

Carolina Girls



William Kincaid



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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By William Kincaid

The BMW pulled off the highway and into the parking lot of a nondescript building next to a strip mall. The car halted in the darkened parking lot and an attractive blonde, 5'6", slender, wearing a peach dress and beige high-heeled sandals provocatively exited the passenger's side and confidently stood waiting for her companion. The driver, an olive-skinned brunette with dark brown eyes, even more attractive than the blonde and two inches taller, stepped out of the car wearing a little black dress and black pumps. She had none of her companion's confidence, and nervously looked around the lot, ready to duck back into the car at a moment's notice.

"Would you relax, we're all family here," Cindy, the blonde, smiled to Rachel. "You'll be fine, I promise."

Cindy then strutted to the building's entrance in her heels, with a natural sway while Rachel stumbled awkwardly next to her in her pumps.

Cindy smiled again, "Keep your head up and be confident. I know that you know how to walk in heels. You're a girl now and you look great."

"You mean it?"

"That's about the fourth time I've said it tonight. You have exceeded your quota, babe. Any more compliments need to come from your male admirers."

"I don't have any."

"You will," Cindy calmly assured her friend as she opened the door to the building. "You definitely will."

The nondescript and worn exterior belied the colorful and jubilant interior of Giovanni's. The door attendant, standing next to a bulletin board with numerous rainbow themed posters, smiled as the girls pulled their driver's licenses from their purses.

"You know how old I am, David," Cindy smiled. "Why do I have to keep showing this to you?"

"Because it's the law, girl."

David then attached a wrist band above the silver cuff on Cindy's right hand. The purple color signified too young to drink. David then attached a similar wrist band to Rachel, who meekly followed behind Cindy as she made her grand entrance to the bar. Cindy sat in a bar seat, then smoothly crossed her legs, highlighting her heels and smooth legs. Rachel attempted to do the same, but stumbled.

"You act like an old pro at this."

“At least I am good at something,” Cindy beamed. “You’ll be a natural in no time.”

“Sugar, How You Get So Fly?” belted from the DJ’s station on the dance floor while Cindy and Rachel relaxed at the bar. Cindy started to scan the clientele. Numerous students were chatting away at the bar, Southern, Duke, and State. Cindy grinned, “Just like I said, at least here we are all family.” In addition to the students, several older men in suits sat alone at booths or at the bar staring at the girls.

“Stepping out of their closet when they are away from home on business,” Cindy remarked as she glanced at the men, some already leering back. “We’ll keep those as our back-up.” Cindy then turned back to Rachel, who looked like hell.

Rachel’s nerves had overcome her and she had broken out in a sweat, her makeup glistened, and her mascara had run in streaks down her face. “I know some of these people,” she stammered. “We have to leave.”

“We just got here, girl, you can leave, but I’m stayin’.” Cindy then took a Kleenex from her purse and dabbed at her friend’s mascara trails.

“Let’s go to the bathroom and get you cleaned up.”

Cindy led Rachel to the men’s room and she hesitated at the entrance.

“I can’t go in there dressed like this.”

“It’s the rules, transsexuals get to use the ladies john. Lowly crossdressers like ourselves go with the dudes. Don’t worry, everybody is cool here.”

“I can’t.”

Cindy entered into the rest room, and scanned the toilets. The room was empty.

“The coast is clear, go in there and fix yourself up. I’ll keep anybody from entering.”

“You can do that?”

“I’m a blonde, I can basically get away with anything.”

Cindy positioned herself in the door with an exaggerated stance, arms crossed and legs spread. Three Duke students attempted to get past her to answer a call of nature.

“Sorry, occupied.”

“By who?”

“A friend. She has PMS. She will only be a minute. You know about girl things.”

“No, I don’t,” the student retorted. He tried to push his way past the blonde. Cindy repositioned herself to block his entry.

“Please, I’m asking you to hold it for two minutes.”

“That’s bullshit,” the student muttered as he walked away.

“Phew. That was close.”

Cindy maintained her vigil outside the men’s room for several more minutes until Rachel emerged, looking calmer. Cindy steered her to the perimeter of the crowd, where they would be less conspicuous. The men would come, they always did.

One of the businessmen at the bar attempted to make eye contact, and Cindy met his gaze, but turned away after a few seconds. "He will keep trying, and I want something younger and nicer if I can get it."

Rachel started to relax, and looked very natural posing in her heels. Cindy then pulled out her cosmetics mirror and touched up her lipstick. The ploy usually worked.

Sure enough, two Southern students came out of nowhere and confronted the girls.

"Hi, I'm Dave, and this is Larry."

"Nice to meet you," Cindy beamed as she daintily presented her hand. "I'm Cindy and this is my friend, Rachel."

"You two look incredibly hot. Do you go to school around here?"

"The school of NCAA probation."

"Same here, Dave laughed. "Can we buy you ladies a drink?"

"I'll just have a Coke," Cindy stated.

"Make it two," Rachel said as she shyly looked up into Larry's eyes.

The girls sipped at their Cokes as the boys slowly crowded their personal space. Cindy smiled her approval, bit her lip to encourage Dave, then looked lustfully into his eyes. Dave felt immediately aroused and started groping Cindy's ass while she purred like the blue-eyed sex kitten she had become.

Not to be outdone, Larry rubbed his hand firmly against Rachel's buttocks. She gasped in amazement, but then relaxed and let the student fondle her.

"It's my first time out in drag," Rachel declared.

"You look fantastic. You have got me turned on."

"Thanks."

"Thank you."

After an hour of exchanging pleasantries in which time Rachel grew more and more confident and relaxed, Cindy made her move. She stood as tall as she could in her heels, kissed Dave on the lips, and delicately held the back of his head.

"Would you like to go somewhere? We have a hotel room for the night. It's not far."

"Sounds great," Dave grinned.

At the hotel room Cindy announced, "We are going to change into something more comfortable. Could you guys go for a ten-minute walk?"

The girls then hurriedly removed their dresses and donned their lingerie, Cindy wearing a black merry widow with pink trim, black stockings and pumps, and matching fingerless gloves, while Rachel wore a hot pink baby doll nightie with Malibu pink mules. The girls were fine-tuning their lipstick and eye shadow when the sharp knock came at the door.

Rachel confidently strutted to the door in her mules and let the two admirers in.

“Holy shit, you look fucking hot,” Larry said as he embraced Rachel. The two engaged in a passionate kiss and explored each other’s bodies, Rachel feeling his insistent manhood through his khaki slacks. Concurrently, Dave and Cindy sucked at each other’s tongues until Dave started probing the crack of Cindy’s ass.

“I think it’s time,” she cooed, retrieving a large bottle of lubricant from the bathroom.

“Rachel’s a virgin, you are going to need to prep her a lot there, Ace,” she stated to Larry, casually tossing him the bottle. “Use your fingers in her until she relaxes and loosens up.”

“And you?” Dave asked.

“Just lubricate yourself and ride me, cowboy.”

Cindy positioned herself on all fours and looked over her shoulder, silently urging Dave forward. She felt the familiar probing between her cheeks, the shock of penetration, and the wonderful cock inside her. The coy, confident girl gave way to her unbridled passion, letting forth a joyful high pitched screaming that was soon mixed with lustful moans emanating from Rachel. In a moment’s lucidity, Cindy hoped the room on the other side of the wall was unoccupied, or else the guests would not be sleeping tonight.

Cindy St. Cyr spent most of her time as Tim Standish, a shy but serious student at Southern University-Castle Crags. Since age eleven, however, a female identity lurked just beneath Tim’s exterior. Throughout his adolescence, he had tried to fight it, but combating it was like fighting a tar baby. He was literally fighting himself. Tim never developed much self-esteem. He knew there was something seriously

wrong with him because of his inner desire to act like a girl but never could find the cure. Nevertheless, he was a nice guy, and was heavily involved in volunteer work at the church his parents attended or with the Save the Outer Banks organization. He loved to fish in the surf of the Outer Banks and on the piers where the casual observer would never know that the person fishing next to them was really a girl inside.

Tim had few friends, and none of them very close, until he attended a meeting of the campus LGBT organization in his freshman year at college. He confessed to the attendees and the faculty advisors that he was transgendered and felt the weight of the world lift from his shoulders. The people were non-judgmental; instead they were supportive and affirming. Even better, a senior took Tim under his wing and taught him the finer nuances of being female, from fashion and makeup to sex with men in the girl's role. Tim thrilled at the tutelage, and Cindy finally took on a life of her own on weekend nights. On those evenings Tim/Cindy felt whole for the first time in his/her life.

The experiences as Cindy gave Tim a vast new sense of self and belonging and an incredible insight into human nature. The world beat a path to Cindy St. Cyr's door and to her ass. She learned much, including a healthy disrespect for many of her male admirers, and in a short time had gained knowledge and insight far beyond her young age.

Early in his sophomore year, Tim met Marc Steinman, a cocky frat boy who had just experienced a break-up with his girlfriend. The shock of the break-up propelled Marc to finally confront his transgendered nature. He attended an LGBT meeting and Tim offered to take him under his wing in the

same manner that the senior had done for him the prior year.

After Rachel lost her cherry at Giovanni's, the local gay bar and restaurant, Tim/Cindy and Marc/Rachel became fast friends. They moved in together in a room at the gender-neutral dorm in the spring semester where they could prepare for the weekend in the security of their own place. The two friends also signed up for the rhythm and dance class as their physical fitness elective to work on their feminine moves for the dance floor.

During the week, the two were serious students but on the weekend nights they went wild. That spring the two left Tim and Marc behind and, as Cindy and Rachel, drove to spring break in Key West. The girls were a huge hit in swimsuits and beach skirts or summer dresses and heels and a man a day fell in love with each of them, thrilling to their sweet but sultry natures. Never in their lives had the girls had such a wonderful time and they carried their woman's tan lines back to campus as temporary souvenirs.

Marc and Tim decided to keep their forward momentum going by applying to law school together. In addition to their daily feminine voice lessons, they would prep each other with the LSAT and continually revised their application packages until they were both admitted to the Southern University School of Law. They could stay in Castle Crags together for three more years.

Marc's parents were especially pleased. His father was a partner at Archer, Arter, Beckerman and Steinman, an elite law firm in Washington D.C. that catered to the rich and powerful. Soon enough Mr.

Steinman should proudly say his son was an attorney at a blue chip firm. Of course, he had no idea that Marc was really Rachel.

Tiffany Miller hated gays. Well, technically, she was too warmhearted and kind a person to really hate anybody, but her God hated gays, and she was definitely with the program. An attractive brunette with soft brown eyes, she had no clue of her undeveloped inner or outer beauty. Tiffany attended a fundamentalist college in the Appalachians and would regularly picket corporations with gay- or trans-friendly policies or the U.S. District Courts in Virginia and North Carolina, rather than going to Florida for spring break. She spewed the same vitriol as her friends and her fiancé, a young man deeply touched by the Holy Spirit, as that was what was expected of her.

Tiffany didn't know any gay or trans people to work up a good personal hate, but she gathered they were promiscuous degenerates who spread diseases and liked to have sex with animals. She was, however, exceptionally ignorant about actual sex. Tiffany had successfully kept an abstinence pledge throughout high school, and only recently engaged in awkward mating with her fiancé.

In Tiffany's senior year, a close friend, Matthew, came out to her as gay over dinner in the cafeteria. He was clearly distressed and Tiffany wanted to help him so she told one of the school's pastors of Matthew's confession in order to cleanse his sinful nature. Two days later Matthew committed suicide by jumping off a bridge. Tiffany was devastated over his death, but the worst was to follow. The pastor publicly revealed that Matthew was a homosexual and had refused his testament, causing Matthew's erst-

while friends, especially Tiffany's fiancé, to crucify his memory.

Finally, Tiffany could stand no more, and confronted her friends with their turnabout as Matthew had been their friend. She instantly became a pariah and when she graduated nobody said a word to her in congratulations and her family did not even attend. Why celebrate a graduation for a daughter who was no longer a good Christian? That was the whole purpose of her education. That and finding a husband.

Tiffany knew deep down that Matthew's death was her fault. How could she have been so stupid and naïve? Of course the pastor was going to react the way he did. She needed to get away from her surroundings and find a way to redeem herself. She applied to law school at Southern University, walking away from her past, a lonely young woman on a yet undefined mission.

At law school, Tiffany quickly befriended Tim, as he was in her legal research and writing section, and they would study together in the law library, giving each other constant encouragement. Tim never hit on Tiffany, a fact that puzzled her, as he seemed to be a real friend who respected her intellect. Tiffany didn't have time to ponder that issue much, however, as she was completely enmeshed in the grind of her first year law studies.

Sitting in the law library at the start of her second year, Tiffany received a photo from her former fiancé kissing her former best friend at their wedding. Accompanying the picture was a note saying, "We don't think you will find anybody among the sodomites at Southern University."

An incensed Tiffany showed the text to Tim.

“Well, take it from one of the Southern University sodomites, you shouldn’t have any trouble finding a good guy.”

Surprised, but surprisingly not disgusted, Tiffany asked, “So are you gay?”

Tim grinned like a wolf, “Nope. I’m much worse.”

“Worse?”

“I’m transgendered, much worse than boring, run-of-the-mill, vanilla gay.”

“Oh, really?” Tiffany laughed.

The two walked through North Campus, past the Old Well and Silent Sam, the memorial to the university students who fought for the Confederacy, until they emerged on Franklin Street and went to a local pub.

Tim regaled Tiffany about Cindy and Rachel’s exploits over spaghetti and meatballs and she seemed genuinely interested. Tiffany even asked if she could join them next Saturday night.

“Are you sure you want to hang with us?” Tim responded. “We’re not that wholesome.”

“My family and my friends think I’m already off the deep end. Besides, I need to grow the hell up.”

The three girls piled out of Rachel’s BMW, Tiffany wearing a midnight blue, lewdly short sequined dress, Rachel wearing a frilly pink party outfit, while Cindy had donned a short, bright red dress with matching stiletto pumps. The trio looked devastating

as they strutted to the bar with “White Lies” playing from the dance floor, and ordered a bottle of chardonnay.

“Here’s to a good day’s shopping,” Cindy said as she admired the transformation that had occurred with Tiffany. She was on the verge of becoming a slut like the two of them.

As if on cue, Rachel toasted, “And here is to being a slut, far better than being a whore if you ask me.”

“Why do you think so?” Tiffany asked.

“Because we can’t be bought. Our asses aren’t for sale, at least not expressly. We fuck because we luuuuvv cock.” Cindy joyfully exclaimed.

“Well, I like cock. I did it with my fiancé.”

“You got to love it, girlfriend. You got to luuuuvv cock,” Rachel interjected. “Once men sense that, you will have to beat them off with a stick.”

“Even at a gay bar?”

“Trust me, this place has plenty of men who are looking for transwomen, but will happily sleep with you. Most of the men that fuck us have wives or girlfriends.”

“So why don’t either of you two have steady boyfriends?”

“Because we are only this way on weekends; party girl by night, law student by day. It’s not an arrangement that’s conducive to long-term relationships,” Cindy answered.

“So why don’t the two of you become women? You are both naturals and it’s obvious that you love it.”

Cindy and Rachel looked down, embarrassed, and hesitated.

“Well?” Tiffany demanded.

“Because to be honest with you, both of us are probably too chickenshit to come out to our families,” Cindy admitted. “Our parents would probably freak, especially Rachel’s mom and dad.”

“Yeah, and besides, we are in law school now. On campus recruiting is about to start. Can you imagine stating to one of the interviewers that we are on the verge of transitioning to being female? Shit, I’m on law review. I would be a laughing stock.”

On-campus recruiting occurred in the fall semester of the student’s second year, when elite law firms across the country skimmed the cream of America’s students, luring them with visions of massive salaries and immense prestige. Marc was at the head of the class and was a member of the highly valued law review, where students examined and wrote about significant legal issues. He would most assuredly be recruited into one of the law firms interviewing on campus, and have his brass ring. Tiffany’s grades were equally stellar but she was exceptionally nervous about interviewing.

A pall hung over the conversation, as the three students examined the contents of their wine glasses. Refilling her glass with chardonnay, Tiffany

felt a thought growing more and more powerful inside her, one that moved deep in her heart. She had found her path to redemption. Tiffany would help Tim and Marc transition full-time to Cindy and Rachel like they were obviously supposed to be. She smiled broadly, getting the notice of Cindy.

“Girl, what are you smiling about?”

“Oh, nothing.”

“Fine, it’s time to start the game,” Cindy grinned.

Observing the girls at the bar, Tommy Bonham grinned broadly as he drank his third beer. Tommy was 31 years old, stood 6’6” weighed 250 pounds, all of it muscle, and wore khakis and a polo shirt that emphasized his bulging biceps. He had played football in high school and now worked as a highly respected commercial fisherman in the small fishing town of Gloucester on the Pamlico Sound. Tommy had immense strength and a heart as big as the Atlantic, where he sometimes operated. He harvested blue crabs, clams, oysters, scallops, trout, spot, croaker, flounder, puppy drum, and Spanish Mackerel. He would also take sportsmen out for a day’s fishing or hunting the huge flocks of waterfowl that called the marshlands home. On Saturday nights he frequented the local bar, but took Sundays off where he attended to his property.

Women loved Tommy, but usually from afar. He would flirt with them at the bar and occasionally mate with them to satisfy his urges, but he had yet to marry. Nobody would have the effrontery to question whether a man that could beat every patron at the bar and once actually did could deep down be gay. Nevertheless, the locals would gossip about his fail-

ure to marry, as they had nothing better to do with their time in such a small town.

Now, Tommy sat alone at the table, almost two hundred miles inland and relaxed. From age nineteen he had been attracted to transgendered women. Some friends had taken him to New Orleans during Mardi Gras, and walking down Bourbon Street he encountered a poster for a female impersonation show. He intently studied the pictures of the girls on the poster, very beautiful and very feminine, and felt a stirring in his oversized loins. The incident lasted a few seconds at most, as Tommy followed his friends to more socially acceptable forms of merriment like puking hurricanes in the street or ogling women's bare breasts but it had imbedded itself in his mind and body. His massive cock had a long memory.

Attuned to her environment, Cindy sensed someone gazing upon her. She turned around and instantly met the eyes of a huge man with a calm demeanor. The man did not look away but smiled and then took a sip of his beer. His look was different than any of her other previous admirers, more sincere, more visceral, and brought forth unfamiliar emotions. She returned the stare with a fierce intensity.

Seeing the look on her best friend's face, Rachel scanned the bar for the object of her desire.

"Do you think you are woman enough for that mountain?"

"I'm finally going to find out."

"You can be such a size queen at times."

"So should you."

“Size queen?” Tiffany queried the two girls.

Rachel held her well-manicured fingers about ten inches apart.

“Oh.”

Cindy and Tommy continued to make eye contact, with Tommy smiling broadly, until “Magnet and Steel” played from the dance floor. It was time for Cindy to make her move. “Later,” Cindy quietly whispered as she left her friends at the bar and confidently walked over to the big man drinking his beer. She sat down in the chair across from him at the table and crossed her legs, giving the stranger a view from her upper thighs to her high heels.

“Is this seat taken?” she calmly and belatedly asked.

“It is now,” the big man smiled.

“I’m Cindy, Cindy St. Cyr,” she said as she held out her hand.

The man gently took Cindy’s manicured hand in his big paw. “Nice to meet you, Cindy, I’m Tommy Bonham.”

“So what is a nice man like yourself doing in a place like this?”

“I’m hardly a nice man, and I’m looking for a bad girl.”

“That would be me,” Cindy smiled.

“Good, now that we know that we are both bad, maybe we can actually have a conversation. So tell

me Cindy St. Cyr, what do you really do, when you are not being bad?”

“Seriously? For real? Nobody wants to know about me beyond what they see.”

“Well, what I see is nice, very nice. You will look even better when you have breasts and are on hormones.”

Cindy’s confidence was shaken. Nobody ever gave a shit about her alternate existence and nobody suggested a future with breasts and hormones in it. They were not necessary for a future consisting of a one-night stand. She breathed deeply and hesitated.

“I don’t bullshit,” Tommy emphasized. “I call them the way I see them.”

“And you see me with breasts?” Cindy quietly but hopefully asked.

“Why wouldn’t you have them? The sooner, the better.”

Cindy’s confidence was completely gone now, “I can’t say.”

“So back to my question, Cindy,” Tommy said, gently taking her hand in his. “Tell me about yourself. You look like a very interesting person.”

“So do you,” Cindy said, with a tear forming in her eye, slickening her mascara.

Cindy told Tommy about law school and her friends Rachel and Tiffany, and Tommy seemed to be absorbing the information like a sponge.

“So other than being a bad girl, what do you like to do?”

“Well, I like to fish. I go to the Outer Banks a lot and want to catch a drum someday.”

Red Drum were a prized species on the Carolina Coast, big, copper-bodied bruisers that made a fisherman a hero once he had caught one.

Tommy smiled, “I am a commercial fisherman and charter captain out of Gloucester. I’m sure I can make it happen.”

At that juncture, two businessmen approached Rachel and Tiffany and engaged them in friendly conversation. Observing her friends’ imminent score, Cindy started to recover and relax.

Maintaining his ever-present smile, Tommy observed the couples moving to a table.

“It’s good to have friends like yours.”

“Yes it is,” Cindy confirmed to the sound of laughing by Tiffany. One of the businessmen was stroking Tiffany’s shoulder when she ducked under the table and remained there for some time. The man’s expression changed from lecherous to dumbstruck to deeply satisfied.

“If you would like, I could do the same to you,” Cindy offered.

“Not tonight, little lady. I am going to fuck you soon enough.”

Cindy couldn’t say anything, she just enjoyed the moment and the feel of Tommy’s large, rough hands stroking her smooth legs.

Tiffany emerged from underneath the table, and Rachel took her to the rest room to restore her makeup and lipstick. The men bragged to each other that they had found a pair of nymphos.

Upon hearing that, a shade fell across Tommy's face, and he clenched tighter to Cindy's thigh.

"Let's get out of here."

"Certainly. I rode with my friend Rachel. Do you have any place to go?"

"I didn't think I would get so damn lucky. I'll find us a place."

Without thinking, Cindy stood as tall as she could on her heels and gave Tommy a chaste kiss on the lips and a warm embrace as he stood from the table.

"Please lead the way."

The two walked hand-in-hand out the bar.

On the other side of town, Cindy and Tommy proudly marched through the lobby of an expensive hotel after Tommy had booked a room for the night. Holding his big hand, she thought to herself, "He sees more to me than just a one-night stand. He could have just as easily have fucked me in a sleazy motel."

Immediately upon entering the room Tommy swept Cindy off her heels and cradled her like a child in his strong arms, looking deep into her blue eyes, seeing her soul. Cindy looked intently back at this man, so strong, but so gentle. She wanted him like no other.

The two lost themselves in their kissing that went on forever. Finally, Tommy gently laid Cindy on the



bed and adeptly removed her panties. She was helpless before him and never felt so much like a woman. Tommy then stripped naked, revealing a massively engorged cock with a large bulbous head and a thickly veined shaft. Cindy's bliss changed to terror. She could not take this. It would tear her apart. What was she thinking?

Sensing Cindy's fear, Tommy talked to her, like a parent would to a child. "That's a girl. I won't hurt you. Trust me, baby doll."

Cindy thrilled at being called baby doll, and she quietly nodded her assent to continue.

Tommy lubricated his cock, then lay down on the bed next to Cindy, straining the mattress. He then lifted the girl in his strong hands, and positioned her over his monster. Perched over Tommy's cock, Cindy started to tear, but then nodded to him, forcing a smile.

Slowly, gently, Tommy penetrated Cindy. She felt the massive head spread her cheeks apart and then inexorably grind through her rosebud. Cindy gasped and then screamed as she continued her descent onto the shaft. Nothing in her world ever felt like this. Finally, she was fully impaled on Tommy's maleness and moaned and screamed in pleasure that came from her very soul. She wished this moment would never end, when Tommy started lifting her by the ass and letting her slide back down his shaft. Cindy was on a runaway roller coaster, ascending to the top and then blissfully screaming as her body was violated on the downward thrust. Her conscience thought flew away as she became a lustful body riding a wonderful man. Mercifully, Tommy came in his Magnum condom, then delicately lifted Cindy off his spear. She

fell on top of him in a nervous collapse and lay on his large, hot body for over an hour without twitching a muscle.

Before dawn, Cindy awoke in her lover's arms. She felt his warm breath on the back of her neck and never felt so protected. But she had to tear herself away. She fished around in the dark for her panties, tucked her own cock between her legs, then touched up her makeup and doused herself in perfume. She had to get away before the morning sun turned her to dust.

Tommy, however, had been by far the best man she ever slept with, and she sensed her destiny lay with the big man. She pulled out her lipstick and wrote her boy's name, phone number, and e-mail and mailing addresses on the bathroom and living room mirrors. She then signed her message with 'Cindy', a smiley face and a border of hearts. This was something new to her. This felt like love. Cindy walked through the lobby of the hotel, called a cab, then rode home to a very uncertain future.

Tommy arose late for him; the sun was actually out, and he felt a deep hurt that Cindy was not lying next to him in bed. Maybe this was only a one-night stand after all. He then noticed the lipstick inscription on the mirror and felt a huge sense of relief. She had to leave because she had no wardrobe to change into for Sunday morning. Tommy stood in the hot shower for twenty minutes, then finally removed his encrusted condom.

"Hopefully there will be plenty more chances to use these," he laughed.

Tommy ate a large steak and eggs breakfast at Dennys, and on the way back home sang at the top of his bellowing voice “She’s a Lady”, “One of These Nights”, “Who Loves You, Pretty Baby?”, “My Girl”, “I’m Winning”, and Bob Marley’s “Is This Love?” mixing Reggae with the echoes of a “hoigh-toider” accent, a throwback from the Seventeenth century. He had found what he was waiting for all these years, now he just had to turn young Mr. Tim Standish into Mrs. Cindy Bonham. It was definitely worth the effort.

That afternoon Tiffany ran up to Tim at his cubicle in the library, positively glowing with enthusiasm.

“I luuuuvvv cock,” she declared as she fist bumped her friend. Tiffany pulled out her smart phone and showed Tim the object of her affection taken under the table before she engulfed it. She smiled broadly when she thought of the business man. The tryst under the table thrilled her like nothing she had experienced before. She felt an incredible surge of confidence as a woman.

Thinking blissfully of Tommy’s monster the night before, Tim smiled. “Very nice. You have come a long way, baby.”

“Thanks. From what I saw of you last night, you are so much happier as Cindy. You need to be her all the time.”

Shocked at Tiffany’s candor, Tim bit his lip and stared into space for almost thirty seconds before looking at his friend. “After last night I completely agree. But the issues still remain there, counselor. How do I transition in the middle of law school and when my parents have no idea about who the hell I really am?”

“Any journey begins with a single step. Besides I am here to help you. I’m your friend.”

Sitting in evidence class next to Marc and Tiffany the following day, Tim wondered what it would be like attending school as Cindy. He needed a whole new wardrobe if he was going to pull this off. He pondered the logistics of transitioning when he arrived back at his apartment. What he found sitting on his doorstep took his breath away: two huge bouquets of flowers addressed to Cindy.

Cindy had never received flowers before and she took them inside and cradled them in her lap, smelling their perfume while thinking of the wonderful man who had sent them. Even dressed as Tim, Cindy was now dominant as she felt powerful stirrings of romance. Tiffany was right, Tim really was a girl. That night he lay in bed, thinking of the wonderful weekend and contemplating his future as Cindy. An old song popped in his head, “I Say a Little Prayer” by Dionne Warwick, about a woman hoping that the man she loves would love her back. It was never one of Tim’s favorites, but now it felt very fitting.

Tommy had delivered Cindy a bouquet of flowers for their second date. She smiled broadly and gave him a loving embrace and planted a delicate kiss on his lips. “You are the most romantic man I have ever met. I like that.”

Cindy wore a demure, ivory lace short dress with matching pumps and ladies sunglasses. Tommy had suggested that the two of them attend a home football game. Cindy at first hesitated. She was nervous about being in the stadium in drag; she was very passable but she could occasionally be read. She pondered the suggestion for a minute, and figured

that if anybody made negative comments about her, Tommy would kill them. Besides, she would be acting like just any other Southern University co-ed on a beautiful Saturday afternoon with her date, which is something she had yearned to be since her freshman year.

Marc and Tiffany met them at the parking lot by the stadium and Tommy set up a cooker on the back of his truck and boiled three pounds of jumbo shrimp that he had caught trawling the day before. Tiffany had brought potato salad which she had made herself while Marc had brought Belgian beer to the tailgating. Tommy set a blanket on the lift gate of the truck so Cindy could sit on it without soiling her dress and then served the three of them large piles of bright red shrimp. He sat down next to Cindy with his own plate, and smiled at her.

“This is really good beer,” Tommy declared. “Maybe we should go to Belgium some time.”

“I would love that.”

Tommy smiled at his girl.

The four of them followed the crowd into the stadium and proceeded to watch their team be soundly defeated. Neither Cindy nor Tommy cared too much as they were just happy to be together. Marc and Tiffany bid the couple adieu as they planned to continue their debauchery at Giovanni’s that night and had to get ready.

Cindy and Tommy held hands as they meandered through the campus and its beautiful fall foliage and encountered the Confederate statue maintaining its vigil.

“That’s Silent Sam. Legend has it is that if a couple passes by him without kissing, his musket will go off.”

No gunfire was heard as Tommy and Cindy walked by the statue.

After a quiet afternoon of holding hands and kissing on a park bench on North Campus, the couple drove back to Cindy and Rachel’s apartment. They encountered Rachel wearing a short silver sequined dress and matching pumps on her way to Giovanni’s.

“You kids have fun.”

Rachel and Tiffany sat at the bar, flirting with the men. The bar was packed with alumni and the girls had numerous choices. Rachel, however, was not thrilled. “Cindy should be here. It’s like I have lost my sister.”

“I think they make a great couple.”

“Yeah, but how is that going to last with Cindy as a part-time girl.”

“Cindy needs to become a full-time girl and so do you. I think she is well on her way to becoming a woman, and I think Tommy is the best thing for helping her do just that.”

“I was afraid you were going to say that.”

“Why?”

“Because if Cindy has the guts to transition, then where does it leave me? A hopeless chickenshit.”

Back at the apartment, Cindy changed into a pink bustier with white trim, a matching choker, white

stockings and pumps, pink fingerless gloves, a white boa, and large, dangling faux pearl earrings an inch in diameter. Cindy posed provocatively for Tommy, then straddled his leg, almost like a child playing horse with her father. Tommy pulled down the top of the bustier and started to suckle on Cindy's nipples.

"I don't have breasts yet, darling."

"You will, baby doll, but if I don't love you the way you are now, how am I going to love you when you do?"

"You have dibs on my breasts."

Cindy's body thrilled to Tommy's affections, until he lifted her up and carried her to her bedroom. She positioned herself on all fours and unsnapped her crotch.

"Fuck me, darling."

Tommy didn't need an invitation and had already stripped off his pants and underwear. His hard cock jutted from his body and threatened to overwhelm Cindy. She looked on the condom-encased maleness and started breathing heavily in lust-filled anxiety.

True to form, Tommy was a gentle giant. He lubricated his rough, weather worn fingers and probed Cindy's rosebud, eliciting long drawn-out moans of pleasure. He then slapped her ass cheeks sharply to have her loosen up more, and lined his cock up with Cindy's entrance, grinding into her and triggering high-pitched shrieks of lust.

Tommy thrust slowly and gently into his girl, but built up his tempo as Cindy's ass accommodated him. Cindy then thrust herself onto Tommy's cock,

creating a violent rhythm. The lover's bodies accelerated into overdrive. Cindy felt her earrings sway with her body, until one of the heavy faux pearls broke from its mounting and flew across the bed, the frenzy was so forceful. Tommy then exploded inside Cindy, who continually released onto the bed cover before blacking out.

Tiffany had thoroughly enjoyed herself that evening at the club flirting with all the men. She now sat in the bathroom of her apartment while a successful Southern alumnus lay naked on her bed, checking the e-mail on his smart phone. The man couldn't wait for her to emerge from the bathroom and rubbed his manhood under the sheet in anticipation.

Tiffany yearned for the man's cock and had gone all out in the bathroom to ensure its immediate arousal. She barely recognized herself when she gazed upon her reflection in the mirror. "Damn, I look way fuckable." Tiffany had donned a red bustier with black trim ensemble that she had purchased with Cindy on their shopping trip. Her red thong panties barely covered her now shaved crotch, and the garters, black stockings and mules made her legs look incredibly sensuous. Maroon lipstick had been replaced with a fire engine red that would soon be smeared all over the stranger's maleness, and her hair was set in an up do so that the man could see her face as she sucked him dry. Tiffany, however, was hesitant. She could not go into the bedroom, because something was threatening her very core.

While in the powder room at Giovanni's, Rachel had saucily slipped a bottle of English Royale nitrite into Tiffany's purse with the promise that it would transform her into a complete slut. Tiffany confidently responded that she should be giving Rachel a

bottle of estrogen in a chemical exchange, as Rachel's true nature was as a woman. Rachel winced at her friend's honesty, and was paralyzed for a moment, until Tiffany took her hand, and assured her that she would do very well as the woman she was meant to be. Rachel teared and Tiffany took a Kleenex and wiped away the mascara stains before the two hot chicks reemerged into the dining room for the second course of the evening.

Now the bottle with a Union Jack cellophane wrapper sat prominently on the bathroom counter, quietly asserting its mastery over Tiffany. She stared at the bottle for several minutes with a deep sense of fright. Sucking a cock in a bar was one thing, engaging in wide open, chemically-enhanced rutting was another. Tiffany had never done drugs in her life and had just started drinking wine, which evidently had been the preferred beverage in biblical times. Only recently she had been the epitome of religious virtue, engaged to a young man committed to the church, and the pride of her family. But here she was an outcast, a pariah, a sinner attending Southern. Tiffany gazed intently upon herself in the mirror, then started to model the bustier, posing provocatively and licking her lips. All these new feelings were much more powerful and natural than anything she had felt in her life of self-righteous morality.

Tiffany heartily laughed. "I am becoming a fucking slut, and I have those damn bitches Cindy and Rachel to blame for it."

She nervously grasped the small bottle and held it like a pilgrim holding a religious relic. She then used her long, red nails, another new look, to tear away the wrapper. Tiffany held the brown bottle to the bathroom light and saw a liquid swirl inside with a

tiny ceramic ball. Twisting the top off, Tiffany heard an audible release of pressure. She then held the opening to her right nostril while looking at herself in the mirror. "Give yourself a few good hits and wait a minute," Tiffany remembered Rachel saying to her in the powder room.

Tiffany held a manicured finger over her left nostril, and inhaled the chemical fumes deep and long. She took three hits, then set down the bottle.

The chemicals flowing through her veins started to take over Tiffany's mind and body as it ignited a burning lust. "God, I want cock," she thought to herself. "I want to be his cum bucket." Tiffany was shocked at her thoughts and realized that the English Royale had washed away all her inhibitions. She surrendered to her arousal, feverishly taking another series of hits and fondling herself. Her pussy started to throb, her panties became soaked and she wobbled on her heels. Staring wickedly at her reflection in the mirror, the enraptured Tiffany licked her breasts and shoved her fingers into her cunt. She then hungrily sucked at her sticky essence, completing her transformation from a naïve, innocent girl into a wanton slut who worshipped cock. Tiffany strutted into the bedroom on her heels to sacrifice herself at its altar. She was a size queen now. Pulling her smart phone from her purse on the bed stand, she took a picture of the alumnus's maleness to add to her growing portfolio.

After sucking off the stranger underneath the table at Giovanni's and then riding the alumnus like a crazed vixen, Tiffany had no problem with the on-campus interviews in the following weeks. She was poised, relaxed, and her personality shone through. She had morphed from being a repressed

girl into a confident and happy young woman with a sense of perspective on life. The law firms interviewing on campus had their choice pick of students, and stellar GPAs were a dime a dozen; what eventually set somebody from the crowd was their personality. The interviewing lawyers had to want to work with this person in a high pressure situation for years. Tiffany's personality glowed, and in a month's time she had to field five offers from law firms from New York to Los Angeles.

"I wonder what city has the biggest cocks," she joked to Tim and Marc in the law library upon hearing the good news.

Cindy's mother taught English composition and modern literature at Southern University and was adored by her students. She had a quick wit that made her classes a joy. Originally from Ohio, she came to North Carolina after high school and worked as a life guard at Atlantic Beach. She fell in love with the state and attended Duke. Michelle Beck then met James Standish, a graduate student at NC State, at a beach party and married him two months later. When things were right, they were right.

Now Dr. Michelle Standish sat in her office, grading essays and sipping green tea. She had a half-eaten taco salad on her desk from the cafeteria and picked out a full jalapeno pepper and popped it in her mouth. "The things I do to keep my sanity while reading freshman essays."

Tim and Tiffany approached the open door to her office. She was in.

“Remember, whatever happens with your mom, I am here for you. Break a leg, girl.”

“Thanks.”

“Tim, hi, what are you here for? How is the job hunt coming?”

“So far no offers.”

“I am sure you will get one. You do have a good record.”

“Thanks, mom. I have something to talk to you about. Something that is not easy to say.”

Mrs. Standish looked worried, “Here, have a seat.”

Tim hesitated, until his mom stated, “Now tell me. What is it? There’s no need to keep secrets.”

Tim steeled up his courage, “Mom, I’m a transsexual. I want to live life as a woman. This has been inside me since I was eleven.”

Mrs. Standish hesitated for ten seconds and then exploded, “Twelve years? Twelve years? You mean you have felt the need to keep this a secret from me for twelve years? You mean you have had this inside you for twelve years and felt you couldn’t come to me and talk about it?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Then I really failed you as a mother. That you felt you couldn’t confide in me until now. You are my child. I want to do right by you.”

“You’re not mad at me?”

“No. I’m mad at myself. I am not that stupid when it comes to transgendered issues, I do teach here, you know. I wish you could have come to me years ago.”

“I’m sorry, mom.”

“No, I’m sorry.”

“Do you want me to leave?”

“No. Just give me a minute.”

Mrs. Standish downed her entire cup of green tea and stuffed two jalapenos in her mouth. After a minute she had recovered her composure.

“Well, this explains everything.”

“Uh, yeah.”

“So do you go out dressed as a woman?”

“Yes, to Giovanni’s a lot.”

“The gay bar off the highway? I have been there a couple times with some faculty.”

“Never on Friday or Saturday nights.”

“So do you have a girl’s name?”

“Yeah, Cindy. Cindy St. Cyr.”

“Wasn’t there a stripper with that last name?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Well, why don’t you go by Cindy Standish now? It isn’t the name I would have picked for you, but you

seem attached to it. I would rather you present yourself as my daughter than as a wannabe stripper.”

“You don’t mind?”

“I have to get used to it. I’m sure you want to go on hormones and have breasts.”

“Uh, yeah.”

“We will start that as soon as we can get you a good therapist. Our biggest concern, however, is your law career. The legal field is actually very conservative from what I see, always concerned over status and image.”

“I will talk to Dean Barker, he knows me from civ pro. I got an A in that class.”

“Let me talk to Dean Barker. I am faculty here, and it’s about time I made up for twelve years. Saturday, you and I are going to do some mother-daughter bonding. You don’t have to dress in drag but we are going shopping for your new wardrobe over at Cato and Macy’s. That is where a young lady in law school like yourself should be shopping.”

“Uh, mom. I haven’t been much of a lady.”

“You are about to become my daughter, get used to it.”

“Uh, mom. It’s even more complicated. I have met a guy that I think I’m really falling for. This is what finally pushed me out.”

“Does he treat you nice?”

“Uh, yeah. He even sent me two bouquets of flowers on Monday.”

“Well then, Cindy Standish. You are off to a good start. Let’s see how it develops.”

“What about Dad?”

“You let me worry about your father. He can be such an idiot about this kind of stuff. You just meet me at Cato at 10:00 on Saturday. We have a lot of years to make up, you and me.”

“Thanks, mom.”

“Oh, and Cindy, one more thing. Your father and I have always been proud of you, and always will be, whether you are a man or a woman.”

“Thanks mom.”

Having heard everything while seated in the hall outside the office, Tiffany gave her friend a deep embrace. “I am so proud of you. You did it. I am going to miss you as a party girl though, now that you are a young lady.”

“I owe that to my mom, for sure.”

Tim waited in the parking lot at the mall in his RAV-4 until he saw his mom walk up to the entrance of Cato. He took a deep breath and approached her.

Mrs. Standish smiled at Tim. “Well, Cindy. Today is the first day of the rest of our lives as mother and daughter. Don’t worry about money. We saved a lot by buying you boy’s clothes the whole time.”

“How did Dad take the news?”

“Like a ten-year-old kid. Give him time to deal with this. He will be fine.”

The two headed into Cato and were immediately greeted by a cheerful and well-dressed girl.

“Is there anything I can help you with, Ma’am?” The girl asked, addressing her question to Mrs. Standish.

“Yes, you certainly can. This is not something you get every day, but my son here is a transsexual and will be transitioning soon. We need a whole new wardrobe for “her.” You do work on commission, right, because, we will be spending a lot here.” Mrs. Standish used the same friendly authority on the girl she would have used on one of her freshman students. “This girl could easily be one of them,” she thought.

Tim was mortified that his mom would be so open about his hidden identity. Seeing her new daughter’s consternation, Mrs. Standish addressed “her”. “We are not going to go around all day lying to every sales-girl we see like we are buying drugs or something. You need to be who you are, regardless.”

The salesgirl got the message directed to the young transsexual and she warmed to him. “So, you do know your girl’s size, right?”

“Yeah, I’m an eight. Nine in shoes.”

The girl smiled, “We have a lot of things you will love.”

The girl led them through the aisles, adding to an ever-growing pile of Cindy’s new wardrobe; dresses, skirts, slacks, jeans, blazers, shorts, and blouses. Mrs. Standish studied her daughter and saw “her” quietly thrilling at the purchases. The salesgirl was equally thrilled at the new purchases. She made

enough in commission today to pay her grocery bill for the month and genuinely liked helping the young transsexual.

Mrs. Standish, however, was not done with the salesgirl yet. She asked for the name and e-mail of her manager and wrote a glowing letter praising the girl's poise, maturity, professionalism and flexibility.

Mrs. Standish and Tim loaded the back of the RAV-4 with the purchases.

“So where would you like to eat, Cindy?”

“I love the German place.”

“As long as you start watching what you eat. Schnitzel and beer is not good for that size-eight figure of yours.”

After a satisfying but beer-free lunch, the mother and daughter drove to Macy's. Mrs. Standish gave the same request to an older lady who declined to help. Mrs. Standish, however, was nonplussed. They didn't need her assistance, and she picked out numerous pairs of heels, sandals, flats and a beautiful pair of knee-high boots to compliment Cindy's wardrobe from Cato. Tim also picked out some casual and exercise wear and running shoes. Mrs. Standish then took him to jewelry where Tim chose numerous bracelets, necklaces, and earrings.

“We need to get your ears pierced,” Mrs. Standish said. “Like today.”

“Mom, can we get some good stuff, like from Tiffany?”

“I told you money was no object, but that is within reason. Have your man buy you your jewelry from Tiffany. It’s his job.”

Tommy had a tumultuous week since being with Cindy after their second date. After another jubilant trip back from Castle Crags to Gloucester he started to have doubts that gnawed at his heart. What the hell was he doing wanting to date a girl like Cindy? The cock between her legs was a non-issue. Cindy was all woman as far as his own cock was concerned. Moreover, once she got breasts and went on hormones she would shine even more brightly. It’s just that he wanted her to be his woman.

The issue was that she was a law student at Southern University with parents on the faculty and he was an uneducated commercial fisherman from Gloucester. She clearly enjoyed being fucked by him but eventually there would have to be something more keeping them together. Cindy loved the finer things in life and she would want to take him to the symphony or Europe or something. What the fuck would he do there?

Pondering these thoughts, Tommy set up four fisherman with heavy rods and small bluefish as bait for King Mackerel just outside of Oregon Inlet. Almost immediately a bobber went down and the reel’s drag started screaming. The client started shouting for Tommy to get the gaff but he took his time; this fish was hot and would run hundreds of yards before it tired.

“Just relax and let him run. The longer he runs, the quicker he will tire.”

The client would not argue with a man of Tommy's size and stature so he just held onto his rod, until the line stopped peeling off the reel. Tommy instructed the man to begin pumping the fish back to the boat until he finally caught a glimpse of the silvery torpedo over four feet long.

"Back up and let me gaff it," Tommy directed the client.

The man did as ordered and in a few seconds a beautiful King Mackerel was flapping on the deck. The men congratulated their buddy on his fishing prowess and toasted their success with a round of beers. Tommy laughed and glimpsed a small center console boat fishing alongside a buoy.

"Trying to get a cobia," Tommy said to himself.

A shout emanated from across the waves. The fishermen had hooked up. The cobia remained close to the boat and was quickly gaffed and brought onboard, at which point the fish went ballistic, thrashing on the deck, demolishing a cooler and tackle box and knocking over both fishermen. The fishermen crawled to the bow away from the enraged fish until finally after ten minutes the thumping of the fish quieted as it bled out.

"I have to let Cindy run, she will come to me on her own time. If I force the issue, she will beat the shit out of me."

Cindy turned the RAV-4 at the mailbox marked Bonham painted with a sunset behind the Bodie Is-



land lighthouse and drove the half-mile down the dusty driveway reinforced with thousands of clam shell fragments. She saw Tommy's house in a grove of trees on a hill, and was amazed. Expecting a worn-out tarpaper shack with a hound dog on the porch, Cindy saw a modern two-story home, with white siding, and a sizable porch with an overhanging roof. She glimpsed a kennel in the back with a pair of friendly Labrador retrievers. The waterfront was reinforced with pilings and fill, creating a sizable bulkhead. Three boats lay at the dock; a Carolina Skiff used for crabbing or tending nets, a small trawler of 25 feet used for shrimping, and a Grady White with a small cabin used for sport fishing. In the front yard stood a painted wooden sign of a shorebird in the marshes, "Heron's Rest."

Tommy emerged from the cabin on the Grady White and waved and smiled at his girl. Cindy emerged from her car, wearing khaki shorts, lady boat moccasins, a windbreaker, and a pink baseball hat saying "I'm a Girl, I Fish". Her blonde hair hung in a pony tail over the hat's adjustable strap. Tommy felt she looked gorgeous, especially when she carried a case of Belgian beer to the house.

"You said you liked it," she said hopefully.

"I don't need to lie. Let's get some of the beer in the fridge."

The interior of the house was not that of a commercial fisherman. The walls were covered with watercolors and oil paintings from local artists, restored antique duck decoys sat on the floor, the furniture was from IKEA, clean and inexpensive, and the book shelves were full. Tommy was full of surprises. Cindy admired the art, then looked at two silver-framed pic-

tures on a lamp table. They were of her in the ivory dress at the football game and on North Campus. Seeing the pictures, Cindy knew she was his and felt an extraordinary sense of belonging.

Glowing in the bright Carolina sun, Cindy went back to her car and pulled out a sturdy bait casting rod and reel with new line and a large circle hook on a bottom rig.

“I wanted to use my own rod,” Cindy said apologetically.

Tommy smiled, “Let’s go see if it’s lucky enough to catch a drum.”

Tommy drove the Grady White twenty miles down the coast until he came to a large shoal that extended off the marshy shoreline.

“This is the spot, baby doll. Let’s see what you got.”

Cindy donned nitrile gloves to protect her soft hands and manicured nails but expertly baited her hook and set the rig in twenty feet of water.

“How long does it usually take, darling?”

“In this spot, at this tide, about ten minutes.”

Tommy was way too confident; it took almost fifteen minutes before she felt a heavy weight on her line. Cindy maintained her cool and did not jerk, letting the circle hook embed itself in the corner of the fish’s jaw. The rod bent as the fish took off on a powerful run towards the Outer Banks over twenty miles away. Cindy smiled, and Tommy placed a hand on her shoulder.

“You’ve caught big fish before, baby doll.”

“Not this big. This is incredible. Thank you so much, darling.”

The drum’s run stopped at one hundred yards and Cindy determinedly pumped the fish back towards the boat. The first glimpse of the copper-sided fish thrilled her, it was beautiful. Tommy reached over with his net and swung Cindy’s prize onboard. Using pliers, Cindy removed the hook from the fish and strained to lift it from the net.

“That’s a good forty-pounder, baby doll. You done all right, for a girl that is,” Tommy joked.

Cindy was too ecstatic to take the bait. “Please get a couple pictures before we release him. You can put them in your house. I’m sure the drum is good looking enough.”

Tommy took three pictures of Cindy smiling with the drum, then both of them hoisted it over the gunwale. Cindy held the fish by the mouth until it started to vigorously pull against her grip. She let the fish swim strongly away, then gave Tommy a deep hug.

That evening, the couple walked hand-in-hand on the beach below Nags Head, watching the sun set behind the Bodie Island lighthouse just like on Tommy’s mail box.

“I love you, Tommy.”

“I know.”

“I don’t want this day to end.”

The day lasted far into the next morning, as the lovers kissed and caressed each other in Tommy’s bed until they finally fell asleep in each other’s embrace.

Back in Castle Crag, Cindy carefully shaved her legs and armpits in the shower, then went over her body and face with her trusty No-No, removing every hair she could find. Tonight she had to be perfect.

Wearing a black bra and matching panties, Cindy sat in front of her vanity mirror and applied her concealer and cream beige foundation, dusting her face with the setting powder. She then contoured her face with a coarser brush and a darker shade of powder.

“Thank God, I am going on hormones and can stop doing this every time,” she said to herself.

Cindy rouged her cheekbones, then worked on her eyes. Tonight she couldn't be too over-the-top. She had to be pretty, but not too sexy. After ten minutes of working on her eye shadow, mascara and liner, she was satisfied. Her next step was her lipstick, a fuschia that would compliment her outfit, a short-sleeved, long black flower print dress with similarly colored flowers that had a slit up the side. Her nails had already been painted the same hue as her lipstick. Cindy then put on her blonde wig that matched her natural hair color and carefully brushed it out. She accessorized her look with her earrings and bracelets and finally strapped on her black, high heeled sandals.

Looking in the mirror, she smiled while modeling the dress. Cindy pulled a small purse from her closet that she had purchased with her mom at Macy's. and put her makeup, girl's wallet, smart phone and car keys in it. She would not need lubricant or condoms tonight.

Emerging into the living room, she presented herself before Marc, who was reading his insurance law.

Cindy twirled on her heels and asked in her well-honed feminine voice, “Well? What do you think?”

“You’ll knock them dead. I am so proud of you for what you are doing. Just be yourself, girl.”

“You know you’re next.”

“Yeah, I know.”

Cindy drove the RAV-4 to the other side of town and parked on the street in front of a well-maintained Victorian house. She hesitated for a minute before she screwed up her courage and walked to the front door, comfortably swaying in her high heels. She rang the door bell and awaited her fate. Cindy’s mother emerged in the doorway, and lost a breath.

“You are beautiful. Come on in. Your father wants to meet you.”

Cindy walked inside behind her mother and encountered her father in the kitchen, pouring himself a glass of beer.

“Dad,” Cindy hopefully said to her father.

“Cindy,” her dad responded, and then a smile slowly emerged in the corners of his mouth. He had to be strong at this time for his daughter. “Would you like something to drink?”

Cindy, smiled, starting to relax. “Thanks, Dad. I would like a Sun Drop if you have it.”

“We always have some in here for you. You know that. And by the way, you are gorgeous, kiddo.”

Cindy shined brightly, “Thanks, Dad.”

Not being the best cook, Mrs. Standish had ordered eastern pit barbecue from the local restaurant, the Standish’s favorite, to celebrate the occasion. The family sat at the dinner table, with Cindy answering polite questions while they formulated a plan for her transition.

Mr. Standish led the conversation, “You should probably start dressing full-time next semester,. Your mom and I met with Dean Barker and he says that would give him time to brief his faculty. He is expecting Marc to transition at the same time. Honestly, he says that he doesn’t expect you to be given a job offer during on-campus recruiting with a 3.6. It’s very respectable, but the big law firms like to throw out 3.8s and 3.9s as part of their cachet.”

Cindy looked disappointed.

“Remember though, over ninety percent of students are not actively recruited according to the Dean. Moreover, as a transsexual, he thinks you can write your own ticket in some respects. There are a lot of NGOs springing up to fight for transgender rights. You are a strong student and you should easily be able to get an internship and an eventual job with one of them. The money is modest but they typically have loan forgiveness. I think you would do very well at it.”

“That sounds great, dad.”

Cindy’s father smiled.

“Dad, there is another thing,” Cindy hesitated.

“Let me guess, this man you have met. Are you serious about this guy?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, we would be happy to meet him. We trust you, and you are a young woman. Men go with the territory.”

Marc’s father was not as understanding two weeks later, when Marc revealed his own secret. “Are you crazy? Are you going to throw away everything on some bullshit fantasy?”

“It’s who I am, Dad.”

“Don’t Dad me. If you are willing to do this I am going to disown you, and as far as this being who you really are, I sure don’t see it.”

Marc turned to his mother for support, “Mom?”

“Your Dad’s right. What will everybody say? You are an exceptional student. Don’t throw it all away. We expect you to give this up immediately. There are plenty of nice girls on campus, like your friend Tiffany. She’s a Christian, but she would make a good wife.”

Frustrated, Marc left his parent’s home.

That evening, Marc’s parents received a call from Marc’s older brother, Aaron, an infantry captain stationed at the Marine Barracks in Washington D.C.

An independent spirit, Aaron had bucked the family's conventional plans for him by attending Platoon Leader's Course at Quantico, then serving two tours of duty in Afghanistan. He was now on track for deep promotion. "Marc called me and said that you are threatening to disown him if he becomes a woman. As far as I see it, if Marc wants to become my baby sister, that's his call. He just didn't make this shit out of whole cloth. If you don't give him your full support, I will never talk to either of you two idiots. Do you understand me?"

The Steinmans quickly backtracked and said that Marc had completely misunderstood their conversation, and that if he wanted to become a woman, they would give him all the help he needed.

"That's exactly what I thought."

Aaron then called his younger brother. "I straightened everything out with Mom and Dad. Now you are going to owe me big. As my younger sister I expect you to introduce me to all your hot girl friends. Understand?"

Marc said in his best girl's voice, "Sure, older brother, I'll see what I can find for you. You're the greatest."

Three weeks later, Tim and Marc stood in their apartment and stripped their shirts off, they then each pulled a tube of estrogen gel with a roller ball from the coffee table in the living room and applied the gel to the underside of their arms. They repeated this procedure every day for the remainder of the semester, letting the hormones quietly alter their bodies and emotions. The aspiring women let their hair grow out; after classes they would attend electrolysis

sessions, wincing at the discomfort. Later they would drink beer at a local student watering hole, trying to forget the needle. A casual observer would mistake the two for just a pair of regular straight guys, but their inner identities had already changed.

Finally, exams were over and the girls went to their closets, ruthlessly culling all their male clothes and piling them in the living room. They would take some of the clothes to Goodwill but the rest Cindy would drive to Heron's Rest and burn in a gasoline-enhanced funeral pyre with pictures of Marc and Tim who were now gone for good, and good riddance.

The night before the first day of the spring semester, Cindy and Rachel could hardly sleep, anxious about their debut on campus. After carefully critiquing each other's makeup, Cindy donned a pair of woman's leotards, with a long sweater and scarf and knee-high boots, while Rachel wore women's jeans and a Southern University sweatshirt. Rachel had not had the luxury of shopping for daywear with her mother, so she was still playing catch-up.

The girls met Tiffany outside the law building and proceeded to their first class together: Criminal Procedure. They sat in the middle of the room and were quickly immersed in the discussion, not noticing that a student continually looked at Rachel from the back of the class.

Throughout the day, everybody seemed too busy or preoccupied to care who the unfamiliar students were, and nobody raised an eyebrow on the occasions that the girls ducked into the ladies room. Dean Barker had already had their school identity badges reissued, so the girls were exactly who they appeared to be.

That night, Cindy, Rachel and Tiffany celebrated their debut at a Japanese sushi bar and steakhouse and toasted to their success over a bottle of saki. Two hours later, three drunk girls piled into a cab that took them home.

Busily planning his next lesson, Dean Barker answered the phone in his office.

“What kind of shit are you trying to pull, John?”

“What the hell do you mean, Pete?” John had been friends with Pete Gordon since their law school days at Harvard.

“Marc Steinman. We accepted him as an intern and now he contacts our HR and says that he intends to become a woman. What kind of bullshit is that?”

“And how is a student’s gender identity my business?”

“He’s one of your students. You’re the dean. This unprofessionalism reflects on you, John. You are a friend so I can speak freely.”

“Again, how is an individual’s decision to transition my issue? I never thought it would be an issue with you. You are usually pretty understanding. I guess your time in Big Law has clouded your judgment.”

“Look, personally I have no concern about what an individual does with themselves. If Marc Steinman wants to become a woman, that’s his business. But our firm is really not equipped to deal with it. We have a lot of wealthy and powerful clients, read assholes.”

“Discrimination is discrimination, Pete. Wrap it up in whatever rationale you want. It still stinks, and it’s way beneath you.”

“So what do you want me to do?”

“You didn’t hire Marc Steinman, you actually hired Rachel Steinman. Take her on as your summer intern. If she doesn’t work out, then don’t offer her a contract.”

“But Marc Steinman interviewed for the firm. We have plenty of people with his academic records. The final factor is whether the person is a good fit.”

“It still sounds like discrimination. I’ll see you and Katherine in Maine. I am sure Rachel Steinman will represent our school well.”

Rachel represented Southern University exceptionally well as an intern. Her fellow interns sensed she was transgendered but since she was good enough to intern at the firm, who were they to pass judgment? Besides, they were too busy anyway to ponder Rachel’s plumbing. She looked like a girl, acted like a girl, moved like a girl, talked like a girl, so she was Rachel, pure and simple.

One evening, five of the interns gathered at a Georgetown watering hole and expressed their frustration and fear at being driven so hard. Rachel had risen to the occasion and done excellent work for her supervising attorney. She never felt better in her life. Her colleagues accepted her for who she was and she had cut herself into the firm. She felt confident that she would be given an offer after her internship. The crowd started to break up, until she was alone at the booth with a fellow intern from Rutgers named Michael.

“It’s like sticking your head in an oven, isn’t it?” Rachel commented.

“I guess it’s part of becoming fully baked. But it does hurt being used as a pizza.”

“You’re making me hungry,” Rachel laughed.

“Can I ask something?”

“Yeah,” Rachel became guarded.

“Are you a transsexual?”

Rachel bit her lip, “Yeah.”

“That’s fine. I wanted you to know that I am very attracted to you and find you very sexy. I had to ask you that before I asked you out. I know a great Italian restaurant, would you like to go there tomorrow night?”

“Yes, I would like that.”

After the date, Rachel and Michael were inseparable for the remaining three weeks of the internship. They took lunch together and on the next-to-last weekend went to the eastern shore of Maryland.

Enjoying a seafood dinner together at Cambridge, Rachel observed, “My best friend is in love with a commercial fisherman on the Carolina Coast. She has an endless supply of seafood if she wants it.”

“Is your friend a law student?”

“Yep. She is interning at the Empower Transgender Organization in the city. We are sharing an apartment. Cindy is really loving the work.”

“And she loves some smelly-ass redneck on the coast.”

“He is a very good man. I suggest you learn from him,” Rachel retorted and stormed out of the restaurant.

“You are an angel,” Mrs. Standish declared to Tiffany over an Asian salad. Tiffany had just returned to campus after a successful internship in Los Angeles.

“Hardly. You should see me at Giovanni’s.”

“I don’t even want to know about my daughter’s wild side or how she corrupted you.”

“It was for my own good. I was way too uptight.”

“Tim becoming Cindy was for his own good. And you helped do it.”

“I don’t know how much I really did.”

“Tim would have sat on the fence through law school if he didn’t get your support. He would have let Tommy go with the excuse that they were from two different worlds. Once he started working as a lawyer he would have used that as an excuse not to transition. He needed to do it as young as possible. Our family owes you a lot, young lady.”

“Thank you. I wish my own mom felt the same way about me as you do.”

“How does your mom not think that you are anything but an incredible young woman?”

“Because I walked away from my fiancé and spoke out against my friends hating on a gay student at our college who killed himself. Plus I’m going to Southern

University and hanging out with the sinners and enjoying sex with men. If my mom only knew.”

“Do you seriously believe my daughter is a sinner?”

“Hell no. She is my best friend.”

“Do you believe you are a sinner?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, you are a law student, can’t you figure out inconsistencies now?”

“I guess I can.”

“So my daughter is okay for sleeping around, but you aren’t. Besides she is a one-man woman now. It will happen to you soon enough with a man who is worth a shit.”

“You really think so?”

“Hell yes. I am sure things are tough with your parents, but I want you to know that you are always welcome at our house and can call me anytime.”

“Does that include Christmas?”

“Of course it does.”

Tiffany choked up, “Thank you.”

“No, thank *you*.”

The next day, Cindy and her mother sat at an outdoor café on Franklin Street. “You look awesome, girl. So how was the internship?”

“It was great. My supervising attorney liked my work. She even let me help her write a brief for the

D.C. Circuit. Plus, we did a lot of assistance for transsexuals living on the street. Not every one of us has super awesome mothers like I do.”

“So do you want to work with ETO? It sounds like you have found a calling.”

Cindy started to tear up. “Mom, I also have a calling in Gloucester.”

“Do you love Tommy?”

“Yes.”

“Does Tommy love you?”

“I think he did from the beginning.”

“Well, you have the issue that confronts most professional women; following a career or following the man you love. They don’t always coincide so well. Your father and I were extremely lucky that we both got teaching jobs at Southern. You are not going to get Tommy away from Gloucester; that’s his world and he thrives in it. It has a lot of beauty. Some women can balance both though and I think you can find a way. They say absence makes the heart grow fonder. I suspect it also makes the cock grow harder.”

The North Carolina Coast is known as Hurricane Alley for a reason and Tommy Bonham’s business always walked a tightrope that a hurricane could wipe him out. But the sounds behind the Outer Banks were his home. Hurricanes were just one part of the charm of doing business there. Usually the storms would skirt the barrier islands, being driven north and out to sea by the Gulf Stream, but ‘usually’ means some won’t comply with the routine and in hurricanes it only takes one. Tommy had been lucky

this year, but four years ago, Hurricane Clara had sunk his crab boat at the dock. Now Hurricane Myra was bearing down on Cape Point at Buxton, indicating that it would cross over the Outer Banks and ravage his home.

Tommy would have to pull his crab traps, pull his dock onto shore, trailer his boats, and secure his home, all by himself, as every resident of the sound had similar problems. Watching the storm unfold on her television, Cindy dreaded what would happen to her man and his home. As the hours passed it became more and more evident that Hurricane Myra would make landfall on the Outer Banks and then slam into Gloucester in less than 48 hours.

“I’m going,” Cindy declared to Rachel.

“You’re what?”

“I’m going, he needs me.”

“But you would be stuck in Gloucester when the hurricane hits. You could be killed.”

“It’s a possibility,” Cindy said as she started packing a day bag. “But I am his woman.”

Cindy left Castle Crag at midnight and the weather was crystal clear. She drove on Highway 64 past Rocky Mount and Williamston before she started seeing signs of the hurricane in the form of a light rain and a constant stream of westbound vehicles. “I hope I get there before the police secure the road.”

The RAV-4 started to buck in a strong wind when it crossed the mile-long bridge over the Alligator River. Cindy started to feel a little unnerved, but she

pressed forward through the darkened cypress swamps until finally she turned off the highway in the pre-dawn hours and drove the road to Heron's Rest.

Tommy was up early as he had a long day ahead of him. He did not want to lose another boat or his traps. He then heard the crunching of a vehicle's wheels on the shells of his driveway and saw the headlights of a very familiar RAV-4. She had come.

Cindy opened the car door and rushed to the house in a driving rain. Tommy met her on the porch.

"I figured you could use some help. I brought us Egg McMuffins and hash browns and a big coffee for you."

Tommy lifted Cindy in a bear hug that took her breath away. "Get on some rain gear. We got to get on the water before the demon wakes up."

The Carolina Skiff bounced along the whitecaps being churned by the wind. Cindy stood next to Tommy at the controls and placed her arm around his waist for support. Tommy pointed to a GPS unit mounted on the console. "I have each crab pot entered into the GPS, we have to pull all twenty today. With this storm they will be pushed all the way to Cleveland."

Cindy looked up at Tommy and nodded her understanding.

When they were 100 yards from the first way-point, Cindy yelled into the wind and pointed at a bobbing crab buoy, "There's a pot off the starboard bow."

“It’s a red-striped buoy, Charles’s pots. Mine have blue stripes. Keep looking.”

“If we survive this, I am going to paint your floats with rainbow stripes.”

“Knock yourself out, baby doll.”

Tommy saw his own float, then gave Cindy the wheel and the throttle.

“I am going to winch these in, you just hold me into the waves.”

Cindy gulped, but took the controls and after twenty seconds of fighting with the throttle had the boat over the first pot. Tommy winched the trap up from the bottom, swung it onto the boat, and opened the trap. He started to dump the numerous, white-bellied blue crabs back into the sound.

“What are you doing?”

“They won’t keep on ice long enough before the crab house opens back up. I have to dump them back.”

“But then you have to catch them again.”

“No shit.”

“Dump them in your bucket. I have an idea. If we make out on this, I want you to use your profits to buy me something nice at Tiffany.”

“Ok, baby doll.”

The couple continued pulling their traps in the rising waves, until twenty traps crowded the skiff and crabs overflowed the buckets, spilling out onto the deck. Relieved that he had recovered his traps in re-

cord time, Tommy lit up a cigarette and took a heavy drag.

“I know everybody around here smokes, but I wish you would quit.”

“Why? You seem to have no problem kissing me.”

“I kiss you because I love you. But smoking can kill you.”

“So can hurricanes, so can lightning, so can sharks, so can heat stroke, so can drunk drivers.”

“You can’t control those. I want you around as long as I can have you.”

“Really, baby doll?”

“Really, darling.”

Tommy pulled the pack of cigarettes out of his shirt pocket and threw them into the wake of his boat.

“I wish you wouldn’t litter.”

Running with the wind and the sea, the skiff made the crossing back to Heron’s Rest in less than thirty minutes. The boat docked and Cindy and Tommy unloaded the traps onto shore. Tommy then looked at the overflowing buckets.

“Well, what’s your plan?”

“Follow me.” Cindy bounded off the dock and ran over to a pile of rusty, barnacle- and seaweed-encrusted crab traps.

“Here, give me a hand.”



The two carried five of the older traps onto the boat.

“We put the crabs into these old traps and anchor the traps in that little creek. Hopefully the storm won’t push them as far as Cleveland.”

After securing the traps in the creek with cinder blocks, Cindy drove the truck and trailer to the boat ramp in Gloucester while Tommy drove the skiff. They trailered the skiff and then went back to Heron’s Rest and repeated the procedure with the trawler and the sport fishermen.

“I always wanted a woman who could trailer a boat,” Tommy said holding Cindy’s chin delicately in his large hand and giving her a kiss on the lips.

After taping the windows and securing the loose items in the yard, Cindy and Tommy collapsed on Adirondack chairs on the porch and watched the waters of the sound grow into surging waves that crashed against the bulkhead. Cindy went to the fridge and brought Tommy a beer, lifted his tattered Gamakatsu baseball cap and gave him a kiss on the forehead. He pulled her off her feet and held her in his lap, refusing to let her escape, not that she would ever want to leave his strong embrace.

With the wind howling and the waves crashing over the bulkhead, Tommy and Cindy sat on the porch, holding hands, drinking beer and eating steaks that the couple had prepared. Cindy marveled at nature’s fury.

“Will the storm surge come up this far?”

“It can, but we are on a good-sized hill. I picked this parcel of land for a reason. Plus the house is

built solid. If I felt you were in real danger, I would be driving you back to Castle Craggs as fast as I could.”

Cindy felt her fears subside, even as the waters rose.

“I love you, Tommy.”

“I love you, Cindy.”

Cindy then rose from her chair and knelt in front of her man.

“What are you doing?”

“You know damn well what I am doing. If on the off-chance you are wrong. I want to go before God with your cock in my mouth.”

Cindy unzipped his pants and kissed his manhood, feeling it harden and watching it grow, like a redwood tree, or a cobra rising to strike. She was mesmerized by Tommy’s cock, then took the head into her mouth, caressing it with her tongue. Tommy put his large hands behind her head and slowly exerted pressure, forcing his cock deeper into Cindy’s mouth and making her gag. He then backed off to let her get comfortable. Cindy bobbed her head up and down on the gigantic shaft, teasing it, urging forth Tommy’s seed. Finally she tasted his warm salty essence at the same time the salty waters of the Pamlico Sound crested over the bulkhead.

Hours later, past midnight, a North Carolina Highway Patrol Car pulled into the drive way of Heron’s

Rest. The floodwaters had subsided, but nobody seemed to be around even though Tommy's two trucks and a RAV-4 were onsite. The patrolman discovered that the front door was open, but no lights were on in the property as the power lines had been cut by falling limbs. Turning on his flashlight, the officer entered the home.

"Hello, is anyone there? Tommy? Hello?"

A scuffling could be heard in the master bedroom upstairs and soon Tommy emerged, naked, at the railing overlooking the living room.

"You're trespassing Jerry," Tommy joked.

"I'm just making sure you are all right. It's my job."

"You look like shit. We have some coffee if you want. I can fire up the generator now that the surge has passed. It will take twenty minutes."

"Shouldn't you get dressed first?"

"Yeah, guess I should."

Tommy fired up the generator, then brewed a pot of coffee for the state trooper and loaned him a thermos. Just then another rustling could be heard in the bedroom. Cindy cheerfully emerged at the railing holding a sheet over her breasts and groin. "Hi officer. Nothing to see here. Darling, please come back to bed, me so horny."

Trooper Jerry laughed, "Ma'am. You have a good night. Thanks for the coffee, Tommy. You two carry on doing what you were doing."

The next day, Tommy and Cindy put the boats back into the water. On their way back to Heron's

Rest, they inspected the traps left in the small creek. They were scattered a little, but all readily located. The couple hauled out the first of the traps and found it loaded with crabs waiting to be sold at an extravagant price to the crab house the next day when it reopened as those were the only crabs available for over one hundred miles.

“You can go to the Tiffany website at any time, darling.”

Tommy smiled.

That evening on the porch, Cindy addressed her man, “Darling, I love you and I will be your woman forever, if that is what you want. But I have spent a lot of effort in law school and I really enjoyed my internship with ETO. I am not going to be the woman that cooks your meals and does your laundry every day. It’s not me and that should have been obvious when you first met me over at Castle Crags. I want to work as a lawyer in D.C. and I want to come home every weekend and hear you call me baby doll and look into your eyes. I will talk to you every night and throw myself at you when we are together. Plus, whenever you need me, for any reason, I will be here as I know you really need help.”

Tommy remained silent for a minute, a stone monolith in the wake of a hurricane. He then kneeled before Cindy.

“Would you marry me?”

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” Cindy embraced her man and knocked him over like a feather.

Tiffany and Rachel sat at their accustomed spot at the bar at Giovanni’s, a State football player feeling

up Tiffany's skirt while Rachel indifferently searched for tonight's man. She had broken off contact with Michael after his comment about Tommy. Her best friend was now engaged to be married and here she was still looking for one-night stands.

Rachel was about to leave when Sam Caldwell, a law student from Southern, sat next to her. Sam was a good student, but not on law review. He had interned for the attorney general's office this past summer. He did not know that Rachel had originally been Marc Steinman and had never really spoken to him or her, but instead had admired her from afar since she had attended school as a woman last semester. Sam longed for her in their Criminal Procedure class; she was cute, she was smart, she was fashionable. Sam never felt a stronger attraction to any woman.

Sam noticed that Rachel was close friends to Cindy Standish and Tiffany Miller, and one day approached Tiffany while she ate lunch in the student center. Tiffany was guarded about Rachel, but Sam seemed friendly enough and he was cute. Once she sensed his sincerity she revealed Rachel's secret as she felt Sam might be man enough to look past it in the same manner as Tommy Bonham had with Cindy.

Like most young men, Sam could not deal with Tiffany's revelation. He thanked Tiffany for her time and conducted a hasty retreat. Tiffany had fucked up again.

Sam's thoughts of Rachel persisted, however, and he still felt attracted to her when he saw her on campus. He approached Tiffany again and said he really wanted to date Rachel.

“Are you after her because she is a transsexual and she is fulfilling some kind of erotic fantasy or are you wanting to date her for real? She gets plenty of guys that fuck her and then run back into their closets.”

“I was attracted to Rachel before I knew she was a transsexual. I am still attracted to her. I want to date her for real.”

“Giovanni’s, 10:00 Saturday night. Be there.”

Now Sam was sitting next to the object of his intense desire and she looked beautiful.

“Rachel?”

“Yes, you’re Sam Caldwell, from Criminal Procedure. I hated that class.”

“You and me both.”

Rachel laughed.

“I have never seen you in this place before. I usually recognize the law students, although most of them are gay and have no interest in somebody like me.”

“Well, it seems like there are plenty of guys interested in Tiffany.”

“Transsexuals and cis-gendered women are pretty interchangeable for a lot of men. She does very well here. So what is your deal?”

“I am attracted to you. I have been for a long time. I would like to take you on a real date some time.”

Rachel pulled a napkin from the bar and wrote her contact information on it. “I like candlelight dinners

and Thai food. Call me sometime,” Rachel said as she got up from her stool and strutted to the exit.

Tiffany looked over at Sam, winked, then went back to being roughly pawed by her paramour. She couldn't wait to have his cock inside her. Just then, Tiffany saw her old pastor from college, the one whom she told about Matthew. Now the man was groping with a young gay student in the darkened area next to the dance floor and swapping spit.

Tiffany's smart phone didn't have a flash so she had to line up her shot perfectly to get the light on their faces. She needed to have him caught in the act of kissing or he would deny that he was doing anything untoward with the young man. In her heels, Tiffany strutted to the men, oblivious to the presence of the hot young woman. She held the camera two feet from the men and snapped the picture. Her pastor turned to face the camera and she snapped another picture of him, still in the embrace of the young man.

“What are you doing?” the pastor demanded, not recognizing Tiffany in makeup and a party dress.

“I'm sure you don't recognize me, and I don't care. I could care less whether you are gay or not, but I'm certain when you talked to Matthew you condemned him to no end. I am also sure the administration will be delighted to see these photos, you two look so adorable.”

Enraged, the pastor lunged for the phone, but the State football player pushed him aside like a rag doll. The pastor ran alone into the parking lot, his date backing away into the crowd.

Tiffany smiled to her man, “Now where were we at?”

Sam met Rachel next Friday at a local Thai restaurant. She glowed in the candlelight and smiled broadly when she saw him. Rachel knew how to stroke a man’s vanity and asked Sam to talk about himself.

Sam went to undergrad at the University of Virginia and was a member of the Sig Ep fraternity. He had numerous girlfriends, but was not ready to commit to anyone until he had seen her. She carried herself with a natural sensuality that he found overwhelming.

“It’s from a career of debauchery since I was a junior,” Rachel laughed. “I had a lot of sugar daddies who gave me money to buy dresses and lingerie. Of course I was just a de facto whore in their mind. They would tell Cindy and me just how much they were attracted to us and then disappear back into their closets. I can’t complain though. The sex was great. I guess we all got what we wanted.”

“Now what do you want?”

“I want a man who can acknowledge what I am and love me objectively and subjectively, like a real person, not just a fantasy.”

“I would like to be that guy,” Sam said, delicately grasping Rachel’s hand in his own.

“Well so far, so good. Thank you so much for dinner, I would love to see you again.”

Rachel played hard-to-get on the next few dates. She had to keep Sam interested but also had to keep

her distance. He said he really liked her, but she had heard that all before. If Sam was sincere, she would spread her legs soon enough for him, but if he wasn't, she would walk away in tears.

Sam continually plied Tiffany for information about Rachel; what her favorite music was, what were her hobbies, and the girl answered as best she could. Tiffany told Cindy of Sam's stated intentions, and Cindy came up with a solution. Cindy and Tommy and Rachel and Sam would double date at the North Carolina symphony, in part because she wanted Tommy to take her there, but also if Sam could be comfortable showing his affections for Rachel in public and among a group that knew the score, he would be fine as a partner for her. On the other hand, if he was embarrassed around Tommy and Cindy, then he would be embarrassed around everybody else. Meeting Rachel at a quiet restaurant was one thing, showing her off in public was an entirely different matter.

At the symphony, Cindy wore a deep purple evening gown, matching satin pumps, elbow-length gloves, and a small marabou plume in her hair. Rachel wore an emerald green gown with bare shoulders that accentuated her budding cleavage.

"I feel like a tool in this tuxedo," Tommy complained.

"Do you like how I look, darling?"

"Of course I do, baby doll."

"Well, that is the price you pay for seeing me this way. You can't wear your Grundens to the symphony. Besides you look entirely delicious as a gentleman. We have to do this more often."

“Delicious?”

Cindy winked and licked her lips.

Sam felt immense pride appearing at the symphony with Rachel Steinman. He held her hand when she emerged from the chartered limousine and proudly escorted her into the lobby. Numerous male eyes followed the two ladies as they were demurely led across the lobby to their seats.

The two couples enjoyed the symphony, then rode in the limousine back to a hotel in Raleigh. The gentlemen had each booked a suite to entertain their ladies. In the bathroom of her suite, Rachel prepared herself for the second event of the evening. She had stripped off her emerald evening gown and stockings, and changed into a fire red bra and panty set with a matching garter belt and stockings. Rachel was an old pro at this by now, and knew to wear her panties over the garters. She applied bright red lipstick and sprayed herself liberally with Taboo. Rachel then strutted into the living room and directed Sam to an easy chair. She modeled her outfit for him, never taking her gaze off his lust-filled eyes.

“Well, was it worth the wait?”

“Oh, yeah.”

“So am I what you want?”

Sam pointed to the growing bulge in his pants for the lingerie clad temptress, “Does this answer your question?”

“Indeed it does,” Rachel purred.

Rachel then squatted in Sam’s lap and let him take over. Sam unfastened the red bra and let it fall into

her lap, exposing Rachel's breasts. He reached around her smooth back and fondled her while kissing the back of her neck. She started to moan uncontrollably with pleasure.

“Fuck me, please. I'm yours. Take me.”

Sam gently lifted the young woman from his lap, pulled down his pants and underwear, and exposed his eager cock. Rachel grinned wickedly. It would soon be in her. Sam stretched a condom over his maleness, then generously lubricated himself. He was finally on the verge of fucking a girl that he had wanted for almost a year. She was a dream come true. Rachel hovered over Sam's spear, then slowly impaled herself, feeling herself yield to his masculinity, feeling herself yield to his control. She bobbed up and down on his cock as he encouraged her.

“There you go. You're all mine, Rachel Steinman, you're my girl.”

Sam continued to fondle Rachel's breasts as she rode her man, sliding on his lubricated shaft, taking him deeper and deeper. Finally, mercifully, the two lovers climaxed, with Rachel cumming all over her lap without once touching her cock. That was part of a world that had vanished long ago. She yearned with every fiber of her body and soul to become Sam's wife if he would take her.

In the next suite over, Cindy had changed into a full-length lavender silk night gown with a slit up to her waist. The gown complimented her dark purple nail polish and the plume she had left in her hair. She softly pranced to Tommy, who had taken off his tuxedo jacket and loosened his bow tie.

“You clean up very nicely, Mr. Bonham,” Cindy cooed as she kissed him on the cheek.

Tommy grabbed a bottle of Veueve Clicquot from the refrigerator where it had been chilling and popped the cork.

“Here is a toast to a lovely lady who has made me feel like the luckiest man in the world. I thank God every day that you would be in love with a water rat like myself.”

“I’ll drink to that, but you are far more than a water rat.”

Cindy took a healthy swig from her champagne flute. “Here is a toast to the most wonderful man I have met; a man that saw me as a person rather than just a fantasy and wanted me for the long haul; a man who is gentle, kind, and caring; and the man whom I intend to spend the rest of my life with.”

Tommy finished the champagne in his flute, and carried Cindy to the bed. He pulled off his pants and underwear, revealing his hard cock. Tommy placed Cindy on her stomach and thrust into her, to her soft gasping. He had done an exceptional job breaking in Cindy over the past year so that she could have him inside her for hours and hours as they gave themselves over to their passion. With her fiance’s warm seed flooding her belly, Cindy felt immense joy as she drifted blissfully off to sleep.

Tommy kissed Cindy at the Raleigh-Durham Airport before she went through security to her waiting flight.

“I told you that you would have dibs on my breasts,” Cindy grinned.

“Yep.” Tommy grinned back.

Cindy and Rachel were flying to Thailand with Tiffany to visit a transgender clinic during their Christmas break for breast augmentation and facial feminization surgeries. Tiffany would attend to her friends while they recovered. Estrogen had worked its wonders, but the girls’ transition in their early twenties needed some refining touches, like the final polishing of a diamond to bring forth its full luster.

With Cindy overseas undergoing her final stage of transformation, Tommy invited Mr. and Mrs. Standish to spend Christmas with him at Heron’s Rest. Cindy’s parents were dumbstruck when they saw Tommy’s home for the first time. Tommy had visited Colonial Williamsburg for inspiration on how to decorate a home for Christmas and the house shone in a modest majesty. A large wreath of pomegranates, dried flowers, and fall leaves hung from the door. Garlands of evergreen framed the porch. Candles sat in each window, red ribbons accented the door knobs, and a large Christmas tree stood in the corner, blinking its welcome.

The Standishes and Tommy prepared a huge Christmas Eve dinner. Tommy provided roast duck that he had shot in the marshes, and speckled trout. The Standishes provided a roast, key lime and pecan pies, and prepared Yorkshire pudding and roast potatoes. After the feast, the trio sipped egg nog and gluvine, and marveled at Cindy’s progress.

On Christmas Day, Mr. Standish stood kneed deep in the sound, listening to the chuckling and squawks of the waterfowl in the marshes, and casting plugs to speckled trout. Mrs. Standish, however, went with Tommy to walk the section of beach in the Pea Island

National Wildlife Refuge north of Rodanthe. The expanse of sand was completely deserted on that day but the winter sun was soft, and the surf and winds were as gentle as a newborn tern chick. Seagulls stood in the sand in small groups, and cormorants flew in loose formations over the ocean, searching for schools of menhaden. A half-mile into the walk the two encountered a bleached skeleton of a whale, with massive vertebra almost a yard in diameter by the skull. Continuing their walk, the two found the timbers of an old sailing ship, jutting from the dunes.

“That’s the Varina Davis, I think. She ran aground in about 1874 and lost about twenty people in the surf.”

Mrs. Standish was somber at the remnants of the long forgotten tragedy.

Continuing their walk, Tommy spoke, “Mrs. Standish, are you disappointed that Cindy is engaged to me? I know she can do better.”

“Hardly. You treat her like a queen.”

“But I’m a waterman.”

“You attended the symphony with her, and made her feel exquisite. Plus, you didn’t complain. Most men would. You’re not most men. My daughter is very lucky.”

“Thanks.”

Another minute went by and Tommy asked Mrs. Standish another question. “Mrs. Standish, is it okay that I call you Mom?”

The request took Mrs. Standish completely aback, a man the size of a mountain and as strong as an ox was requesting that he call her mom.

Mrs. Standish smiled, “Pf course you can. It is appropriate.”

“Thank you. Thank you, Mrs. Standish. I mean Mom.”

“You’re welcome. So could you tell me about your parents? If you don’t mind.”

“Not much to tell. My dad was in the navy and met my mom up in Norfolk. They had three kids, me being the youngest, but they both cheated on each other all the time. We were just in the way. Finally Dad left us and mom moved back to Gloucester. She is with some waterman now and they are doing all right, but I warned him that if he laid a hand on her when he was drunk, I would chain an anchor around his neck and dump him in the Pamlico.”

“That sounds rough.”

“Well, I guess it made me tough. I was working on crab and fishing boats at age thirteen and moved out of the house at fifteen.”

“Are you okay with Cindy being a middle-class girl with academic parents?”

“I love Cindy. She is so sweet, and sexy and smart. I want that in my life and I won’t get that here. I found out I was attracted to women like Cindy on a trip to New Orleans when I was a kid. It stayed with me and probably kept me from just being another drunk-ass waterman. I slept with the local girls enough, but I wanted someone like Cindy. Thank God I found her.”

“I thank God that you found each other.”

“So could you tell me about Cindy?”

“Cindy was always a nice boy as Tim. Never really defied me, never got into trouble as a kid. He did the usual boy things; baseball, fishing, scouts, camping, hiking, reading books about the Civil War. For a long time he wanted to be a knight and rescue a princess. Then around age eleven, Tim turned inwards and became withdrawn. I guess at that time he started to want to be the princess. We paid it no mind, but now everything makes sense. I wish I could turn back the clock and help Tim become Cindy way back then to take away his loneliness, but at the same time, I am glad it happened this way, as she has met you and she couldn't be happier.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Anytime, Son. So have you thought about your wedding?”

“You said she wanted to be a princess at one time?”

“Yeah, but that was just speculation.”

“I know my fiancé well enough. I think you were right. I think a princess needs to be married in a castle.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

The next day, Tommy took Mr. Standish fishing in the Carolina Skiff for speckled trout in the marshes. At the end of the fishing trip, carrying an impressive stringer of trout and two puppy drum, Tommy was calling Mr. Standish, Dad, and he was addressing him as Son.

During the evenings of Christmas break, the Standishes and Tommy would sip whiskey or wine and eat seafood or barbecue while they sat on the porch and gazed onto the sound. Tommy opened up more and more about his life. Mrs. Standish was impressed with the man's intelligence and insight, and started creating a reading list for him.

Finally, the three headed back towards the Raleigh-Durham Airport to meet Cindy. A very tired young woman emerged at the top of the escalator. She had donned a Southern University sweatshirt but the mounds underneath were distinctive, a legitimate B-cup. Rachel had been a little more ambitious but she was taller and larger breasts could better fit her frame. Sam had no doubt now that Rachel was the woman for him.

Cindy smiled to Tommy, "I told you that you have dibs, but not right now. My boobs are pretty sore still."

Law school finally ended and Tiffany stood in her pink bridesmaid's dress and scanned her surroundings in a church in Washington D.C. She stood next to the maid of honor, Cindy Bonham, and smiled at her. Tiffany then gazed across the aisle and saw Sam, looking dapper in his tuxedo. She winked at him and he winked back. He then mouthed "Thank you" to her.

Tiffany pondered Sam's words. She had accomplished what she had set out to do, helping Tim and Marc become Cindy and Rachel. But that was only

the beginning of their journey together. Both of her girlfriends had found wonderful, devoted men to become their husbands. Tiffany had her redemption.

In exchange she had grown immensely. Tiffany learned that sex was sex, not something to fret about, certainly not an issue over which to judge another, something to actually enjoy with reckless abandon. But in the end, sex needed to be coupled with love like Cindy and Rachel had found, or it was ephemeral. Tiffany, however, had refused to look for love until she had helped her friends. She could party with them in her purgatory but not become a partner to a decent guy, only a sex object. Nevertheless, Mrs. Standish had taken Tiffany under her ample wings and treated her like her own daughter. She thought the world of the girl and Tiffany was now a regular at the Standish home.

The organ interrupted Tiffany's musings and Rachel emerged in a gorgeous wedding gown with long sleeves, a lace front, and a long train. Rachel wore her hair up and her makeup was flawless. She looked serenely confident as she marched up the aisle, clutching her bouquet of white roses and grinned wickedly at Sam, her betrothed, eliciting knowing smiles from Cindy and Tiffany. Standing next to Cindy, Rachel's father had to admit that her daughter was beautiful.

Rachel halted next to him and looked into Sam's eyes, never breaking her loving gaze. The couple soon exchanged vows and rings and became husband and wife.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Tiffany made her way out the church but saw the sun shining through the stained glass windows by the altar, con-

firming to her that her debt had been repaid. Cindy drove the two of them to the wedding banquet, an art deco meeting hall that Rachel's parents had rented. The two sat together while Rachel and Sam danced on the floor. The rhythm and dance class she had taken years before had taught her well.

A man then sat down next to Tiffany; Captain Aaron Steinman, wearing his United States Marine Corps dress white uniform with an impressive row of medals and paratrooper wings. "Tiffany Miller, I am Aaron Steinman. My kid sister has told me all about you but somehow never found the time to introduce us. Would you care to dance? It would be an honor."

Released from her past, Tiffany accepted the honor and danced her way into her future.

THE END