

Chain Reaction



William Kincaid



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

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.



Copyright © 2018

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

Chain Reaction

By William Kincaid

Michael Bowman departed the bus from Scranton at the Philadelphia bus terminal and looked at the sky threatening a late summer downpour. He strapped on his backpack and tried to hurry to his destination through the unfamiliar city. Michael was fifteen years old, and had never been to Philadelphia. His parents thought of it as an evil place, full of thugs, gangs, terrorists, and sexual deviants and stayed well clear of it.

When Michael had come out to his parents as a transsexual, he was immediately lumped in with the sexual deviants, and given an ultimatum; back down from this foolish notion or be kicked out of the house in an hour. Sixty minutes went by and Michael found himself hurriedly packing for a new life.

On the bus to Philadelphia, Michael futilely thought how unfair his parents had treated him. There were plenty of his classmates that either made, distributed, or took heroin or meth. Others engaged in pre-marital sex, which was supposed to be a no-no

for the religiously committed. Three of his friends stole a car, but the event was brushed off as “boys will be boys.” When the same three beat up a homeless man, that was also brushed off. Nevertheless, Michael’s parents had standards, and being transgendered meant that he would now suffer permanent exile and be estranged from his family forever.

The rain started to come in large, heavy drops as Michael crossed Broad Street at City Hall and turned left at the Union League. He then turned right onto Walnut and stopped at a McDonalds as he was starving and the restaurant was cheap.

When Michael walked past Rittenhouse Square, his heart collapsed. Here were dozens of affluent people with successful careers and supportive family and friends, while he was alone in a city without anybody knowing of his presence. He envied them as they passed by him, uncaring of his existence, safe and happy in their own lives. Finally, Michael came to the Unitarian Church on 21st Street. He had read that they had a welcoming congregation and were very supportive of LGBT rights. Unfortunately, the gates were locked and nobody seemed to be home on a late summer Saturday evening.

The skies unloaded, instantly drenching Michael. With nowhere to go, he climbed over a wall in a side alley, into the courtyard of the church, and huddled under an overhanging roof. Michael’s first night in Philadelphia promised to be a long one. The rain mingled with his tears as he sobbed himself to sleep.

Cindy Hasbrouck, an attractive blonde crossdresser left The Tavern, a popular bar in the Philadelphia ‘gayborhood’ after waiting an hour for a date that never showed, something that happened all too often. She was greeted by the thundershower, but refused to wait for it to pass. Her apartment was eight

blocks away and she could be there in a matter of minutes. She stepped out from the protected threshold and her dress was instantly soaked and her makeup ruined, but Cindy laughed heartily.

She pranced in her high-heeled sandals along the glistening cobblestones and twice jumped in the puddles. She danced when nobody looked her way, and sang the entire time. Arriving at her apartment, Cindy poured a bottle of merlot, stripped off her clothes, and snuggled with her plush beaver while she watched a live stream. The night was not so bad after all.

Very close to both Michael and Cindy, Jennifer Moore read a text from her ex-fiancée, a text like so many other. "I got laid tonight, again. I am sure you are finding plenty of action with the African-Americans and trannies in Philly. LOL."

The next morning dawned beautiful and clear, the rain cutting through the summer humidity and dust and leaving the sky a deep blue. Cindy loved this particular time of the year when the end of the cold front passed. It was impossible to feel depressed with nature so beautiful and promising.

Cindy donned one of her favorite outfits, an ivory lace dress with white, high-heeled pumps. She always felt incredibly demure wearing it, and confidently walked to the Unitarian church which she regularly attended since she came to Philadelphia to work as the operations manager at Tiffanys after she left the Navy. Cindy first visited the church as Tim, but within a year her routine had become one of cruising for men on Saturday night at the gay bars as Cindy and going to church the next day wearing a dress.

Cindy sat in the back of the church and at the conclusion of the sermon, got up to leave, but was ap-

proached by the pastor, Bob Zorin. “Ms. Hasbrouck, I could use your help on a very serious issue, right now if you can.”

“Sure. But why me?”

“Because you are the only transgendered adult I can get my hands on. A young man hid out in the courtyard last night. He says he was thrown out of his home in Scranton for being transgendered. He revealed himself to the janitor and myself when we opened the church for today’s service. I am certain he could use somebody like yourself to talk to. I am sure you are basically the person he was looking for when he came to the church to begin with.”

“Sure. I’ll help you. What’s this kid’s name?”

“Michael, Michael Bowman.”

Cindy screwed up as much courage as possible. She wanted to present flawlessly as a woman. This was not meeting some guy for an evening’s torrid sex, but helping a lonely young transgendered person, like she herself had been for longer than she wanted to admit.

Cindy had taken voice lessons at U. Penn, and remembered her drills, saying her easy onsets under her breath as she approached the sanctuary room. Reverend Zorin pointed her to a young man in jeans and a Henley shirt, slight, with brown hair and thoughtful but frightened eyes.

“Hi, I’m Cindy, Reverend Zorin says you and I have a lot in common. I was basically thrown out of my family’s place for being transgendered too, although I was twenty-four. Don’t let anybody tell you otherwise, but it took a lot of guts to do what you did.”

“Thank you, Miss...”

“Hasbrouck, but you can call me Cindy,” the woman responded with excellent enunciation. Her best ever. Her instructors would have been thrilled. “Reverend, has Michael here eaten?”

“He had some sandwiches and cereal this morning. Plus donuts, right, Michael?”

“From the donut shop on the corner.”

“Reverend, I would like to take Michael to someplace nice, like Dorset Seafood. I could use a man like yourself to provide me some cover. It’s a straight place and I’m not always welcome.”

“I would be delighted. Can you wait half an hour. I need to talk to some people before they leave.”

“Sure.”

Cindy sat with Michael for the next half hour in the sanctuary room, trying to get him to talk. When Reverend Zorin returned to the sanctuary, Cindy concluded their talk. “Look Michael, you may not see it now, but yesterday was as bad as life will ever get for you. It should be uphill from here on out. You have a friend with me and I’m sure with Reverend Zorin. You can call me on my cell phone at any time and I will respond to you soon enough, okay?”

“Thank you.”

The trio left the church and quickly came to Rittenhouse Square, where only yesterday Michael had felt so alone. Now he was being escorted by two adults, one of whom was a transwoman like himself, a poised and attractive one at that. Somebody actually did like him and wasn’t threatened by his identification as a girl.

Cindy had chosen Dorset Seafood as it was one of the premier restaurants in Philadelphia, and would ease the sting of Michael's being rejected by his family. Michael evidently enjoyed the experience, and thanked Cindy for the suggestion.

"I will be seeing you again," Cindy promised, as Michael and Reverend Zorin walked back to the church.

A week later Tim Hasbrouck received a call at work from Laura Pontenegré, Michael's court-appointed Guardian ad Litem. She wanted to meet Tim today if possible, and suggested the food court at the Bellehaven, the hotel in which Tiffanys was located.

Laura Pontenegré was adorable, with a sweet charisma tempered by a deep desire to do the right thing. Michael Bowman was in very good hands.

Laura picked at her spaghetti. "Michael showed a lot of intelligence by heading directly to the church. A lot of kids come to Philadelphia or New York or DC completely clueless, with no plan at all and end up sleeping in cardboard boxes or in the bushes behind the art museum. Unfortunately, when all your friends are doing heroin, you tend to do heroin as well. The kids tell me it takes the edge off their shitty existence."

"So what percentage of the kids on the street here are LGBT?"

"I would say between 30-40%."

"What about the LGBT community center?"

"It does what it can do, but it is not a homeless shelter."

"So where is Michael staying now?"

“With Bob Zorin and his wife Martha. It’s hard to say no to a community leader with Bob’s stature with kids at Princeton and Barnard.”

Tim laughed, “I guess not, but this is only temporary, right?”

“Yes, that’s where you come in. When I met with Michael, he sang your praises and said he wanted to live with Cindy and wanted you to be his adopted mother.”

“Praises? I just took him to lunch.”

“Well, it was some lunch, I guess. I really like the idea of Michael having a transgendered parent, a real role model. It gives him tangible and immediate affirmation that he is a valuable person and that being transgendered is a reality, and not some fantasy as he was told by his family. Michael was very adamant that he would like you as his mother and told the judge as much. He is articulate and intelligent, and Judge Bowers thought he had the ability to make a decision about his living arrangements. He directed me this morning to contact you. I did a little research on my own. Castle Crag grad, Navy officer, and now Operations Manager at Tiffanys. It seems to me you would make a fine foster parent for Michael.”

“Ms. Pontenegre, I am very flattered by all this, but I certainly wasn’t expecting it.”

“Call me Laura, please. We are almost the same age.”

“Ok, Laura. I am up for it. When something seems right, I take it. But, when you are doing further background investigations on me, you will find out that I sleep around with a lot of guys as Cindy.”

Laura laughed. "I would hope you can put a stop to that. Can't you be in a monogamous relationship or marriage as a woman?"

"I once had that opportunity and blew it. About a year ago, a man I was dating wanted the whole thing. He wanted me to transition and be the mother of the two young teenagers he was raising after his sister and her husband died in a car crash because the husband had been drinking. It was right there, wife and mother, and I was too scared to take it, so eventually the man walked away to find somebody more capable of living that dream."

"Maybe you just needed a practice run, maybe now you're ready to transition and be somebody's partner."

"You seem to have a vested interest in me transitioning."

"My interest is in Michael's best interest, although I do like you. If his best interest is to have a parent like himself I don't have a problem facilitating it. I don't think Judge Bowers will either."

"Michael is in good hands."

"So. Are you dating anyone seriously at the moment?" Laura grinned.

"Not at the moment."

"I know a really good guy who likes women like you. Do you mind if I contact him, say you would be interested in meeting?"

"And now you're my matchmaker," Tim smiled.

"At the end of the day, it's my job to protect my people and help them find happiness. Your happi-

ness may eventually become Michael's stability and happiness."

"Call him. I would definitely be interested."

Cindy exited her car in the parking lot of The Falcon, a gay restaurant in New Hope. She confidently stepped out in her flower patterned D'orsay pumps which the clerk had told her would go with practically everything and make a statement every time. The pumps definitely complimented her peach blazer and matching short skirt with a pearl necklace. She loved that outfit and wanted to wear it once more before the weather turned cold. Cindy strutted to the entrance, being entirely ignored by a professional, gay couple who were leaving the restaurant.

The crossdresser smiled. "Gay guys will never be into me. It just shows that in their mind I'm more or less a chick."

"May I help you?" the host politely asked.

"I am here to meet a gentleman for dinner. His name is Carlton, the reservation will probably be under Washington."

"Carlton Washington? Are you kidding me, Miss?"

"That's what he told me. I'm not making it up."

The clerk scanned the guest book. "Oh, here it is, Washington, party of two. The gentleman is waiting for you at the bar. I thought it was him, but he looks bigger in person."

"Thank you."

Cindy sashayed through the dining room to enter the bar overlooking the Delaware River and saw her date, a large, serious, African-American man, built

like an NFL running back, seated with his back towards her, nursing a Scotch whiskey, from what Cindy could discern.

“Mr. Washington, I presume?”

The man turned and stood from the bar stool as Cindy presented her hand, with a set of bangles at the wrist.

“I hope I’m not too late.”

“Not late at all,” Carlton responded, his visage changing from solemn to cheerful, as he took Cindy’s hand gently in his own large, strong hand. “I just wanted to get here early and enjoy looking at the river. The evening is gorgeous.”

“I love this time of the year. Would you like to eat out on the porch? I would love it.”

“You won’t be too cold in that?”

“No. Not at all. I love being by the river.”

Alternating between watching swallows glide above the Delaware’s current and gazing intently in Carlton’s dark eyes, Cindy thoroughly enjoyed herself at dinner as she talked to Carlton about herself. He seemed intent on learning everything he could about the young woman.

“Well, I’m pretty much a nerd, even after the time spent in the Navy. I do love salmon fishing, though. The run is about to start on Lake Ontario. It’s my favorite time of the year. I always wanted to fish it as a woman but never felt comfortable. Maybe a nice man like yourself could come along. I would love it.”

“I would too, but fall is the worst time of the year for me. Is there something we can do in the spring?”

“There is a place at the very top of the Chesapeake Bay called Buzzard Point on the Eastern Shore. It’s an amazing Striped Bass fishing spot in the spring and you don’t need much skill to fish it. All the stripers in the Chesapeake Bay pass by that point on their way to the C and D Canal and out the bay after the spring spawning. The place is gorgeous in April with the trees blooming and the warm winds blowing after a long winter. Plus, you can catch some beast-sized stripers.”

“I think my Dad goes up around there. My parents live in Washington, DC and my Dad loves fishing. April is a long way off, but hopefully we can make it, you and me, maybe even my Dad.”

“That would be sooo awesome.”

“So what else do you like to do?”

“Well, I love travel. I lived with my parents in England for over a year. We went to a different castle, battlefield, cathedral, Iron Age site, or enchanted Druid grotto every weekend. We even found Excalibur. I would love to go to Italy. I find the history incredibly inspiring and romantic. One of my dreams was to be a prostitute in either Milan or Naples. I once saw a magazine article that featured black and white photographs of transsexual prostitutes in Italy, and I so wanted to be one of them, if I may be so bold.”

Carlton smiled, “I like you, Cindy.”

“I like you, too. I also am trying to be a writer. I guess that goes with my nerdish nature.”

“So. what are you trying to write?”

“I’m writing a Civil War novel and am 20,000 words in. It’s different. It’s a story of reconciliation,

Union soldiers, Confederate plantation owners and freed slaves setting up a business venture selling oysters to the Union army at Petersburg.”

“Reconciliation on the half-shell.”

“You can’t stay mad eating oysters.”

“Not when you’re horny. They do have that effect on me.”

“They are on the menu as appetizers, but I usually order the pate.”

“We can have both.”

“Awesome.”

“My mother is an English teacher at American. I am sure she would like to take a look at your book. It sounds original.”

“A Civil War restaurant story, I hope so.”

After Carlton had ordered an appetizer and dinner, he quietly contemplated the attractive crossdresser that glowed in the candle light and smiled. “I have helped two other women like yourself fully transform. They are both living as women now and are stunning.”

Cindy’s eyes went wide with fear and longing.

“When I look at you right now, I only see a woman. You definitely act like one too.”

Cindy blushed. “Thank you.”

The cheerful gay waiter brought appetizers and dinner, which the two quietly enjoyed, lost in their thoughts. After dessert, Carlton suggested that the

two go for a walk along the river bank. The river glowed in the moonlight and Cindy gladly agreed.

“So, what do you do for a living?” Cindy asked Carlton while taking his hand in hers. “We spent a lot of time talking about me, but very little talking about you, other than oysters stir your juices, which I have noted.” Cindy pumped his hand.

Carlton paused, and then answered, “My job is kind of unique, it’s seasonal and I spend a lot of time on the road.”

“Well, you’re obviously not a trucker. They would have tried to get in my skirt from word one.”

“I take it that you have dated a lot of men.”

“More than I would care to admit.

And you have dated Brothers before.”

“Many times. They are reliable, respectful, great in bed, but can be terrible at everything else.”

“I see.”

“And don’t ever let them get the idea of a dominant/submissive thing. They completely lose perspective. I’m not into that anyway. One guy, a white guy who in all other respects was very decent, tried to do that routine on a date to New York City. We went to Lucky Lou’s and I looked awesome. I wore thigh-high vinyl boots and had a skimpy dress and elbow-length gloves, kind of the Julia Roberts look in *Pretty Woman*. I even held my own with the Thai girls at Lou’s. John and I even reenacted the scene in the movie where she has to wear Richard Gere’s coat to go through the hotel lobby. I wore his trench coat through the Hilton up to our room.