



Reluctant Press presents:

No Trouble

Rowie A. Blair



ILLUSTRATIONS BY

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2005, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story 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.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

NO TROUBLE

By Rowie A. Blair

Chapter 1

Joe was feeling deeply blue even before the phone call. One of the happiest phases of his life had come to an end and he knew it. He couldn't see anything ahead to match the comfort and good times he'd had as the room mate of J.J., Janice Joyce Johnson, while they pursued their BA degree from UCI.

Unlike all the people in those TV commercials for anti-depressants, Joe knew exactly why he was feeling sad. He was used to feeling this way; he had been since he was four when he experienced the full force of his Mother's reaction to his simple declaration of love and admiration. "Mom, when I grow up, I want to be just like you."

At first, she'd been flattered and pulled him in tight, giving him one of her big warm hugs, saying, "That's very sweet, Joey, but you're a boy, so you'll grow up to be just like Daddy."

He whispered, his lips pressed up against her large warm stomach, pregnant with his sister Carla, tears already forming, for that wasn't the answer he wanted.

"But that's what I mean, Mama. I don't want to be a boy, I want to be a girl, just like you and Granny."

He could still remember the sudden way her fingers clamped down on his shoulders, the way she pushed him back and held him at arm's length, the way her beautiful face tightened into an angry mask, the way she screamed.

"No, you don't understand, Joey, no, no, no."

She'd started crying and shaking him by the shoulders, until his Dad came in and wrapped his long arms around her. She calmed down a little but said, sharply, "Tell him what you just told me, Joey."

“I was just teasing, Mama. I really don’t want to be no stupid girl.”

Those were the magic words they both wanted to hear. His Dad said, “You shouldn’t tease Mama like that, Joey, not when she’s pregnant and not feeling good. Say you’re sorry, now, and you and I will go outside and play some catch.”

J.J. was leaving tomorrow to spend the summer in Mondovi, Wisconsin on her family’s farm. She had a summer job lined up with a veterinarian she had been assisting since she was a little girl. If Joe could wave his magic wand and turn himself into a girl, he would become just like J.J. She was bright, strong and beautiful. When she entered a room, people knew she was there.

Every night, Joe put himself to sleep with his ongoing fantasies of himself as Josephine, a bold, beautiful, and brazen male-woman. But, J.J. wasn’t his fantasy creation; she was very real, a total woman and his best friend. He was going to really miss her. Right now, J.J. was at the supermarket and Gran was out on her daily morning run.

Joe refilled his coffee cup and sat back down on the deck, looking out at the morning surf, and began, again, mulling over the three subjects he always thought about when he was blue: Death, Sex and Gender.

His parents, sister and Grandfather had all been killed in the same car wreck when he was eight, 14 years ago. They were on their way to a baseball game at Angel Stadium when a Wal-Mart truck ran a red light and slammed into them.

If Joe hadn’t been mad at them, they wouldn’t have been killed that day. Instead, they would have been with Gran, where they really wanted to be, watching Joe play in the finals of a tennis tournament.

But Joe had said, “I don’t want you there. I never win when you’re watching. You make me too nervous.” Everyone but little Carla knew Joe was lying. They knew Joe was still upset with them over what had happened at Halloween.

The week before their death, his parents left him and his sister with their grandparents in Laguna Beach and drove to Las Vegas to spend Halloween there with some friends. Joe’s Grandmother, Gran, had decided she’d take Joe and Carla out trick or treating, while Grandpa stayed home and handed out candy.

In one of Laguna Beach’s many small boutiques, Gran had spotted some brownish, imitation suede dresses and decided the three of them would go out trick or treating dressed as Indian maidens. Joe, of course, pretended to object, but not too hard.

Gran was not only half-Hopi but had spent some time on the stage and loved the world of whimsy and make-believe. When they left the house that night, they were dazzling. Joe wished he could stay that way forever.

Gran even borrowed a black wig so Joe’s hair would match her and Carla’s. The three of them looked identical, with the honey brown skin, long narrow faces with high cheekbones, long necks, thick full lips, large, close set, almond shaped, deep brown eyes and their distinctive long, slightly beaked noses. They wore the same dresses, jewelry, and makeup but in different sizes, tiny Carla, medium-sized Joe, and tall, stately Gran.

They came home with sacks full of candy and heads buzzing with compliments, Gramps took them out for a pizza. Afterwards, they watched two old Abbott and Costello

comedy/horror movies. They went to bed late, still wearing all their makeup, Joe in one of Gran's old UCLA T-shirts which hung on him like a dress.

When they woke up, Carla said to him, "I wish you could be my sister, Joe. I like you better as a girl." He didn't answer, just smiled and nodded.

Gran told them she'd clean them up after breakfast because Grandpa was almost done making his special pancakes. It was Saturday morning. Their parents weren't due back till Sunday.

They came home early, though, and walked in while Gran, Grandpa, Joe and Carla were sitting at the table eating pancakes. Joe, like Carla and Gran, was still wearing heavy makeup, bright red lipstick which had lost its gloss but not faded, bright red polish on his toenails and heavy mascara, eyeliner and eyebrow pencil.

Joe's Dad laughed nervously when he saw them, patting Gramps on the shoulder, saying, "It looks like someone had a wild Halloween."

But Joe's Mother hadn't laughed. Her eyes froze on Joe and he could feel her frosty daggers going right into his heart. She didn't scream this time, she just said with a chill to Gran, "Mother, I need to see you, now," and walked out of the room. Joe could hear them arguing in the other room and knew it was about him.

Gran came out and said, "Why don't I get the kids cleaned up and we'll meet you guys down on the beach."

Joe and his Mom didn't talk to each other the following week. When he and Gran left for the tennis match, his Mother said, "Good luck, Joey, I hope you win."

Joe dodged away from her hug and didn't answer. That was the last time he saw his Mother, Father, Gramps and Carla alive. Joe won his tennis match and when he and Gran got home, late on that Sunday afternoon, they got a call from the Newport Beach Police Department notifying them of the fatal accident.

Joe moved in with Gran, his only living relative. After the memorial service, she said, "Joey, all we have now is each other and I need you to be strong for me. I need you to be my little man in the house." And he had been, at least on the outside, her little man. She was his anchor and his love and respect for her came from deep in his heart.

The phone rang, startling Joe out of his reverie. He thought it would be J.J., asking him exactly what kind of chilies she was to buy for the meal Gran was going to prepare for them that evening.

Joe answered, "J.J., get 4 jalapenos, 3 seranos and one habanero."

A deep, serious male voice said, "Am I speaking to Joseph Delgado?"

Joe tensed up and said, "Yes, I'm Joe Delgado."

"This is Sergeant Kravetz with the Laguna Beach Police Department. I have some bad news, Joseph, and well, I'll just give it to you straight. Your Grandmother has been killed in an accident on the Coast Highway."

Joe's deep, mellow blues instantly vanished, replaced by a cold, hollow numbness. Sergeant Kravetz kept talking, asking Joe if he was okay and Joe replied yes, not really hearing what the Sergeant was saying. Finally, Joe just hung up on him. Ten minutes later, J.J.

arrived at the front of Gran's house at the same time as Sergeant Kravetz. They found Joe, numb with shock, sitting on the deck, staring out at the ocean, no tears, no grief, just frozen into a zombie-like stupor.

J.J. postponed her summer return to Mondovi and took care of everything, arranging the service and reception at Gran's Unitarian Church, the obituary, the phone calls to friends, the details of the cremation.

Two weeks passed and Joe hadn't shed a tear, not even at the memorial service, when many of Gran's friends had stood up and shared their memories of her. Joe just sat there frozen in whatever spot J.J. placed him in, even when J.J. rose, crying, and told the congregation how wonderful Gran had been to her, treating her like family, allowing her to move into her home for the final two months of school after their apartment lease had expired before graduation.

Now, there were only three days left before J.J. was due back in Mondovi to start her summer job with the vet. While she watched Joe, still sitting on the deck, staring out at the water, she decided what she'd do.

She prepared Gran's bedroom as a shrine, honoring Gran and the other members of Joe's family. She lined the room with their pictures and set the five memorial urns on the mantle above the fireplace.

After she fed Joe a small supper, she went up to the bedroom and lighted the twenty large candles she'd purchased and put in a CD of old-time hymns sung by a bluegrass group. She guided Joe up the stairs and into the room. She set him down in a chair in front of the shrine. She turned on the music and forced him to drink tequila with her as they sat in the candle-lit room, listening to the hymns, in front of all the family pictures.

It took about a silent half hour and five shots of tequila before Joe broke down and began sobbing.

For the first time in Joe's life, he told another person all about himself. At first, he was a little hesitant, and just talked about Gran and how much he loved her and then, finally, he spoke about his Dad and Grandpa and Carla. But when he mentioned his Mother, all of his ice melted and everything flowed out. He talked for three hours straight, about his resentments, especially towards his Mom, his guilt over their deaths, his loneliness, his fears, his shame about longing to be a girl, his doubts about his uncertain sexuality and even the details of his masturbation fantasies. J.J. never asked any questions, just encouraged him to keep on talking.

When he finally stopped, exhausted and a little drunk, J.J. waited, not sure if Joe was through and ready to sleep, but when he poured them each another shot of tequila, she asked her first question.

"Joey, how come you never told me any of this before?"

They'd been roommates for three years and had met at Border's bookstore, where they both worked part-time. J.J., with her direct, take-charge manner had quickly been promoted and become Joe's supervisor. She discovered that Joey, this extremely shy quiet guy, knew more about books and authors than anyone else on staff and that he could sur-

prise her with his sly, ironic comments. She was as open and explicit as he was secretive and indirect and they became friends and then roommates.

Joe hesitated before he answered. "I guess because I was embarrassed."

J.J. laughed and said, "Joey, we both know that's not the whole truth."

J.J. was gorgeous, a big, athletic version of Mia Farrow, whose large, sky blue eyes sparkled when she laughed.

Joe smiled at her and said, "Because I knew you'd try to force me to out of the closet."

"True. I would have definitely tried."

J.J. paused, then smiled, and said, "And maybe, if I had known about your ambivalent sexuality, I wouldn't have paraded around naked so often. Did I ever have a part in your sexual fantasies?"

Joe blushed but looked at her and said, "Yes."

Everyone at the bookstore and on campus, and probably Gran too, assumed Joe was gay. Even openly gay guys Joe knew believed he was one of them, and Joe never said anything to make them suspect otherwise. Whenever J.J. asked him why he didn't date, he'd say he was waiting for Mister Right.

When he got asked out—and he got asked a lot—he'd tell the guy he wasn't ready yet to start dating. The truth was, Joe couldn't imagine sex without seeing himself as a woman and he knew transpeople didn't fare much better with gays than straights. Basically, he was afraid.

J.J. smiled and said, "And in your fantasies, I suppose you were my wild, uninhibited, lesbian lover?"

Joe, still blushing, nodded yes.

"And did my beautiful lesbian lover, still have her own God-given dildo?"

Joe nodded again and J.J. laughed and said, "And I bet my beautiful lover also had breasts...big ones?"

Joe said, "No, but small full ones just like yours."

Joe knew J.J. liked men of all sizes and shapes, but stayed away from girls who had really large breasts. She'd told him once that she'd spent too much time milking cows to be turned on by women with big jugs.

Joe had met all of J.J.'s sex buddies, male and female. She'd have them over and Joe would often cook breakfast for her and her friend in the morning.

J.J. looked at him, thoughtfully, and said, "You know I love your imagination, Joey."

She stopped and continued to study him. Joe felt tense. He had no idea what J.J. was going to say next. She often told him how much she respected his story-telling skills. For two years, they put out a satirical comic strip about campus life, which ran in the weekly UCI paper. Joe did the writing and J.J. handled the drawing.

She apparently had decided what she was going to say; she smiled and took his hand.

“Well, my little sweetheart, I’m tempted. You’re awfully pretty, but I’ve decided I’m going to adopt you as my little sister and I draw the line at incest. Do you want to be my sister?”

Joe started crying again and said, “There’s nothing in the whole world I want more than that.”

J.J. pulled him over to her lap and rocked him while he cried. “I’ve always wanted a sister and now I’ve got my own little Josephine. I think I’m going to call you Josie.”

Two days later Joe drove J.J. to the Orange County airport. J.J. said, “Remember, Josie, be strong and I’ll be there if you need me.”

Neither of them knew they wouldn’t see other for another year.

The day after J.J. left, Joe went to see Jennifer. Besides being Gran’s best friend, she’d also been her, and was now Joe’s, attorney, CPA and financial manager. Joe told her he was going to move to the Bay Area and pursue his graduate degree at San Francisco State. Joe had already discussed these ideas with J.J. A few months back he’d attended a lecture by a psychiatrist from Berkeley on gender dysfunctions. He’d been impressed by Dr. William Headley.

J.J. had encouraged him, saying, “San Francisco is the ideal place to come out of your fantasy closet and join the real world.”

After discussing all the details involved in Joe’s move, Jennifer smiled at him and said, “Joey, I’ve known you since you were a little boy, so, I’m going to tell you what I always told Gran. Don’t let anyone know you’re wealthy. If some people find out how much you’re worth, they’ll work very hard to separate you from your money.”

Joe had never thought much about money, never thought of himself and Gran as being rich. They never did anything extravagant. Gran was still working as a social worker for the county when she was killed by the truck; Joe had always worked part time while in school.

Even though Jennifer had sent him a summary of his net assets, it hadn’t really registered until she said that. He’d been in too deep a funk to pay attention to business.

On paper, Joe was worth 28 million dollars, which didn’t include the out of-court settlement of 5 million he’d agreed to accept from the Ritz-Carlton after their van driver plowed into Gran while she was in a crosswalk.

Joe told Jennifer he wanted her to keep managing the money just as she had with Gran. Jennifer set it up so it would appear, even if someone ran a credit check on him, that he was receiving \$4,000 a month from a family trust, deposited each month in his checking account. Jennifer smiled and said, “Now, I feel better, Joey. I know Gran would too.”

CHAPTER 2

A week later, Joe flew to Oakland, rented a small Ford, and checked into a room at the Jack London Inn. He told both Jennifer and J.J., that he’d purchase a new laptop and cell phone once he’d arrived in Oakland and would contact them. He called Dr. Headley’s office and was surprised the Dr. himself answered the phone. He remembered the Dr.’s deep, polished voice from the lecture.

Joe was even more surprised when the Dr. said he had an opening and would see him the next day at 1 PM. Joe was hoping he might have a week to mull over this big decision before seeing a therapist, who he knew specialized in gender disorders and would, no doubt, encourage him to come out of the closet.

Joe spent the rest of the afternoon wandering around Jack London Square. He still had his mustache and beard and wore baggy, nondescript clothes. Joe enjoyed being anonymous, liked just fitting in and not calling attention to himself. He knew he passed easily as a man and tried to imagine himself walking around dressed as a woman. He couldn't picture it. Even trying, made him feel more self-conscious and restricted. He knew he wasn't ready to come out and thought about canceling his appointment with Dr. Headley.

After eating supper in the bar at El Torrito, watching the ballgame on TV, and chatting with the bartender about the Oakland Raiders, Joe decided he'd ask Dr. Headley to help him adjust to living as a man while feeling like a woman. This thought cheered him up.

He walked over to the huge Barnes and Noble in the Square, bought Michael Connelly's latest novel and sat outside reading, drinking lattes, and feeling nearly invisible in his male armor. This was a lot better than walking around in a dress, knowing people might be staring at him. He thought there was even something romantically noble about handling his sad fate in such a stoical way.

Joe had no trouble finding Dr. Headley's office in Berkeley. As instructed, he arrived an hour early and sat at the table in the small, empty waiting room, filling out the personal history questionnaire.

Joe was relieved the waiting room was conventional, not some frilly parlor affair, with copies of tranny literature lying about. He was feeling very defensive and more certain than ever that he wasn't ready to come out and probably would never come out.

The questionnaire was very detailed, more like filling out a credit report than some psychological assessment, and didn't contain any questions about gender identity or sexual preferences.

Dr. Headley looked just like Joe remembered him. He was slightly taller than Joe, had thick black curly hair, a thick well-groomed mustache, large blue eyes with heavy lids and thick black eyebrows. He had thin lips but his mouth was wide and matched his strong jaw. Joe guessed he was in his mid thirties and, judging from his muscular arms, visible under the casual white polo shirt, probably a regular at the gym. His nose was slightly curved downwards. He was a very handsome man, probably with Mediterranean roots. A man's man and very friendly and casual, in both manner and appearance. Joe caught Headley looking at himself in the mirror a few times and thought, he's vain, but then if you look like him, why not?

Dr. Headley seemed intrigued by the fact that Joe was basically alone in the world, with no relatives and only one close friend, who was in Wisconsin for the summer. Joe made no mention of Jennifer, which was something she had suggested as a safeguard.

The Dr. asked no questions about Joe's identity or sexual desires but did get all the details of his current living arrangements: hotel, room number, rental car, cell phone, computer, clothes, etc. Actually, Joe was feeling very relaxed with Headley, kind of like he had with the bartender, just being one of the boys.

After about an hour, Headley put down his pen and yellow pad, smiled at Joe and said, "When you first came in, Joe, you said you wanted to continue to live as a man. I respect that kind of clarity of intention and it's certainly something I can help you with. I employ a lot of visualization techniques and the stronger and less ambiguous the client's core motivation, the better these techniques work. You've got a lot going for you and I'm going to enjoy working with you."

Headley took a paper out of his desk drawer and stood up. "Your timing was perfect Joe, kind of serendipitous, because we have a weekend retreat starting tomorrow morning which will be of enormous help to you."

The doctor handed Joe the paper and said, "The directions are real clear. The traffic on Saturday isn't bad but you should probably leave your hotel by seven. I'll see you there at nine." He shook Joe's hand and guided him over to the office door.

"Another thing, a little non-psychiatric assistance. You said you were going to buy a new laptop and cell phone. Put off those things until after the retreat on Monday. I have a friend who owns a large electronics store and he'll save you quite a bit on those purchases. And besides, if my intuition is correct, by Monday you'll have something really positive to tell your friend in Wisconsin."

Joe thanked him and left feeling very, very good about himself and his future prospects. He drove back to his hotel; later that evening, he sat on the same stool at El Torrito, feeling very much like one of the boys. He'd E-mail J.J. on Monday and tell her he wasn't out of the closet, but even better, he was going to live freely and easily as a man, blessed with the inner gifts of a woman.

The next morning, Saturday, Joe pulled up in his rental car at the heavy iron gate leading into the walled estate in Tamales Bay, north of San Francisco. He could see the turrets of the house over the top of the ivy-covered walls. As Dr. Headley had instructed, he pushed the button on the call box and stated his name. The gates swung open and he followed the tree-lined circular, gravel driveway around to the back of the large brick home.

He was greeted enthusiastically by a stunning Asian woman in her twenties, dressed casually in a short denim skirt, white silk T-shirt and platform heels.

"I'm Dr. Kumabe, Joseph, and I want to welcome you to Dr. Headley's retreat center."

Her makeup was perfect and her smile dazzling. She took Joe's hand and guided him into the house. "Raymond will bring in your luggage."

Joe wasn't aware there was anyone behind him and when he turned, he found himself looking up into a huge, carved, brown face, so close he could have kissed him without taking a step.

Raymond was a giant, probably a Samoan. His tight white polo shirt outlined the muscles in his chest and arms and his black Lycra bike shorts displayed his large, round glutes and huge masculine pouch. His arms were as big as Joe's thighs. He nodded at Joe and Joe blushed as he felt the sexual current shoot through him. Raymond was the type of man he pictured in his fantasies when he became the daring Josephine. Dr. Kumabe saw his reaction and smiled at Joe.

"He is beautiful, isn't he, Joe?"

Dr. Kumabe led him by the hand into a large den, lined floor to ceiling with books and they sat down on a leather couch in the circular, recessed conversation area. She continued to hold his hand and Joe couldn't take his eyes off her nails. He caught himself wishing he could have his nails like hers. They were bright red, incredibly shiny and looked real. He tried to push this thought out of his mind. He couldn't have the easy freedom he enjoyed as a man and still long to paint his nails.

Dr. Kumabe felt him tighten up and she smiled and said, "Relax, Joe, the longing to have nails like mine can coexist with your other desires. Don't torture yourself."

Joe blushed. Were his feminine longings that obvious? He turned slightly to say something like, "I'm okay," but blushed again when he found himself looking at her face and thinking, "My god, is she beautiful! I wish I could look like her."

She put one hand on the back of his neck and gently massaged his tight muscles. "Just relax, Joe. It's only natural that your feminine self wants to be beautiful. All women long to be beautiful. Just accept that feeling. It's part of being who you are and nothing to be ashamed of. We're going to spend a lot of time together, working with your feelings."

But Joe couldn't relax. This was eerie and happening too fast. He could hardly breathe. She seemed to be able to read his mind. Before he could collect himself and ask about Dr. Headley, a tall, wiry young man with the face of a Madonna arrived with tea and scones, balanced on a large silver tray.

Dr. Kumabe smiled at Joe and said, "Joe, I'd like you to meet Jorge. He's here to make our life easier and more pleasant. You'll see Dr. Headley soon enough."

Jorge smiled at him. It was the kind of seductive smile Joe had received many times from gay guys before they'd ask him out.

Jorge didn't say anything while he carefully served the tea. When he was done, he stood to the side and smiled again at Joe. He was beautiful.

Joe managed to drink his Earl Grey tea without spilling any. The finger-sized orange scones were delicious and Joe ate two of them while Dr. Kumabe and Jorge chatted about the weather and the Lily Downs concert they'd attended the night before in Petaluma. Joe loved Lily Downs and had all of her recordings. He found himself relaxing and joined in the conversation.

CHAPTER 3

Joe woke up, feeling groggy. The last thing he remembered before fainting was Jorge looking down at him, smiling, and saying, "Josephine, you and I are going to have some good times."

He opened his eyes. He was looking up at the red, velvet underside of a four-poster bed covering. The sun was shining in through the French windows. He didn't know where he was but didn't feel worried. He closed his eyes again and felt very relaxed and dreamy. The sheets and pillowcase were as smooth as satin and felt cool and soft against his skin.

A strong woman's voice said, "Now, now Sleeping Beauty, don't you go back to sleep on me. We've got a lot to do."