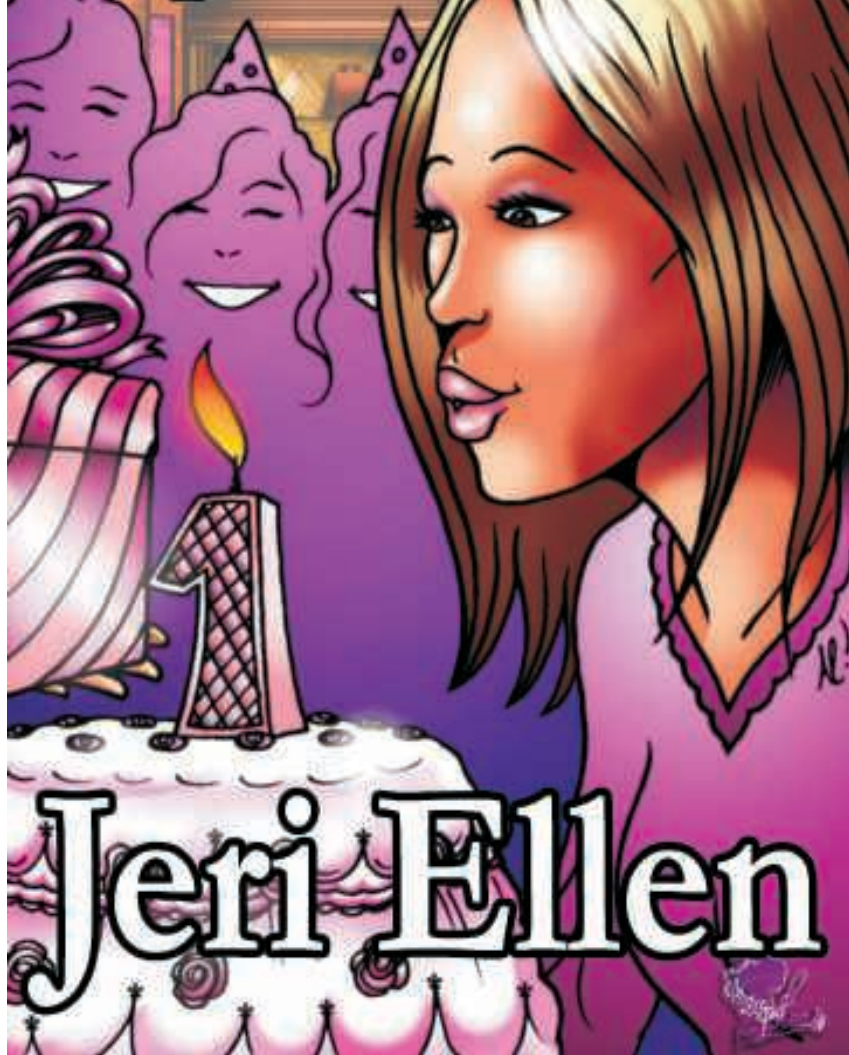


Requiem For a TV





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Requiem For A TV

By Jeri Ellen

The teen-age boy looked intently at the home page of his laptop computer. Will they ever leave? He thought to himself as he read a couple of news stories. He looked up as his mother entered the room.

"We're headed to the cabin now. There is a pizza in the freezer for tomorrow night and some leftover hot dish for your supper Sunday night. It is just six o'clock now so we will be at the cabin around eight. and then we should be back around ten Sunday night. I will call you when we get to the cabin."

"OK mom", he answered as she left the room.

His heartbeat accelerated as he closed the laptop. Shortly he heard the garage door open and the car start. He got up and walked to the front door. Watching the grey SUV back out of the driveway and then

head down the street he smiled to himself. It won't be long now he mused.

Sitting in his dad's recliner chair he picked up the remote and turned on the TV. After watching the news, weather and sports he found a movie he liked and sat back to wait for his mother's call.

Half an hour after the movie ended his cell phone rang. He answered quickly.

"Hi mom," he said.

"Hi, we're at the cabin, everything looks in good shape. See you about ten Sunday night."

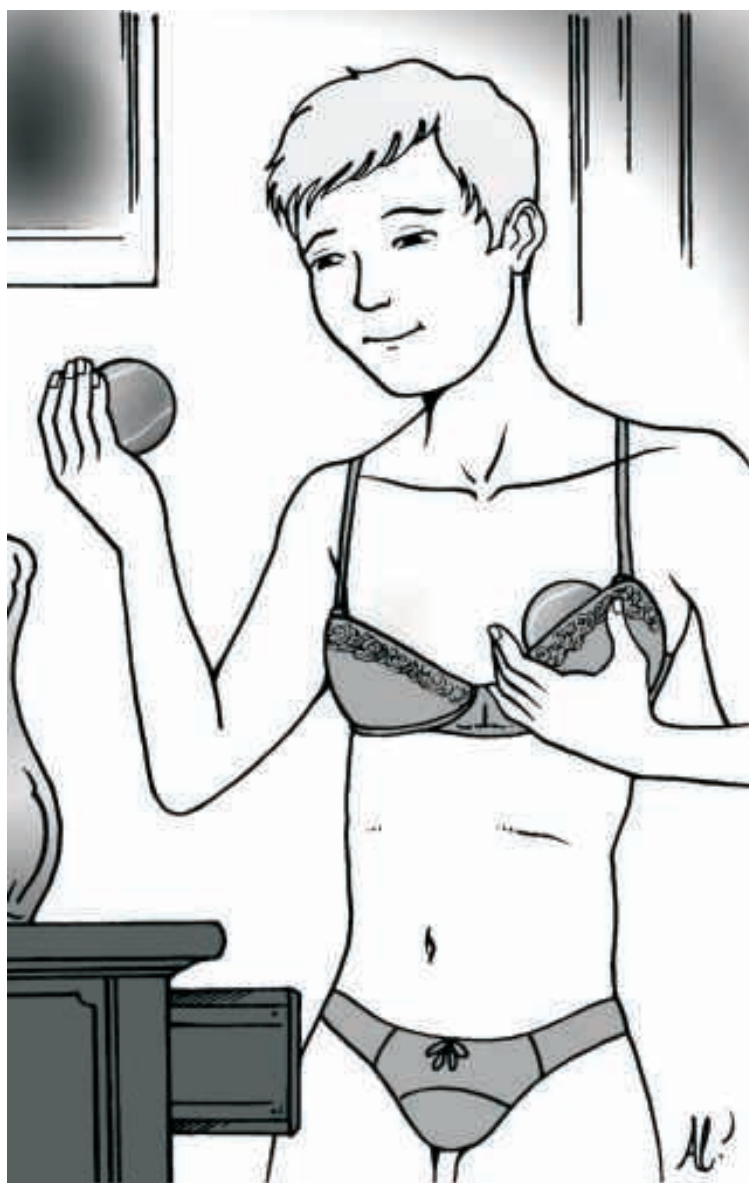
"OK mom," he replied and hung up.

He got up and walked quickly to his bedroom. From the back of the closet he took out a box and set it on his bed. His heartbeat accelerated again as he quickly undressed and tossed his clothes on the bed. He opened the box and took out the pink bra and matching pink panties.

Feeling exhilarated he put them both on, then he placed the two tennis balls in the bra cups. The cool softness of the nylon tricot panties felt good against his skin and made him feel very girly. The short sleeved pink cotton blouse was next followed by the tiered blue denim miniskirt.

The three inch heel pink sandals were last. He placed his wallet, cell phone, and house keys in the pink purse, then grabbed the brown wig and walked confidently to his parents' bedroom. He felt good walking in heels. It had taken a little practice at first but he soon mastered the required feminine walk.

Smoothing his skirt in lady like fashion as he sat down in front of his mother's vanity he looked in the mirror and put on the wig. He took a tube of lip balm



and a pink lipstick from his purse. After applying a thick layer of the lip balm he covered it with the creamy pink lipstick.

The lip balm made it easier to remove the lipstick so there was no noticeable trace of the makeup when his parents returned. He added a little pink blusher to each cheek and then put the items back in his purse. He was as ready as he was ever going to be.

Satisfied at the way he looked, he got up, slipped the purse's chain over his left shoulder. After twirling around in front of the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door he walked confidently to the front door, turning off the lights as he did so.

He looked himself over carefully again in the hallway mirror. Smiling, he knew nobody would recognize him. There was a very feminine image looking back at him. Wishing he could do this all the time he wondered what his life would be like if he could always cross dress and be the girl he thought he should have been.

Picking up the two letters that were on the table he opened the front door. Taking a deep breath he stepped out of the house. It was a warm evening and there was a slight breeze blowing. Opening his purse he checked to be sure he had put his keys in there and then he closed the door. After the audible click he tried the door to be sure it was locked.

Turning around he began to make his way to the front sidewalk. He turned right and began walking to the mail box located in the front of a convenience store eight blocks away. His pulse was racing as he slowed

his walk to a more feminine gait. No need to panic he thought to himself.

If one of the neighbors did see him they would not recognize him anyway. At least he hoped they wouldn't. He continued walking to the store with confidence feeling very good about the way he looked and the ecstatic way he felt.

As he neared the convenience store his heart beat faster. He really wanted to go in and buy something but thought better of it. It was just too risky right now.

He walked up to the mail box in front of the brightly lit store and put the letters inside. He turned and walked back the way he had come. Continuing his walk he not only felt more confident but quite girly and feminine as well. It was a great feeling and he wished he could do things like this more often.

Wearing feminine apparel seemed natural to him. He hated his briefs and pants. But what was he supposed to do? Who could he take too about something like this? His dad, an ex-Marine would be horrified. His mother might be more sympathetic but would she understand?

When he got further from the convenience store his pulse returned to normal. He was thrilled at the prospect of spending the entire week end wearing girl's clothes, high heels and makeup. It felt natural to him almost as if this is the way he should always be dressed.

He had felt this way ever since he could remember but there was no one to whom he could confide in. It would be very difficult to explain this terrific erotic kick he got out of being totally and completely feminine yet by the same token he knew he wasn't gay. He

liked girls and enjoyed their company in the few dates he had so far.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted as he stepped off the curb. A double cab pickup truck pulled in front of him. He had seen it parked in front of the convenience store when he had been at the mailbox but hadn't given it a second thought.

"Hey girly, wanna got to a party?" the driver shouted at him from the open window of the cab.

This startled him and for a moment he stood frozen in place not knowing exactly what he should do.

"Uh, no thank you," he said in a soft voice as he stepped quickly around the front of the pickup truck.

A man got out of the other side of the truck and walked up behind the teenager as he reached the curb on the opposite side.

"Oh c'mon girly we can show you a good time," said the man as he grabbed the teenager's arm.

The cross dressed teenager struggled as he tried to get away. He was very frightened now. Stumbling to the ground his wig came loose. The man standing above him looked surprised.

"Aw geeze. It aint'a woman it's a fucking fag," he shouted to the others in the truck.

The teenager got halfway to his feet as the man began punching him. Holding up his hands the frightened teenager tried to back away. As the blows reigned down he fell backwards striking his head on the fire hydrant. The men continued their beating as the boy lost consciousness.

The next day the news of the teenager's brutal murder made headlines not only in the small suburb but in

the entire metro area. The parents were in shock. Everyone in the boy's neighborhood and the small community was outraged. The police department spokesperson would only say that they were continuing their investigation and that there were no suspects at this time.

When word leaked out that he had been cross dressed members of the gay community and the GLBT organizations made public appeals and spoke to local media about "tolerance and understanding." It was little consolation to the parents as the investigation dragged on for months with no leads and little possibility of finding the killer or killers in sight.

Following the boy's funeral things returned to normal and shortly the story was dropped from the news broadcasts and print media. His picture was posted on a GLBT website under "Those We Have Lost".

Sitting at his desk Detective Brian Davis looked at the "Xs" on his calendar. A couple of more months and he would be retiring. There wasn't much left to do, except for the Jody Reeves murder. It was going to be difficult as the more time passed the less likely his killer or killers would be found. It was a fact of life in most murder cases.

He walked to the back of the room and refilled his coffee cup. The Reeves case would probably go to the "cold" file eventually as there was so little to go on. It would be a shame, not only to have the ones responsible escape prosecution, but to have this last case of his go unsolved. The phone rang.

"Detective Davis," he answered.

"Agent Griffin, DEA. I may have something for you regarding the Reeves murder."

"What's that?"

"We got a young suspect in a drug raid. He wants a free ride in exchange for giving you the killers in the Reeves murder."

"I'll call the DA and we will get together."

After hanging up the phone Detective Davis sat back. Well, well he thought to himself. Maybe all's well that ends well. Maybe I can get out of here with a clean slate after all. He smiled and took another sip of his coffee.

There was a slight pain in his stomach. He reached in his desk drawer and took out a small package. Removing the wrapper from one of the tablets, he put the tablet in his mouth. Maybe I will get out of here with my life too he thought to himself as he massaged his stomach.

Inside the interview room DEA Agent Griffin, Detective Davis, and the DA stood looking at the shaken young man sitting at the table next to the public defender. She looked up at the DA.

"Do we have a deal?" she asked.

The DA looked at Detective Davis. They both nodded their assent.

"Yes we do counselor," replied the DA.

The boy's attorney pushed the pen over to him and he signed the statement in front of him.

Several days later the police department announced the arrest of three men in the Jody Reeves murder. The fourth man who was present was not charged and was placed on probation.

At trial the defense attorney argued that it was the teenager who had propositioned them and when they discovered what appeared to be a female was actually a male they were incensed at being deceived as well as this discovery was an affront to their normal masculinity. While their actions had gone too far it had never been their intent to kill him.

The jury was out for several days. This was a good sign for the defense as it appeared as if there was "reasonable" doubt. After the fourth day the defense agreed to the DA's reduced charge if they pled guilty. Two of the men, who had done most of the beating got seven years, the other got five.

Once again the community was outraged at the light sentence. The mother of Jody Reeves cried that her sons' life was worth more than the sentence these men had been given. Most of the people in the community and the surrounding area agreed but were helpless to change the outcome. It was over and that was that.

The trans-gendered man stood naked in front of the full length mirror on the back of his bedroom door. He smiled. His body had become very feminine and that pleased him immensely. Placing both hands under his small breasts he pushed up. They had become a little tender and he had been disappointed in the fact that in a year and a half of taking female hormones they had not gotten very big.

The therapist had warned him that the changes in his body would be subtle at first but he was never going to suddenly "bust out all over" and qualify for a job at Hooters.

Dropping his hands to his side he looked down at his shriveled penis and empty scrotum. It wasn't go-

ing to be very long and they would be gone he thought to himself. Then he would finally become what he had been all along-a woman, or at least as much of a woman as SRS and hormones could make him.

Slipping on his bathrobe and slippers he walked to the kitchen and took a bottle of wine from the fridge. After opening it he took a wine glass out of the freezer and poured it half full then replaced the bottle in the fridge.

He walked into the living room and sat down in his recliner chair. Taking a sip of his wine he set the glass down and eased the chair back. So far his transition was on schedule

He began reflecting on his journey from male to female. A journey like the one he had been traveling was never easy but at least now he was nearing the end and shortly would begin a new one but this time as a woman not as a man.

He had known that something was wrong from the time he was a little child. He never liked wearing pants and a tee shirt. Even worse wearing a suit, white shirt, tie and wingtip dress shoes. He wanted to wear dresses or skirts like the other girls as well as to learn how to fix his hair, put on makeup, and scent himself with some sweet perfume. Often he would fantasize about sitting in a perfumed bubble bath scrubbing his soft, girlie, hair free feminized skin with scented soap.

He disliked sports in general but played soccer just to please his dad. His death in the first desert war was a shock but in some ways he was relieved at not having a "masculine standard" to live up to. Maybe someday he could just be himself or more appropriately

“herself” and live the life he wanted to live: as a female.

His mother loved to play golf so he gave up soccer and learned to play golf too. It would give them more time together and he felt more comfortable with his mom and her friends than he did with other boys and male companionship. Due to his short stature she had him enrolled in martial arts training knowing full well what may be in store for him in the male world he would soon be entering as an adult.

It would pay off when he entered high school where the occasional bully was put down quickly much to their chagrin by this little kid whom they had teasingly called “shrimp.” Word soon got around that “shrimp” wanted to be left alone and didn’t like being called “shrimp.” In addition he often went to the defense of some of his classmates and encouraged them to sign up for martial arts training.

Concentrating on his studies he earned an A- average as well as lettering all four years in golf. His high school had placed near the top each year in tournament play. His mother always told him how proud she was of his accomplishments.

He had dated very little but was always sociable. Again he always felt more comfortable around girls than in an all male environment like woodshop. His deep dark secret was securely locked away in his subconscious and would always be brought out when he was alone, whether in the library or at home.

It was always there and it was never going away. There was no one to talk to about this. He could never say anything to his mother and was too young to seek out a therapist. For the time being at least he had to keep everything to himself.

The internet had plenty of informational sites about cross dressing and sex change operations as well as commerce sites that offered a wide variety of clothes, shoes, wigs and makeup for males like him.

He just couldn't imagine himself living as a man. Sooner or later this "conundrum", as one internet source described it, was going to get the better of him. He shuddered to think about what that would mean. No one knew what death was but was it really preferable to living this way?

Being stuck in the wrong body was no way for him to spend the rest of his life but on the other hand he hadn't been able to find many options but he knew he had to keep trying or he was going to go crazy.

Three months from graduation he joined the Air Force. Maybe the military would make a man out of him. That's what everyone said the military does. When he told his mom she bit her lip not wanting to face the prospect of losing him, like his father, in a war but she accepted his decision.

His rapid acceptance and adherence to military discipline made the transition from civilian to military life rather easy. He was the company leader and with his martial arts training he was readily assigned to Air Police school, the Air Force's internal police department.

He enjoyed what he was doing and it didn't take very long before he was good at it as well. As a military cop who excelled at his job he was well liked and respected by those he served with and was rewarded by being quickly promoted up the ranks.