated by the conduit created by Bill's hard cock.

After Beth cried for an hour, she redressed and headed for work. At work, Beth resolved to stay Beth. She would forget about these crazy new urges, shave her legs, let her hair grow back, and find a real man, not one that wore a dress and moaned in a soprano when a cock was in his "pussy".

For the next two weeks Beth kept up her resolve. She took a bubble bath the first night and restored her girlish body. She ignored Tim and/or Cindy's phone calls and e-mails, and even started flirting with some guys. She kept silent at dinner, and her Mom wisely left her alone.

On Sunday of the following weekend, Beth went to one of the local churches to help her purge her experiences. While alternately listening to the sermon and flirting with one of the men in the congregation, she asked herself, "How had she ever become involved with a person like Tim?"

Well, she was healed now, and would soon enough forget him or her or whatever. It didn't matter now. She congratulated the minister on his sermon on the way out the door and then made a date with the man she had been flirting with for the next Saturday night. She would very quickly forget Tim and his alter ego.

The date was a disaster, as Beth realized that she was already more of a man than this chump. He quickly hinted that the two have sex afterwards and then spent the rest of the night expounding on radical politics, without paying any attention to Beth. He had already assumed she would be open to sleeping with him, so he didn't feel

any compulsion to get to know her better. Beth had too much to drink and called The Big N to drive her home, rather than the wannabe Romeo.

Beth collapsed onto the bed and that night had incredibly lucid, colorful dreams. She was Bill again, and Cindy smiled at him, in the bed, across the dinner table, along a mountain trail, in the car, at a play, in front of a Christmas tree, at church, and most disturbingly of all, wearing a bridal veil in front of an altar.

Beth couldn't escape, and the next morning, she immediately called Jess to express her fears before going back to church. Talking to Mom would be too embarrassing, and she wanted to hear about Cindy.

"Hello," Jess answered.

"Jess, it's Beth."

Jess was confused for a couple of seconds. "Oh Beth, how are you. I hope you had a safe trip back to Oregon." Jess had a hardness in her voice, and was merely being polite.

"I did. Thanks. Do you mind talking for a minute. I really need to talk."

"Yeah, of course," Jess sounded sincerely concerned, but guarded.

"As Bill, I fucked Cindy twice."

"Yes, I know. She loved it too. She said she was calling you Buff, in honor of some dumb buffalo from Golden Gate Park."

"That's the problem. I loved it, and want to do it more and more, and be Bill more and more, until I'm terrified that I won't be Beth."

"But you loved being Bill right, and loved making out with Cindy?"

"Yes, I did. I even dreamed about her all night."

"I can understand you being afraid of change, and the unknown, and you are dealing with some wild stuff."

"I wish I had never met Tim."

"Well, I don't feel that way at all. Meeting Cindy has given me an incredible new sense of confidence and power as a woman. I am holding campus office now, and would never have done it without Cindy as an inspiration. Plus I am blowing the doors off Robert, who definitely deserves it. I sucked him off four times from Sacramento to Los Angeles. He loved it," Jess lied, it was only three times, but who was counting.

"Nope, I can't empathize with wishing you had never met Cindy. What I can say is I wish you had never met Cindy. Tim was really hurt when it was obvious you were ignoring him. He even vowed to give up Cindy, trying to live a normal existence. It hurt to see him so tore up. He was saying he was just a pathetic little faggot who had no right to have somebody as cool as Beth in his life. All his girl stuff was boxed up, and it was all I could do to prevent him from taking it to Goodwill."

"But I may end up a man."

"So what. You just may. And really what difference does it make whether you are a man or woman? It's not like one is any better than the other."

"But I was born a woman, and what we did was wrong."

"Don't go there with me. I grew up in a religious family who, although never sinners themselves, condemned everybody else. I did too. Now I am condemned because I didn't marry someone who I remained a virgin for, even though he slept around like a dog, and forced himself on me when he was drunk. I left him and my family con-

demned me, for doing the right thing. I am much more of a woman after meeting Cindy, and girl you need to man up and be there for her. Whatever you do, I am your friend and will support you, but I don't support you hurting Cindy any more. She is much too good a person to deserve that, and you need to strap on your big boy pants and be a real man, not some scared little girl hiding behind convention."

"Not only that, I believe you love Cindy. You wouldn't be dreaming about her that way if you didn't. You can suppress your love for her by wrapping yourself in religion, men, and booze, or a combination of all three. But that is your loss. I don't think you are that stupid."

"I dreamed Cindy was in a church in a wedding gown."

"Well, there is a dream worth having."

"I guess I need to strap on something else too."

"I want you to take that and go to Cindy and be her man and love her forever. Call her tonight, please. She does love you."

That night Jess had a dream that she was guiding Beth and Cindy up a mountain in the Sierras. She took the lead while the two hiked behind her, laughing and joking. The journey took hours, and Jess could barely stagger onto the summit. She then turned around to look at her friends, but they had been completely transformed to Bill and Cindy and were embracing at the mountain top.

A week after talking with Bill, Cindy entered a bar with the law school Halloween party going in full force. She had on a maroon sequined gown with a gold collar and trim, and wore black satin gloves and satin pumps. Her hair was in an up-do that accentuated her dangling gold teardrop earrings.

Nobody recognized that she was Tim, and the students were too self absorbed to break the ice with a drag queen. Finally, Cindy spied a friend, Lisa wearing a lady Air Force officer's uniform, with a skirt and patent leather pumps. She looked very cute. Tim usually sat next to Lisa in the law library and had helped her through a painful break-up from her boyfriend, reassuring her that she would find somebody much better to marry her and soon enough. As Cindy, Tim knew there were plenty of men out there.

"Hi Lisa," Cindy said in her masculine voice. "I love the uniform, were you an officer. "

Lisa looked puzzled, until finally the light turned on." Oh my God, Tim. You look incredible. I didn't know. Well at least this explains why you didn't hit on me. I was so disappointed. You are a nice guy."

Chagrined at the outpouring of affection, Cindy responded, "Well, I'm an even nicer girl."

"You do look amazing, I would never have guessed it was you, and you carry yourself well."

"Thanks, I am going to another club. Would you like to come?"

"I'd love to."

On the way, Lisa explained that she had been an Air Force ROTC cadet, but had been medically disqualified after her junior year. She had been heartbroken, as had been her father who was a general.

"I was a navy officer."

"I would never have guessed it looking at you now."

"I will definitely take it as a compliment."

Cindy and Lisa sat at the bar in Kishimoto's, and Cindy introduced her to James.

“Very nice to meet you. It’s been a fun night, are you staying for the show Cindy?” James asked.

“That’s the plan. I have friends coming.”

Jess looked incredible in a black sequined evening gown with a high slit along her left leg, and elbow length gloves, while Robert sported a tuxedo. Jess smiled when she saw Cindy and waved to her friend.

“This is Lisa, she’s a friend from law school.”

“Nice to meet you. Cindy is a terrific friend.”

The two watched the drag show, at which point Lisa asked Cindy if she had ever performed.

“Nope, no talent, except for debauchery, but I’m a nice girl now.”

“I have been a dancer for years, I can teach you. What about you Jess, we can make it a trio and be Cindy’s back-ups.”

“Sounds fun.”

I see a sign for Miss Kishimoto’s for late December, we should try for that.

“Yes, we should,” Cindy answered. “Oh speaking of December, we know a very nice guy coming to town for Christmas leave. You two should get together for a drink. If you had become a lieutenant you would have outranked him.”

Bill drove through the rain and mist of Highway 101. The car had nearly slid off the road in a deep puddle and now he was getting into heavy Thanksgiving holiday traffic as he approached the city. He had continually felt like turning back, as he knew if he reached San Francisco he was permanently committing to being Bill, and would eventually be living entirely as a man. Bill actually did turn around an hour after he crossed the border, and

made it thirty miles before he pulled over. He cried while looking at the wind driven waves crash on the shore. He then remembered the female to male cadences he had sung with Frederick. He also thought about the conversation with Jess, which had brought him back. Finally he thought of Cindy, a woman whom he truly loved. He was working up his resolve to head back south when he received a text from Big N. "Bill. I am proud of you. Have a wonderful Thanksgiving. Mom." Bill hit the accelerator, and his dad's prized Camaro flew out of the parking lot.

Bill pushed through the heavy traffic, the Camaro going strong with Sweet City Woman playing on the stereo. Thirty miles north of the city, a break in the rain created one of the most vividly covered rainbows he had ever seen. Bill knew he had made the right decision. Then, while crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, he turned briefly to his left and saw the phallus of Coit Tower, which confirmed it.

Cindy waited in the condominium all afternoon. She was wearing a long flower print dress and black pumps and sat reading her case law books and working on outlines. She had repeatedly teared up. Her man was driving to see her. She had lost him, and nearly lost herself. Part of her wished she hadn't introduced Beth to cross dressing, but at the same time she was extraordinarily grateful that she had met Beth, and that she was willing to make such a sacrifice. Alexandra and Jess both had said it was hardly a sacrifice, only a path outside the mainstream. The path wouldn't all be rosy, but the two of them had friends and family to help them on their way.

Observing Cindy's anxiety, Alexandra felt a deep warmth towards her daughter. Cynthia was acting like a true young lady, and one deeply in love. Her daughter had found a man, and she was thrilled for her. It was a true miracle.

As the day wore on, Cindy became concerned for Bill's safety. Alexandra had purchased a ready made Thanksgiving dinner at an upscale grocery store and Cindy wanted to know when to start warming it. Alexandra laughed to herself, "Cynthia the devoted homemaker. Who knew?"

Cindy texted Bill several times but received no answer. Hopefully he was just stuck in traffic. No longer able to concentrate on her law books she turned on the television, but could not get into it. Finally, there was a knock at the door, and in a broken voice Cindy announced she was coming.

The two stood silently in the threshold of the door for thirty seconds. Finally, Bill broke the ice and said, "I'm sorry. I love you so much and I am happy to be your man."

Cindy broke down in tears that she had been holding back all day, streaming her mascara, and threw her arms around Bill in a fervent embrace that nearly toppled him. She then laughed and led him inside. The dinner table was set with a bouquet of flowers and candles. She asked him what he would like to drink before he got unpacked, and she poured him a Reisling. She made herself a large cranberry juice with vodka, much to her mother's disgust.

Cindy and Alexandra put the food in the oven and then Cindy repaired her makeup. Like any boutique grocery store product, dinner was overpriced but of exceptional quality. At the dinner table, Alexandra asked brusquely, "so, you are the man who will marry my daughter?"

Bill was totally unprepared for the question, and could only stammer out a yes.

"Good, I can see you will take care of my Cynthia. She deserves the best."

Bill could readily agree to that.

The long drive and the turkey had tired Bill who said he needed to turn in soon. Cindy said that would be quite all right. She put out a towel for him on the cot, and said she was going to watch some television with her mom. Before going to bed, Bill came into the living room in his pyjamas and gave Cindy an affectionate kiss before finally turning in.

An hour later, Cindy slipped into a flowing silk negligee and climbed into her own bed. She had never been happier in her life.

"Ok, today you are going to actually eat the breakfast I made for you and not distract us."

"But you are so hot, and I have morning wood," Bill laughed.

"Then get a chainsaw. Eat."

Cindy had dressed in her tight jeans, knee high boots, and a long sweater to hide any bulging. She wore a SF Giants baseball hat with her hair in a ponytail. "I'm going to the public library to study. I'll be gone all day. You can hang out here, or fight the crowds shopping."

"I'll fight the crowds."

"Are you sure you're ok with going out. I'm going to the public library because nobody will be there other than the bums."

"I'll be ok. I think everybody will be too focused on shopping to pay me any attention. Besides, I'm paying in cash so they won't read Beth's name on the credit card."

"You have a great day, I love you, Bill."

"I love you too, Cindy."

"Just do me a favor, if you're going out, don't come to the hotel before 730."

“Why?”

“It’s a surprise. You’re a big boy you’ll find something to do until then.”

Bill spent the day shopping for his girl. As predicted everybody was too focused on buying to pay him any attention. Moreover, the clerks at Tiffany were too well trained and disciplined to take issue when he purchased some jewelry. He noticed the engagement rings on the way out and wondered how does a guy like him afford that?

Bill relaxed in Washington Park and admired the cathedral. He had purchased some books at the bookstore that were on Mom’s “Becoming a Man” reading list, and was poring through King Arthur. Now that Beth had set herself out on her chosen path and got through the basics of being a guy, which Big N really couldn’t help her, she now played an active role into sculpting Beth into the best possible man she could become. Big N sensed that Bill was deeply in love with Cindy, even though Bill had not said anything and was happy that he had found love, however non-conventional. Her reading list helped define for her the qualities in being a man, Marcus Aurelius Meditations, Malory’s Le Morte D’Arthur, Lincoln, The Virginian, Beowulf, Yellowstone Kelly, Glory Road, Last of the Mohicans, The Old Man and the Sea, and finally On the Road as a how not to. After each reading Beth had to write a two page essay and give an oral presentation on how she identified with the male characters, what qualities she already had, and what qualities she would take forward as a man. Mom grilled Beth mercilessly as she vigorously defended her manhood, driving home the lesson as deep as possible.

Bill arrived promptly at 730 and confidently knocked on his girlfriend’s room. She opened the door and instantly knocked out all his confidence. Cindy had

changed from a demure law student into a lingerie clad and heavily made up temptress. Bill was stupefied. Seeing her boyfriend frozen into a statue like those at Fisher-man's Wharf, Cindy confidently dragged him inside. "So how was shopping, darling?"

"Good."

"Oh?" Cindy grinned.

Bill could only nod.

Cindy led Bill into the bathroom, where his gym bag with his male equipment had been pre-staged. He could barely attach his cock. Cindy had hit him with one of her thunderbolts. Bill took a deep breath, strapped on his maleness, and lurched into the living room area of the suite.

Cindy proudly stood in the center of the room and directed him to the couch. Standing, she put her leg next to him, pouted her lips, and stroked her stockings with a gloved hand.

Bill meekly grinned, but Cindy asked, "how much is this view worth?" After a few seconds, Bill got the hint, and inserted a dollar bill in her lace stocking tops.

"A dollar? Well looks like I'm going to have to earn it tonight?"

"Yep, earn it, girl, but didn't you pledge never to accept money from a man for sex?"

"You're not just any man, you are the one I took home to meet Mom."

Cindy turned on her music, Keep it Comin' Love, and began to sway and fondle her gorgeously clad body. Her smoky gaze never left Bill's entranced eyes. He started to stroke his cock and began to beckon Cindy over to add to her account. Soon her garters were festooned with bills ranging up to \$20.00. The music increased in tempo and

she let herself go completely into being the temptress. She began to bump and grind, sticking her fingers into the crack of her ass, licking her dark red lips, and never taking her eyes off her man.



Her man could bear it no longer, whether he had paid enough or not. He lubricated his cock, shoved her up against the wall, pulled off her panties, and slammed into her. She screamed, but he began to thrust deeply, holding her upright by grasping her shoulders. He leaned forward and kissed her cheek, whispering, "Take it, girl. You know you love it."

"Yes, yes I do. Fuck me. Harder. I love your cock."

Bill increased his rhythm, bringing on deep groans from his woman. Her eyes rolled and she looked about ready to collapse in his arms. Finally she came onto the carpet accompanied with an audible gasp. Bill continued his thrusting into his girlfriend who mindlessly screamed and moaned, her body shuddering as she continued to release. Bill pounded her for another five minutes before exploding. "God, he was an incredibly lucky man."

That night the two lay in bed in the darkness, with Bill spooning his woman.

"I have thought about a lot and I want to join the navy to learn about being a cop. Eventually I want to be a police officer like my dad."

"You won't be able to be a guy in the navy."

"It doesn't matter. I don't feel like Beth anymore. I am Bill. It puts my schedule to completely live as a man back a couple years, but the experience will help me when applying for the force. It's a two year commitment, and then I will finish out my criminal science degree and apply for the San Francisco Police Academy. I will start bodybuilding right now and as soon I get out of the Navy, I will start living as a man."

"I don't feel at all like Tim anymore either, and haven't since you appeared at the door to our home on Thanksgiving and said you loved me. Tim up and vanished in the beat of a heart. Well at least the navy gives

you an additional extracurricular activity for you besides my ass. I will definitely be proud of you both as a policeman and a sailor. Just remember you have one port and one girl."

"I love you Cindy."

"I have always loved you, Bill."

Bill, Cindy, Alexandra, Big N, and James drove up the snow-covered roads to James's expansive cabin at South Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Kincaid wanted the trio to enjoy a traditional white Christmas and the Sierra Nevadas did not disappoint. Alexandra had insisted, however, that they attend Christmas Eve services at church. The service was beautiful, and Big N glanced Bill and Cindy holding hands, and saw loving glances exchanged while they shared the hymnal. She was proud of Bill, and had quickly warmed to the girl he brought to meet mama. Now she was concerned about running off the road as snow continued to come down hard, as she saw in the headlights. James, riding shotgun, looked a little worried, but Big N reassured him, I used to drive up to Crater Lake all the time. No problem.

They finally arrived at the cabin. With an extra serving of mulled spiced cider, the five gathered in front of the Christmas tree, which Cindy and Bill had decorated. Big N, used to being in charge, felt the need to comment on the occasion, while James and Alexandra relaxed and enjoyed the Christmas surroundings. James had never seen his cabin so comfortable or welcoming. He had a family at last.

Well, this is the first of hopefully many Christmases together. Our lives have really changed since you entered into our life, Cindy, just take one look at Bill, to witness the change. But I can see how much you two love each other and I am too much of an ex-hippy to rail against

your relationship. I may have lost a daughter, but have gained a son and a dynamic young lady into my household. I hope Alexandra and James think the same about Bill.

“They are a lovely couple,” Alexandra beamed. “So well together.”

The three exchanged gifts, Bill and Cindy had bought Big N a cardigan sweater, a landscape print of Tahoe that she had purchased the day before at a local gallery, and an antique Chinese candelabra for her garden temple that Bill found in San Francisco during one of his shopping forays. Mrs. Kincaid hugged Cindy, and gave them both a warm thank you.

Bill received a leather jacket, a pair of combat boots, a pair of men’s casual oxfords, some khaki pants, and a 9mm semi-automatic to improve his marksmanship from Cindy. Big N also bought him two leather bound books from his reading list, and a military style backpack. She then gave him a small package, and said this is something she really wanted him to have.

Bill opened it, and was speechless. His Mom had given him his Dad’s old police badge.

“Keep this with you at all times, and remember your father.”

Most of Bill’s presents to Cindy were too risqué for public revelation and were opened in the privacy of her bedroom. He did present her with a Tiffany’s blue box, which held a sterling silver choker that she was rarely seen without. Big N and James, however, proved the most surprising in her gifts. First, Cindy unwrapped an amethyst pendant and matching earrings.

“It’s the stone of the berdache.”

“Wow, that’s really cool.”

"Berdache?" Bill asked.

James answered, "Cheyenne Indian t-girls, but respected as members of the community, not pariahs."

"Cool."

It got even better when Cindy unwrapped a package that had a woman's long sleeved fishing shirt, and a pink fishing hat from James.

"You are going to have to start fishing as a woman soon enough. I hope this helps."

The final gift was the most thrilling of all, a manuscript translated from the Italian of the memoirs of an adorable Turkish transsexual celebrity who was once an escort.

"Oh my god, this is amazing."

"It was Alexandra's idea, but I had a friend translate it. I hope it reads well," Big N answered.

"Thanks. This is incredible."

"Just don't take everything she says to heart, Bill has made you a good woman."

"Yes Mom.

Cindy and Bill then presented Alexandra with a large box. She unwrapped it to reveal a beautiful pair of knee high Italian leather boots with stiletto heels.

"They are beautiful. "

Big N then gave her a cashmere sweater. "I have a friend who makes these locally. Raises his own sheep."

Finally, James presented Alexandra a beautiful evening gown. "You will need this when you work as my hostess."

Alexandra could not say anything as she gave James a back-breaking hug.

Finally, Big N motioned to Cindy who went back out to the car to retrieve James's present. She bowed on her knees before him and held it with outstretched arms. "You are the samurai master of Kishimoto's so you should have this on the wall," Cindy smiled.

James quietly unwrapped a beautiful medieval Japanese blade, with an eel skin hilt and an enameled scabbard.

"Thank you, girl."

Merry Christmases and hugs were exchanged, and multiple cups of egg nog enjoyed until they went upstairs to bed awaiting Santa.

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night."

"Can it Tiny Cindy."

The relentless Sierra Nevada snowstorm continued unabated for two days, keeping the five of them in the confines of the cabin, but unaffected by cabin fever. James, Bill, and Cindy kept the fireplace fueled with logs, Big N and Alexandra maintained a steady flow of food, Christmas music played on the sound system, and the group huddled by the fire to watch movies on the big screen TV. Bill and Cindy were never more than an arm's length apart, were constantly holding hands, or curling together on the couch, and occasionally Bill would fondle his girl's butt. Cindy in turn would steal a kiss.

On the second night, James, Alexandra, and Big N were sitting in the kitchen, while Cindy and Bill watched TV.

"Those two are acting like rabbits, last night Cynthia got up and put on lingerie that makes even me blush and met Bill in the living room in front of the fire," Alexandra complained.

“She’s right. Today I caught them in the bathroom with Bill standing over Cindy with his cock in her mouth.”

“My daughter is acting like a puta,” Alexandra lamented.

James laughed at the mothers, only to have their eyes bore holes through him.

“Both of you are very wise and very knowledgeable about love, romance, and sexuality, except when you see your own children act on it. Typical not in my backyard stuff. Cindy and Bill are adults, but right now they are going to act like a pair of teenagers in heat. For the first time in her life, Cindy is in love. And Bill, he has been a man for a cumulative two weeks, of course he is going to act like a horny teenager. Tomorrow, let’s go out regardless of the weather and give them some room. We haven’t spent any time together, and they can make out like unabashed teenagers.”

That night, Cindy again woke up, and put on even more risqué lingerie. She went downstairs to the fire, but her mother quietly followed her, observing from the shadows. She saw Bill take her from behind, and Cindy’s body shudder from the penetration. Alexandra could bear no more and went back upstairs, she so needed a man herself that she almost cried herself to sleep.

After breakfast, James announced that the three adults would be going into town, and that Bill and Cindy would have the house for the day. The three shopped at the stores, buying some art at a nature themed gallery, and a sweater for Alexandra. James bought them lunch, which they enjoyed overlooking the cobalt blue of the lake. They felt like a family. Finally, they returned to the cabin, expecting to find the young couple exhausted from a day’s debauchery. They found something else instead.

Standing in front of the cabin were two massive snowmen that obviously took all day to assemble without cranes or scaffolding. Both stood over ten feet high. These snow people, however, were unlike anything the three had ever seen before. Both the snowmen had appendages in what would have been their groin, and both had well formed breasts. The snowmen had branches for arms, and the branches intertwined like they were holding hands. In front of the snowmen a message was written in pine cones. T-SNOWS IN LOVE.

The hushed trio then quietly entered the cabin to find the two lovebirds, still in their winter clothes, sleeping in each other's arms in front of the fire.

Chapter 2

The troupe that couldn't lose didn't even place in the top three at the local pageant. Cindy even lost to a woman twice her age, and a beginner who had her first public appearance in drag. The girls sat despondently at the table, while their boyfriends attempted to console them. It was apparent that the girls had not practiced enough, with all three of them tied up in final exams. All they could say was that their grades should be much better.

The beaten trio sat down at a table with Alexandra and James. The girls were not in a mood to talk, and thought he was going to give some lame, better luck next time, glad you could compete speech.

"You girls need some work."

"Thanks, Dad. Just what I wanted to hear," Cindy said with a fierce look in her eye.

"That's it, the eyes that you didn't have on stage, if you had that look you would have won easily. But you didn't. You didn't look confident or act confident. You,

James, gestured towards Jess. You have the most presence and a dancer's body. I know you're not a t-girl, but you need to be out front. You will get your confidence as the leader. You, James motioned towards Lisa, I can see you are a professional dancer, you have incredible footwork and grace, but you stick out as the talented one. You need to take a supporting role and help develop the other girls. And you my dear daughter, you need to practice."

"Why are you saying this?" Jess asked.

"Good, you are taking the lead."

"Yeah Dad, you seem to enjoy doing a comprehensive post-mortem on a failed act, why?" Cindy demanded.

"I see real potential in your act, and I see increased publicity and revenue. I want to hire you on for my regular Friday night show. I will even pay you and I don't ever do that. You know that, girl. I have watched drag shows for thirty years and I know a moneymaker when I see it."

"But the way you have reconfigured the troupe it's not technically a drag act," Lisa asserted.

"It is as long as Cindy has a cock and can learn how to dance."

Teaching Cindy to dance was the hard part. Lisa had choreographed the moves, while Alexandra coached the girls on the Kishimoto's stage in the early morning. They had set up portable mirrors in the front, and Alexandra critiqued their dancing. Jess took to dancing as a natural and quickly resumed the role as a leader. Alexandra nicknamed Jess; Diabla, Lisa; Angel, and stuck her daughter with the nickname Estupida. Cindy was a sight to behold on a bar stool, strutting across Kishimoto's, gyrating in front of Bill, or riding a man, but she was hopeless on a real dance floor. She lacked confidence and rhythm. She

improved with coaching and dedication, but still looked very awkward.



Then, in an inspired flash of leadership, Jess had the girls have a T or a G tattooed on their right bicep, depending on the type of girl they were, genetic or trans. Awed by the show of friendship, Cindy began to feel comfortable on the dance floor and started improving.

“And now for their premiere, Kishimoto’s presents G2T.”

The girls strutted onto the stage in pink bustiers, black gloves, and fishnet stockings, Jess in the center, Cindy to her right, Lisa to her left. They had predator’s eyes and schoolgirl smiles. James’s eyes glistened when he saw that. He knew he had picked a winner, even before the music played its first note, and the girls made their first move.

The introduction to Rock Your Baby rang out and the girls went into action. They were smooth, their timing was excellent, their smiles engaging. They brought down the house. James ran up to the girls at the conclusion of the act and embraced them. Alexandra was almost in tears by the end of the performance. Even Estupida did well enough. The five of them laughed in their victory.

The girls pranced off the stage and into the arms of their boyfriends and the expectation of wanton triumphant sex, which was sure to beat consolation sex any night.

The boyfriends of Jess and Lisa, seeing what amazingly hot women they were with, immediately became their fiancées. That week Cindy took Robert and Frederick to Tiffany’s and helped them purchase engagement rings. She then helped them plan their proposal. Frederick proposed to Lisa over a candlelit dinner. Robert proposed to Jess atop Mount Diablo at dawn, watching the sun rise. Cindy had insisted that they both get on a knee when asking, and they complied with her order.

The day after she was engaged to be married, Lisa sat at the dinner table with her father, the General. She wasn't wearing her engagement ring.

"Dad, I have something to tell you. I'm engaged to be married."

Her Dad looked violently at her. "What? To somebody I haven't even met."

"He's a nice guy."

"I'll be the judge of that. What the hell does this nice guy do?"

"He's a sergeant in the infantry and has done two tours in Afghanistan. He's at Fort Hood."

"An enlisted man? You have dated several officers, like Brad and Rich, and you settle for a sergeant?"

"He has a Silver Star and two Purple Hearts and he wants to become an officer. I think with that he would be a shoe-in since you don't have anything close."

Lisa's defiance surprised him, and even surprised herself.

"I want this sergeant's name. I want to meet him ASAP."

A week later, Sergeant Frederick Thomas Williams was standing at attention before General John D'Onofrio.

"Sergeant Frederick Williams reporting as ordered, Sir."

"You are to address me as General, not sir."

"My apologies general, I never have talked with anybody above the rank of Colonel."

"Not even when you got your Silver Star?"

"No general. That was presented at the FOB by my battalion commander."

“So you want to marry my daughter?”

“Yes, general.”

“And be a faithful, loving and supportive husband, who even though he is an officer, will come home after every deployment to her.”

“Yes, general.”

“Why do you want to marry my daughter?”

“I love her, general.”

“Oh you do?”

“Very much so, Lisa is amazing.”

“At ease then sergeant, you are assigned temporary duty to me for two weeks. I will call your battalion commander. I’m sure you will use that time to be with Lisa.”

“Yes, sir, I mean General.”

“Well, it seems Lisa can pick very well.”

Halfway through the spring semester, Tim went to see his supervisor at the LGBT Legal Advocacy Center, Elena Garcia, a graduate from Stanford Law.

“Can I help you?”

“I want to transition starting this summer, but I wanted to check it with you before I go ahead. I wanted to begin it with the least impact.”

“There is no good time to transition,” Elena said, not looking up from her computer.

“Okay. Well, I’ll start then.”

“That will be fine. I do have a case for you to begin researching on. Arizona is on the verge of passing a law allowing any business to deny a transgendered person to use the bathroom that conflicts with their birth sex.”

“You mean a woman like yourself would be denied use of the bathroom?”

“Yes.”

“So you are supposed to use the man’s room?”

“By order of the law,” Elena still had not looked up from her computer.

“I guess there is going to be a legal analysis of passability, as that is the standard that is going to be applied by the proprietor. We ought to have a 1950’s style shit-in to demand transgendered people’s rights to use the bathroom they have been using all along.”

Elena still sat gazing at her computer, expressionless. “I need you to research everything you can on the legislation, Michelle has some info on it already.”

“Sure. No problem,” Tim said as he left.

Elena sat like a statue for ten minutes and then said to herself, “what a bitch. Here he was saying he was going to transition and I didn’t say a thing.”

Elena’s transition from Carlos could not have been smoother. A middle son in a loving and large Mexican-American family, her parents had no reason to be alarmed at losing the family name, and Elena was so pretty, so feminine by sixteen that it was obvious she should be a girl. She began hormones at seventeen and had breasts at high school graduation. Always an exceptional student, she won a scholarship to Stanford and graduated cum laude. The issue of being transgendered very rarely came up, as she seemed to be such a natural girl. She went on to excel at Stanford Law, and was hired as an associate at a very prestigious San Francisco law firm.

Elena would have made partner in near record time, but she did have a conscience, and always remembered

her roots. One of the attorneys in his late-forties in the Los Angeles office announced that he was transgendered and began to begin the process of transitioning. Unfortunately, his transition was extremely difficult at that age and he became a standing joke among some of the younger, more crass associates. Elena finally could not bear the constant disparagement of transsexuals by a group of hot-shot young attorneys, and angrily announced her own identity as a transgendered woman. That night, her boyfriend, on the fast track to partnership at the firm, immediately requested a transfer to Boston.

The law firm being based in San Francisco would not openly terminate a transgendered associate with impeccable credentials. Elena's announcement did, however, warrant a partner's meeting, which precipitated her departure. One of the partners, a highly accomplished Berkley graduate, became incensed with a comment that a girl from the Los Angeles barrio would have skeletons in her closet and they should have known better hiring her. The partner stormed out and repeated this to Elena, saying she was resigning as she would not be part of this law firm anymore. In tears, Elena resigned that day as well. She would never be allowed to escape her past.

Elena took a job at the LGBT Legal Advocacy Center which was delighted to have somebody so talented. The T part of the LGBT community was often looked upon as the bastard stepchild and a liability. Elena, however, soldiered on, a shining example of transgendered success. Now the shining example had accumulated a layer of tarnish, as she had become tired fighting the fight, and worse, had not been in a real relationship for years. She thought she was fast becoming a transgendered old maid.

"What a total bitch. My intern is going through the most significant step in his life, and I don't say a damn

thing. She then laughed, shit in, gotta tell the boss that one."

Elena stepped into her paralegal's office. Michelle was a heavy-set Asian with an infectious personality, and an impeccable sense of organization.

"What can you tell me about, Tim, the intern."

"Seems to be a good worker, smart enough, cheerful, not pretentious. It's nice to have somebody working with us. The gay kids don't have much to do with him though. Too straight acting."

"No, what can you tell me about the rest of his life. He just walked into my office and said he wanted to start transitioning over the summer."

"Well, he does look very good, I know. Alexandra Bocarro is his adopted mother, plus James Kishimoto treats Cindy like a daughter. She is even one of the dancers in his signature act."

"Alexandra Bocarro? I thought she was long gone."

"Not hardly. She looked fine last week."

A half hour later, Tim knocked nervously at Elena's office door, but this time she smiled a warm greeting, and asked him to come in and have a seat.

"I have been doing some preliminary research from what Michelle gave me, and I have some news."

"Already?"

"Yeah."

"Well, what is it."

Tim handed Elena a newspaper clipping of the pending legislation with a picture of the bill's author.

“Arizona State Legislator Martin Fitzgerald, the author of SB 4034, attempted to solicit sex from me for \$1,000 last fall at Kishimoto’s.”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive. He sat next to me for fifteen minutes explaining how he never takes no for an answer, and how unfair it was for me to make him want me so much, and then turn down his more than generous offer. He was wearing the same bolo tie in the picture, too”

“Did you end up sleeping with him.”

“No. I’m a nice girl now, and I have a man.”

Elena laughed, “And what do you propose I do with this information?”

“We could out him.”

“Would the intern of the LGBT Legal Advocacy Center based in the sinful city of San Francisco have any credibility with the public, especially when it’s just your word against his, a respected public servant?”

“Not when you put it that way, no.”

“Here is what you are going to do. You are going to write me a lengthy letter regarding the bill’s lack of constitutionality based on exhaustive legal research and well supported by binding authority. The letter will be polished and persuasive as I will sign off on it as the attorney. I will then write a hand written note on the bottom requesting that the venerable State Legislator Fitzgerald kindly refrain from propositioning young transgendered law students in our fair city to break the law. At least the person who opens his letters will see him in a different light.”

“Sounds like a plan to me, boss. I’ll get right on it.”

Two weeks later, Elena entered Kishimoto's and sat in the rear, as inconspicuous as possible. She had never frequented the place as she was too busy studying. The room was packed with people, including a group of Asian businessmen sitting in the back next to Elena. Observing her surroundings, she noticed Alexandra Bocarro happily talking with an Asian man, who must be Kishimoto at the front table. As a young t-girl Elena had idolized Alexandra. Even the Los Angeles t-girls in high school knew of her reputation, and Elena wished she could be as gorgeous as Alexandra. Now, years later, her idol was sitting in the same bar, happily sharing a glass of wine, while Elena went unnoticed in the back.

The curtain parted, and an announcer signaled that G2T, the pride of Kishimoto's and San Francisco was on. The girls came out in black lingerie with garters and stockings to French Kissing in the USA, and they looked hot. Elena could barely recognize her intern. The blonde in back moved like a cat, graceful, confident, occasionally out of timing, but happy. The other girls were in perfect sequence and were dazzling. At the end of the song, the girls pranced off stage into the arms of what appeared to be their boyfriends who gave them each passionate embraces, a kiss on the cheek so as not to mess up their lipstick, and a playful pat on the ass.

Cindy, feeling another's gaze on her, turned around, and to her surprise saw her boss.

"Elena?"

"You were great, I guess I should call you Cindy, though."

"That would be very nice, thank you. The only person that calls me Cynthia is my mom. Would you like to meet her?"

"Yes, I would."

“Elena Garcia, this is my mother, Alexandra Bocarro.”

“Oh, Cynthia’s boss. She has told me so many good things about you. Come, sit with us. The girls have two more performances.”

James, inquired, “So you are Elena Garcia, it is an honor. My niece has told me so much about you too, plus you were a big issue ten years back.”

“You heard about that.”

“Top-notch transsexual attorney leaves a blue chip firm. In my business, I hear about those things the next day.”

Alexandra appraised Elena, “so are you Mexicana?”

“NorteAmericana, de Los Angeles. I’m American.”

“So why are you alone? Where is your man?”

“Uh, I don’t have one.”

“Why not? You are very attractive. What are you waiting for?”

In the presence of her idol, the cool lawyer, could only stammer, “Uhh, it’s tough to find men. Especially, for women like me.”

“Nonsense. I am sure your mother goes to bed each night praying that you get married and have ninos.”

“Ninos?” Elena said in shock. “Me?”

“I don’t see why not, I have a daughter now, Cynthia. You should have a man and children. Soon.”

Elena was in shock, as Alexandra went up to go to the ladies room.

“You are getting the Alexandra treatment, you should be honored. It’s hilarious when she does it to Tim or Cindy. She won’t even call him Tim in public. It means she cares. She doesn’t want you to end up alone like she

did. She is so happy for Cindy, deciding to finally become a woman."

"Yeah, a question about Cindy's boyfriend."

"Oh Bill? Well, I like you and I will let you in on the secret. Bill last fall was a nice, attractive girl named Beth from the Oregon Coast, but she is walking right alongside with Cindy on her journey, and is becoming her man."

"That's a miracle that Cindy could find that."

"I prefer to think of it as their destiny. That those two were destined to meet, and drew each other together. They are very happy now. Bill is going into the navy in a few weeks and wants to become a police officer like his Dad."

"The things I miss buried in an office."

Just then one of the Asian businessmen approached James and whispered in his ear. James excused himself from Elena and went to the back of the room where he sat down and engaged in an intense discussion for the better part of an hour. When he came back to the table Cindy was sitting with Alexandra and Elena in a fuschia bodysuit with spiked pumps.

"I told you about destiny, Elena, and here it is. Those gentlemen in the back run the Miss Gay World Pageant in Pattaya Thailand, and want G2T to be the lead entertainment for a four day event. I advised him that they would get a lot bigger splash if they did advanced publicity events and photo shoots which they readily agreed to. I also stressed that they would even get more publicity if the girls posed in a photo shoot and performed an act topless. They were thrilled about that."

"Uh, Dad. I won't have tits by then."

"The Hell you won't. What kind of a businessman do you think I am, promising something I can't deliver. And

what kind of father doesn't take care of his daughter. This August you are going to the best clinic in Bangkok for breast implants and facial feminization surgery, plus HRT. You should be a knockout by December. That is where your destiny awaits. I negotiated that as part of the deal. They were tough on that, but I promised G2T would be truly memorable. They are very closely connected to the clinic, and eventually saw the business sense."

"And you, Ms. Garcia, talking about destiny, you are invited as my honored guest, maybe the man and the promise of ninos will be realized at the world's most prestigious trans pageant."

Chapter 3

Cindy lay huddled in bed, hungry and near despair. She had completed her breast implant surgery over a month ago and her facial feminization surgery two weeks later at the hands of the best surgeons Thailand had to offer, but now she dreaded going outside, and her face throbbed with pain. The clinic had released her and her follow-up a week later had elicited joys of elation and optimism from the medical staff, but she didn't feel it. She saw her reflection in the mirror and was horrified at the monstrous visage staring back. Her eyes were blackened, her cheeks bruised, and scars furrowed her face. She left the clinic depressed, wishing she had never come to Thailand.

In her apartment, Cindy refused to even look at herself in the mirror, and barely ate anything. James had rented a Spartan but clean studio apartment near the clinic, which would have been well lit if the monsoon rains hadn't beat down incessantly on the roof and turned everything gray and damp.

While delicately wiping away tears to avoid inflaming her face, Cindy remembered that as Tim she loved to walk in the rain, and Tim the man would have found excuses to hang out with Noah in the deluge. He had fished in some incredible downpours without flinching.

Thinking of Tim in the past tense felt weird, almost like he had died, making Cindy even more morose. "If he is dead, I killed him," she softly sobbed.

The downpour continued for over an hour and Cindy got tired of laying in bed. She turned on the TV, but could not follow the dialogue. She became restless and wanted a shower, but did not want to glance at herself in the mirror. A thought slowly formed through the dull ache, "not dead, just different. Nothing keeping me from going into the rain, and at least nobody will look too close at my face. "

The newly manufactured shemale slipped on a cotton top, noticing the two new bulges asserting themselves. She slightly grinned and slipped a pair of panties on that Jess had sold her and a pair of short shorts . Cindy then put on a pair of woman's running shoes with no socks, took a deep breath and flung herself into the wall of water.

"That takes care of my shower," she laughed, and looked down at her instantly sodden clothes.

"And I now can enter into a wet t-shirt contest someday." A smile broke her face for the first time in weeks as she marched through the monsoon, getting incredulous glances from the locals from the side of the street.

Cindy never could reconcile herself with her mother's religion. As a young man he had masturbated way too much wishing he was a woman to obtain salvation. Then, with the actual crossdressing and the wanton sex which she so thoroughly enjoyed, she felt completely beyond the

moral approval of the church congregation. But now, she felt like she was living a truly religious experience. The rain came in a cascading force that only God could create and maintain, and it drenched her as if she was baptized. She thought for a second, and remembered that a baptism was a rebirth, and now Cindy was truly reborn. The monsoon was as hot and moist as any womb, and the water washed away Cindy's past, and promised a dazzling new life, as colorful and exotic as any tropical rain forest.

Cindy marched joyfully through the rain, watching the great rivers of runoff flood the streets. Deep enough for a salmon run, she laughed.

Fragments of a tune entered her head, and she recognized Sweet Sweet Fantasy, the signature song of G2T. Cindy spun and threw her arms out, then advanced seductively forward to the beat in her head. Her footwork and timing were perfect and she never felt so expressive in her life. "Mom, Jess, Lisa, look I'm dancing," she exclaimed in a completely feminine voice. Cindy danced over a mile through the torrent, splashing great puddles, until she encountered a tennis court, abandoned because of the rains. She practiced her moves for an hour until she collapsed, laughing. Cindy then staggered to a local market, bought a bag of mangoes and some instant noodle bowls and walked home drinking a bottle of green tea. "I am truly a woman now."

When she arrived home Cindy stared at herself in the mirror for five minutes. "I may look like an abused woman from a trailer park, but I am a woman." She peeled off her wet clothes and proudly fondled her new breasts as she gazed at her naked form in the mirror. "Yep. I am a woman."

James's plan to have the caterpillar of Tim transform to the butterfly of Cindy alone in the cocoon of Thailand, away from her past, had worked perfectly. Cindy prac-

ticed her dance moves daily for hours, until the locals referred to her as the blonde American too dumb to come in out of the rain. Despite the owner's lack of good sense, Cindy's joyful smile was infectious at the local markets, and the American shemale found kindred spirits in the people of Bangkok. She bought several inexpensive cotton dresses, some new white strapped high heel sandals, and a flower print short silk dress with matching heels. She also bought a flower to wear behind her right ear each day, and fell asleep every night with a waft of its perfume, still perched in its position.

The scent from the honey dipper cleaning out Port-a-Johns wafted over the Forward Operating Base in Afghanistan. While Cindy practiced her dance steps in Bangkok, dust billowed overhead and swirled in the glare of the lights as petty officer Beth Kincaid stood her nightly watch in a sandbagged machine gun tower. Everything was covered in dust, including her face above her handkerchief. She reopened the receiver of her machine gun to ensure it was still clean, and then slapped it back in place.

"At least the guys on day shift cleaned this today, usually I have to wipe it down. "

"They sure left a pig sty in here, though, typical," her partner, petty officer Catherine Carter commented. " I cleaned it last night and it already looks like a dump."

"Louis and LaDuc are the chief's buddies. You know that," Beth added. "Just have to suck it up."

The night continued on in its never-ending routine of peering into the darkness beyond the barbed wire, almost wishing the Taliban would attack to break the monotony.

Five hours into the watch, when the camp quieted down, Carter started speaking rhetorically to her partner, "Well, you're not a lesbian, as I never see you hang out with the lesbians in the unit, or check them out. And you

do occasionally flirt with some of the guys, but never spread your legs for them, and are definitely not like the whores in the post office.”

“What are you getting at Catherine?”

“Just thoughts to make the deployment go by more quickly. You do learn a lot about people. Especially those you think of as friends.”

“Well, maybe I’m just loyal to my guy back home.”

“Yes, that is your story and you’ll stick to it. But I think something a lot more interesting is going on with you petty officer Kincaid. You’re not gay, and I don’t think you’re really straight. I think the flirting is for appearances sake. Hmm, not straight, not gay, not a nun as you are in camo. What else could there be? Hmm, how about a trisexual? That’s the only other option and that makes the most sense. You are a woman who wants to be a man, who is love with a man who is becoming a woman. Yeah, if I was a betting girl, that is what I would bet on.”

“Catherine, you’re crazy.” Beth shouted, clearly agitated.

“Yep. Just proved it. Don’t worry, a friend is a friend, especially out here.”

“How did you figure it out?”

“I had an adopted family with fifteen brothers and sisters, with that number you will find a couple of transgendered kids in the mix. Plus, when you stand watch for three months with someone in a four by four space in the middle of the night they become even closer than family. Once you let your guard down and referred to the guy back home as Cindy and twice you referred to him with a female pronoun.”

“Am I that stupid?”

"Nope, just trusting. Like I said, I'm a friend and I don't betray a trust, even if given without knowing."

"Thanks, girl."

"Anytime, dude."

"Quit it."

"Nope, makes the watch go much faster. So this can't be just an extended crossdressed fantasy for you. You are one of best sailors in the camp and it's too dangerous."

"Thanks."

"You earned it, Bro."

Exasperated, Beth pulled out her smart phone and scrolled to pictures of Bill and Cindy with their friends and family at Lake Tahoe, in San Francisco, the Russian River, and several pictures of G2T at Kishimoto's.

"Holy crap. She's incredible. She could turn me into a man anyway. I want to party with you cowboy."

"I'm trying to get to Thailand in December, the girl's dance troupe, G2T, is performing for a Miss Gay pageant in Pattaya."

"I'm coming too. Sounds like a hell of a party."

"I put in a request chit for that as my furlough. You think it will work".

"I'll put one in too, but good luck with them getting through chief Moreno, if you don't put out he doesn't do favors. And you can't do that because you're a man inside."

Two months later the request chits came back approved. Chief Moreno had disapproved them which started the typical rubber stamping, until the base commander overrode the chain of command, writing a comment on each that there was no compelling reason to deny the chits for two junior sailors. The belated approval led

to a hurried booking of flights to Bangkok, and frenzied planning as the pageant was only three weeks away.

“You don’t have your strap on with you. I just read they aren’t really sold openly in Thailand.”

“Covering my backside aren’t you.”

“More like you’re front. We could order one for delivery to the hotel. ”

“No, I need a more reliable means.”

The next day Beth e-mailed Jess, who responded that night that she had the situation well in hand and not to worry. That it would be in a Christmas package waiting to be unwrapped.

At the same time that Bill, masquerading as Beth and her new friend, Catherine were planning their trip, Jess and Lisa were about to begin practicing together at Kishimoto’s when Lisa’s father burst up the stairs.

“Dad, what are you doing here?”

“Do you think you could have kept this hidden from me forever. I found a playbill at home and followed you here. You’re coming with me young lady. I didn’t raise my daughter to be an entertainer in a gay bar.”

Observing the interchange from a table where he had been enjoying breakfast, James interceded, “sir, we aren’t open now and Lisa is practicing as my guest. I suggest you talk about this somewhere else. Besides, I doubt if she will go with you.”

“Back off faggot, she’s my daughter.” John knew immediately he had stepped over a boundary.

“Sir, I don’t care if you are a general with your finger on the nuclear button, you are not going to insult me in my own place while I was eating breakfast with friends. If you aren’t gone in one minute I will call the police and

have you arrested for trespassing. Let's see you explain the fact that you were trespassing in a gay bar to the air force, that will be a lot more difficult to explain than your engaged to be married adult daughter working as a dancer in a long term San Francisco establishment, the existence of which nobody in the air force would even care to acknowledge. "

Already on the defensive, John looked beaten. He had gotten complacent being a general and was no longer used to confrontation by a person he considered a subordinate. "I am sorry for intruding. I'll be going."

"I understand general, it's a tough issue to deal with, a daughter growing up and spreading her wings. Can I offer you a drink?"

"It's early, but I could really use a scotch right now, thank you."

James got out his best bottle, and poured them both three fingers of whiskey.

"You have good taste in whiskey."

"I run a good business, and I do like this brand."

Just then, another pair of footsteps was heard on the stairs. Alexandra was running late and had missed the entire confrontation. She came into the room and saw Angel and Diabla just standing around, and immediately barked out that they must get their lazy butts to work.

She then turned towards James at the table, and was immediately taken aback by the stranger in the blue uniform and the dark eyes sitting at the table, drinking whiskey.

James shouted a greeting and asked for her to join them. Alexandra turned a disapproving scowl in the direction of the girls to make sure they were practicing their

steps and sauntered to the table. A trained gentleman, John got up and offered her a seat next to him.

“Thank you, sir, a true caballero.”

James made a Bloody Mary for Alexandra, very light on the alcohol, and she started talking. “Your daughter Lisa is an exceptional dancer, exquisite, full of fire, even though she has the eyes and face of an angel. You should be proud of her. She is good enough to dance on Broadway.”

“I am more proud of her that she is in law school.”

“We all are proud that she is in law school, my own daughter attends school with her.”

“She does?”

“Yes, she does, and she is a member of the dance troupe too, both of them are on dean’s list.”

“The brunette is your daughter?”

“No my daughter is in Thailand right now.”

“Doing what?”

“Becoming the woman that she was supposed to be.”

“Your daughter is a...”

“A transformista, or as you say, transsexual, yes, but she is entirely my daughter, and a woman.”

“And you?”

“I am a woman, the same as my daughter.”

“I’m going to need another drink.”

James got another round. “Do you know it was Alexandra’s daughter that introduced Lisa to her fiancée Frederick, and it was Cindy that dragged him to Tiffanys to get the engagement ring? So, having a friend like her has not been all bad for Lisa.”

John was silent, and took a deep swig of his whiskey.

Alexandra emphatically added, "Those three girls are closer than any sisters. They are fast friends and will be for life. Jess is a biology student at Berkley, and a member of student council. Every one of those three is more than just a dancer, but dancing focuses them, inspires them, makes them stronger, and bonds them together."

John looked into the soulful eyes of Alexandra as she continued.

"I remember when G2T first started dancing, they were terrible, and my daughter, the worst. Three left feet, no confidence, no fire in the eyes. I wanted her to give up the name Bocarro," Alexandra laughed. "But, I saw them all grow together, and now they are magnifica. I have to stay on them, but they are a beautiful thing to behold."

John thought to himself that Alexandra was a beautiful thing to behold, and he knew that it was more than the whiskey talking.

"Ms. Bocarro, I haven't eaten yet, why don't we let the girls practice, while I buy you breakfast?"

Alexandra beamed and said, "of course. That would be excellent," as she allowed the general to lead her downstairs.

Diabla and Angel, staring at each other in shock, could not dance another step and went to their respective campuses to study, while James sat quietly at his table. "Destiny again," he thought.

Alexandra and John settled into a booth at a nearby diner. It was not yet eight in the morning, but it was packed. A few people stared at Alexandra, but not with enough scrutiny to think she was anything beyond an attractive Latin-American woman. She smiled at John, "you

must be very happy that Lisa has found such a good man, Frederick is very nice and treats Lisa like a queen.”

“He is a good man, and a very good soldier. Frederick will be going to college next semester on an ROTC scholarship. I am sure in time he will become a general.”

“Lisa is very lucky”, Alexandra said, and then bravely took John’s hand in her own. “You are also very lucky to have such a wonderful daughter.”

John did not move his hands away, but said, “I am sure you are very lucky too, with your own daughter. Tell me how she became your daughter.”

Alexandra related the full story of their meeting, and Cindy’s journey into womanhood.

“Lisa didn’t tell me she intended to go to Thailand and perform on Christmas break,” John laughed and tightened his grip on Alexandra’s delicate hand.

“Now tell me why a handsome, successful man is not married.”

John told Alexandra of marrying his college sweetheart, who ended up cheating on him with a fellow officer while John was away on deployment. The two divorced, and John raised Lisa from the time she was five. They had become a very close family unit, and John was wondering whether he smothered her too much. He guessed she was now trying to spread her wings.

“So you will let her go to Thailand.”

“I can’t prevent her from going. She’s an adult.”

“And a beautiful one.”

Breakfast was over, and Alexandra got up to go, wanting everything to stay with this man.

“Would you like to go for a walk?” John asked.

“Don’t you need to get back to your fort?”

“The air base?” John laughed. “No. I can take a day off every now and then. I haven’t in years. The air force won’t crumble in my absence.”

The two walked down Van Ness towards the bay. The morning sun cast a glow over the wharf, and the tourists were not out in force. Alexandra reached out and took John’s hand and they walked the streets as a couple. Finally, John asked, “can I drive you home.”

The trip to the end of California Street took only a few minutes, but Alexandra thought she would burst and John had felt stirrings that had been absent for a long time, buried under his duty as an officer and father. When they finally entered the condominium, Alexandra embraced John and gave him a passionate kiss. She led him into the living room, asked him to sit down and poured him an orange juice while she changed into something much less comfortable. Alexandra dug through the lingerie in her drawer, until on the bottom she came to an exquisite black lace bustier that had never been worn. She carefully removed the price tags, stripped her clothes and tried it on for the first time. She had planned to wear it for her man years ago, but he never showed again, and it sat unappreciated for years under the geologic strata of her lingerie drawer. Alexandra then touched up her makeup going for a sultry look, and emerged into the living room, a goddess resurrected.

John was incredibly aroused, and kissed Alexandra deeply, while firmly grasping her ass. In her passion, Alexandra forgot something from long ago, and led her man to Cynthia’s bedroom. She rummaged through her nightstand and drawers until she found what she was looking for, protection and lubricant. While she conducted her search John looked admiringly of a picture of Cindy at the club with a man.

“Is this your daughter?”

“Yes,” Alexandra said hurriedly as she prepared her man to enter her.



John led Alexandra to the bedside and pulled down her panties, with Alexandra covering her vestigial male-ness. She placed a pillow underneath her bottom, raised her legs and presented herself to her man, all the time staring entranced into his eyes.

Inexperienced with a woman like Alexandra, John lunged into her, causing her to grimace and shudder. He backed out as she regained her composure, took his cock into her hand and guided it back to her pussy. Slowly, gently, she urged

Slowly, gently, John ground into Alexandra, until he was through her resistance, and she was moaning in pleasure. He took several strong, deep thrusts into her, regaining his dominance, and started increasing his rhythm. Never taking her eyes off his, Alexandra matched his thrusts with those of her own, feeling in heaven for the first time in over a decade. This was wonderful. She felt his hands caress her breasts, and run gently through her hair. Finally, the two bucked in a heavy orgasm that caused Alexandra to scream in delight.

With John's cock remaining inside her, Alexandra wrapped her legs tightly around him, and held him close with her arms, never wanting to let him retreat. She looked deep into his eyes, lovingly, longingly, until tears started to form at the corners of her eyes and streak down her face. This man would probably leave like all the others did.

Seeing his woman cry, John kissed her on the cheek, and caressed her hair. Her crying brought forth the protector in him, and he said it's going to be okay. She would not let go, and he continued to kiss her until his arousal returned and he renewed his thrusting. This time, he pushed slowly and deeply, savoring every inch of her recesses. He licked at her breasts, kissed her neck and ears, and eyelids, bringing forth her full tenderness. The tears

dried up, and the words I love you, escaped Alexandra's lips. She had said I love you to Cynthia many times in the past years, but she was her daughter, not a man, and this had a hope and a passion that she thought had died.

Not prepared to hear those words, John thrust harder into Alexandra, but then echoed them. It was crazy, but in the space of a morning he had fallen for a woman, and had made love to her. Life certainly couldn't be like this. Or could it? He came inside her again not with the thunderous orgasm as before, but one that claimed her as his. "What am I supposed to do with a transsexual girlfriend?"

Alexandra answered that by passionately kissing him, rolling his tongue with her own, and repeating, "I love you, I love you, John."

They lay together in bed for hours sleeping with Alexandra in her lover's embrace. Finally, in the late afternoon Alexandra stumbled blissfully out of bed, and went into the kitchen to prepare dinner. She turned on the stereo to some tango, and cut chicken and vegetables to the beat. John took a shower and entered into the kitchen wearing nothing but his uniform pants. She pushed a massive gray tabby off a seat and offered it to him. He sat there, but quickly the tabby reclaimed the position, covering his pants in cat hair while sitting in his lap.

"He likes you, that means you are a good person," she said as she leaned over and kissed him.

Dinner was exceptional, and the two lay on the couch until late watching soap operas in Spanish while sipping wine and exchanging caresses. Finally, the two lay in bed, and Alexandra fell asleep without a concern in the world. She had a man who loved her.

John woke the next morning late, with Alexandra already dressed in tight jeans, a leather jacket, the knee

high, high-heeled boots that she had received at Christmas, and a pair of sunglasses already perched atop her head.

“Wake up. I know you slept well, you snored half the night. You are taking me to Mendocino today. It’s Saturday, and you shouldn’t be working.”

“All I have is my uniform.”

“You will look muy guapo, like Tim did before he became my Cynthia. Now get into the shower. We will have fun today, we will have a good dinner and then make love overlooking the ocean tonight”.

John had been in the military long enough to know an order when he heard it, and happily jumped into the shower.

The G2T entourage was exhausted after an eighteen hour flight followed by a two hour queue through customs, when it emerged in the waiting area of the terminal in the early morning hours of a different continent. The girls leaned on their fiancés while Elena leaned against James, who seemed a pillar of strength. Barely conscious, Alexandra was guided sleepily through the terminal by the general, wearing civilian clothes. Big N brought up the rear looking completely energized by being in Thailand.

With blurred eyes the girls scanned for their long lost partner in the crowd, until she demurely but confidently stepped into view, wearing the flower print dress complemented by a flower in her hair.

“Oh my God. Oh my God. It is you.” the two G’s cried in unison, as they sprinted the remaining fifty yards to embrace their long lost friend.

“It’s the Cindy Bocarro enhanced version 2.0,” Cindy said in a completely feminine voice. “What do you

think?" she asked, as she spun on her high heels. "Pretty good for modern surgery, chemicals, and tough negotiation. "

"Awesome. Amazing." Jess said. "You did it, girl you did it."

"You are so gorgeous," Lisa said as she embraced Cindy, "and now you really are my sister."

Cindy just looked confused as she stared at Lisa's smiling face.

"My Dad married your Mom, we are now sisters in law. Not that I didn't already think of you as my sis. Lisa exclaimed as she embraced Cindy again. Girl we have so much to talk about."

Cindy looked to her Mom, who proudly confirmed to her daughter, that yes it is true. John could only think that now he had two beautiful daughters.

"Well, now I have a Mom and two dads. Not too shabby."

James and Big N quietly looked at the scene from afar, and smiled at each other. Cindy had never appeared so radiant or so natural. She had become a woman.

Cindy escorted the entourage to its hotel, but told them she preferred to stay in her apartment, as it felt so much like home. As Elena was entering the cab, barely conscious, Cindy whispered to her, "I have a surprise for you, and I think you will like it."

That evening after the group had slept off its jet lag, they met in the verandah of the motel restaurant overlooking the city. The monsoon had long since passed and the city sparkled like a jewel. Cindy gave her report to James, as for the last month she had served as the onsite liaison for G2T, "five modeling shoots, two in Bangkok, three in Pattaya. Four guest appearances at related events,

with a potential for three more after the pageant if the girls were well received. Two dances a night and one during the day for four days of pageant activities."

"That's one hell of a schedule. But it is enough to make the splash I wanted."

"It will be great to show off these tits in public," Cindy joked, mostly so her new Dad would hear.

"Already plowed that ground, so don't even need to go there."

"New Dad isn't so bad," Cindy thought to herself.

As the evening wore on, the group broke up with John leading his wife to their room, James and Big N going for a walk into the city, Frederick and Robert going to a sex show, and the three girls and Elena chatting away like schoolgirls. Elena was relaxing and enjoying the sights and sounds of Bangkok. She had taken few vacations in her career, and was starting to unwind. She had on a light purple silk dress with matching pumps, and purple lace gloves. She felt alluring again as she listened to her intern regale them with stories of Bangkok.

Cindy then reminded Elena of the surprise she had for her. Elena thought for a moment, trying to conjure its memory from her prior zombie like state.

Cindy stood up from the table and beckoned across the restaurant to a tall, blonde man in his forties, wearing a white suit and sipping scotch whiskey alone at a table. He stood up and advanced across the restaurant towards them, 6'8" of well groomed Greek God. Lisa and Jess almost swooned at his advance. Elena never took his eyes off him, and his confident, relaxed smile.

"Ladies, this is Mike Nelson. I met him last week while I was arranging some of the events with the pageant. "

Awestruck and fully aroused, Jess and Lisa could barely stand to offer their greetings, while Elena coolly smiled and offered her hand.

“Charmed,” she said without revealing herself or her emotions.

Cindy took the girls in tow upstairs to Lisa’s room where they would drink daiquiris on the balcony until the guys came home from watching the debauchery. Jess and Lisa would then attack their men in their aroused state and ride them until their fire was extinguished.

“Cindy has told me a lot about you. How you went to Stanford as an undergraduate and were part of Law Review there. She wants to be like you as she really admires you as a lawyer.”

“She’s a smart girl. I don’t know whether I am that admirable though.”

“Stanford is a good school, so I’ve heard.”

“And where did you go to school?”

“Stanford, played linebacker there, and then went on and got my MBA.”

For only the second time in years, Elena lost her coolness.

“Oh, wow, that’s really terrific.”

“Damn, he knows I’m interested,” she thought as her body began to tingle.

“Yep, I have been an international broker since then, and always take time to visit Thailand.”

“So, uhh, well, you know about girls like me and like Cindy, you know.”

“Now he’s affecting my diction,” she cringed.

"Yeah, that's why I come. I found out awhile ago I had a thing for ladyboys. I never thought I would meet an incredibly attractive Stanford alum in my travels though."

"Thanks."

"The pleasure is all mine," Mike said as he kissed her chastely on her cheek.

Elena did swoon and her body ramped up in excited anticipation.

"I am staying in this hotel. Would you like to come upstairs?"

"Please lead the way."

In Mike's suite, Elena had locked herself in the bathroom.

"I can't believe I tried this thing on. This is dumb."

"I'm sure you will look adorable."

"If it was anybody but you carrying this to Thailand, I would have thought he was a complete perv."

"It is so much more appropriate that you are wearing it than one of the ladyboys."

"That's imagery I don't want."

"You are the imagery I want. Now you can't stay there forever. Come on out."

"All right, but if you laugh, you are a dead man."

"I am fully warned."

Elena cracked the bathroom door and sheepishly came into view with downcast eyes. She was wearing a complete Stanford cheerleader uniform.

"Adorable."

She looked up.

After sharing a bottle of Sonoma wine, Elena had loosened up and started giving long forgotten cheers from watching football on a Saturday afternoon, gyrating sexily and waving her pompoms. When Mike finally entered her, she felt once again like a coed with an incredibly bright future before her.

The next day, the girls gave their first interview for the pageant.

“Miss Bocarro, so what do you think of your country’s chance of winning the pageant?”

“I don’t know, ask Terri, she is around somewhere. I am just the entertainment for intermission. I think Terri will tell you she came here to win.”

“And what do you think of the Thai contestant?”

“Katy is so feminine and poised, I feel like a truck driver standing next to her. “

The reporters laughed, and Jess kicked Cindy under the table.

“Miss Bocarro, you and the dancers of G2T are all very beautiful. We are honored to have you perform in our country. Is it true you came here early to become a woman?”

“Yes, it is true, and I could think of no more magical place to become a woman than Thailand. The people were incredibly supportive, and go about their day with a true joy. I learned to capture it myself, and it has made me the woman I am now and I am truly grateful for that. I will always hold a special place in my heart for this country and its people. That being said, I wish my fellow country-woman Terri all the best in representing the United States.
“

Two hours later, good splash or not Jess argued with James while they were about ready to practice on stage.

"James, this new routine they gave us is gay."

"It is a gay pageant, or haven't you noticed."

"Not gay in the same sex way. You know what I mean. A Gone With the Wind act is so lame, as to be beneath your asking us. They didn't ask this of Cindy a week ago when she was here, now you want us to perform it. I tell you, there is no way I'm dancing with some Confederate back up dancer on my stage."

"The Asians like that aspect of American culture. Or don't you know."

"I don't know and I don't give a damn. We are representing America in our own right, and regardless of whether she was finished in Thailand, Cindy is an American girl. She goes to law school, and climbs mountains and fishes in Oregon, and has her original father try to kill her, and has her wig ripped off in a bar by a drunk, and looks good while doing it all. We do what got us here, the way we always did, and the way you recognized to begin with."

"Mine eyes have seen the glory."

"Quit it, girl, and get out in front and take lead like you should. You belong out in front now. This is a transgendered act."

James could only laugh as he went back to the planners and told them the proposed routine was a non-starter.

Chapter Four

"I have got to get a man's suit, and we might as well take advantage of the layover in Dubai. We do have a direct flight to Bangkok." Beth and Catherine had virtually fought their way to the Emirates to get the plane to Thailand. The road to Kabul had been closed for several days

while it was repaired from demolition attempts, then the convoy they took was attacked. At Kabul the first plane had broken down, and the replacement was delayed by the weather. A week after starting out the girls were in Dubai, and to make matters worse, several guys from their unit were with them, who were also going to Thailand.

“We will never shake them once we get there. They will want to go out and get drunk all the time. If we don’t party with them, they will tell everybody what standoff bitches we are.”

“Trust me. It will work out. I guarantee it.”

The two entered a tailor’s shop the proprietor of which was surprised and a little put off that two American service women were there.

“Can I help you?” he said stuffily.

“I would like a suit for me.”

The tailor looked surprised and was about ready to tell them that he didn’t make women’s suits, when Carter interrupted.

“She meant to say that she was getting it for her to give to her fiancée who she is visiting in Thailand.”

She kicked Beth, and called her an idiot under her breath.

The tailor smiled and showed them the various fabrics. Beth gave him the measurements which she hoped were not too suspiciously identical to her own and he said he would have something in three hours. Beth then bought a pair of oxfords and two shirts and matching ties for the suit.

“Now relax, hombre. Let’s get some lamb and tabouli,” Carter said as they left the store.

Beth easily parried the questions about the suit in the garment bag as the sailors boarded the plane. When they were three hours from Bangkok, Carter put her guarantee to work. She had a flask of bourbon in her backpack and started passing it among the three sailors. Deprived from alcohol for months, and in top physical shape, the three quickly succumbed to its pleasures. They staggered through customs and collapsed in the terminal.

"Now, we make our break for Pattaya," Carter said as she hailed a cab. The cab emerged into the Thai traffic and Beth's heart sank. She would be late for the second night's show. Beth was determined however, to be there for her woman, and started to strip all her clothes off.

"What are you doing? You're giving the driver an eyeful."

"Changing into my suit."

"I see you let your leg hairs grow. Good boy."

"Just shut up and help me."

"And that you bought men's briefs at the exchange. Some poor grunt is wearing frayed underwear just so you can impress your girlfriend."

"Catherine, please. You wanted to party with me, this is what happens."

"Hey. I'm loving this. I don't think stripping down in the buff in a Thai taxicab is routine though. Here, let me help you with that ace bandage."

An anxious Beth struggled into her suit, and then combed gel through her hair and put on her man's glasses.

"How do I look?"

"Like a muscular eighteen year old boy with an impeccable sense of fashion going to senior prom."

“Great, usually they say I look sixteen.”

“Afghanistan has been good for you, stud.”

Beth, now Bill, finally calmed down and enjoyed looking at the countryside.

“You are going to the pageant?” the cab driver asked.

“Yes, our friends are dancing there.”

“Oh? G2T, they are very good.”

“You have heard of G2T?”

“Everybody in Pattaya has. They are very good.”

Carter just stared at Bill, for once at a loss for words.

The cab pulled up to the hotel, but the crowd had already gone in to the grand ballroom. Bill pleaded with the attendant to let him in, but they didn't have tickets, and anybody could claim to know G2T.

Finally, Bill saw James come from a corridor that led to the dressing rooms.

“James, it's Bill. Please let me see Cindy.”

James registered no surprise, even though he was not in the loop, and calmly said, “they are knocking them dead. We are raking it in here.”

“How is she?”

“You will see.”

The three ran through the corridor just as the score for Sweet Sweet Fantasy opened, and Bill's heart sank once again.

“We just missed them.”

She peered from behind the curtains to glance at his woman, but Jess was in her place, and Cindy could not be seen.

“Where is she, what's Jess doing in Cin's spot.”

“Cindy has lead, and she is doing an incredible job.”

“You mean she can dance now?”

“Like she was born to.”

The song ended, and Jess saw Bill waiting back stage. She smiled and winked at him, gesturing towards the stage front, and then cupped her hands to show the size of the breasts awaiting him.

Bill stepped out on stage, saw his girl still looking at the crowd accepting their applause, tapped her left shoulder and dodged right. She recovered and then looked at the face of her man. “Hey sailor. I’ve yearned for you.”

Bill lifted his wonderfully improved woman into his strong arms and carried her into the audience, and up the aisle while Jess and Lisa high fived each other.

“You always loved the closing scene to Officer and a Gentleman.”

“And now I’m living it better than ever expected”.

Taking advantage of the confusion, Carter took the mike and announced, “Directly from Afghanistan, Cindy Bocarro’s boyfriend, William Kincaid.”

The applause reached a new crescendo as the loving couple exited the ballroom. Bill carried Cindy up to her room, and then deposited her on the bed.

“Jess said she had a present for me. It’s wrapped up like a Christmas package.”

“It’s in the dresser in the other room. She would not tell me what it was.”

“I have to open it before we do anything else.”

“Okay, spoil the moment.”

Bill ignored the ravishing shemale and went to the other room to retrieve his manhood. He unwrapped the

gold foil encased box and encountered a note in calligraphy on top of a small Tiffany's blue box, laying on top of his manhood. "Present this before you present the other thing. Signed G2"

"Of course yes. Yes. Yes. Yes." Cindy exclaimed to a kneeling Bill. "I love you and now I want to present something to you." She untied her bustier to reveal two beautiful suntanned breasts, bouncing in anticipation.

"Please be gentle with me. I can see you have mysteriously grown three inches since you last took me, or is that my imagination?"

A man could be patient, and a man could wait, and a man could be gentle.

Luckily, Bill pulled Cindy away on their last act of the night. The commotion, however, put back the event by twenty minutes, although the pageant people did not complain at all to James. Instead, one of them approached with tears in his eyes, saying that was the most romantic and beautiful thing he had ever seen in the history of the pageant.

Observing the walk off with her son and soon to be daughter in law, Big N felt she had witnessed a true existential moment, and could not say anything for the rest of the night. The next day she would go to a Buddhist temple, and the monks looked on her in awe.

The press had taken numerous pictures, and Cindy and Bill were on the front cover of the local Pattaya newspapers the next day. The girls would have thrilled to that fact, except at the end of the performance, a taxicab deposited three drunken American sailors on the steps of the hotel who may even have sobered up enough to notice the front page photo.

James asked Catherine, "Are they friends of yours?"

“Worse, they are our foxhole buddies, and we are supposed to take care of their sorry asses. Is there a whorehouse in town with regular women?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Well, business should be slow for them this week, so why don’t we drop them off there. The girls would appreciate the business once they sober up, and the guys would be waking up in a warehouse, which is like dying and going to heaven”.

“I like the way you think.”

“Most people don’t think that I actually do think.”

“Most people are idiots.”

“Look, I will run cover for Bill. Those guys came looking for booze and pussy. Once they have that, they will care less about the two of us. ”

The next morning was the topless beach photo shoot, and the girls actually looked nervous. They paced around nervously, and Jess actually had tears in her eyes. Cindy bit her lip, it was one thing to show off your breasts to your fiancée, it was another to show them off to South East Asia and sooner or later the internet. Only Lisa looked calm as she held Frederick’s hand in a vice grip.

“See, they are not complete putas, they are scared.”

“They will be fine. All of them.” John answered his wife.

Robert placed a kiss on Jess’s lips and whispered, “always proud of you, darling.”

Jess gave a smile, and gave him a delicate hug.

Leaning back against Bill in her bikini, Cindy felt him slowly caress her shoulders. “You are an incredible woman, and have nothing to fear. The girls are looking towards you now to lead them now.”

Cindy left the protection of her fiancée, and beckoned to Catherine, who had already become James's assistant.

"I'm ready, let's get the photographer."

"You go, girl," Catherine cheered her new friend on.

For the rest of the day the short, pudgy, Catherine kept the three beauties in tow, making them laugh, bringing them water, and helping them get either sultry or playful, depending upon the moment and the photographer's desire. James just sat in the shade on a wicker chair sipping umbrella drinks and munching on chicken satay, marveling at the young girl's talents. "Now Cindy doesn't have to play smartass, as she is completely outclassed. I should actually be paying her. I just have to get her to wear something other than that warrior bitch from hell t shirt," he thought.

That evening in the dressing room, Catherine sported a pink blazer with white shirt, Capri pants, and white flats. Cindy had actually helped her with her makeup and she looked cute.

While Cindy touched up her lips, Catherine blurted out, "Bill tells me you were an officer."

"A lifetime away."

"You're definitely better off now."

Cindy smiled, "Thank you."

After the morning's trial by fire, the girls were very comfortable performing in pasties and tassels on the live stage. Catherine had ordered each of them to do a trial run to make sure everything stuck, and Cindy led them out to an awed silence. The act became a minor internet sensation, and years later the girls would view it at work. The hype surrounding G2T had softened any judge's biases against American girls, and Terri finished third, and could never have been more thrilled.

The pageant owners invited the entire G2T entourage to a triumphant banquet the next evening. Everybody dressed up, including Catherine, who wore a little black dress and looked great. She sat next to James, who truly admired the girl's pluck and smarts. "Ever think of running a gay bar. I could use someone like you in San Francisco when you get out of the navy. The girls respond exceptionally well to you and you think well on your feet. By the way, whatever happened to your foxhole buddies?"

"I took the money you paid me and gave it to the madam to distribute to the girls to ensure my friends kept a good distance. I am sure they are lying on the beach right now with us completely forgotten."

"Probably. Just when you get to Afghanistan, please take care of my daughter's fiancée."

"No problem. "

At that juncture, Mike stood up, ringing a knife against the crystal. "Ladies, gentleman, I have thoroughly enjoyed being welcome into your group these last few days. Cindy, I am so happy I met you and am grateful you introduced me to Elena. Ms. Garcia, you are exquisite. Would you marry me?"

Elena could not even say yes, as she was choked by tears. She would go home with Mike, marry him within a month, and be a mother to his two children on the times he had custody.

"Destiny", James smiled.

"Huh?"

Two and a half years later, Patrolman William Parsons Kincaid stood at the head of the aisle in the church with Frederick as his best man, and Robert, and two friends from the Police Academy as his groomsmen. The wed-

ding started and he looked across the aisle in anticipation, meeting his gaze with Jess, the maid of honor, and Lisa, the bridesmaid. Together, they looked to the rear of the church, seeing Alexandra in one aisle, and Big N on the groom's side. Both James and John, in his dress uniform, stood at the front of the aisle, planning to give away their daughter.

James had retired from running Kishimoto's, and was now living on the beach in Pattaya, enjoying a quiet existence of swimming in the morning, and basking in the afternoon sun with a young man, a drink, and a good book. Catherine was now running his restaurant and the money was coming in better than ever. James, however, returned to America every year to go fishing with his daughter, and later with his grandchildren that Cindy and Bill adopted.

The doors of the church opened, and Cindy began her march up the aisle, grasping her bouquet. She took a deep breath and fought back the tears. She was so relieved that Lisa and Jess had urged her to have a dress with a veil.

As she marched up the aisle, her thoughts went to her life, and how wonderful and exciting it had been. She would not have done anything different and felt like she had lived a miracle. Looking left she saw Elena and Mike, with two children next to them. Then she saw her Mom, with mascara stained tears dripping down her face. Alexandra had now watched two of her daughters march down the aisle. She halted before her, and briefly took her hand.

"You are the greatest, Mom."

Finally, she saw the group at the front pew. James had initiated the chain reaction, from which Cindy and Bill had brought them all together, and they would be family and friends for life. She finally stood in front of Bill, look-

ing dashinglly handsome in his police uniform. She would be a policeman's wife and a lawyer, and could not be happier.

She looked at Bill's eyes from behind her veil, holding his hands, while she accepted his ring. Yes, she would take Bill, as her lawful wedded husband, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, in sickness and in health, for the rest of her life.