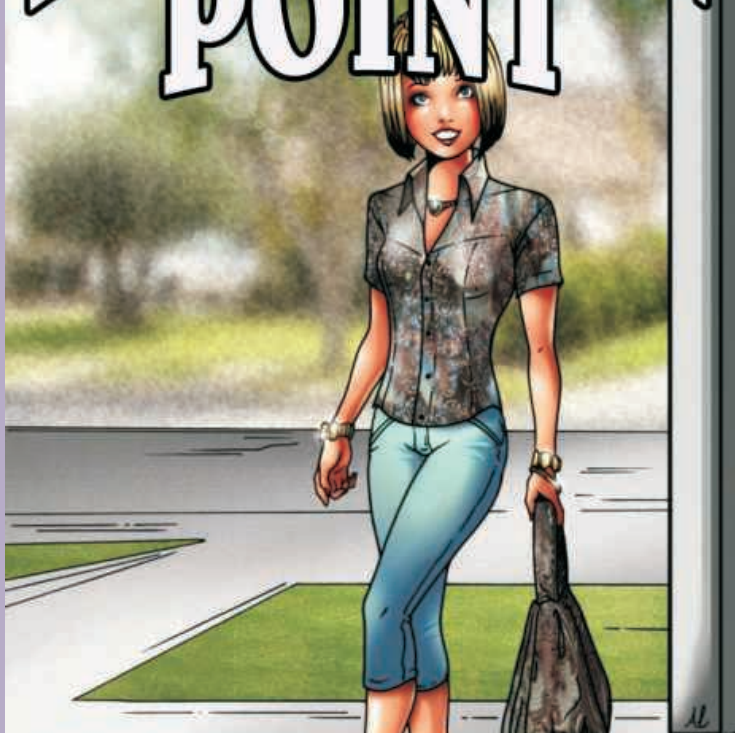


BREAKING POINT



CAROLYN FAITH
OLSON

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Breaking Point

By Carolyn Faith Olson

Ambigendered (from Latin, ambo = both+gender = masculine & feminine) –

Having two genders, one masculine and one feminine, and being able to use

both, well and comfortably. Able to think, talk, feel and act in both genders,

independent of each other. Double-gendered.



Dedicated to Cynthia Decker

A true Vanity Club sister

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictionally. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living, dead or fictional, is accidental.

BREAKING POINT

1

Katie impatiently tapped her fingernails on the top of her desk.

“Answer the darn phone,” she shouted into her cell phone. The call was not that important, or bordering on a national security emergency, but she was unable to contact the one person she trusted and she was frustrated.

“I give up,” she said to herself. “Where is he?”

After calling all the numbers she had, in an attempt to reach her contact, Katie was at her wit's end. Burying her head in her hands, and with her strawberry-blond hair falling in front of her face, she slammed her left fist into the desktop. She wanted to

wrap up her last part of work before leaving for the week-long vacation. Katie Hightower had to catch a flight.

Katie's position, as Secretary of the Department of Homeland Security (DHS), was becoming more and more difficult every day. Despite the support from The Senator, the most powerful man in Congress, financial cutbacks for national security by the Democrat-controlled House of Representatives and Senate, were hurting her effort to keep America safe. With the United States terrorist-free since the 9/11 attack, the government was becoming more and more lax when it came to protecting the country. As a carry over from the prior administration, Katie felt very little allegiance to the new President, and despite her cabinet position, was often left out of the loop. She was seriously thinking of resigning.

Katie had been in her position for less than three years, following the retirement of her mentor, John Manter, and loved her job. Having worked her way up from an hourly employee to Director was quite an accomplishment for anyone, yet alone a woman from Odessa, TX, whose appearance would be welcome on any fashion runway.

The budget cuts had meant not only less funding, but fewer staff members and the disbanding of an important arm of her operation, the "semi-secret" Vanity Club.

The VC connection was a collection of elite cross dressing men, who as beautiful and engaging women, joined together to help solve a number of DHS cases, which ranged from money laundering to murder. Even though Katie kept in touch with a number of the girls, many had scattered to their homes throughout the

world. Katie's husband Mark (AKA: April) was also a VC member.

Katie planned to return home for her 20th high school class reunion, but being the efficient person she was, she needed to make this one final contact before she could breathe a sigh of relief. She was reluctant, on this rushed Friday, to send an e-mail, but she did. Her contact could always reach her by cell phone.

Katie wasn't mentally prepared to attend her reunion, however, she had long promised her parents a visit and this was a good excuse. And, Mark assured her that he would go as a trade-off to her attending his reunion a few years earlier.

Katie despised Odessa, which was in the heart of oil country, and known for its flat, unflattering landscape, summer heat, the mythical Jackalope (a jack rabbit with antelope antlers), rednecks and "Friday Night Lights" high school football. Someone once told Katie "You can travel two hours in any direction from Odessa and still not get anywhere."

She did not look forward to seeing old friends. Despite the fact she had been the cheerleader at renowned Permian High School, most of the girls did not treat her well because she was a natural redhead, a hair color she changed when she left for college. She had more bad memories, than good.

She was looking forward to seeing her loving parents, who still lived in her childhood home, and her one-time "dream" boyfriend Bobby Joe Crawford.

2

Bobby Joe was a two-time All-Texas running back at Permian. He made the Panthers' "Mojo" go for three seasons. Katie had always had a crush on Bobby Joe, but he never gave her the time of day, even though they had attended the same schools for 13 years, starting in kindergarten. She never understood why they couldn't have been friends.

Katie hoped Bobby Joe, a strapping 5-10, 185-pound hunk, with the looks of a teen-star, had turned into a balding 5-10, 250-pound oil monkey. "He'd deserve it," she told herself many times. She couldn't wait to see if her vision was reality.

The flight to Odessa was terrible. Katie and Mark left Ronald Reagan International Airport during a thunderstorm and seemed to bounce all the way to Dallas, where they hopped on a "puddle-jumper" to the Odessa-Midland airport, arriving just after midnight. They had missed the Friday night parade and fireworks at the school's Ratliff Stadium, but Katie could have cared less.

"What a start to the weekend," Katie remarked to Mark as they drove their rental car to Katie's parents' home.

Katie's parents were thrilled to welcome their daughter. The Hightower's had never had Mark come to their home and greeted him with open arms. Katie's father, HT, in his early 70s, still worked in the oil fields servicing well-meters, while her mother, Emma, had always been a homemaker, and raised Katie and her two younger brothers. Katie was a closely resembled her mother, who looked more like an older sister, than a 68-year-old grand-mother.

Saturday was a whirl-wind of activity. Katie and Mark tried to relax and prepare for the reunion, while Mrs. Hightower fussed over everything in an effort to make them comfortable. Katie felt she was becoming a nuisance.

Katie thought: "This is how she acted when I went to my first prom." Mark told Katie not to worry and to enjoy being with her parents. Mark thought the entire experience was funny, but didn't say a thing to Katie, who he could see was on edge.

"I can't wait for this to get over," said Katie, as she and Mark drove towards the Odessa Country Club — the site of the reunion.

"Take it easy," replied Mark. "It's not going to be that bad. Forget about everything in Washington and try to enjoy yourself. Your parents are so happy to see us and I'm sure a lot of people at the reunion will be too."

"I bet," Katie said sarcastically.

Katie and Mark arrived at the reunion right on time. Katie looked glorious, dressed in a short dark blue sequined dress and matching stiletto heels, while Mark was wearing a golf shirt and slacks. Katie recognized a few old friends, but most of the early party-goers did not recognize her.

"Have I changed that much?" Katie asked Mark. "Maybe it's my hair color."

"No," said Mark. "Aren't those are the same bitches you told me about; the ones who don't think their shit stinks? Are you sure we're at the right reunion? Some of these people look much older than us."

Katie laughed, which helped break the ice. Suddenly, Katie felt a pair of arms wrap around her from

behind. Her old neighbor, Samantha Johns, who was voted "best personality" her senior year and always looked younger than her age, was the culprit.

"It's so good to see a familiar face," Katie shrieked. Sam's soft, light auburn, shoulder-length hair, big blue eyes, and perky smile, had not changed in 20 years.

The girls hugged while Mark introduced himself to Sam's husband, Don Stevens.

"You look wonderful," said Sam, who was no slouch in her sleeveless, v-neck black and white patterned mini-dress and strapless heels. "Your parents told me you were coming. I'm so excited you're here. We've got so much to catch up on."

Mark and Don decided to visit the no-host bar since the girls were about to start a serious catch-up session. Don wondered if the Katie and Sam started talking, would they be able to get either of the girls on the dance floor.

As the girls' conversation heated up, Katie eyed a statuesque buxom blonde walking through the doorway with a tall, good looking gentleman.

"Is that who I think it is?" asked Katie, as she pointed toward record-setting quarterback Richie Wilkinson, who looked like he could still play football.

"That's him," answered Sam. "He's just as gorgeous as he was in high school. He's a millionaire, many times over. He's in the oil business."

"Who's his date," inquired Katie.

"Don't you know"? Sam responded, forgetting that Katie had not been home for more than two days in the past 10 years.

“That’s his shack-up honey, Bobbi Jo,” Sam reported.

“Bobbi Jo, who?” continued Katie. “Was she at our school”?

“You don’t know, do you?” Sam retorted with a frown.

“Know what?” asked Katie.

“I think we need go somewhere and talk,” said Sam.

Suddenly, Katie connected Bobby Joe with Bobbi Jo. Feeling faint, Katie grabbed a chair.

Bobby Joe Crawford had been the man-about-town when he was in high school, but after graduation, things changed. Bobby Joe attended the University of Texas on a football scholarship, however, after his sophomore year, he dropped out of school. Soon, thereafter, he dropped out of sight. Nobody, not even his parents, knew where he was.

Bobby Joe had long been confused about his sexual identity. In high school, he had to be the “macho man” and carried his team to the state finals. Secretly, he would have rather been a cheerleader. After two years of college, he snapped and hit rock bottom.

By age 23, Bobby Joe became the voluptuous Bobbi Jo. “He” became a “she” through a lengthy sex-change process.

Sam took Katie to the ladies’ lounge and proceeded to explain what the locals jokingly called “The Ballad of Bobbi Jo.”

“I thought you knew,” Sam exclaimed. “Everybody in town does. Didn’t your parents tell you? It was 15 years ago. I guess I just took it for granted.”

"I can't believe it," said a still-confused Katie. Neither could Mark, who eyed the 5-10, 145-pound beauty as she mingled with old friends in the crowd of over 300. With her hourglass figure and big, toothy smile, it would be hard for anyone to suspect that Bobbi Jo had once been a man.

"Well, you'd better believe it," Sam concluded.

Katie wanted to know more. So, Sam complied and told her the story and how Bobbi Jo shook up the entire Odessa-Midland area when she returned to town to live with Richie.

"She's one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen," offered Katie.

"She should be," replied Sam. "Richie has spent thousands on her appearance. She's had breast and cheek implants, laser hair removal, liposuction, surgery to remove two ribs and hair extensions. And, who knows what else. She is a 'kept' woman, if you know what I mean. She's become almost as famous as the Jackalope, and she doesn't seem to care what others think about her. As far as I'm concerned, she's a slut.

"I understand that Bobby Joe called Richie in desperation after he quit college and he's been Bobby's confident, sugar-daddy, and now his lover. She owes Richie everything, and he takes advantage of that too, as you might expect."

The reunion became anti-climatic for Katie, after the Bobbi Jo revelation. Katie later had to admit that she had a good time with Sam and Don and the other old friends with whom she renewed acquaintances. Mark even got her on to the dance floor for a couple of songs. And, to her surprise, Richie even asked her to dance.

“So that’s what my stud-muffin has become,” Katie thought as she swung on the dance floor with Richie. She didn’t want to tell Mark that Bobby Joe had once been her heart-throb. He would have laughed all the way back to Washington.

The reunion concluded shortly after midnight, but it took everyone almost an hour to say their “good-byes.” Most of the revelers would meet again in 10 hours for a Sunday breakfast-buffet in the high school gym.

Katie and Mark promised to meet the Stevens’ the following morning.

Katie and Mark spent most of the pre-dawn hours talking about Richie and Bobbi Jo.

“I’d have died to have a dress like hers,” joked Mark — who was also a cross dresser — in an effort to get Katie to smile.

“What’s wrong with you?” he continued, as they lay together in bed. “We’ve met transsexuals before. Don’t you remember that a couple of girls worked with you to solve The Senator’s deception case?”

“I know,” said Katie. “But, it’s Bobby Joe. We grew up and went to school together. I never...”

“You’d have never known,” said Mark. “We never thought about these things when we were in high school. We were all a bunch of macho pigs, looking to score with any girl who was willing.”

“You should talk,” Katie rebutted. “Maybe you did, but I sure wasn’t hopping in bed with anybody.”

“Right,” Mark added. “Don’t tell me that your high school was any different than mine.”

"You were probably a dork anyway," Katie laughed.

"Let's get some sleep," Mark chided, noticing it was close to 4 a.m. "If we don't, we might keep your parents awake all night too. They're probably listening through the walls anyway."

3

Sunday breakfast was uneventful as most of the celebrants lacked sleep and/or were hung-over following Saturday night's gala.

After a few "thank-you" speeches by the planning committee, the reunion was adjourned and the most of the participants headed home.

Katie and Mark did not have a flight until Monday morning, so Samantha recommended that "we cruise the drag" in downtown Odessa, "just like we used to do."

"And pick up some girls," Don joked.

"Right," said a doubting Katie. "You and Mark should realize by now, that the grass is not greener on the other side. You already have the best you're ever going to get."

Everyone laughed as they climbed into Don's classic 1965 Ford Mustang convertible.

"I guess Richie and Bobbi Jo couldn't get out of bed in time for the breakfast," remarked Katie in jest. "I was hoping to see them again."

"It probably takes hours to put her back together again," Sam responded sarcastically.

Everyone laughed. With little sleep, the foursome got giddier by the minute. Touring the town and riding in Don's car brought back a lot of memories.

Don cruised along East and West University, and then motored over to the Andrews Highway, to see what was left of the drive-in movie theatre, where many of the town folk watched their first Star Wars movie. They returned to downtown, drove past the Jack Ben Rabbit landmark, which at eight feet tall is described as the "World's Largest Jack Rabbit," the local shopping district and mall and back to the Four Star Drive-In near Permian High.

Katie was amazed how Odessa had grown. With over 90,000 residence, new housing developments and modern shopping areas, Odessa wasn't the same small town she in which she grown up.

"Odessa has really changed," said Katie, who now saw that her hometown was much more modern than she had remembered.

"You can see why we never left," added Sam. "We love living here. I wish you and Mark would move back."

Katie shook her head, knowing that was impossible, due to her government position, and Mark's business interest.

"Maybe, some day?" Sam questioned. Katie had no response.

The four friends walked in to the drive-in for hamburgers, shakes and Sam's favorite, a vanilla Coke. After three hours of driving, they needed nourishment and a potty-stop.

"This place is just like it was when we were in high school," said Katie, admiring the pictures of past football teams on the wall.

"Oh, my goodness, there's a picture of me," Katie exclaimed, spotting a photo of her cheerleading team.

"Gosh, you were cute," commented Mark. "I would've dated you then too."

"Stop it Mark," Katie said, slapping his hand. "You'd have preferred Bobbi Jo."

Everyone laughed.

After more conversation and a near food-fight, the Stevens' and Asher's drove back to the school grounds to say their goodbyes. After hugs, kisses and handshakes, the two couples agreed to keep in touch, and Katie invited their friends to come to Washington for a Spring visit to at "Cherry Blossom time." The Stevens' quickly accepted.

"Aren't you glad you came?" Mark said to Katie, after bidding the Stevens' farewell.

"Sam saved the entire reunion," replied Katie as they walked hand-in-hand to the car. "I'm so happy."

Katie placed a kiss on the Mark's cheek and snuck a squeeze of his buttocks.

"What's that for?" asked Mark.

"You'll find out later," Katie responded, with a wink of her eye. "Thanks so much for coming."

"I'd have never missed this," offered Mark.

If he only knew what was to come.

4

As Mark pulled out of the high school parking lot, he noticed a piece of paper stuck under his windshield wiper-blade.

"Must be some advertisement," Mark said to Katie as he stopped the car to remove the distraction.

Upon inspection, Mark noticed it that the note was addressed to Katie.

"What is it?" inquired Katie.

"It's for you," he said. "It must be from a secret admirer."

Katie smiled, but she was not smiling as she read the note.

"It's from Bobbi Jo," she said. "She wants to meet us. She sounds desperate."

The note asked Katie and Mark to meet her at the rabbit statue at 4 o'clock. She needed help. It was almost 3, so instead of returning to the Hightower home, they called to say they'd be back later than expected and not to hold dinner. Katie's mother said they would wait because HT could barbeque ribs at any time.

"Let's take a drive," said Mark, as he steered the car back onto the Andrews Highway and out of town. After about a 10 minute drive, Katie saw what looked like a mirage on the horizon.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Just wait a couple more minutes," Mark replied. "We're almost there."

"Almost there" was Richie's home, a monstrous palace, surrounded by a brick wall, and locked gates.

"It must be 10,000 square feet," replied Katie, eyeing the expansive two-story western-style home, complete with lighted tennis courts, a covered tartan-surface basketball court, a near Olympic-sized swimming pool, a six-car garage and a huge television station-sized satellite dish.

"Don told me where to find the house," said Mark. "I thought you might like to see it. Don told me it was worth over \$10 million. What a palace."

"It's amazing," muttered Katie. "I guess the oil business has been more than good."

Driving back to town, Mark told Katie that he had some reservations about Richie.

"Everything seems to have come too easy, if you know what I mean," said Mark. "He's too slick. Everything can't be so perfect. I just have a funny feeling something isn't right."

"He's always been rich," recalled Katie. "His parents were loaded and Sam said he parlayed everything and turned the family oil fortune into gold."

"I don't know," Mark added. "I just have that feeling that something isn't right."

Katie and Mark arrived at the "World Famous" rabbit with Bobbi Jo nowhere in sight.

Mark heard a whistle, but thought it might have been a bird chirping. Then he heard it again. He spotted Bobbi Jo, hiding at the side of a building, looking quite the opposite from the night before. She had very little makeup, ruffled hair and was dressed in Levis and a T-shirt. She waved and disappeared behind the building.

Mark started to pursue, but Katie grabbed his arm.

"She doesn't look very good," cautioned Katie. "Let's drive over behind the building."

Mark carefully drove behind a city building and into the parking lot. Before he and Katie could react, Bobbi Jo jumped into the back seat of the car and shouted "get going!!! Drive!!!"

Mark wheeled the car on to Lincoln Street and headed east toward of Ector County limits.

Katie leaned over the front seat and observed Bobbi Jo, who was huddled in the back.

"What happened to you?" asked Katie. "You look like hell."

Bobbi Jo looked as if she had spent 10 rounds with Muhammad Ali. She had a swollen left eye, had cuts and black and blue marks on her hands, face and arms, and tear-stained cheeks.

"Richie beat me up last night," sobbed Bobbi Jo, as she broke into tears.

"After the party?" inquired Katie. "You both looked so happy, especially on the dance floor. What happened"?

"We were on our way home and he just started hitting me," said Bobbi Jo. "He's become an animal. I need your help. We have to go somewhere safe, some place where we can talk."

Mark reversed his tracks and headed north towards Midland.

"There's a motel at the airport," suggested Mark. "Would that work"?

"Let's give it a try," answered Katie, holding Bobbi Jo's hand, in an attempting to get her to stop crying.

"You're the only person I think I can trust," mumbled Bobbi Jo. "We have to be careful. I think Richie and his friends are out looking for me. It's been hell living with him the last few years."

Mark pulled the car to the shoulder of the highway to allow Katie to get in the back seat with Bobbi Jo. Katie took a blanket out of the trunk and wrapped it around Bobbi Jo, who was sobbing and shaking with fright, as she placed her head on her shoulder.

For a second, Katie thought: "This is how it was supposed to be when I was in high school," but just as quickly put that out of her mind.

They drove to Midland with only a few spoken words. Mark found a vacancy at the Airport Plaza Inn, just off Interstate 20. After checking in, Katie and Mark guided the exhausted Bobbi Jo to the room and laid her on the bed.

"I'm going to call my parents and tell them we have a bit of an emergency," said Katie.

"Don't tell them where we are," added Mark. "I'm sure Richie has a lot of contacts in town."

"I'm going to let Bobbi Jo sleep for a bit," Katie added. "Then we'll try to get to the bottom of this."

Mark walked to a near-by fast-food establishment and brought back "dinner for three." It might be a long night.

"Where am I?" said Bobbi Jo, awakening from a deep two-hour sleep.

"You're with us," comforted Katie. "We have some dinner, if you're interested."

"I'm hurting too much to think about food," Bobbi Jo replied. "I'm hurting all over."

"Take your time," assured Mark. "You're safe with us."

Bobbi Jo started crying once again and Katie wrapped her arms around her shoulders. "We're here to help," she said. "Well talk whenever you're ready."

"I know that," responded Bobbi Jo. "Just give me a little more time."

Katie walked into the motel corridor, dialed her secure cell phone and placed a call.

"What's up?" answered Gina Marie Young, one of Katie's assistant at DHS.

"I won't be back at work tomorrow," said Katie. "Something's come up. Call Mark's office too. Don't ask any questions. I need you to run a profile on Richie Wilkinson, age 38, of Odessa, Texas. He's big in oil. He owns Midessa Oil. I need to know everything about him as soon as possible. Call me back on the secure line."

"Gotcha," said Gina Marie. "Give me about 30 minutes."

"Hurry," Katie pleaded.

5

Katie returned to the room after a visit to the motel office. After flashing her credentials, she explained to the manager that her stay was "of utmost security" and if anybody came asking about her "she was to be told immediately." Mark had registered under his assumed name using a fake DHS-issued driver's license and a

generic government credit card. Being married to Katie has its advantages.

"We're safe so far," thought Katie, who scanned the parking lot, and did not see any suspicious vehicles. She grabbed her laptop out of the trunk of the car. "We can't stay here too long. Somebody has to be looking for her."

It was approaching 7 p.m. when Katie returned to the room. Gina Marie had not returned her call and Bobbi was talking 100-miles-a-minute with Mark, who attempted to take notes on a paper napkin.

"Please, start over," Mark urged. "Katie's needs to hear everything you have to say."

"I'll try," said Bobbi Jo. "Where should I start?"

Katie started her laptop and asked for Bobbi Jo's permission to record her comments. She anxiously approved and Katie told her to start when she was ready.

"When I heard you were coming to the reunion, I just had to see you," said Bobbi Jo. "But, I couldn't let Richie get any ideas. He's a sly bastard.

"I heard you worked at Homeland Security and felt that you might be the only person I could go to. I'm sorry if I was aloof at the reunion. I had to play the roll as a 'happy homemaker/wife.' Well, I'm not. I had hoped Mark would have asked me to dance, so I could get a message to you. But, that didn't happen."

Mark blushed. And Bobbi Jo smiled for the first time.

For the next four hours, Bobbi Jo held court, interrupted only by an interesting return-call from Gina Marie.

Bobbi Jo started with her high school years, expanded to her life at the university, and the desperate call to Richie for help.

"I loved being the center of attention when I was in high school. Richie and I were best friends. Not only did we have a great football team, but we had perks nobody else did. We could have any girl we wanted; free food and clothes from the stores down town; you name it, we got it. We were spoiled.

"Remember, Richie was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He had all the money. I came from an poor-to-average family. I would have been working in the oil fields if it had not been for football. Richie could have done anything, but not me. Somehow we became friends when we played pee-wee football together.

"However, I just never felt right. Football was fun, and so were the other sports I played. I didn't care much for school, but who really did. High school was boring, but, I loved Friday nights and the games. The atmosphere swept me away and helped me concentrate on football, not of my feelings of being different.

"You remember my parents and my older sisters, Megan and Stephanie? If it wasn't for them, I'd be dead."

"What do you mean?" Katie asked.

"I would have killed myself over my sexual identity," Bobbi Jo confessed.

"From the time I was a little boy, I knew I wanted to be a girl. It's the same story you hear all the time. But, I was the 'big-man-in-town' and I would never get away with it.

"My sisters were great. They learned about my feminine desires when I was 13. Stephanie caught me

wearing her clothes. Everything!!! Bra, panties, slip, nylons, shoes, dress and my mother's old wig. She laughed at me and thought I was cute. She told me that if I wanted to be a girl, she would help me.

"When my parents were out of town, Stephanie and I would stay home. She would dress me and teach me how to do makeup, how to walk, talk and act. She was such a big help. She always said that she understood what I was going through. She never told my parents, but told Megan, who was away at college. Sometimes, they would both help me. I got pretty good at being a girl, but I never went outside the front door. We had some great slumber- parties.

"Remember the senior year talent show? I dressed up as a cheerleader in a skit with the other football players. Everybody laughed, but I got a lot of compliments on my appearance. It was almost better than scoring a touchdown."

"I remember," said Katie. "You guys were a hoot. That was one of the highlights of our senior year."

"But I was serious," continued Bobbi Jo. "I didn't want the night to end."

"I dated tons of girls in high school and had sex with just about every one of them, but I was more interested in what they were wearing and how their bodies looked. I wanted to look like them, and I knew I couldn't. So, I always felt there was nothing I could do."

After his senior year, Bobby Joe escaped to Austin and the University of Texas.

"I thought going to Texas would solve my feminine interests," said Bobbi Jo. "Being around the team and the school helped for one year, but after that, my world

began to crumble. I got sick during my sophomore year and was 'red-shirted.' I had a terrible stomach virus. I couldn't eat or hold anything down. The doctors said it was a parasite that I could have picked up on a trip with my buddies to Mexico. I finally got over it, but I lost a lot of weight and dropped from 185 to 155. My strength and body-tone had disappeared.

"I was depressed and flunking my classes. I lost interest in everything. I went to the coach and said I was leaving school. He was nice enough to continue my scholarship with the hopes that I would change my mind. I told him to give it to somebody more deserving."

"How'd you get hooked up with Richie again?" inquired Katie.

"I didn't know what to do," Bobbi Jo continued. "My parents were in no condition to help me and Megan and Stephanie had their own families by then. I felt so alone. I had no place to live. So, I called Richie. He'd always been my best friend."

"Did Richie know about your feminine desires," Mark asked.

"Yes," said Bobbi Jo.

"During my freshman year, he came to visit me in Austin to see the game against Texas Tech. He never went to college, even though he had lots of college offers. He did play minor league baseball, but the family business was too attractive and money was his first name. How many kids had a new Corvette every year in high school? He did.

"Well, one night, we had a little too much to drink. We were talking about some of the girls with whom we had "scored" and I spilled the beans. I told him that I

would love to have been as pretty as some of the girls we knew back home. It just went from there. For some reason, he did not laugh. He said he understood. We talked and talked and talked.

“The following year, after Spring football practice, Richie flew me in the corporate jet to Boston to see Jamie Austin. I think you know her. I had my first complete feminine make-over and spent three days at Jamie’s, being pampered. I dressing up every day and every night Richie and I went out on the town. Richie paid for everything. He was the ideal escort.”

“Do you think he had a plan for you?” asked Katie.

“Looking back, I think he did,” Bobbi Jo said. “I’d told him my inner thoughts and feelings and he took advantage of that knowledge.

“As Bobbi Jo, I went to live with Richie in his newly-built estate. He had become the CEO for the family corporation. The money flowed like oil.

“My transition really went fast,” Bobbi Jo continued. “When we were in Boston, Richie bought me thousands of dollars of clothes and had them shipped home. With his encouragement, I started dressing every day as a woman. I got so spoiled. Richie put me on the payroll but I never worked. I had an unlimited credit card and checking account. All I had to do was look pretty.

“I worked out every day with a personal trainer and my weight dropped to 145 pounds. I was doing female body-toning. I started taking hormones, but they didn’t work fast enough, so I had breast implants, then cheek implants. I had laser treatments on my entire body to remove the body hair. I also let my hair grow too.



“Richie would fly me to doctors all over the country for cosmetic surgery. You know, for a little tweak here

and a little tweak there. I had lots of counseling too. Finally, in 1993, I went to see Dr. Stanley Biber in Trinidad, Colorado and had the final surgery to become a woman. I felt like a queen. Here, I was 23; living with a man I admired and would fall in love with. I was Cinderella, but the clock never struck midnight. I had everything that I wanted in life. It was a dream come true."

"Did anybody know what was going on?" asked Katie. "I mean, you living with Richie and becoming a woman"?

"I guess so," said Bobbi Jo. "My sisters and parents knew. It was really tough on my Mom and Dad. My sisters thought it was great and came to visit me a couple of times.

"I was so sheltered. I stayed in the house all the time, except when we went to see a doctor or have something done. Everything was always done out of town and under secrecy. Richie said he never told anybody, but I bet he did. How else could he explain the attitude people had when I finally came out in Odessa. I was treated like a freak."

"My goodness, you have been through a lot," commented Mark.

"That's the least of it," Bobbi Jo said, taking a sip of a diet Pepsi and nibbling on the KFC leftovers.

"Once I recovered from surgery, I felt great. I loved being a woman. It was like a fairy tale. No longer was I the 'ugly step sister'."

"However, the people in town made me cry every day. I was not accepted. Richie didn't seem to care. I had signed a personal contract with Richie to stay with him for 10 years as a payback for all the surgeries. We

would take care of each other, if you know what I mean. I would be his 'golden girl' and he would provide for me. He insisted I go everywhere with him. He was so controlling. I had a terrible time making friends. Nobody wanted to get to know me. All they thought about was the old Bobby Joe."

"I can understand that," said Katie. "Did you really think people would immediately accept you? You should have known it would take time."

"I was so naive," Bobbi Jo said. "Richie brain-washed me. He said that everybody would love me because I was once a football star and now I was a beautiful woman. What a joke. It took years for people to accept me.

"I did make a few friends, but they were all related to the oil business. I have about two or three girls whom I can really call friends. It's gotten better, that's why we went to the reunion."

Bobbi Jo explained how nervous she was at the reunion and what happened afterwards.

"The reunion was great," continued Bobbi Jo. "Richie drank too much, so I drove the 'Vet home. On the way, he got upset because I danced with a couple of his friends. He started slapping me and just about forced me off the road. When we got home, he followed me to my room, tore off my dress, and expected to have sex. I told him 'no' and he beat me.

"He locked me in my room. I was bleeding from my cuts and I had a black eye. He my threw my dress in the garbage. I curled up in a ball and tried to sleep, but couldn't. I was hurting emotionally and physically. I was a prisoner in my home.