

# Redemption



# William Kincaid



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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# Redemption

**By William Kincaid**

11:21, Cindy's smart phone indicated. She knew exactly what time it was as she had looked at her phone five times in the last ten minutes. Her date was late.

"Typical," Cindy said to herself while sipping on an apple martini, her fourth. She would have been in no condition to converse with her date anyway, but she had known for an hour that he was not going to show. Being stood up had become the norm for Cindy. Her internet profile had certainly attracted men but the majority were immediately rejected as jerks with sexual hang-ups. Even the "nicer," more level-headed and mature guys regarded her as a free whore rather than someone to spark a meaningful relationship. They usually would be in a pre-existing relationship already, and would run back into their closet after they masturbated to the idea of being with her without actually consummating the meeting. The minority that actually met Cindy, she estimated one in twenty, would gush all over her, saying

she was more of a woman than their wives or girlfriends, but they kept her at arm's length after their encounter with the affectionate, blonde transgender woman.

Feeling the effects of the vodka, Cindy eased herself off the bar stool and nearly tripped on her four and a half-inch stiletto heels before regaining her balance. Even buzzed, Cindy knew how to walk in heels.

“Are you okay there, girl?” Ryan the bartender cheerfully asked.

“I’m fine. I can walk home, no problem,” Cindy responded.

“Stood up again, huh?” Ryan asked with sincere inflection. He was an experienced bartender and had seen the routine repeat itself often with the stylish and friendly young lady.

“You know it,” Cindy responded while putting on her khaki trench coat.

“I think you’re digging in the wrong place,” Ryan suggested.

“Find me a better one,” Cindy quipped as she turned and stalked out of The Tavern, a longstanding Philadelphia gay piano bar, the focus of what once was the gayborhood.

Cindy took the flagstone steps two at a time and then gingerly made her way down the brick alley. The March night was surprisingly warm and a gentle breeze rustled through the trees before she came to Locust Street and was overwhelmed by the busy Saturday evening traffic. She turned to the left and made

her way to her apartment on Pine Street, and in her agitated mind, contemplated her reality.

Cindy Renee Hawkins was twenty-six and worked as a Supervisory Park Ranger at the Independence National Park in her primary identity as Tim. Two years before, Tim had embarked on his journey as a transwoman, etching a blaze of glory in the annals of the gay bars and hotels in Philadelphia, New Hope, and New York. Cindy had lost count of the men she had slept with. She could walk into any drag bar in New York City, supremely confident that she would return to her hotel room on the arms of a male admirer, with the exception of Lips, which had become a trendy spot for bachelorette parties. On Saturday nights, Cindy would be the only transwoman there, other than the entertainers and employees. The guys were not to be found. "Stay for the food, not the action," she laughed.

The drag scenes in Philadelphia, her home town, and in New Hope, a gay friendly resort area on the Delaware River, were much more subdued. Most of the men she had met locally had been through the internet, and once the initial contact had been made, she would usually meet them at The Tavern, which had been the plan for tonight.

Now, with the blaze of glory dimming, Cindy pondered her existence as a transwoman on the walk home in the early spring evening and became increasingly angered. The scene all too often played out like it did tonight, sitting in the bar talking to Ryan, then snuggling in bed with Roosevelt, her teddy bear. Moreover, with a few notable exceptions, most of the men she actually did meet were not worth anything more than an expended condom in the end, as they saw in her nothing but an easy lay. They certainly did not care about the person she was, never probing be-

hind the feminine vision that she presented. After raving about the sex with her, they would disappear for months on end without any communication.

Making matters worse, Cindy did not have any companions who were transgendered and encouraging. She had reached out to several girls to party with, but often had been not too gently rebuffed for her efforts to befriend them. The girls she actually did meet usually had their own issues and could not reach out beyond themselves to actually be a true friend. When she had voiced her frustrations to them, they were indifferent and quickly changed the topic.

Cindy had been encouraged by the recent public appearance of trans celebrities in the media, but that had been seriously tarnished, and now she felt the backlash against all things trans beginning. Her workplace would be very supportive if she had decided to transition. "But transition to what?" she asked herself. "It's time to give this up this path to nowhere," Cindy resolved.

The sun shone beautifully through Tim's bedroom window the next morning; after a shower and a large glass of orange juice, his head cleared from the night before. In less than an hour, Tim had returned with three large plastic tubs from the Home Depot and began clearing the items from the Cindy closet. The styrofoam wig heads, makeup mirror, makeup bag, and purses came first. Tim rolled up his wigs inside out, placed them in cellophane bags, and added them to the pile, filling his first tub.

The shoe collection came next, high-heeled sandals, women's running shoes, knee-high boots, Oxfords, flats, and pumps. A girl's shoes always made a statement, but now it would be muted.





The hardest part of the purge came when Tim started pulling the clothes off the hangers. A wardrobe worth over \$10,000 was removed from the closet and irreverently placed in the bottom of a \$5.00 plastic tub. An evening gown with the price tag still attached was laid out among dresses, jeans, sweaters, blouses, and skirts. Tim then pulled his lingerie from the dresser including an unworn bustier and dumped sexual paraphernalia and an open box of condoms on top of it, spilling its contents in his haste. Finally, he remembered the six bottles of Taiwan Blue that he kept in the refrigerator. Placing them in a Ziploc bag, he threw them on top of the pile of clothes in the last tub, then sealed the tomb of Cindy Hawkins.

By noon all traces of Cindy had been erased from Tim's apartment and placed in storage at the U-Haul warehouse on Washington Avenue, with the exception of a shrine to the departed. The far corner of Tim's bedroom wall featured framed pictures of Cindy in happier moments, along with ladies' fashion posters, and portraits of Audrey Hepburn, Marilyn Monroe, and Natalie Portman that Tim had purchased from the art vendors at Central Park after nights of glamorous debauchery. Those women had been Cindy's inspiration. To celebrate Cindy's exile, Tim ordered take-out from his favorite Caribbean restaurant, curried goat roti, and savored the meal in his virtually transgender-free abode. The Cindy chapter was over. Tim would now turn the page and get on with his life.

"I can't believe Julie's shit," Kelly Waskow, Tim's office companion, and fellow supervisory park ranger complained. "She is really going to enforce the policy that allows transgender people to use the women's bathroom. This is PC stuff run amok, catering to a bunch of pervs who don't understand what sex they

really are. The tourists come here from all over and are not used to big city goings-on. They don't need an encounter with a trans person as the most memorable event from their visit to the park."

Kelly was in charge of park security, as she had attended West Point and served as a captain in the military police in Afghanistan, where she lost her left arm to an IED. Kelly had been fitted with a prosthetic arm but was very self-conscious about her appearance, and felt isolated from the civilian workers and the public who had not served in the military. She spent most of her spare time attending veteran's rallies, commenting on veteran's issues on social media, or going to the gun range, still being a proficient shot with her right hand.

Other than Kelly's occasional rant about transgendered people in the rest rooms, Tim got along great with Kelly. Besides, Cindy had been in the rear-view mirror for a little over a year now. It was no longer his fight nor his concern. The two cheerfully bantered about the Army-Navy rivalry. When Kelly boasted that she could shoot better than Tim, he responded, "So what, you can't fish." Kelly had served at Fort Drum at Watertown, New York, very close to where Tim's family had their summer cottage. The two had talked at length several times about the Thousand Islands Region, although Kelly had spent the majority of her time deployed to Afghanistan when she was stationed there, and would typically be home during the Arctic conditions of mid-winter.

Kelly did not like Julie Stevens, the Park Superintendent, who bled national park green in the same manner Kelly still bled West Point gray. Julie was a park service veteran of over twenty years, and was completely nonplussed by Kelly's open enmity. Even

though Julie had not served in the military, she had served as a park ranger for fifteen years at Yellowstone and Yosemite, and had been on countless search and rescues, or the more grisly version, search and recoveries, fought forest fires in the summer, and kept the roads open in the winter, all the time smiling at the hapless tourists trying to get a glimpse of America's last remaining wilderness.

One summer, Julie encountered a beautiful, dark-haired lawyer from Philadelphia who was staying at a lodge in Yellowstone to do some solo hiking. Julie instantly fell under the spell of Beth's smile and her quick wit, and soon requested a transfer to Independence Park where she could be close to her. The two were married in the Unitarian Church on 21<sup>st</sup> Street in Philadelphia, and between their work responsibilities were now raising a five-year-old.

Tim himself was a member of the Unitarian Church, and had been since he came out the first time as Cindy. His past was still his past; he could not go to a church that condemned his prior behavior, plus the congregation was very nice. There was a policy that no newcomer was to stand alone and be ignored. Today Tim was serving as a greeter after the service, which featured the sermon, "Sin Boldly, Life according to Martin Luther." An attractive brunette with dark brown eyes stood at the greeting table, eating cookies and sipping coffee.

"Hi, I'm Tim, I hope you enjoyed your first time at the church. I have been coming here several years and really like it."

"I'm Jessica, although my friends call me Jess. I must admit it is very refreshing to hear a sermon with the theme 'sin boldly'. It's not one I ever heard before."

“That’s the way I always sinned, that’s for sure,” Tim laconically declared, barely even thinking.

Jess’s eyes went wide, this clean-cut, nice guy was dead serious about his statement, but not in a manner that was trying to impress or hit on her.

The two exchanged pleasantries for another five minutes. Jess was originally from Idaho and had recently completed her first year at the University of Pennsylvania’s Wharton School of Business. She had been raised in a fundamentalist Christian family, but was now trying to expand her sense of spirituality and really liked what she saw at the church. Tim told her that Martin Luther King had learned of non-violent resistance at this church when he was on seminary in Philadelphia, from a sermon about Gandhi.

“I would prefer to learn about Martin Luther and your sinning boldly, it sounds like a story there. Would you care to do lunch?”

“Sure, I know a good spot.”

Tim and Jess walked over to Walnut Street and then to Rittenhouse Square where to Jess’s surprise, Tim ordered lamb and rice from a street vendor and beckoned her to do the same. The two carried their food over to the stone wall surrounding the pool in the square. The day was beautiful and the trees were starting to bloom.

Jess laughed, “You couldn’t have picked a better spot, I’ll say. Now tell me about your sinful existence.”

Tim hesitated for a second. Cindy was in the past, but he had already committed, and Jess seemed incredibly cool. He pulled out his smart phone and

scrolled through his photos, coming to an album labeled 'Cindy'. He then scrolled over to Cindy's money shot, demurely sitting at a table in New Hope in a blue and red sweater dress, black stockings, and suede 4 ½-inch pumps, with a sweet smile on her face. "The sinning happened later that night."

Jess looked confused but stared at the picture for several seconds until the lights went on. Wharton students were typically pretty fast on the uptake.

"Oh my God, that's you. You're beautiful. Your makeup is excellent."

"Thanks," Tim said, chagrined at Jess's compliments.

"Can I look at your other pictures?" Jess asked hopefully.

"Sure, I would like that."

Jess seemed amazed at the pictures of the hot, confident blonde, including some very risqué shots.

"I guess you were with a lot of men?" she sheepishly asked.

"Too many, but most were not really worth it."

"That's a shame. So does this woman have a name?"

"Cindy. Cynthia Renee Hawkins."

"Very pretty."

"Thanks."

“We should go out sometime. I think hanging with you could be a lot of fun. It looks like you had a great time.”

“Well, truthfully, I retired from being Cindy over a year ago.”

“Why?”

“It was going nowhere. The men I dated wanted nothing more than a quick fuck. They certainly didn’t care about me, or the fact that I spent ninety-nine percent of my life as a guy. They wanted absolutely no knowledge of that.”

“If it makes you feel better, a lot of guys treat all women that way. Welcome to the club. I bet you did not put yourself out there as wanting a real relationship anyway.”

Tim smiled, “You got me there. But I didn’t even have any real friends when I was Cindy. I tried be-friending this one girl from Paoli, Sara, very attractive. She wouldn’t even admit to being transgendered. One night we were out at a club in New York City with a local drag queen, she went on that dressing as a woman was just her thing, and that all men had some kind of thing that they did; golf, fishing, gambling, auto racing, whoring, and that dressing as a woman and trolling for men to give blow jobs to was not an indication that she may be transgendered.”

Jess laughed, a beautiful, lilting laugh. “I was raised a strict fundamentalist and I observed our teaching. But then I was married to a good Christian alcoholic and when I left him, I was the bad person. All my friends who knew me to be a good person

turned their backs on me. I had to get as far away from Idaho as I could.”

“Wharton is not a bad place to land.”

“I was pretty good in my undergrad.”

“I suppose so.”

“It seems like I can learn a lot from you. Why don’t we go shopping next week, and I would like a makeover if you are willing. You look incredible as a woman and I could definitely use some pointers. It would be fun.”

“I would like that.”

Tim met Jess outside a consignment shop on Chestnut Street the next Saturday to start her on her path of sinning boldly. She bought several short skirts and blouses, and some very nice dresses that would drop any man in his tracks. Jess then selected a tangerine dress with short sleeves in a size eight, two sizes too big for her.

“What do you think?”

“It’s gorgeous.”

“Great, I was hoping you would like it.”

“But it’s too big for you. They have a size six right over here in the same style.”

“It’s for you, dum dum.

But I’m not wearing dresses anymore.”