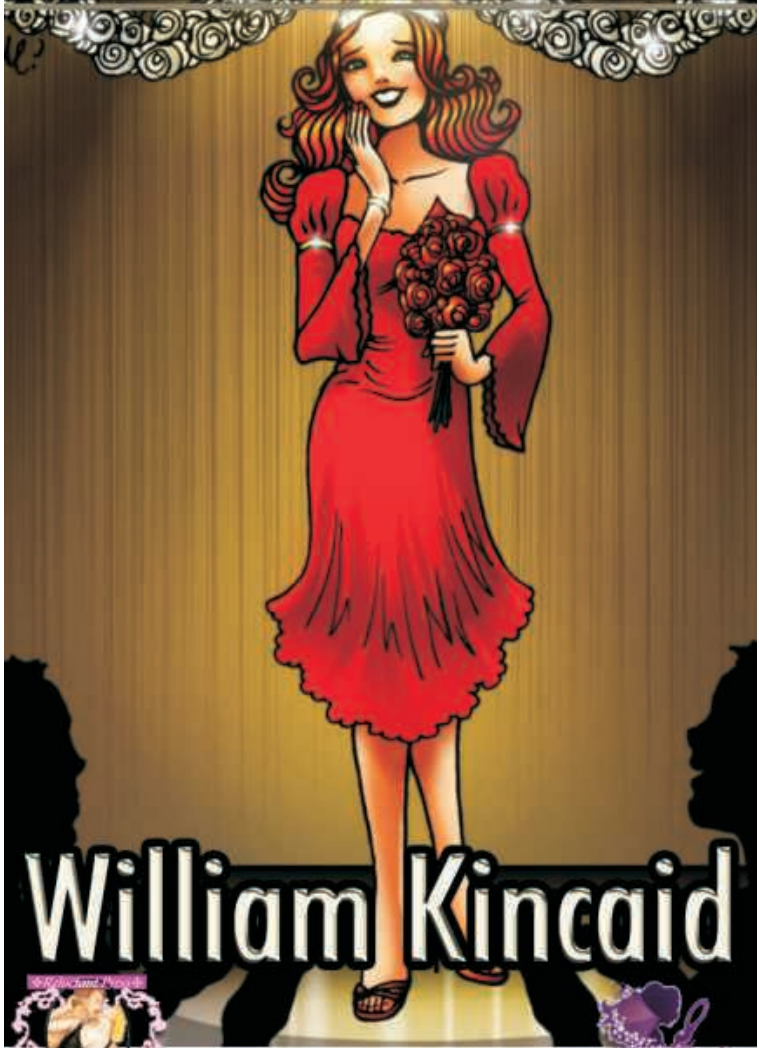


We Are T



William Kincaid



A "New Woman" Novel



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We Are T

By William Kincaid

Chapter 1

“Mommy, how much did you make as a prostitute? Did you make \$400 a night like Vivian? That’s a lot of money,” Jennifer asked her mother, Cindy Kincaid.

The former elite transsexual escort had decided to explain to Jennifer what a prostitute was before she found out from her fellow sixth graders. Her daughter already knew that her mother had been in that line of work before Cindy married her father, but she had not yet grasped what that truly entailed. Now mother and daughter sat in the living room watching *Pretty Woman* while they ate Chinese delivery. Cindy had ordered spicy squid, hot and sour soup, and Crab Rangoon, while Jennifer had ordered sesame chicken and wonton soup.

“That’s not important, little one, besides Vivian is so much prettier than I am.”

“I don’t think so. I think you could have earned \$1,000 a night if you wanted to.”

“Little one, I should never have asked for money. It was very wrong. I should have looked for love like I eventually found with Daddy, and Vivian found with Edward. If you charge money for being with someone, you learn to value only money, not love. If you only value money, you lose your soul. If it wasn’t for Daddy, Heather, and a wonderful little eleven-year-old girl and her brother, I would have been walking around with no soul.”

“Oh?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then I don’t want to be a prostitute.”

“You are a very smart little girl. Let me get you some ice cream.”

“I wish Daddy was home.”

“I wish he was too, but he is a brave man and he loves his country and his job. He will be home soon enough. Just be proud that you have such a wonderful father.”

“I have a wonderful father *and* a wonderful mother.”

Cindy couldn’t respond to that, instead she made a request. “Little one, please don’t tell your friends that I was once a prostitute.”

“I already told everybody, mommy. I thought a prostitute was a good thing. I even told my Sunday school class.”

“Oh great.”

Cindy and Jennifer's sincere wish that John would come home soon was unfortunately granted. Cindy received a call from the Army a week later advising her that her husband, Lieutenant Colonel John Kincaid was en-route to Walter Reed Hospital with serious injuries from an improvised explosive device that demolished the Humvee he had been riding in, and killed his driver. The children were in school and Cindy broke down in tears, knowing that she couldn't cry in front of them. She would wait for the children to come home. If she precipitously pulled them out of school they would be unnecessarily alarmed. When they came home, they would take the train to Washington and stay at a hotel near the hospital. She packed the children's suitcases and called Heather, a close friend, who she regarded as a sister. Heather immediately stated that she would take care of Brutus, the Kincaids' golden retriever.

"I am so sorry," Heather said through her own tears as she took Brutus. "Please know that you can call me at anytime, day or night, sister. Is there anything else I can do?"

"Thanks, I think I have it for now."

"Remember, there are a lot of us who love you and your family."

Late that night, Cindy entered into the hospital room to find her husband unconscious, his face obscured by an oxygen mask. John had two broken femurs and internal injuries, but the doctors had seen multiple wounds like these before and were optimistic about his recovery. Cindy held back her tears but stared at the man she loved, hoping the doctors' words were correct.

In the waiting room Jennifer held her younger brother's hand when an older man in an army uniform entered. "Don't worry, your Dad is tough. He will be fine," the man said.

Seeing the star on his jacket, Jennifer loudly whispered to her younger brother, "Daniel, he's a general. We have to act good around him. No arguing, and you have to stop picking your nose."

The general laughed; this was exactly what he was fighting for.

Twenty minutes later, another person entered the waiting room, "Jennifer, Daniel, I'll be taking care of you two for awhile," Cindy's best friend and former partner in their elite escort partnership, Kaitlyn, announced. Kaitlyn had driven all the way to Washington D.C. from Boston immediately after Heather called her, to be with Cindy in her time of need.

Cindy emerged from John's room and her heart leapt when she saw Kaitlyn. "Got you covered, baby doll. I even brought the kids the Colonel. Would you like a thigh, General? It looks like you could use some of the best thing to come out of the Bluegrass State since Wild Turkey."

The next day, Jennifer sat next to Kaitlyn. "You're like Kit."

"Kit?"

"Kit De Lucca, Vivian's friend. We believe you have potential, Miss De Lucca."

"Did Cindy watch *Pretty Woman* with you? I told her to wait another year."

"Yes. We ordered Chinese food, Mommy had spicy chili squid and I had sesame chicken. Then we

had chocolate fudge brownie ice cream. Mommy held her hand over my eyes in the naughty part.”

“I bet she had Crab Rangoon, too. For the record, I was a much better friend to your mother than that self-centered stoner, Kit, ever was to Vivian, still am and always will be.”

John woke up the next day disoriented and frightened. For a moment he thought he was staring at an angel, but on further examination, Cindy looked haggard. John wanted to smile, but his face was obscured by the oxygen mask. Nevertheless, when Cindy saw his eyes open, she gave him a kiss on the forehead and held his hand.

“I love you darling, I will never leave you.”

John started to recover quickly and after a week he was put on solid food. Cindy joked as she fed him. “I never got to do this with the kids, now be a good boy and open wide.”

The General walked in, now confident of Lieutenant Colonel Kincaid’s recovery.

“I have something you might like. It’s your Purple Heart, plus you are in for a Silver Star,” the general said as he pinned the medal to John’s pillow.

“Is our Daddy a hero, General?” Daniel asked in the waiting room.

“Yes Daniel, he is.”

The general then heard shouting coming from John’s bedroom, “Hero? Hero? You are on staff. Oh honey, I am perfectly safe. I stay most of my time at headquarters or at the FOB. No need to worry yourself or the kids. I can accept you being wounded. Hell, I expect that every time I drive the Garden State. But a Silver Star? Hero? Either you were

cowboying with the troops, or you were doing a dangerous job, neither one looks good for you, Lieutenant Colonel Kincaid. I'm going to have to get that medal of yours mounted to the wall so Daniel can see what a great dad he has, and I can get a constant daily reminder of how close I came to losing you."

The General had heard the rumors about Lieutenant Colonel Kincaid's wife, but really could care less. He was too busy. But he was familiar with an ass-chewing. He regularly gave them, and apparently John's wife had at one time in her life. The rumors evidently were true.

Fully recovered, John stood at attention in front of the General's desk.

"So you want to go into the reserves?"

Yes, General. I need to be closer to my family"

"Well, you could have walked away with a disability. You have done great service and I am glad you came back. Uh, about your wife?"

"What about my wife, general?"

The General reconsidered his question, "She is something, isn't she?"

John grinned, "yes General, she is. I am very lucky to have her."

Chapter 2

Three and a half years after John's hospitalization and departure from active duty, a canoe slipped out silently from the boat ramp at dawn with Cindy

at the stern and Daniel at the bow; from their vantage on the porch overlooking the bay, John and Jennifer intently watched. Needing her father's comfort, Jennifer held his hand.

"I hope it's going to be okay. I am so worried about both Mom and Daniel."

John laughed, "Relax. It will be fine. She's in her element."

Shane, Jennifer's boyfriend, wondered what the two were so worried about.

The canoe turned to the left and headed north. After twenty minutes of paddling, it entered a weedy bay. Cindy and Daniel started casting towards the weed beds, hoping to entice a northern pike. The two were silent and composed as they intently cast their lures. The morning was perfect as the sun started to warm the water.

"Daniel, I have something to say to you. It's a very difficult for me to tell you this, but I had to wait until you were old enough to understand. Just remember that I love you very much."

Daniel looked worried, but said nothing.

"Daniel, I was born male, and I became a woman. I knew ever since I was about your age that it was who I really was and finally did something about it. I am infinitely happier with myself since I became a woman. I'm sorry if this hurts you."

Cindy's adopted son didn't say anything for twenty minutes but continued casting to the weed beds. Cindy felt her heart in her throat and wanted to jump into the water. She had hurt her son because of who she was. Ten more minutes passed; Daniel remained silent but continued to cast, while

Cindy observed his lips move without saying a word. The lure continued to splash down like before, but everything had changed. Cindy had destroyed her relationship with Daniel.

Finally, the tension broke when Daniel's rod doubled over and a fish splashed the water by the weed line. Daniel had a northern pike on his line.

The enraged northern pike leapt out of the water. The fish was longer than Cindy's leg in five-inch spikes, one of the biggest pike either Cindy or Daniel had ever seen in the bay. It started to tow the canoe deep into the weeds and finally wrapped itself into a tough strand of grass. The fish appeared lost as Daniel could no longer budge it and would eventually have to break the line. Cindy handed Daniel her prescription sunglasses and took off her life jacket, smiling hopefully as she entered into the water in her blue jeans and t-shirt. She felt like she had nothing to lose.

"Throw your bail, I am going to untangle you. When the line goes out again, get back on your line. Wow, is this water cold."

Daniel couldn't respond in agreement because Cindy had already dove under the water and remained under for almost thirty seconds. Daniel started to worry before his line paid out again from the reel. She had done it.

Cindy emerged from the water, covered in seaweed, looking like the Creature from the Black Lagoon. She scrambled into the canoe, resumed her seat and started to paddle after the pike who headed for deep open water. She knew they had won the fight.

Fifteen minutes later, the pike lay alongside the canoe, exhausted.

“Well, do you want to keep it? It’s a terrific fish.”

“Naw,” Daniel grinned. “Let her go.”

Cindy took several pictures of the pike with her smart phone, then unhooked the fish and held it steady. After half a minute it kicked free and slowly sank out of sight like a submerged log.

“Mom, that’s the first time I’ve ever seen you swim. Is the reason you haven’t because of what you just told me?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you can go swimming any time you want now. Give me a high five, Mom. That was epic.”

Observing Cindy and Daniel through binoculars, John laughed to a smiling Jennifer and they reproduced the high five. “See? I told you she was in her element.”

“Mom, I know Dad loves you, and he is the best man I know. If he can love you the way he does, then I can too. That’s what I was thinking.”

Cindy couldn’t say a thing but smiled and gave thanks to God underneath her breath.

On the way back to the ramp, Daniel laughed, “I wonder what your MILF rating would be if they found out.”

“My MILF rating?”

“There is a guy in Jennifer’s school that rates the MILFs. You were in the top twenty.”

“Give me another high five, kiddo.”

After supper, John and Cindy observed Jennifer and Shane, her new boyfriend, hold hands while they walked along the cliff overlooking the sunset over Lake Ontario. The couple stopped and their lips touched.

“Our little girl is growing up right before our eyes.”

“Beautiful, do you remember your first kiss?” John asked his wife.

“Remember it? It’s something I would love to forget. It was with a moribundly obese, gay upperclassmen who I confessed my desire to be a woman to. Definite fireworks there,” Cindy sarcastically asserted.

John grimaced. Even now he caught glimpses into his wife’s past that deeply pained him.

“Do you remember our first kiss?” John hopefully asked.

“Heather’s wedding. We were dancing together with the DJ playing ‘You Must Be Special, Lady’ by Ray, Goodman & Brown. The heavens opened and the earth moved under my feet at that moment. I remember it like it was yesterday,” Cindy said as her voice cracked and she took her husband’s hand in her own.

“In the Bahamas, you said you wanted to do transgendered outreach. Would you still be interested in doing that? Maybe somebody will have a more memorable adolescence.”

“I know, but I have two children of my own to raise.”

“And you are doing a great job. You are now a professor, maybe you can help out with the transgender outreach at the college.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Cindy said, then embraced her husband, opened her mouth and gave him a soulful kiss.

“Yep, still definite fireworks with you.”

Later that evening, Cindy sat at her laptop and searched the desktop until she found what she was looking for, the video of Cindy and Jennifer’s first mother/daughter dance recital. The duo was set to perform “Getting to Know You” from the King and I, but Jennifer was sick to her stomach with stage fright now that she had a real audience.

“Mommy, I’m scared. What if I forget my marks?”

“Little one, it’s perfectly natural to be afraid, but let me tell you a secret. You are the bravest person I know, even braver than your father, and we all know he is a hero. If you don’t want to perform, we can go get some ice cream and try again another time, but I will let you make the decision.”

Jennifer sat at her chair for a minute and contemplated Cindy’s words. “Mommy, will everybody be disappointed that we left and got ice cream?”

“I am sure they will.”

“Then I think we should go on stage.”

Cindy and Jennifer went for ice cream after the show, which became their ritual after her performances, while John took Daniel for pizza. Now Jennifer was captain of the high school dance team, had been since she was a sophomore, and had performed a small part on Broadway.

Standing in the door to the office and observing her mother tearing up while watching the video, Jennifer sang her old line, “You are precisely my cup of tea.’ You were great that night, Mom, and many nights since.”

“I tried my best, but never felt I was good enough for you two as a mother.”

“You were a gift from Heaven, Mom. I remember the first time I saw you at the Orlando Airport. I truly thought you were a princess. I was right. How did the talk with Daniel go?”

“Better than I could ever expect, especially with that miracle from the fish gods. Is it true I am in the top twenty of the MILFs at your high school?”

“You were ranked seven when I was a freshman.”

“So how was the first kiss? Shane seems like a very nice boy. You have grown up so fast, but half of me still sees you as the eleven-year-old that pushed me around in Orlando.”

Jennifer eyes brightened and she beamed. “It was so wonderful, Mom. I love him.”

“Please be careful, you are almost a woman now.”

“Mom, you have loved us with everything you have. I will be fine. I have already set my limits.”

“I love you, young lady. Now go entertain your guest. I am sure you will beat him at our board games.”

“I love you, Mom.”

Once Jennifer left for the living room to make eyes with her boyfriend, Cindy uploaded a different mpg file. “Top twenty,” she said to herself, “I wonder what it would be if that kid ever saw this.”

Jimi Hendrix's "All Along the Watchtower" played in the background as Cindy appeared on stage in a purple bustier and matching boa, purple sequined pasties, black stockings with lace garters, and black mules and approached a stripper pole. She had filmed this video at her friend Elena's studio and sent it to John in Afghanistan. Her gaze never left the camera even when she licked the pole in homage to Elizabeth Berkley. She twirled around the pole several times, then abruptly thrust her groin against it and pivoted, put the pole in the crack of her ass and slid down its length with an ecstatic look on her face.

She then began to stand up on her mules, while sliding her ass crack back up the pole until she was fully upright. Finally she bent at the waist and spread her legs wide apart as she dry humped the slick, cold metal. She so wanted John's cock in her lonely ass that it brought her to tears. John watched this video at every available opportunity when he was not getting blown up.

Dressed in a power suit and heels, Cindy entered the conference room in the student center to attend her first meeting of the Manhattan College chapter of the LGBTQI Alliance. After the initial announcements and greetings, Cindy requested to meet with the transgendered students at the conclusion of the meeting and sat at a table in the corner with her legs demurely crossed.

The meeting concluded and Cindy waited for the transgendered students to flock to her table. They didn't flock. They barely even appeared; the only student to show up took her breath away. He was about 5'8", slender, had a full-length beard, a short buzz cut, wore a camouflage t-shirt and baseball

cap, and faded jeans. Cindy was relieved that he wore the globe and anchor-stamped soft-topped combat boots.

“I’m Mark, Dr. Kincaid. It looks like I’m your representation,” the student said with a cutting edge.

“Well, you have to start somewhere. Why don’t we get something to eat? I’m buying.”

“I don’t do New York frou-frou food.”

“Then I hope you like goat. I know a great Jamaican place,” Cindy grinned.

“This isn’t bad,” Mark observed as he tried to maneuver shards of goat flesh and bones through his beard.

“So, Marine, I’m your faculty representative. Is there anything I can do to help support you as a transgendered student?”

“I haven’t thought of anything yet.”

“What I am supposed to do is facilitate your group. Provide guidance on activities, scholarships, and available resources. The main thing I can’t do is assist you with transitioning.”

“Transitioning?”

“Becoming a woman.”

“Why not? You seem to be very knowledgeable about that.”

“Because I can’t have parents complain to the college that they didn’t send their son to school to get his M.R.S. degree.”

Mark laughed, then pondered her statement. Deep inside, that was what he really wanted.

“So how does one earn their M.R.S. degree at this school, Dr. Kincaid?”

“By seeking out capable and qualified therapists, of which there are several at the student health center. They will provide the proper clinical guidance on transitioning, if it is appropriate, or other ways of expressing your transgendered nature, if that is more appropriate. “

“You are really lucky even if you are unaware of it. When I underwent counseling at Southern University not too long ago, transgendered issues were way over my many therapists’ heads. They made me feel like I had a mental disease that, through increased self-esteem and socialization, would wither and die. They used ink blots and pictures to see what thoughts they provoked in me. I distinctly remember not responding every time they showed me an image of an attractive woman. ‘Uh gee, Mr. Therapist, the first thing that comes to mind when I see the image of the young lady is that is me preparing for my first time out as a woman and that I will be lustfully ravaged by my male lover.’ What gets me though, is that not too far away there was a perfectly good, well-established transgendered support group they could have referred me to. You are far better off now, if that is the path you need to take. The therapists have a much better idea of what they are dealing with, and how being T is our identity.

“Finally, I just walked out of therapy in college and actually was much better off for it. My grades improved dramatically. I did find another transgendered support group in King of Prussia, a suburb of Philadelphia, when I was there for the Navy. It was the best thing I ever did. After the Navy, I took a job in retail management in Philadelphia

and met my best friend, Kaitlyn, at the store where I worked. She readily saw that my destiny lay as a woman and encouraged me to start transgender therapy. The rest is history.

“So, I take it by your backwoods get-up that you are not from around here and want to differentiate yourself from all the middle class kids who would never conceive of serving in the military and have never had it really tough.”

“Yep.”

“You know, growing a beard is a great technique for cross dressing. Your face really softens up the longer it is away from a razor. I found that out by accident, but I was amazed at the results. Before I started transitioning, I used to grow my beard and shave it the night I was going out en femme. Behind that beard of yours lies the complexion of a cover girl. I bet you never knew that.”

“Nope.”

“Another thing I want to share with you is that even if you decide and eventually transition to becoming a woman, all the interests you had before are still valid and most can still be expressed. I loved fishing as a guy, and learned that even though I have a woman’s body, I still love to do it. My family has a cottage on the shore of Henderson Bay on Lake Ontario. It can be sublimely beautiful up there, especially this time of the year when a front passes. The next day, the sky is exuberant and the breeze just fills you full of life. I take it you like hunting. My husband would be happy to take you up there sometime to hunt, whether you are a man or a woman, or somewhere in between. The place is loaded with deer and turkeys.”

“I’ll consider it.”

“Please do so. You are very welcome at our place. I am heading out now. I will run an announcement in the student paper and we will have our first transgender meeting in three weeks. I hope to see you then. Hopefully we will have more attendees.”

Mark shouldered his camouflaged book bag and walked towards campus housing where he had a dorm room. He couldn’t go back there just now, and sat on a park bench for several hours enjoying the early fall afternoon. He had come to New York because deep down in his subconscious, he suspected that he could better realize his desires of becoming Meghan here. His first year had been difficult, as not only was he transgendered, but was a country boy and a former Marine at a college and city full of affluent yuppies. He felt entirely out of place anywhere he went in the city, except maybe the Bronx Zoo where he could gaze upon the other caged animals. He hadn’t come to Manhattan sporting a beard, as he had recently left the Marines, who frowned on hair of any kind above the neck. He grew it out of protest. If he didn’t fit in, he wanted everybody else to know it.

Now, Dr. Kincaid had reached out to him. No adult had ever done that before. In the soft light of dusk, he started to cry, something he hadn’t done since he was six. “Damn, Dr. Kincaid is turning me into a woman already.”

Mark and two more people attended the inaugural meeting of the campus transgender support group. The first attendee was an Indian-American student, well-dressed, but very shy and soft spoken. The other attendee surprised Cindy almost as much as Mark had three weeks before in his distinctly

non-transgendered appearance. The student was also well dressed like Brian, 5'8", but was a very attractive and poised female with chestnut brown hair, an engaging smile and a pleasant laugh.

Brian and Julie introduced themselves and Cindy stood up to speak to her students. *Rome wasn't built in a day*, she said to herself, *but this is a start.*

"Hello, I'm Dr. Kincaid and I would like to welcome you all to the first meeting of our transgendered support group. I will be your faculty advisor going forward and will have an open door policy for any student in this group. I want to remind you that this is your group and you can make it a wonderful thing if you want to. I know how hard it is to be transgendered but remember you have support here. I also want to stress that I don't want this group to be concerned about labels, such as transvestite, transsexual, and so on. As far as I am concerned, all of us here are T, no more, no less. Please remember that. I also want to remind you that academic performance is paramount and is not something to let slip. Do any of you have any questions?"

Nobody had any questions.

"I'm sure you will have questions the more comfortable you get with this group. The LGBTQI is having a homecoming dance, I would like to see you all there. We need to support the organization. Remember, freedom for one means freedom eventually for all."

The group broke up without saying a word.

That night Cindy lay next to John. "I didn't get through to them at all."

John kissed his wife. “Relax, you are in your element. The results will come, now get on your stomach, darling, you need to unwind.”

“With pleasure.”

The LGBTQI homecoming dance was a huge success for the LGB contingent, but the three T’s stood on the wall and watched the happy couples dance. None of the three were identifiable as transgendered as they came as they always were. Standing together, they started to talk among themselves.

“Boy, we are pretty lame, all coming stag, and not even cross dressed,” Julie joked, lightening the mood.

“Well, we at least showed up,” Mark countered. “I just hope Dr. Kincaid doesn’t show up and see us acting like wall flowers.”

Cindy had already showed up at the dance but was trying to remain unnoticed while she observed her three students talk among themselves. “At least they had identified as T, and were becoming acquainted with each other. Finally, after half an hour, she walked up to them and smiled. “I’m very glad you showed up, why don’t we go to a trans restaurant I know. Do you like Thai food?”

“Nope,” Mark emphatically said.

“You are worse than my son was when he was eight. I know another place with a more conventional cuisine. It’s a very popular drag restaurant in the village, DQ’s. Come on, the three of you. The place will be hopping on Saturday night.”

The hostess, a very attractive Asian transsexual, smiled and led the four of them to their table, while Maxine Nightingale played exuberantly in the back-

ground. Cindy looked entirely at ease, but her three charges didn't know how to quite interpret their new surroundings. The bar was crowded with fishnet stockings, fake eyelashes, concealer, and foam padding, but everybody seemed to be laughing and enjoying themselves.

Immediately after the quartet was seated, a polite gay waiter approached and cheerfully announced the evening specials. Cindy ordered two cheese sampler appetizers and a Tuscan blend for the group. The students started to relax and unwind after the disappointment of the dance.

“So, Dr. Kincaid, how did you know you were transgendered? For me it was a moment when I felt I wanted to be the guy I was with, and not be with him.” Julie said.

“It's a long and similar story. I was very sensitive as a child to transgendered issues and images. Then, when I was fourteen, I watched a burlesque show with very attractive strippers on TV one night and like yourself, I felt an overpowering urge to be one of them. About a month later, I tried on my mother's clothes and the feeling was overwhelming. Almost every night from then on I stayed up for hours in bed fantasizing about being a woman and making love as a woman with a man. I even dreamed I was a girl on occasion. If I could have approached my parents at that age knowing I would have their support, I would have asked to live as a girl. Instead it turned out to be a very painful journey to where I am now, but I couldn't feel more happier, complete, and loved by my family.”

“So do you still think of yourself as a TS?” Mark asked.

“I see myself as a loving wife and mother first and foremost. I always hated labels thrown out by the psychiatric community as I think transgenderism is much richer and more finely nuanced than can be defined by labels such as transvestite, transsexual, and drag queen. The labels can be very limiting and are often pejorative. I preferred to call myself a t-girl before I started transitioning and a shemale once I started hormones and had surgery, but eventually labels became meaningless, as I was just Cindy Kincaid. As I said at our initial meeting, we are all T, the four of us.”

“I’ll toast to that,” Mark said, trying to force his wine glass through the heavy underbrush of his beard.

Cindy took up the toast. “We were all born this way and I refuse to regard it as a defect or an endocrine malfunction. Here is to being T.”

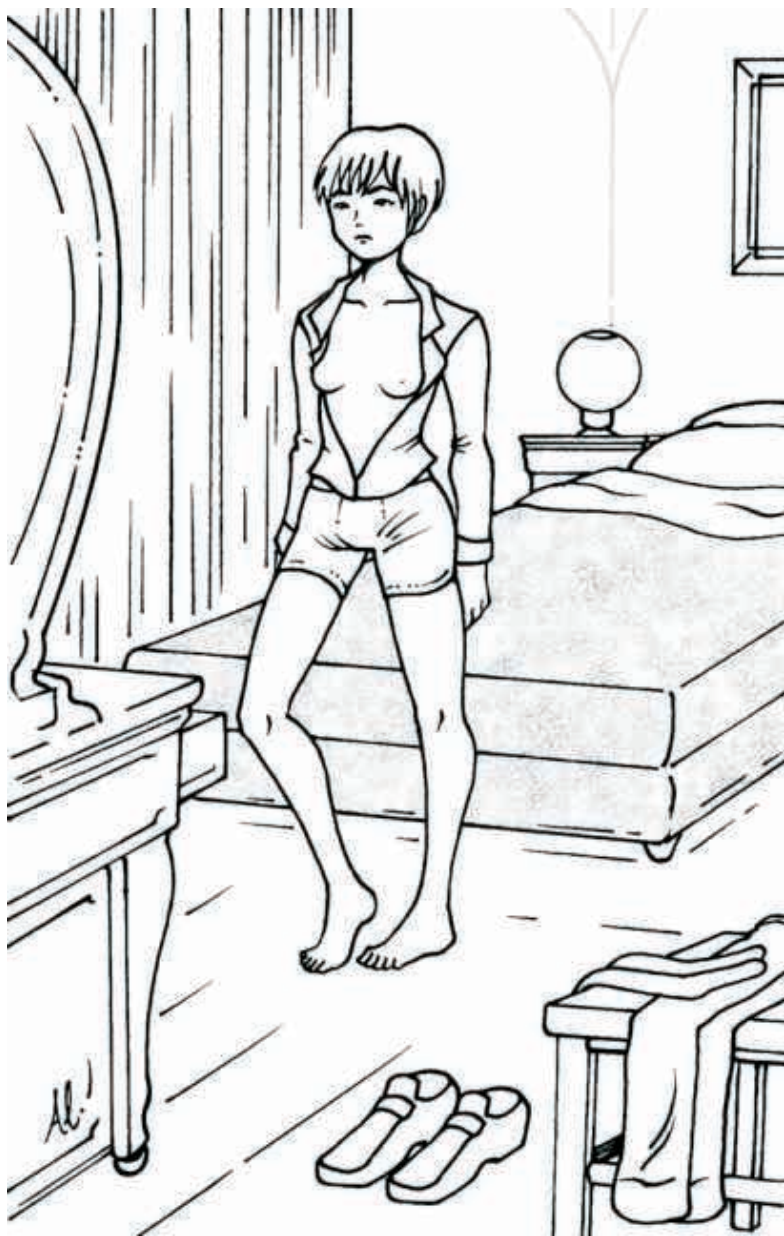
“To being T,” the three raised their wine glasses, with Mark and Julie tearing up. They had never felt closer with anybody, even with their respective, but now obsolete, girlfriends and boyfriends.

“Why don’t we all share how we found out that we are special?” Cindy requested.

Mark opened up first. Mark’s mother was one of the many town tramps in a small coal mining town near the West Virginia/Ohio border; he never really knew his father. His mother was too busy with men to raise him and his younger sister, Britney, and too volatile to wish that she had even tried.

By the age of eleven, Mark was acting as the man of the house and taking care of his kid sister. By age twelve, he wanted to be the woman of the house. He started wearing his mother’s clothes which were in-

credibly provocative and inflamed his passions. Like Cindy he was forever changed, once that part of himself was revealed.



Mark, however, maintained a very masculine lifestyle; he had sex with girls by the age of thirteen, played high school football despite his slender build, fixed cars, hunted deer, and got drunk with his buddies on cheap beer and pilfered bourbon.

Confessing to Britney about his desire to dress and act like a woman, he came to share an incredibly tight bond with her when she stated that he was an awesome brother and she could care less. Britney obtained clothes for him at the Value-Mart and encouraged him to leave their small town where he was too confined. Away from their hometown he could spread his wings and become the girl he was meant to be, she encouragingly told him. Mark, however, took the exact opposite approach. He joined the Marines immediately upon graduating high school in order to terminate once and for all the gay crap about wanting to dress and act like a girl.

In the absence of the steady and loving presence of her brother, Britney started to follow in her mother's footsteps and was now living with an abusive boyfriend. Moreover, the Marines did not cure Mark of his desires, even after a combat tour; instead, they crystallized them as he lay awake at night thinking intensely about becoming Meghan.

Julie took the passed torch. She had not had a gender ambiguous childhood, but instead lived the life of an intelligent and attractive girl to well-educated and successful parents in a close and supportive family in Boston. Nevertheless, she was T just like the three of her companions. In her freshman year at college, she lay in her boyfriend's bedroom one Saturday morning after a wild night of partying and unbridled passion. He had gone out to

play football with some fraternity brothers while she planned to study. On an undefined but compelling impulse, she opened his closet and stared at his wardrobe for almost twenty minutes. She tried on one of his white dress shirts and pulled a tie from the rack. Knotting the tie around her neck caused a massive change in her psyche as if the lights had suddenly been turned on in a darkened warehouse, previously unknown. She didn't want to be *with* her boyfriend, she wanted to *be* him.

Julie quickly flung open the drawers to his dresser and pulled on a pair of boxers and men's dress socks. She then tried on a pair of khaki slacks and cinched a deep brown leather belt tightly around her waist. She couldn't stop herself, like she was being pulled in a river's torrent but was thrilled at the feelings the men's clothes had unlocked. Finally, she wet her hair and slicked it back. Staring at her reflection in the mirror, she could almost mistake herself for being male, which was the intended result. With some work, she could be a man, a man named Jake.

Confessing her desires to her boyfriend, she was shocked when he didn't act with revulsion. He laughed and said he had never heard that one before, and that maybe someday the two of them could be buddies, as he really liked her. Julie regularly saw her ex-boyfriend on campus, but was never jealous of the attractive co-eds she saw on his arm; she was jealous of the fact that he was a man and she wasn't.

Ever since Brian could remember, his parents wanted him to be a doctor like his father, and he seemed to be very firmly grounded on that path. He was an exceptional student and following in his fa-

ther's footsteps was only a matter of time. Like Julie's family, Brian's family was very supportive, but also very goal oriented and ambitious, trying to carve out their own slice of the American dream. Like Julie, Brian didn't want to date the opposite sex, he wanted to be the opposite sex, and had realized that desire since age thirteen. He and his older sister were watching tabloid TV when they should have been doing their homework. The guests on the show were very attractive transsexual models.

"Gross, how can they do that to themselves?" Brian's sister mused.

Brian didn't answer; instead he spent the rest of the night on the internet, again when he should have been studying, trying to find out how he could do the same thing to himself. Every night thereafter, he would surf the internet learning about transsexuals, shemales, crossdressers, Standards of Care, estrogen, and facial feminization surgery. He had never, however, purchased or tried on a single item of feminine attire or dated anybody.

The group silently ate dinner after their mutual revelations, until finally Mark broke the mood. "What is it like to have sex as a woman?"

"Transcendent."

Cindy continued, "You three looked lost tonight, like three blind people trying to find their way in the darkness, but when you work together, all the answers are there for the taking. You are all three highly intelligent, strong, and decent people or else you wouldn't be where you are tonight, the most famous drag bar in the Village. Sometimes, strong, intelligent, decent people need a little push to snap their inertia and step out of their closet. Once you

step out of the closet, you will be assailed by the people who have loved you the most. Your senses of self will be scorched in the fire, but the fire can make you stronger and better in the end.

“You are going to need all the spiritual help you can muster; there is a Unitarian Church downtown with a welcoming congregation. You can walk in there as a T and be safe and eventually comfortable. But when you walk in there in three weeks, you three will look good. Next weekend we will go shopping and I know a bed and breakfast on Staten Island that specializes in boy to girl makeovers. I will call the owner and see if he can give you two makeup lessons on the promise that you will buy his cosmetics. As far as you go, Julie, you have two friends who know how to be guys. Use them, most of acting like a guy is minimizing and is inside, which is already within you. I need to go to the restroom.”

At that juncture, the group went to their respective restrooms, Cindy using the opportunity to talk to Julie in private. “I haven’t been a guy in a long time but those two will need you to step up and be the man as they become women. Once you do, you will find yourself very fast.”

Julie gulped with her new responsibility and new identity, but then confidently asserted, “We are T.”

“What are those two doing in there?” Brian asked Mark.

“They are women, even Julie. They are going to take forever.”

The intercom started playing “Hot in the City”, which inspired a very attractive and poised brunette cross dresser in her late 30s to leave her date at the bar and saunter over to the table.

“Your friend, the blonde woman, is that Cindy San Claire?”

“I don’t know. She is now Cindy Kincaid. She is a history professor at Manhattan College and our faculty advisor,” Brian responded.

“I am sure it is her, the tranny in the Ferrari. She’s legendary.”

The next Saturday, Cindy escorted the fledgling T’s into a mark-down clothing store. The three were extremely reticent about shopping for clothes of the opposite sex and held back away from Cindy, who smiled oblivious to their fears as she looked for great deals on the racks. She had once purchased an awesome \$500 blue and black short dress with three-quarter length sleeves and mother of pearl buttons here for \$50. That dress had serious horse power.

A cute salesgirl approached, wearing a halter top and leather jacket, tight jeans, and stiletto pumps.

“Can I help you?” she smiled.

Cindy beamed, “Maybe you can. I am helping those two guys over there pick out some new dresses.”

The salesgirl paused for a second as she registered Cindy’s words, but the smile never left. “I think the taller one is a size nine, while the shorter one is an eight. They should look really cute, at least once the shorter one shaves off that ridiculous beard,” the girl joked.

“Shouldn’t I look for something more masculine,” Julie asked, “like at the Army-Navy store?”

“If you want to look like a thug.”

“But it would make me look tougher, more rugged.”

“Like a thug,” Cindy repeated. “As superficial as it sounds, the clothes set the tone. It propelled me where I am today. If you want to be a thug, shop at the Army-Navy store. If you want to be a classy guy with a future, you will wear this stuff.”

Later that afternoon, Cindy and Julie sat at a dinner table at a beautifully furnished bed and breakfast eating chips and salsa while Mark and Brian honed their makeup skills under the demanding eye of the ebullient drag queen, Davide, the proprietor, who exhorted them to new heights of femininity.

“So what’s the difference between a drag queen and a tran? I don’t get it.”

“Let me give you an illustration. Davide and I went shopping long ago in Manhattan for shoes, even before I started using hormones. I was staying at this place but I wasn’t prepared for going out on the town to shop. There was basically an orgy the night before and all I had was a bra, panties, and garter belt with stockings and pumps, so I put that on under my coat. I never felt so vulnerable but it was a growing experience. So we are at a really nice shoe store. Davide has his eyes set on this platform heel turquoise and hot pink monstrosity whereas I have my heart set on this cute demure, black satin high heel sandal. That’s the difference.”

“Gotcha. I can’t believe I am actually doing this. It is so far beyond my experience.”

“Like being a newborn babe taking her, or should I say his, first steps?”

“Exactly. I just don’t know if I can be a newborn babe again.”

“Look, Julie, you don’t have to be here if you don’t want to. I will gladly take you back to the city and won’t think any less of you. The path you are preparing to embark upon is not easy. Plus, there is no schedule and no roadmap. Each journey is the individual’s own. Say the word and I will take you home.”

Julie quietly sat for five minutes, then started to speak. “I could walk away tonight, and go back to campus. Maybe start trying to date another man who I will eventually feel that I want to be like. We could have children, then in five or ten years of living a life of quiet desperation, I could be back here.”

“We can’t see our future but that scenario could happen. So could others”

“I think I’ll stay, the lasagna is smelling really good.”

“It is good. I’ve had it many times.”

Just then, Davide strutted into the kitchen. “I present for their grand premiere Miss Meghan Thomas and Miss Brianna Rani, two of my finest creations. Rani is the Hindu word for princess. Quite fitting, don’t you think?”

The redheaded Meghan strutted out in a denim skirt and matching jacket, a pink chemise, beige stockings and black pumps, The trio had been liberally drinking vodka and cranberry juice, so Meghan was relaxed and moved fluidly on her heels. She smiled broadly, but then tears came forth. She had been reborn.

Brianna shyly came out of the dressing room in a little black dress and elbow-length gloves, but the smile on her face was unmistakable. She hugged Davide, “This is the best day of my life.”

Davide beckoned to Julie to come into the salon room. “Come on young man, it’s your turn.” Julie looked frightened, like she was being beckoned to the principal’s office in sixth grade for changing the sugar in the teacher’s lounge to salt.

Meghan and Brianna giggled like a pair of school-girls while their friend underwent his own transformation. They wiggled their asses as they pranced on their heels, held out their hands, and laughed. After an hour and a half, Davide reemerged from the salon. “And now may I present to the world, the man of the hour, Jake Barlow.”

Jake strutted into the kitchen, wearing khaki slacks, brown leather oxfords, a white shirt, black sport jacket, and a bright red tie. He looked great in his short haircut and quiet, confident grin.

“Like I said, a true gentleman,” Cindy observed.

After a lasagna dinner that had been slowly cooking in the oven, Cindy drove across the Verrazano Narrows Bridge towards Manhattan and sobbed deeply. She had pried open Pandora’s Box and God help those kids.

At the Unitarian Church two weeks later, the kids applied their makeup and dressed as their true selves in the choir room. Cindy led them to the front pew where everybody in the congregation could see them. The church had a practice of having visitors stand up and introduce themselves as a part of its announcements. Cindy stood up.

“Hello, I’m Cindy Kincaid from the transgendered support group at Manhattan College and these are my students, Meghan, Jake, and Brianna,” she said as she gestured for them to stand up. The three rose hesitantly and fearfully.

A solitary clapping broke out in the rear of the church, which was soon joined by others until in ten seconds the entire congregation was giving them a thunderous applause. The composure of the trio changed from timid to proud, and they stood tall and smiled. They had a refuge where they could be themselves, at least for an hour on Sundays.

After the church service, the three Ts enjoyed brunch at a different drag restaurant in the Village, while an autumn rain fell heavily outside. Sipping her black coffee, Meghan opened the conversation. “We need a place where we can dress and then go out as we want to. I figure if we pool our resources, we can get an apartment for the spring semester. I have looked at some places and want to know what you think. I like this one in the Village, it’s only four blocks from here. What do you think?”

“I like it. Do you think the landlord will approve of us the way we are dressed?” Julie asked.

“It’s the Village. Let’s go for it.”

Obtaining a decent apartment in Manhattan is an art form composed of sixty per cent luck, twenty per cent connections, and thirty per cent research. It is virtually impossible but the landlord was an elderly drag queen, Leslie, who had participated in Stonewall. When he saw the three nice young transsexuals searching for a home, his heart melted. He was even willing to eat the lease for December and let them move in at the start of the school year.

“You can’t spend Christmas alone. You are coming to our house on Christmas day for dinner. I am not taking no for an answer on this one,” Cindy insisted to Mark at the start of the Christmas break.

“But.”

“But nothing. We have dinner around 1:00 so why don’t you show up around 12:00.”

“Okay.”

“I’m looking forward to having you at our home, for real.”

The Kincaids and Mark contentedly sat in the living room after a meal of roast beef, venison, turkey, salmon, sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, asparagus, artichokes, cranberry sauce, and apple pie. Jennifer sat on the floor rubbing Brutus’ belly, alone now for Christmas after Shane tried to hit a home run when he should have tried to lay down a bunt. Cindy beckoned her over. “Why don’t you get the package in our bedroom?” Jennifer nodded and retrieved a Christmas present about two feet in length and over a foot wide.

“It’s from all of us,” Cindy said to Mark.

Mark carefully unwrapped the present and opened the box, marked with the logo from an upscale New York department store. He missed a breath as he pulled out a pair of woman’s knee-high leather boots.

“As sexy as heels are, these should look great and are much more practical and comfortable. A woman about town should always have a pair of good boots.”

“Thank you. They are beautiful.”

“You are very welcome. I can’t wait to see you in them.”

Hours later Mark sat in his temporary dorm room, eating microwaved leftovers from the Kincaids’ Christmas meal and admiring his boots and the woman’s winter coat and maroon scarf his sister, Britney, had given him for Christmas. He only had another week by himself and then he and his friends would move into the apartment in the Village. From there, the three of them would accelerate their transition into the opposite gender. The New Year should be amazing and he would get to wear those incredible boots.

Mark called Britney to wish her a Merry Christmas and give her his sincere thanks for the coat and scarf.

“Merry Christmas, sis. Thank you very much for the presents.”

“Anytime. I figured since you are going to be a New York City girl, you will need something to keep you warm. I am so happy you have decided to become a woman and look forward to hanging with you as my sister. Maybe the two of us can have dinner together and catch a play, just two hot country girls in the big city.”

“Plan on it. Did you get my gifts?”

“Yes, thank you so much for the poinsettia and the sweater. I also love the e-reader and have downloaded three books already.”

“So how is Steve?”

“Oh, he’s good. We went to his family’s house for Christmas dinner, now he is watching TV. He’s a good guy.”

“I am glad you finally found one.

“Yep, the New Year should be amazing.”

“Those are the exact same words I used. It’s so good to talk to you. Have a Merry Christmas and an amazing New Year. I hope you can get to New York so we can go out on the town together as girls, like you said.”

“We will do it, I promise.”

Britney put down her phone and felt profound dread when contemplating the New Year. She spoke to her brother with a bloody nose and a black eye. The poinsettia was already thrown away and Britney had not even taken the e-reader out of the box, let alone downloaded any books. She had to lie to him; he was on the verge of finally becoming a woman, and she didn’t want her new sister to worry about her problems. She did wistfully hope that she and her sister could someday get dressed up all hot and sexy and catch a play on Broadway. That would be wonderful.

After establishing a home base in their apartment in the Village, Julie, Mark, and Brian could now start on their lifelong journey. On a cold January day, they sat together in the counseling center at the college while each of them waited to open their hearts to their respective counselors about their firm desire to match their physical sex with their souls. After several intense interviews, the counselors referred them to a specialist on staff who prescribed hormones for all three, as well as electrolysis for Meghan and Brianna.

The girls in progress were soon outpaced in their transition by Jake as they underwent the interminable and oftentimes painful process of electrolysis,

having to grow their beards out for each session. Jake's beard however quickly started to fill out, encouraged by the testosterone infiltrating his system and slowly taking it over, and by a morning and nightly shave, in which he would lather up just like he observed his father doing long ago. The testosterone and a daily bodybuilding regimen transformed Jake's body until Julie became a distant memory, whereas Meghan and Brianna were overjoyed when they sprouted breasts.

In the interim periods during which they couldn't dress as they wanted, Meghan and Brianna discovered a way to reaffirm their identities. Meghan purchased a University of Tennessee baseball cap, sweatshirts and t-shirts for herself and her roommates. During the entire spring semester, each of them would proudly wear the orange T on campus, reminding themselves of who they really were.

Regardless of who she really was, Brianna wilted under her father's rage, after his wife made an unannounced visit to the apartment to make sure Brian was preparing for finals, only to discover that her son was wearing woman's clothing and was rapidly transforming into her daughter. This was entirely unacceptable.

"What the hell do you mean to be doing this, with these perverts?" Mr. Patel gestured to Jake and Meghan. "Your mother is heartbroken. Is this what you really like, to dress up as a drag queen and suck cock? We didn't raise you to be this. You are our son, not our daughter."

Brianna could not answer, letting her father continue his tirade.

“You are throwing away your whole future to do this nonsense. Tell me, who put you up to this? You wouldn’t do this by yourself.”

Jake and Meghan were dumbfounded by his violent anger but not surprised. Jake remembered his own coming out a month ago to his parents in Boston. His not-in-my-backyard liberal parents were entirely dissatisfied and their revulsion was just as visceral as what he was witnessing, just not as bellicose. The cruelest thing he heard was from his mother, asserting that she had not raised such a beautiful and talented daughter to have her throw it all away on a fetish that would soon pass, and that she had no place in her life for a son.

Jake’s grandmother, on the other hand, still held out her love for her grandchild, regardless of his gender. “Your mother should practice what she preaches. I don’t think I have a place in my life for someone who turns her back on you.” In retaliation, she disowned her daughter and promised to support Jake while he was obtaining his bachelor’s degree.

Witnessing the violent outburst, Meghan felt deeply for Brianna, but she actually wished she had a family member who raised any fuss about her transition to becoming a woman.

Brianna finally stood on her feet for the first time both as a young adult and a young woman, “Nobody put me up to this, especially not my friends. I am only doing what I have to do. I’ve known I’m a woman inside for a long time, ever since I was thirteen actually, but now I am doing something about it. I am still maintaining my GPA and my future has yet to be revealed. I don’t expect you to understand this, but I am not going back to what I was.”

“Fine then, you are cut off. I am not paying for this.”

The next day, Cindy and Brianna walked through a beautiful early spring day in Central Park.

“When my dad and I had our argument, he pinned me against the stairs and tried to gouge my eyes out and disowned me on the spot, once we were separated. Now we talk on a regular basis, he is very involved with his grandchildren and he was very sincere in congratulating me when I received my Ph.D. He and Mom regularly visit New York for the holidays and we really do have a good time. You don’t want to hear it now, but time can heal many wounds.”

“But he’s cutting me off. What am I supposed to do?”

“Well, you have the rest of the semester to decide, as it’s paid for already. There are transgender scholarships available and with your GPA you will be a shoo-in. You may miss a semester but you can work as a nurse’s aide while you wait. It will make you a far better physician in the long run. You can also use the time to study for the MCATs. This is actually your finest hour and your time to shine brighter than you ever thought possible.”

A month and a half later, Brianna wore nurse’s scrubs at a general hospital. She removed and cleaned bedpans and accidents, helped transfer patients, prepare their rooms, and assist the nurses with their rounds. She was on the bottom tier of the hospital and loved every minute of her time spent as a nurse’s aide. She had a constant smile and endless energy that the staff appreciated. The nurses immediately recognized her intelligence and aptitude

and continued to give her more challenging assignments. At the hospital, they didn't question her transitional gender but instead embraced her as an enthusiastic and capable member of their team.

Brianna benefitted greatly; she learned to recognize good doctors from bad ones and what made them that way. One evening, an exhausted Brianna sat in a break room, eating a cup of noodles and drinking vitamin water when one of the good doctors walked in.

"You mind if I join you?"

Brianna smiled, "Sure." The doctor was very attractive, blonde with brown eyes, a former surfer from California, and had an excellent reputation.

"That cup of noodles is terrible for you."

"But oh so tasty, and convenient."

"You're that new nurse's aide. The really good one."

"I don't know. Just trying to help," Brianna smiled.

"So are you planning on becoming an RN? You would be terrific."

"I am planning on becoming an MD and I fully intend to be one. I have a 3.98 in biology at Manhattan College, but my father cut off my funding when he found out I was undergoing my transition to become a woman." Brianna felt there was no need to hide the truth, as a trained physician could definitely see that she was still a work in progress.

"Let me guess, you struggled in English Comp."

"Too uninspired."

“Strange, you seem to be incredibly inspired now. Would you like to go out some time? I’m Karl.”

“I would love to. I’m Brianna.”

Brianna looked dazzling two weeks later as she strutted to her table wearing a short, sequined red party dress with gold streaks shaped like flames stretching from left to right below her budding breasts. All eyes at DQs turned to her, including the young doctor’s.

“Much better than your scrubs,” Karl said as he held out Brianna’s chair to comfortably seat his date.

“You don’t say.” Brianna crossed her legs and gazed intently upon Karl. “I am so glad you approved of coming here. I would be a little uncomfortable wearing this at a straight restaurant. Here, nobody cares if I powder my nose in the ladies room. Plus the food here is excellent.”

Karl ordered dinner and a bottle of Napa cabernet sauvignon, which helped the couple relax.

“So tell me about yourself, good doctor.”

Karl spent almost his entire childhood and youth surfing in his home in Ventura County. When he wasn’t surfing, he was cruising the Pacific Coast Highway with a multitude of girlfriends. He had little ambition as life was already perfect, or at least he thought so. Then he met Wendy, a UCSB student, and everything changed. He was instantly in love with the vibrant brunette but she was weird; she wanted something more from life than making out while watching the sunset over the Pacific. She wanted to go places. Enrolling at UCSB, the formerly indifferent student thrived. He never won over Wendy but loved her from afar.

“How sweet.”

“You are sweet.”

“Thank you, sir.” Brianna’s eyes shined.

Then Brianna did something that surprised even her. She stepped out of her gold, 5 ½” pumps and caressed Karl’s legs with her feet. It felt so natural, so right.

Karl looked like he had used a defibrillator on himself, then calmed down and took Brianna’s hands gently in his own.

“I want you,” she quietly but confidently said.

“I have watched one amazing woman leave my life. I am not going to do it again. Shall we?”

“We shall.”

Oblivious to everything but their burning passion, including the cab driver, the couple attacked each other in the cab ride to Karl’s apartment near Central Park. Brianna exhaled deeply as Karl felt under her skimpy dress, driving out her past life and her father’s disapproval. She was Brianna now and forever. Brianna and Karl continued their love-making in the elevator and finally ended up on the couch. She then presented her backside to him.

“Take me, please.”

Karl pulled down Brianna’s panties and expertly massaged the crack of her ass with lubricant.

“I’m glad I paid attention in proctology.”

“Shut up and fuck me. I’m yours baby. Bring it. Take me like your bitch.”

Karl slapped her ass, bringing forth a yelp, unzipped his pants, and forcefully entered her, bringing forth another yelp. He immediately started a

frenzied pumping inside Brianna who thrust herself onto his cock with relentless abandon. In doing so, she discovered that she had a nasty side.



“That’s it, shove that cock in me. Fuck me hard. Pull my hair.”

Karl savagely pulled Brianna’s hair back, forcing her to arch her back and allowing Karl’s cock to penetrate even deeper, reaching the touchstone of her lust.

“Oh my God, ohhh.”

Karl then exploded and gave a parting slap to Brianna’s ass as he withdrew. His seed oozed from her, ratifying his claim.

“We have to coordinate our days off,” Brianna suggested, then laughed a joyful and infectious laugh for which the physician had no immunity.

In June, Jake and Meghan sped down I-70 in Jake’s Subaru on their way to rescue Britney from her boyfriend. Meghan had now spent the vast majority of her time as Meghan. Her summer job couldn’t have cared less, she was too good a computer engineer to worry about her gender, whatever it was, and the office was far too eclectic to even make her noteworthy.

Britney had called her older sister the night before in tears. Her boyfriend had repeatedly hit her and her vision was now blurred and her ears rung. Meghan bit her lip as the car sped its way towards her old home town. As Britney’s older brother, Mark had been her protector, but now Mark had disappeared into Meghan. He was a she, and she had to confront an angry, drunken boyfriend.

Sitting next to Meghan, Jake was terrified as he drove into the lion’s mouth. As Julie, he had been a nice middle class girl and had never been in a real fight. Now that possibility loomed and he felt chills run down his legs.

Jake pulled the car into the driveway and Britney ran out of the side door while her boyfriend, Steve, burst out of the front door, screaming at them.

“Where the fuck are you going? Like Hell you are getting into that car. I’ll kill you first. Who the fuck are you to try and take away my woman?”

“I’m family,” Meghan quietly asserted, “and we are taking her away, so please back off.”

Steve was about seventy pounds heavier than Meghan who was always slender, and had her also by virtue of height and gender. He didn’t back off. “No faggot, cocksucking drag queen brother of my woman is going to tell me shit on my own property. This is my town. It’s no longer yours.”

“Britney, get in the car, now.”

Britney moved to get into the back seat but Steve moved to intercept her, Meghan attempted to block him but was thrust aside with a bloody nose. Steve grabbed Britney’s hand and started to drag her back into the house when Jake grabbed him by the shoulder and turned him around. Incensed, Steve hit Jake squarely in the face. Jake backed away for a second, then reengaged, grappling with him. Steve started to gain the upper hand when he put his hands on Jake’s face but Jake remembered sexual assault training from years ago. He broke free of his grasp, then landed a kick below the ribs. He followed up with an upward thrust to Steve’s face. Steve then bulled into Jake and brought them both to the ground where his superior size and savagery would soon take the upper hand.

“You pussy, you’re dead.”

Just then Steve lurched away, writhing in pain. Meghan had kicked him in the back. She could still protect her kid sister.

Safely distanced from the scene by over one hundred miles, Jake pulled into a rest area. He had a black eye and a broken nose.

“He’s not following us and he doesn’t know where we live in New York. You’ll be safe there.”

“Thank you so much for helping me. You’re hurt, I am sorry.”

“Don’t apologize, you are Meghan’s sister. I am glad to help.”

Britney smiled. “So you must be Jake. My sister has told me about you.”

That evening, Jake showed Britney his bedroom. “You can stay here as long as you like, Meghan and Brianna sleep in the other room. You have my bed.”

That night, a relieved and grateful Britney lay in Jake’s bed. She had never met a man like him before, and vowed to have him back in his bed.

Jake could not sleep either. He had never felt more like a man than when he attempted to save Britney and he was already attracted to her. He wanted back in his bed too.

The next morning, a bruised Jake and Meghan went out and got breakfast while Britney slept her first day in peace and comfort in years.

“I have never had whitefish salad or bagels with cream cheese for breakfast before.”

“Welcome to New York, little sister,” Meghan smiled.

“Thanks, big sister.”

Meghan had to go to her job the next day at the computer firm but Jake was in summer school, so he had ample free time.

“Would you like to see New York? There is a lot to see and do.”

“I’d love to.”

Britney and Jake walked all over New York that day; the Empire State Building, the 9/11 Memorial, Times Square. They enjoyed a picnic behind the public library, which Britney recognized from Ghostbusters. By the end of the day, the two held hands. Two weeks later, Jake was preparing for another night on the couch and lifted back his blanket and sheet. What he found underneath both shocked and aroused him. Underneath his blanket was a strap-on dildo and a red rose.

Jake took a deep breath, sniffed the rose, pulled down his pants and attached his new maleness. He grasped his cock, savoring its girth, then lightly ran his fingers up and down his shaft. Britney was in trouble, he laughed.

Jake quietly walked to his woman who waited for him in her bedroom. The short walk seemed the longest of Jake’s life, but he was thrilled. He had finally arrived and would soon be a man.

Britney had lain in bed for hours in anticipation, wearing a demure white babydoll nightie and a matching thong which had become soaking wet in anticipation.

“What’s up, stud? I see you got my calling card.”

“Open wide, babe.”

“Mmmmm. I wasn’t expecting that.”

“I’m a master of the unexpected.”

Britney leaned over and kissed Jake's head. Then, grasping his shaft in her delicate fingers, she relaxed her throat and took his manhood to the hilt, all the time looking soulfully into his eyes. Jake gently but firmly grasped his hands behind his girl's head to hold her in place, then slowly eased up on the pressure as she bobbed up and down on his cock. Britney appeared to be enjoying this and Jake broke into a broad grin. He gently released his hold on Britney, gave her a deep kiss, placed her on her back, and then spread her legs apart.

"Take me, please, take me. I'm all yours."

Jake grasped his cock in his right hand, but hesitated, savoring the moment. He looked at the lustful expression on the gorgeous redhead, then let his gaze follow along her silk clad breasts and onto her smooth crotch where he would soon venture. She was his woman, he was her man. With surprise expertise, Jake glided his cock into the folds of Britney's flesh and penetrated deep inside her. She moaned and grasped him tightly, holding him deep within.

Britney had already experienced several orgasms, two in mere anticipation of the night's mating, and one while she orally satisfied Jake's new cock. Her mind was drowned in a tidal wave of lust as her nerves continually fired. She screamed and moaned and urged Jake on and on and on. Jake was astounded at Britney's transformation into a wanton slut, but thrilled that he was the one who caused it. He became more assertive in his thrusts, and soon crossed the line into savagery as he gave his woman the full ardor of his hard cock.

Jake was a special man, and pounded into Britney long after any other man would have wilted

and collapsed, until she screamed like a woman possessed and was further upgraded from slut to succubus, a soulless creature of pure lust. Mercilessly, the thrusting of his cock into the newly spawned succubus ended when the inferno building within Jake erupted in a white hot fury. Britney's past, however, had been incinerated in the furnace of her lust, so now she could rise as a phoenix from her own ashes. What Jake did not anticipate was that two phoenixes would be rising from the pyre of his lover's past life.

"I found out I was pregnant today, love," Britney revealed an hour later, as she gently kissed her spent partner. "You would be such a good father for my child. I love you. Please become the father, please."

Not one to be taken aback, even by his newly-offered paternity, Jake instantly answered, "I will not have our child born out of wedlock. Marry me, Britney, and make me the happiest man in the world."

Britney was taken aback and could not utter a sound, but signaled her approval with a smile and a warm embrace. She had found a truly wonderful man and was going to be his wife.

From the other bedroom, Meghan had heard the moans and shrieks of the two lovers and smiled as she drifted off to sleep. she had taken care of her younger sister.

The next morning, Meghan announced to her sister that they were going shopping together, for the first time as sisters, two country girls taking on the Big City. Besides, they needed something to wear for

the Broadway play tonight, for which she had purchased tickets for the three of them.

Britney's eyes lit up, "This is truly shaping up to be an amazing new year."

"I think we should buy the same dress, we are sisters, now. It would look great," Britney suggested while browsing the racks in a department store on Fifth Avenue with Meghan.

"But you are so much prettier, I need an edge."

"Don't self yourself short, Meghan, you have tons of potential. Remember, we share the same genes, sister."

That night, both Britney and Meghan emerged from their bedrooms wearing the same, classic little black dress. Britney had prevailed on her sister to go for the Holly Golightly look; she loved the movie and thought it was fitting to celebrate her first night out on the town in Manhattan. Hearing the Audrey Hepburn reference, Jake immediately knew where he was going to purchase Britney's engagement ring.

A change in dynamic had occurred that day between Meghan and Britney. As Britney's older brother, Mark had unquestionably been the leader. But now, Britney assumed the lead, as she had much to teach Meghan about being a woman; how to dress, how to talk, how to walk, and how to love. She thrilled with the opportunity to help Meghan become the woman she was meant to be.

At the musical that night, Jake sat flanked by two stunning redheads, just two country girls making their way in New York. Meghan noticed that the fiancés were holding hands and deeply wished that

someday she would be holding a man's hand while watching a Broadway play.

Four months later, Meghan rode with John through a cold November rain on their way to the family cabin at Henderson Harbor.

"I am glad you are learning that being a woman is more than lipstick and high heels."

"Thanks to your wife. She has always encouraged me to stay in touch with who I was. I may have always been a woman inside but I still want to get up before dawn and stare at deer from a distance."

"That seems to be the case most of the time, isn't it?"

"So why isn't your wife coming? She always talks lovingly of your place up here, like it's Heaven on Earth."

"It is, but she hates to come on the deer hunting trips. She has such a soft heart that she doesn't like to come near my deer and turkey hunting. We have an ongoing fiction that the Thanksgiving turkey and the venison is road kill off 104."

"But she fishes."

"And she returns the cute fish back with a word of gentle encouragement. It's adorable."

"Cute fish?"

"Bass, sunfish, but not pike or walleye. As far as salmon go, they can take very good care of themselves, she says and keeps them every time."

The rain stopped in the early morning hours and the day dawned cold and crisp. Meghan lightly fondled her rifle with the telescopic sight. Her nails had

been recently manicured a bright red and stood out against the black walnut stock.

“Are you serious about using that?” Meghan asked John.

“Dead serious,” John responded, hefting a reproduction Civil War musket. “My great-great grandfather was in the Army of the Potomac and I feel a solidarity with him when I use it. Most shots around here are under two hundred yards anyway. I have never failed to get a deer ever since my family and I started coming up here.”

That afternoon, an exhausted but eminently satisfied Meghan and John leaned up against the walls of the butcher’s shop as the butcher dressed a massive fourteen point buck.

Meghan was nervous with all the attention, but John was out front bragging to the gathering crowd.

“I told her it was too far away and almost never breaks cover, but Meghan here, she smiled and repositioned to the right and in about thirty minutes I heard the shot. Over three hundred yards and the deer was already on the ground when I got there in less than a minute. It was incredible.”

Another hunter wearing camouflage and a bright orange baseball hat from Cabelas approached Meghan. He was about twenty-five, tall, and built like a defensive lineman.

“So you’re the Annie Oakley. I have seen that deer for three years but haven’t yet had a clear shot.”

“Just lucky, I guess,” Meghan responded, while shyly looking down at her combat boots.

“You’re very cute and I don’t buy that lucky excuse for one minute. What are you a Marine sniper or something? Are you busy tonight? Why don’t you meet me at 8:00 at the Lake Side. I won’t take no for an answer. My name’s Mike by the way.”

“Uh, I’m Meghan, but I have a cock”, Meghan nervously whispered, with a tear forming in her eye.

Mike looked completely unperturbed and smiled. “It’s a small price to pay for dating a woman who can make a shot like that. See you at 8:00, babe.”

Back at the cottage, John and Meghan loaded the freezer with fresh venison and sausage. John then helpfully suggested, “You can check through Cindy’s closets, you are taller than she is by a few inches but you have almost the same build. She has plenty of clothes up here and I’m sure she would love to know you wore them on your date. Plus she has spare makeup in her drawers.”

That evening, Meghan emerged from the shower and examined herself closely in the bathroom mirror, really looking at herself for the first time. Her breasts looked beautiful and inviting as she gazed at them from the front and in profile. Meghan smiled, then looked at her smooth, soft body with the freshly shaved legs. Estrogen had worked its wonders and Mike should be very pleased.

Meghan thought wicked thoughts about her date as she put on her panties and bra and sat at the makeup table. She did her foundation and marveled at the effects of the electrolysis and hormones. Her beard was gone and her face much softer. Meghan put on her blush, accentuating her cheekbones, then began to focus on her eyes for a dramatic, sensual look. She applied her maroon lipstick to match

the black sweater dress she found in Cindy's closet with the red and cobalt blue front, and the matching tight black skirt. Meghan took a deep breath when she glanced at herself in the mirror and held the stare for thirty seconds. She was a knockout.

At 8:10, John pulled the fashionably late young woman to the Lake Side, walked around the car and opened the door for her. Meghan seductively let her legs out of the car, teasing John, and smiled.

“Do I look all right?”

“You'll knock him dead. Good luck girl. Cindy would wish you the same.”

“Thanks,” Meghan shyly smiled as she pranced into the restaurant on her black suede pumps. The stunning redhead stood in the lobby until she saw Mike sitting at the bar. She sauntered up to him and faked an apology for being late.

“No problem, babe,” Mike said as he took Meghan's hand and led her to their table. He pulled out her chair and she sat down, with her legs naturally crossed.

“A real gentleman,” she beamed.

“With a real lady. You look much better tonight than in your camo.”

“You don't say. I would never have guessed.”

The dinner conversation went well. Mike Grezynski was an engineer for the New York Department of Transportation, a former football player at Michigan State, who now lived and worked in Syracuse. He regularly went hunting up around Henderson Harbor as the deer were huge and the turkeys delicious and as numerous as pigeons in New York City.

The two enjoyed a dinner of fried walleye and perch fillets, a locally brewed beer, then sat and talked while Mike looked at the seductive and inviting green eyes of Meghan. After two hours of pleasant conversation and increasingly intense flirting, Mike finally asked, "Would you like to come to my place? I am staying at a hotel in town."

"Yes please."

Meghan and Mike entered his room and he immediately embraced her and assaulted her mouth, erasing her meticulously applied lipstick. She gasped as he roughly fondled her ass, searching for her crack beneath the tight skirt. Meghan was astounded, she was responding entirely as a woman. The fleeting thought electrified her and shot bolts of lightning through her body. She wanted him so badly inside her.

"Uh, I don't have any protection," Meghan huskily whispered.

"Got you covered, babe."

Meghan removed her sweater and her skirt and stood before Mike in her panties, bra, and stockings, a beautiful redhead about to be deflowered as a woman and irrevocably transformed.

Mike maneuvered her onto the bed, gently placing her on all fours, and delicately sliding her panties down her smooth and inviting legs. Meghan placed her hand over her maleness, but Mike pulled it away.

"Like I said, no big deal there," Mike softly said as he entered her with his thick, insistent, index finger.

Meghan gasped.

“That’s a girl. Now just relax and be a good girl and let your man do his thing.”

Meghan couldn’t relax, her spirit was racing like it had never had before, like a doe running through the woods. Now she was about to be mounted by her stag.

Mike ground in another finger and swirled it around her, bringing forth intense moans and feminine sounding pleadings for Mike to enter her. Unmoved by her urgings, Mike pushed in a third finger, “There you go, girl. You are so beautiful.”

Removing his fingers after several minutes, Mike substituted them with his cock. Meghan’s eyes nearly bugged out and she screamed, while her body started to buck and shudder. Mike was enormous, but what should she have expected from a guy built the way he was, comfort?

“Are you OK, darling?”

Meghan looked over her shoulder, her frightened face streaked with mascara stained tears, but she nodded yes.

Mike, was a gentle giant and remained still while Meghan’s squirming and shouting subsided as she became used to being impaled on something so huge, and so welcome.

“There you go, girl, you are so lovely. Just relax and be my woman. I won’t hurt you. Trust me, please. We have all the time in the world.”

Mike started to gently thrust into his woman and she moaned with each thrust. He continued this mild thrusting for almost thirty minutes as he felt Meghan’s passion slowly but inexorably build. Fi-

nally, she started returning his thrusts, and urged him to fuck her, hard.

Mike withdrew almost all the way out of his girl, then rammed all the way back into her, eliciting a passionate shriek. He repeated the process, breaking down his woman until he owned her, in both body and spirit. Fully owned and worshipful, Meghan surrendered herself completely to this wonderful man and thrust her body onto his manhood inviting him to increase the tempo, while screaming in delight. Mike bellowed like a raging bull while Meghan screamed at the top of her voice, which had risen to the high range of the next octave. Then, as if Mike had been a 6'6" 240 pound marionette with his strings cut, he collapsed, pinning his woman under his bulk, while a warm wave spread into her ass, completing Meghan's transformation.

Lying in bed with Meghan in his arms, Mike whispered in her ear after kissing the back of her neck, "You are wonderful girl. I already love you and am looking forward to having you as my wife and adopting four children."

Meghan had never heard more beautiful words spoken to her and fell asleep in a blissful glow with Mike's seed deep inside her. She had finally found true happiness.

Chapter 3

"Are you crazy? The Miss Gay New York Pageant? Do you really want to put up with all that attitude?" Cindy joked with Meghan in her office.

Meghan responded, “Oh yes. I really want to do this. It’s important for me.” Gone were the days of monosyllabic, sullen responses.

“Well you *are* from the South. I guess it’s in your blood. The only time I got my ass handed to me in drag was in a small gay bar below the Mason-Dixon Line. I looked great that night, a purple blazer and skirt, my killer pumps, but they were having a pageant. My suit just couldn’t hang, but I learned my lesson. The next time I wore that outfit, I ditched the skirt.”

“Brianna is entering into it too. She wanted to provide me support from all that attitude, as you said.”

“She is doing it for more than support. That girl will be very tough competition.”

Brianna was stiff competition for Meghan through the swimsuit round. Both of the girls had exquisite bodies after a year and a half of hormones and surgery and carried themselves with grace and confidence. They dazzled the crowd in their swimsuits and thrilled and aroused their men, Mike and Karl. The talent round was next; their entourage held their breath and prayed.

Meghan was first to perform, wearing a black sequined halter top, skin tight jeans and black stiletto pumps. She belted out a beautiful rendition of Reba McEntyre’s version of “The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia”. With each word she felt a sense of wholeness and redemption grow inside her. The pain of the past was yesterday, and her heart now belonged to the moment. She was in tears as she seductively swayed off the stage.

One judge leaned over and whispered in another's ear which elicited a look of shock. The song was not lip-synced, Meghan had sung with her own, now feminine, but defiantly southern voice. Observing her older sister, Britney felt a massive surge of pride through her own tears. In addition to teaching Meghan everything else about being a woman, she had taught her to sing beautifully, and her stage presence was extraordinary. The two simple country girls had made New York City their own.

Brianna waited through two excellent performances when she appeared on stage with her four dancers, two men and two women she had recruited from the nurse's aides at the hospital. The contestant wore a jeweled bra that emphasized her now ample bosom, extensive armlets and bracelets, and dark pink sheer harem pants through which the audience could see a jewel-encrusted thong. The music started and Brianna did a highly energetic and intricate Bollywood routine. Her moves were professional and inspired, her smile sublime. At the conclusion of the dance, she was exhausted and had to be helped off stage by her backup dancers.

The judges announced the results and in the dressing room, Meghan and Brianna hugged and cried. They were both in the final round.

"We did it, girl, we did it," Meghan exclaimed in the entirely feminine voice that had won over the judges.

Brianna could barely say a thing. She was so overwhelmed at the affirmation of the femininity she had embraced her sophomore year.

The final round was evening gowns. Meghan zipped Brianna into a sequined black gown with a

bare back that accentuated her frame and an inviting slit up the right side that she would use to flaunt her legs.



Returning the favor, Brianna zipped Meghan into a gorgeous fire red gown with billowy shoulders and long sleeves that accentuated her long auburn hair.

The two kissed chastely on the cheek and wished each other luck.

“See you on the other side, gorgeous,” Meghan said as they strutted onto the stage with engaging smiles.

Observing from the audience, John remarked, “It’s Brianna. She’s got the crowd and the demeanor.”

Barely holding back her own tears, Cindy responded, “They are both winners, regardless who walks away with the tiara. I am so proud of both of them.”

“And now, the second runner-up for the twenty-first annual Miss Gay New York Pageant, Meghan Thomas.”

Meghan’s false eyelashes lifted and her mouth dropped open. She was a winner. Brianna hugged and congratulated her best friend.

“And now, the first runner-up for the twenty-first annual Miss Gay New York Pageant, Gina Del Fiore.”

“And finally, may I proudly announce Miss Gay New York, Miss Brianna Rani.”

Brianna’s hands went to her mouth in shock. She had won. She was Miss Gay New York.

“Do you ever get tired of being right?” Cindy asked John, then gave him a loving kiss.

“She couldn’t have done it without you.”

“Yes, but I want to see the current Miss Gay New York with another title.”

The next Tuesday, Cindy sat alone at a desk, confronted by three administration members. “Dr. Kincaid, we have called you here this morning to respond to complaints by parents of your students in the transgender support group and assess your performance as faculty advisor.”

Cindy sucked in a deep breath and bit her lip. She liked and respected Dean Chen, as he was not a stuffy academic, but this could get very ugly, despite the supposed informality of the hearing. “Please Dean, can you tell me the nature of the complaints so I can better respond to them?”

“Yes, a Mr. and Mrs. Patel, parents of a junior, Brian Patel, allege that you exceeded your role as a faculty advisor and exercised undue influence in encouraging their son to become a transsexual.”

“Dean, I formally deny these charges and assert that I have acted in no way different than many faculty advisors on this campus, especially the other faculty advisors in the LGBTQI support group. I further assert that I have acted mindful of and in direct concert with the College’s stated mission that it is to actively encourage and support a diverse and vibrant student body, including its transgendered student population.”

“Dr. Kincaid, there is no need for such formality. This is an informal fact-finding meeting. We just want to get the facts.”

“Dean Chen, you and I both know that the information gathered in informal fact-findings can and often does have serious repercussions. You personally have been given regular and detailed reports of

the organization, and have never objected to my actions. Instead, you have been supportive.”

“Please Dr. Kincaid, address the facts of the allegations.”

“Yes, Dean, may I have a minute to compose my thoughts?”

Take all the time you need, Dr. Kincaid.

Cindy paused for three minutes, trying to organize her thoughts and keep down the fear growing in the pit of her stomach. Finally she spoke to the fact-finding commission. “I assumed duties as faculty advisor for the transgendered element of the LGBTQI support group in the fall semester of last year because I am technically a pre-op transsexual and wanted to give back to the community. In the first meeting there was only one self identified transgendered student in attendance, a student who subsequently became the first President of the organization and has been a consistent honors student, pursuing a computer engineering degree.”

“Yes, please continue.”

“Our first independent meeting three weeks later attracted two additional students, both sophomores. Those two students, along with the organization president, all received transgender scholarships this semester which will sustain them through their senior year. They were the first students at this college to receive these scholarships.”

“Moreover, due to the efforts and dedication of these students, they have served as positive role models for other transgender students who were enrolled as students on this campus. My attendance for the meetings in the spring semester has averaged approximately twenty-five with a record atten-

dance two weeks ago of forty-three. Over half of the students in attendance are either in the junior or senior classes, the same classes as my first three attendees. They were already on campus but did not start attending meetings or participating in events until they saw that the group had a positive and tangible forward momentum. The group now actively participates in the local transgendered support groups in Manhattan and New Jersey as student liaisons. They also support the shelter for battered women, helping transgender prostitutes get off drugs and the street.”

“That is all very commendable, but please address the specific allegations relating to the student, Brian Patel.”

“Dean Chen, in my defense, I am trying to address those allegations by providing the context in which the events in question happened. My performance as faculty advisor is a central issue to the complaints. Brian Patel was one of the original three students who attended the first meeting and acted, I sincerely believe, as a role model for the other students. There has to be a reason for the organization’s growth beyond just getting the word out. And yes, Dean, it is true that Brian Patel did begin transitioning to becoming a woman, and is undergoing HRT, and has had several surgeries.”

“HRT?”

“Sorry Dean, hormone replacement therapy, the administration of estrogen to develop female body characteristics.”

“And you are familiar with this procedure?”

“I have been on it for over seven years.”

“Did you provide advice to Mr. Patel on becoming a woman, or facilitate his becoming a woman?”

“I insisted to Mr. Patel as I insist to all my students that they see a counselor at student health services if they considered transitioning and have never overridden or will override a counselor’s assessment. Although I have no access to Mr. Patel’s medical records, I must assume that he was diagnosed as someone who would benefit from transgendered therapy, including the medical procedures that have been prescribed.”

“So Mr. Patel is a transsexual?”

“That is the probable clinical diagnosis. I’m sorry, I hate to use those types of labels, in part because if I was to call Mr. Patel a transsexual, it could easily become a self-fulfilling prophecy. It has been my experience as a transgendered person that a person like Mr. Patel will do whatever it takes to transition to becoming a woman, including circumventing the medical safeguards.”

“So please continue. Did you ever personally encourage Mr. Patel to explore whether he was a transsexual?”

“Not specifically, but I did help him obtain his first female wardrobe and arranged that he be taught makeup skills from a long-time acquaintance so that they could express his transgendered nature publicly at the Unitarian Church in Midtown. If that was overreaching I am sorry and will accept the consequences. This however was never done with the purpose of encouraging him to transition, only to help him explore the nature and extent of his transgenderism. If he was not a clinically diagnosed transsexual, I would acknowledge and accept that

and encourage him to express his nature short of transitioning to being a woman.

“Transgenderism is as at least as finely nuanced and diverse as the phenomenon of homosexuality. Moreover, the mere presence of a transgendered support group is encouragement for transgendered students to be transgendered. The faculty advisors in the LGBTQI support group regularly encourage and schedule social events, including dances and pride events, and interact on a personal level with the students. Coaches on our athletic teams do the exact same thing on a daily basis. If my activities encouraged Mr. Patel to pursue a clinical diagnosis that he was transgendered, than the other activities could be argued to turn straight students gay.”

“Are there any other interactions that you specifically had with Mr. Patel?”

“Yes, Dean. There is. Mr. Patel’s father was incensed that his son was actively transitioning to become a woman. He cut him off financially in an effort to get him to cease transitioning. I met with Mr. Patel, that is Mr. Patel the student, the following day. In my opinion he was distressed but I advised him that he could continue to pursue his education at our college and his desire to become a medical doctor. Mr. Patel has worked as a nurse’s aide at a local hospital since then and has regularly been commended for his, or I should say her, work. She reenrolled here in the spring semester and has taken additional credit hours in order to graduate on time. She has maintained her GPA of over 3.9 and is scheduled to take the next round of MCATs. Ms. Rani is also engaged to be married to a doctor at the hospital where she works at and is scheduled to be married this summer.”

“So you felt it necessary to counsel him to continue his education in the face of his parents’ disapproval?”

“Yes, Dean, I did, and I would do it again tomorrow if confronted with a similar situation. I don’t believe I am the first faculty member who has told a student to act contrary to the wishes of their parents.”

“Is that all you have to say, Dr. Kincaid?”

“Yes, Dean, that is all there is.”

“Thank you Dr. Kincaid, we will take this issue under advisement.”

“Thank you, Dean,” Cindy said. She gathered her briefcase and purse and left the hearing with tears in her eyes.

Cindy was formally reprimanded for her role as faculty advisor and was asked to step down from her position. Meghan, Jake, and Brianna, all wearing business suits, immediately converged on the Dean’s office to request her reinstatement. The dean remained unmoved but was thoroughly impressed with the professionalism, poise, and maturity of those three students.

Cindy, however, knew that that the group would now be self-sustaining by virtue of the numerous transgender students that attended Manhattan College. They would be absorbed back into the LGBTQI support group, but they would have a real voice in the organization and be a tangible and positive presence on campus.

Chapter 4

A limousine pulled up to the Manhattan College LGBTQI Homecoming Dance and three jubilant couples stepped out to celebrate the senior year of the original T contingent.

Mrs. Britney Barlow had truly risen like the phoenix and put her old life far behind her in the refuge of the apartment in the Village and the loving arms of Mr. Jake Barlow. Britney had completed her G.E.D. and took online courses in order to strengthen her college application. She didn't care if she had to carry her newborn on campus, she was going to continue rise above her past. With Jake, she had found a way to the top as he had recently been accepted into an M.B.A. program for graduate school. They were married one week prior to Britney giving birth, when Jake finally received his name change. Meghan served as the maid of honor and Jake's former boyfriend was the best man. They had become buddies after all. Britney gave birth to a beautiful baby daughter, who they christened Meghan Julie Barlow. She also continued to mentor her older sister in the ways of womanhood, until Meghan shone with a brilliant intensity.

The Homecoming Dance was the first evening the new father and mother had out since Meghan Julie had been born in March. The best babysitter in Manhattan, Jennifer Miller Kincaid, had them covered for the entire night with her renewed boyfriend, Shane. The young man had apologized for his behavior and said he cared for Jennifer so much that he would be with her on whatever terms she set. The youthful couple planned to study for the first several hours, then they would watch romantic movies from the Fifties. They would sleep with Jennifer

in the bedroom, close to Meghan Julie, and Shane on the couch.

Britney wore a dark blue blazer and skirt with matching pumps while Jake sported a tuxedo. They both looked exhausted but happy, more deeply in love than their friends and relatives had ever observed.

Mike Grezynski was a dufus, a big, awkward, uncomplicated dufus who loved his new fiancée, Meghan Thomas, with all his heart, and she loved him right back with all of hers. Every weekend since the deer hunt, he had driven the five hours from Syracuse to Manhattan, braving three whiteouts to share a bed with his woman. She blossomed under his ministrations and during the week she would yearn to be with him. When the couple was together, they ventured all over the Tri-State area, holding hands, kissing, and laughing at each other's lame jokes.

In the heat of the summer, Meghan regularly accompanied the Kincaids to the lake only an hour from Syracuse, returning the favor her fiancée had repeatedly showed her. Mike was full of surprises and took over the cooking on the weekends when he was there. Meghan and Mike would sip beer on the summer evenings, enjoying the charred smell of barbecued chicken or fish, while she held him lightly around the waist. Impressed with Mike's culinary skills and appreciating his enthusiastic and uncomplicated personality, John invited Mike to the cottage for the fall hunts, but often found himself alone in the woods as Meghan and Mike lay in bed, enjoying each other's company through the morning hours. John just shrugged it off. Mike and Meghan

could do the cooking when he brought back the game.

At Christmas, Meghan took the train to Syracuse, dolled herself up in holiday themed lingerie. She and Mike made love under the tree all night, the lights glinting off her earrings and jewelry. The next morning Meghan found herself wrapped in a down comforter, naked except for a Christmas ribbon around her neck, red, green and gold glitter liberally dusting her soft, inviting body, and a diamond solitaire engagement ring on her finger, evidently a gift from Santa Claus. There was a note from the big guy as well that she found clutched in her exquisitely manicured fingers, "Please say yes and be my Christmas present. I want to open you."

The two laughed like schoolkids over eggnog and Christmas cookies hours later, with Meghan still wearing nothing but her ribbon, her glitter, and her ring. This was the best Christmas ever. Tonight, Meghan wore an emerald green dress with matching pumps that accentuated her eyes and her auburn hair, and was lovingly escorted to the dance by her fiancée.

The doctor and nurse's aide were familiar with almost every broom closet and storage room in the general hospital and every square inch of each other's body. They were in the medical field. Brianna had continued to work as a nurse's aide and loved being a part of the hospital staff. She loved even more being Dr. Karl Johanssen's girlfriend. The two started scheduling their days off so they could be together, at which time they lay in bed and gave each other lessons in anatomy, which greatly benefitted the budding transsexual in learning her new body. Furthermore, Karl helped her prepare for the MCATs

and gave her deep tissue massages when she was too exhausted to study, savoring her increasingly feminine form and marveling at the miracles of modern medicine. He would then gently enter her.

On Valentine's Day of Brianna's junior year, Karl invited her out to dinner. She wore a short red dress with matching pumps, and a gold necklace with matching earrings he had purchased for her for Christmas. He had purchased another item that Christmas which he had not yet given to her. That night, however, with one word she accepted the conditional gift, and almost never took it off her left hand from then on. Tonight, Brianna wore a soft pink sheer dress that subtly revealed her bra and panties and pink high heel strapped sandals. The fateful decision to remain in school and become a nurse's aide had been Brianna's finest hour, and she would remember and cherish the experience for the rest of her life. She had come out of her shell like a modern day Venus.

The trio enjoyed this homecoming dance much more than the fateful homecoming dance two years ago. Dr. Kincaid would have been proud but she was home that night. Cindy donned the purple ensemble she had worn to film the pole dance years before, grabbed a chair from the kitchen, sat John in a recliner and planned to perform a striptease and lap dance that would last for hours. Nights alone, when Jennifer was babysitting and Daniel was staying over with friends were to be cherished like diamonds, and Cindy planned to make the most of it.

Brutus' social schedule, however, was open that Saturday night. Moreover, he made the perfectly natural canine misinterpretation of the lyrics of the

first song in Cindy's repertoire as saying, "Because the night belongs to dogs." He joyfully ran into the living room to find Cindy perched with one foot on the kitchen chair. The enthusiastic dog nearly toppled her when he knocked the chair over, then interfered with her act for twenty minutes. Cindy found it increasingly difficult to be sultry and exotic with a lovable golden retriever interrupting her seduction scene, seeking to be petted, but she didn't have the heart to confine him to one of the children's bedrooms.

Brutus then snatched the purple marabou boa from her shoulders, believing it to be a tug toy. Cindy shouted in alarm and chased him for five minutes in her spiked mules but discovered that she had sacrificed maneuverability for sexiness. She finally recovered her boa, only a little worse for wear from dog slobber, and walked over to John, laughing uncontrollably. John immediately joined in the laughter which lasted for over twenty minutes as they sat on the floor. Brutus lay down next to them and they alternated between caressing each other and petting him. He was so glad his social calendar was open this night.

"My MILF mojo is hemorrhaging," Cindy lamented.

"Your what?"

"My MILF mojo. Daniel told me last week that I was dropped from the high school's top twenty MILFs on their website."

"And you care what sixteen-year-old boys think of you because?"

"Most likely immature vanity. That would be my guess."

“Mine too. Look dummy, as far as your MILF mojo is concerned, it couldn’t be brighter from where I sit. You were totally adorable incorporating Brutus into your act, and you only have to satisfy me, as you are the MTIF.”

“MTIF! I love it,” Cindy said just before giving her lover a passionate kiss that still could bring definite fireworks. The lovers sat on the floor with Brutus and watched old movies until John picked Cindy up in her lingerie and mules and carried her into the bedroom. Brutus attempted to follow them in, but John kicked the door shut.

On the other side of town, Jake, Mike, and Karl chipped in and gave the limo driver instructions to pull onto the parkway and just keep driving until their time expired at 6:00 the next morning. This was going to be a night to remember and the three couples wanted it to last as long as they could.

Mike opened a bottle of champagne, spilling only a small amount on his tuxedo, much to the bemusement of Meghan. Meghan then distributed champagne flutes to everyone while Mike filled them, again spilling only a small amount on Brianna’s pink ensemble.

Meghan then stated with a tear in her eyes, “You people mean more to me than anybody I have had in my life. You have been true friends through thick and thin and one of you has been a truly wonderful lover. I am so glad that Brianna, Jake and myself had the courage to go stag to the Homecoming Dance two years ago, and that we became friends. I only hope that we can remain friends for the rest of our lives.”

Jake then raised his flute. “Here’s to lifelong friends and being T.”

The three couples all met the toast and drank from the flutes. “To lifelong friends and being T.”

“And here is to loving T,” Mike grinned.

“To loving T,” the three couples toasted, each of the couples exchanging sultry, knowing glances.

“Speaking of loving T,” Karl announced, “we have the limo until dawn. Let’s commence the loving.”

Brianna was more than happy to comply. Meghan and Britney quickly followed suit, attacking their men with wanton abandon.

Graduation Day was fittingly beautiful. The students marched into the stadium in their caps and gowns, while the faculty sat in the late spring sun and observed the people they had helped to mould and shape into capable and confident young adults. This role had special meaning for Dr. Cynthia San Claire Kincaid, and these thoughts choked her as she observed the students file by, trying to identify the transgender students who were graduating. The students were too distant and way too indistinct to identify those from the support group, so she let them anonymously file past the faculty. Maybe anonymity was appropriate at this moment, as they were just a part of the greater student body, and that was what was being honored.

Individual students were also honored at the ceremony; students who had demonstrated exceptional academic achievement and leadership. Dean Chen approached the podium and announced the class valedictorian, Mrs. Brianna Rani Johanssen, whom, he commented, had been accepted to a highly prestigious medical school.

Tears streaked down Cindy's face as she saw Brianna approach the podium. She looked so confident and poised, a talented and determined young woman. Brianna smiled and looked over the student body assembled in front of her.

"Short but sweet, girl, short but sweet," Cindy said to herself.

"It is a true honor to be standing in front of you, today. I have cherished and will always cherish my experiences at Manhattan College, and I urge you to do the same. A faculty member I respect immensely once told me that my time spent here could very well be my finest hour, and she was entirely correct. I may have other fine hours in the future, pursuing a career in medicine, raising a family, but where I stand now, my time here has been my best. I have had to encounter numerous adversities, but I will not be so conceited as to state that mine have been any more difficult or unique than any that the rest of you have faced. What my adversities taught me was to grow up, abandon my childhood, and stand on my own two feet. I am grateful for them and the fact that I did it here at this institution. This institution truly values each individual student, and pushes them to greater achievement. Really, what more could we ask for?"

Brianna turned away from the podium and began to make her way back to the student body when in the crowd, individual students stood up and began clapping. Cindy smiled, the transgender students were finally distinctive. The applause started a chain reaction that built like a thunderstorm in the distance, until the clapping was universal and deeply moving. Cindy stood up from her chair with tears in her eyes as she clapped, which brought many of the

faculty to their feet. The storm continued for a minute and passed on, but after a storm passes, a rainbow often follows, and this one shone over the futures of many graduates.

The students filed across the stage to receive their diplomas, returned to their seats, and Dean Chen dismissed them to face the future with confidence. Friends sought each other in the crowd and formed small clusters in the mass of graduation gowns. Brianna found Meghan, and together they found Jake. The trio embraced, and the girls, being girls, had tears in their eyes. They then threw their miters in the air and shouted as one, “We are T.”

The trio then searched for Cindy, but she was nowhere to be found. They were on their own now, but were quickly joined by their spouses.

Cindy had immediately left the commencement ceremony and attended the post-graduation faculty reception, making academic small talk to some fellow members of the history department. Dean Chen, however, sought her out.

“Your reprimand still stands but I am going to reinstate you as the faculty advisor to the transgendered support group, and I will also strongly recommend you for tenure. If any of my children were transgendered, I would want you to be their advisor. Just promise me, no more shopping expeditions or makeover sessions.”

Cindy smiled, “Roger that, Dean. You have my word.”

“She is an amazing young lady, isn’t she, Mrs. Johanssen?”

“She will be an outstanding doctor and an outstanding woman, I’m sure. I hope her parents someday realize that.”

In her office, Cindy took off her cap and gown, dress and heels, and changed into tight jeans, a white long-sleeved blouse, and slid on a pair of flats. It was a beautiful May afternoon and she wanted to walk the mile and a half back to her family’s apartment while she carried her graduation apparel in a garment bag.

Forty-five minutes later, she entered the apartment to be greeted by the barking of Brutus who slobbered all over her like the good dog he was. Cindy smiled, went to the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of water. John and the kids were watching the trials and tribulations of being a reality TV family, with their actions always in the spotlight. Jennifer sat on the couch holding Shane’s hand. They had both completed their freshman year at Columbia and were deeply in love.

Cindy’s family did not acknowledge her presence as they were intent on keeping up with Kim and Kris. Reality TV families lived so much more interesting, meaningful, and fulfilling lives than the families of their viewing public, the Kincaids being no exception. Finally, after Cindy sat in her chair for five minutes with her cat in her lap, Daniel noticed his Mom during a commercial break.

“How was graduation, Mom? I bet it was pretty boring, huh?”

“Yep. Pretty boring, they always are.”

John looked at his beloved wife, made eye contact, smiled and winked. The Kincaids were finally just a normal American family.

Cindy smiled right back.

THE END