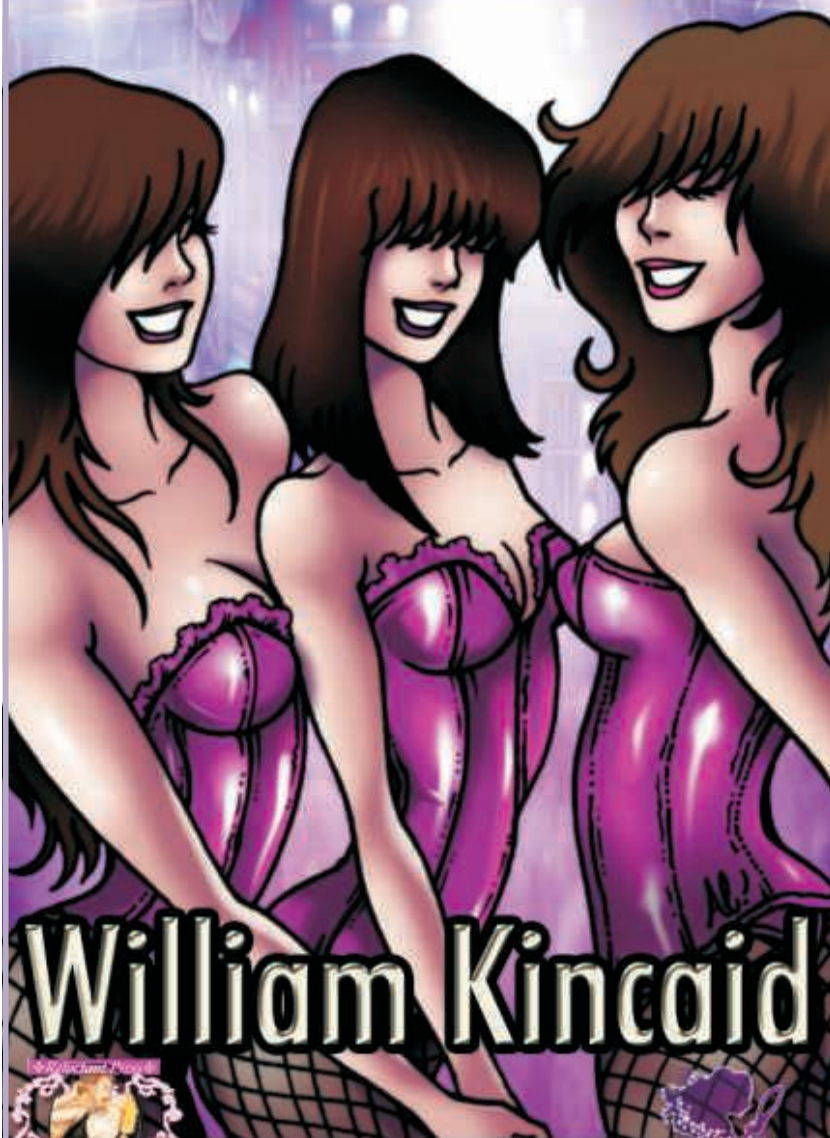


Beyond All Expectations



William Kincaid



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Beyond all Expectations

William Kincaid

Prologue:

The casket was covered with flowers and the rain mercifully held off. Around the grave in Thailand were gathered several distinguished looking American couples with their adult children giving them support. A well-dressed young Thai man also looked distressed at the demise of a cherished friend and lover.

Finally, a short, older woman stepped forward. She was wearing an orange robe, and had a solemn, but composed look on her face. The woman began to talk, while the assemblage tried to hold back tears.

“James Kishimoto lived an extraordinary life, the testimony of which is gathered right here, even if they had to come from half a world away. He started the ball rolling that brought everybody here together. When I think of the last time you were all here in Thailand, over twenty years ago, when you all were forging your own path, far beyond what the world would have offered, I am just amazed.” The woman who had rarely been at a loss for words, now became completely choked up. Her son and daughter in law left their places among the mourners and comforted her.

Another woman in her forties, also short, and a little pudgy, took the lead, “James had made such a beautiful life for himself and for everybody here. Right now he is sipping wine in Heaven from his cabana overlooking the beach and looking down on us, smiling his quiet grin talking about destiny.”

Chapter 1

The morning fog had burned off the bay on the Oregon Coast, and the fishermen started to gather up their gear and head to their cars. A few lucky ones carried salmon over the shoulders to the envious glances of those who went home empty. Tim knew the bite was over, even though he had nothing and resigned himself to heading into town before he crashed for the afternoon. He would be out again tonight, casting with the same intensity and hope that he had started with in the pre-dawn hours.

Rather than heading to the campground, Tim decided to check out a local gift shop. He was about ready to start his second year of law school in San Francisco and he wanted something to remind him of Oregon. Although he was tired, and smelled of bait, he wanted to see what the store had to offer.

A cute, dark haired girl gave him a cheerful greeting as he entered, "Usually we don't get fishermen in here."

"Just wanted to get something to remind me of this place before I go back to law school."

"If you need any help, just ask."

Tim immediately found a calendar with some great shots of the bay and river, including some good fish pictures. He then came upon a sweatshirt with a salmon on the front, but wasn't sure whether it would fit him. It looked pretty big.

"Miss, I have a question for you. I love the sweatshirt, but I'm not sure it will fit me," Tim asked, beckoning her from behind the register.

"It fits me really well, it's the size I wear," the girl responded.

Tim studied the young lady who was very close to his height and reasonably slender. "Are you a size eight?"

"Yes. I am." The girl seemed surprised.

"Well, then I'll take it."

The girl rang him up and bagged the sweatshirt and Tim turned to leave. She smiled at him though with a wicked grin, "How did you know my size?"

Tim decided to put the secret out there. The girl seemed really nice.

"Because I also wear a size eight in most dresses, and a size nine in heels. I'm a t-girl."

He half expected the girl to look on him disgust, but the smile remained, and she did not even blink.

"That's kind of what I thought. We don't get that much honesty among fishermen in this town. Do you have any pictures of you in drag?"

The store was empty at this early hour, so Tim pulled out his smart phone and scrolled to pictures of him in full drag at a bar in San Francisco. He was wearing a purple blazer, with a matching short skirt, and black, strapped pumps.

"Oh my God. You look incredibly hot." the girl exclaimed.

"That's almost exactly what I said when I first saw myself in full drag."

"Well, you do look smokin'."

Tim smiled, " thanks."

"I don't have any plans after work, would you like to get together tonight for dinner?"

"But I'll miss the evening bite."

"You'll survive. I'm Beth, by the way, and you are?"

"Tim, also known as Cindy."

"Nice to meet the two of you."

The two sat at a corner of a local seafood restaurant. Tim had ordered some oysters as an appetizer, and they split them while waiting for their entrees.

"So tell me how a smelly ass fisherman doubles as an incredible babe."

"It's a long story."

"Things can get boring up here at times. I'm all ears."

"I hope I don't bore you even more."

Tim sat at a dinner table at Kishimoto's, a gay friendly restaurant and bar in San Francisco, that had a drag act every Friday night, which typically started an hour past advertised time. He had never done anything else so openly related to being transgendered other than going to adult book stores and embarrassing himself in front of the

cash registrars, who looked on him with an infinite sense of superiority.

Tonight was no exception for starting on time, and Tim became restless. He heard some of the guests joke about drag time, and started to wonder if the show would ever start. Finally the show started. Some of the girls were truly amazing, and Tim became depressed, "how the hell would he ever learn to look even half this good?"

The night was beginning to seem to be a complete bust, another glimpse into what couldn't be had.

A distinguished looking Asian gentleman in his mid-fifties then sat across from him at the dinner table.

"How are things in the navy, lieutenant? The gentleman asked.

"How did you know I'm a lieutenant?"

"You live in San Francisco as long as I have, and you can tell a navy officer a mile away. You have too much of a cynical look to be an ensign. I'm the owner of this establishment."

Tim smiled, and started to relax, "I love that salmon over the bar."

"I caught it about fifteen years ago."

"It's a Smith River fish, right?"

"You know your fish."

"That's about all I know."

"So what do you think of my place?"

"I have really had a good night. I usually don't get to places like this, the clam chowder and rockfish are incredible, so is the chocolate mousse."

"I meant what do you think of the girls?"

"They look amazing."

“And you wish you could look as beautiful, but have no idea on how to go about it, and are distressed at not knowing.”

Tim was impressed with Mr. Kishimoto’s prescience. He decided there was no need to lie to him. “Yes, and how did you know?”

“Like I said, I have been running this place for twenty years, and like navy lieutenants, I can smell a transgendered young man from across the bay.”

“Yes, it’s true, and yes I would like to look at least a tenth as good as your girls.”

“You sell yourself way short. Probably have been doing that your entire adult life. You could be every bit as good as any of those girls on stage.”

“Do you really mean that?”

“I have seen guys like you come and go. You seem like a decent enough guy, although incredibly reticent. I will write that off as you being new to all this. I’m going to do you a favor. I am going to call a very dear friend who will help you become your dream girl, a beyond your dreams dreamgirl, if I am correct, which I usually am about this. The girls on the stage are usually too cocky to seek her help, but you will. You treat her with respect and kindness and you will find exactly what you are looking for.”

Mr. Kishimoto pulled out his smart phone and called one of his saved favorites. Tim estimated that the phone on the other rang ten times before the person picked up.

“Alexandra, this is James Kishimoto, how are you?”

The answer was very terse, as Mr. Kishimoto immediately spoke, “Alexandra, I have a friend, whose name is Tim, he is very nice. I want you to take him under your wing and turn him into a woman. He will be there tomor-

row at 9. Bring her to the club tomorrow night. There should be enough action for her."

The person on the end responded.

"Thank you very much, you are always the lady."

Mr. Kishimoto beamed, "well, there you go. Why don't we toast your good fortune with a glass of champagne? You don't know how lucky you are. You will go far if you just approach this with an open mind, especially Alexandra."

Tim and Mr. Kishimoto sat and talked at the table to long past closing. Tim opened up about his life. His isolated teenaged years wanting to dress as a girl, being called out by a gay man in the undergraduate library, a deep depression in his sophomore year at college that demolished his grades, his time in the navy, and finally his visit to Kishimoto's.

"Well, those days are behind you as of tonight," James grinned.

Tim felt an immense weight lift from his soul. He had talked at length with an intelligent person who heard his story and his desire to dress as a woman and was incredibly understanding and non-judgmental.

The next morning, Tim knocked on the door and waited for almost three minutes until a lady in her forties, wearing a dressing gown opened the door. An aroma of kittie litter, wine, perfume, and rotten food wafted into the threshold. Used to exotic aromas, Tim didn't react with revulsion and turn away, but instead entered.

"So you are Tim?" the lady smiled. "You are muy guapo."

Tim was taken aback, no female had ever said he was handsome. At best he was cute, which was basically a dismissal.

He pondered this development, when Alexandra's right arm suddenly shot out and grabbed Tim's lower jaw. She slowly turned his face right and left, studying it with a penetrating gaze.

"You are muy guapo, but you will become muy bonita, very beautiful as a girl," Alexandra smiled. "Would you like something to drink?"

Alexandra led Tim through the apartment, which was cluttered except for the pathways with clothing, shoes, purses, makeup, luggage, and photo albums. She cleared an easy chair from a sleeping cat on a threadbare leather jacket and offered it to him. While Alexandra rummaged through the refrigerator, Tim assessed the kitchen, which was buried under unwashed pots and pans, and plates with half eaten meals. The stove top had a meal that was cooked days before, and the sink had food debris and plates that had celebrated Mother's Day, the Fourth of July, and Labor Day. Canonical legend also stated that some items in the sink had witnessed Easter. Empty wine bottles littered the kitchen and living room.

Alexandra concluded her expedition into the refrigerator and offered Tim a Tamarind soda. "Let me get dressed and we will go buy your clothes and makeup and a nice wig. You will be muy bonita, I promise."

Alexandra led Tim to a consignment shop and talked exuberantly with the attendants in Spanish. They talked too quickly for Tim, but he heard the word travesti, and knew they were referring to him. She then began to hold up dresses and skirts to him, and either put them back on the rack, or onto a rapidly growing pile. You are a size ocho, eight, I can tell. What is your men's size shoe, a woman's size is one size bigger."

"Can you walk in heels? You will learn," Alexandra remarked as they pilfered the store's shoe rack.

The two piled the haul of impending feminine glamour in Tim's car and went to a drug and cosmetics store. Alexandra grabbed Tim's face once more, studying his coloration. Tim bought concealer, foundation, rouge, dark powder for shading, brushes, sponges, lipstick, lip-liner, eye-liner, eye shadow, mascara, and a previously unknown device that Alexandra insisted was mandatory, an eyelash curler.

The final stop was the wig store, and Tim was starting to feel a pinch in the wallet. Alexandra could see Tim's concern, took his hand and gave him a reassuring pump. She talked with the wig store proprietor, and they chose a blonde wig that emerged from a dusty box. "It is a very natural look. Most of the women are looking for something more glamorous, but you will be very sexy in it," Alexandra assured her charge.

The final stop of the day was to get some super burritos to go. Alexandra and Tim sat at a cleared dinner table, while her cats vigorously rubbed themselves against Tim's legs. Tim reached over and started petting the closest, a massive gray male tabby which started to purr.

"My cats like you, that means you are good person. So do have a girl's name?"

"Cynthia, after a very pretty girl in college I knew."

"Cynthia, that's a beautiful name. Come let's make you una chica bonita."

"Oh my God. Oh my God." Cynthia was awestruck as she gazed upon herself in the mirror for the first time.

"I'm a woman."

Cynthia's eyes teared up and Alexandra dabbed her mascara with a kleenex. She smiled and laughed in joy, "Cynthia, you are magnifica."

Alexandra quickly changed into evening wear and hustled Cynthia out the door. Cynthia wore a playful, flower print dress with a short, flared skirt, and black pumps. She had learned to walk in heels from her mother's wardrobe for years and capably sashayed to the club.

Sitting with her legs naturally crossed, Cynthia learned about her creator's life. Alexandra was a clean cut kid from a middle class family in Venezuela, and was runner-up Miss Gay Venezuela years ago. She started taking hormones immediately afterwards, sensing her destiny lay as Alexandra, not Rafael. Breasts came a year later which brought her an American who worked the oilfields. They moved to San Francisco, but back in the United States, her man could no longer be open as a husband to a transsexual. Alexandra was heartbroken, but in very high demand as an entertainer and escort. Finally she found a wealthy gentleman who bought her condominium on California Street and set up a trust account of \$200 a month for her to live on.

The real estate purchase was over ten years ago. The man had moved on, \$200 a month was not even enough to care about, and Alexandra became entrapped in what once was a beautiful love nest. She started drinking heavily and her impeccable looks started to fade. She had not been in the club in many years, a forgotten and apparently obsolete relic.

As she recounted her tale, the revived Alexandra scanned the bar like a hawk. Finally her predatory gaze settled on an older, graying, African-American gentleman, in a sport coat and slacks. He was smiling whenever he glanced at her new daughter, Cynthia, and she decided that he would be the man to make her into a fully-fledged woman.

“That man over there, he will make very good love to you. Go to him,” she commanded, placing a tube of lubricant and condoms that she had secretly purchased into Cynthia’s purse.

Cynthia gulped, looking terrified, but steeled up her courage as she became aroused at the thought of being taken as a woman.

“Do I look okay?”

“Very bonita, mi nina. Now go to him.”

Cindy calmly walked to her fate, both her drag mother and Mr. Kishimoto at the bar staring proudly at her. She sat on the bar seat, crossed her legs, and demurely held out her hand to the gentleman. “Hello, I’m Cindy.”

“Did he do you doggie, cowgirl, or missionary?” Beth asked.

“Missionary. On the side of the bed. He wanted to look into my eyes as he fucked me. I hope I’m not boring you?”

“Not yet.”

The next day, Tim returned with croissants and orange juice. Alexandra was surprised, but overjoyed to see him.

“Why are you here? Is it true, are you now a woman.”

“Yes”, Tim laughed. “I am now a woman.”

“That’s very good. I am proud. We must go there again.”

“Of course, Ms. Bocarro, but today I want to help you clean your apartment.”

Tim worked for the next eight hours, hauling out trash and litter clumps, gagging at the foulness of the rotten food, scrubbing floors and pots and toilets, and consolidating clothes. The apartment was not pristine, or presentable to a mother in law, but it was now livable for

most humans and cats. The two shared a bottle of wine, and Alexandra toasted to her new nina, Cynthia.

Tim then asked Alexandra if she could have her last name, as it would be an honor.

“So you want to be my daughter in name too. It’s not easy. You must never take money from a man for sex. Don’t be like I was. You must never play with your cock while being a woman. A good woman can cum without touching it. You must also learn Spanish, my native tongue, and learn to do makeup like a professional, so you will not just be a girl, you will be a lady. Finally, you must never bring a man into this home, unless you hope to marry him someday. You only allow a man in who is good enough to meet your mother, and no sex under my roof. This is a peaceful place now.”

Although Beth looked disappointed at the no-play pledge, she still said, “good for your Mom,” about all the other rules. She insisted that Tim continue the tale.

Tim spent every weekend he could in San Francisco, taking the cheap flight into Oakland. The cycle of wanton party girl on Saturday, and apartment cleaner on Sunday continued throughout Tim’s last year in the navy, until Cindy became insatiable. Taking Alexandra’s guidance seriously, both Cindy and the condominium emerged from that period with elegance. Cynthia’s mother also revived. She cut back on the wine, and began to exercise outdoors every day.

With Alexandra’s revival, came a new burst of energy. She insisted on calling Tim, Cynthia, even when he was dressed in public as a man, like when they went shopping for groceries. Finally, he just smiled and shrugged and answered to Cynthia, regardless of where he was.

Tim’s life came to the predictable cliff when his father found letters from Alexandra to Cynthia hidden in his car.

Tim's father attempted to gouge his eyes out in a burst of rage. Once the two separated, he disowned Tim on the spot and insisted he change his name to avoid bringing shame on the family.

Tim drove that day to San Francisco, and Alexandra took Cynthia in and gave him the extra room. They were now living together as mother and almost daughter. She harangued him because of his hesitance to transition fully to being a woman, "What have you got to lose, I am your mother now and I would be proud to have you as my daughter. You should think of it as an honor to be able to become a woman, especially one as bonita as you could be. Many people wish they could but many are too cowardly to do it, and my daughter will not be a coward. This is San Francisco. If you can't become a woman here, where else in America can you?"

"Your Mom is amazing. I would hate her to ever get in league with mine. They would be unstoppable," Beth remarked.

During salmon season, Tim fished with James and brought his mother monsters from the Smith River, and glimmering beauties from Clear Creek in Oregon where Beth lived. James was impressed with the emergence of Cindy as a young lady. He was even more impressed with the salvaging of Alexandra from the hell she had been in. In the vacuum created by Tim's father's rage, James had become a father to both Tim and Cindy.

"Alexandra wants me to become a woman."

"All in due time. I think the first priority is for you to become a good law student."

"Mom says there are plenty of women lawyers," Tim added.

"And she is correct. But not many of them are transsexual. And you are a long way from becoming a lawyer."

I have seen people like you come and go in the past twenty years. Drag is an intoxicant that doesn't obey the laws of nature or of physics but some of these beauties end up just like Alexandra. Others get their life completely focused on the transition. You may become a woman, or you may not, I will think the same of you regardless. But if you become a woman, I want you to be more than a fixture at my bar. There is no long term return in that. If and when you cross over, I want you to have as much ass behind you as possible."

"Wow. I wouldn't want him to get in league with my mom, either."

"I also really would want you to continue these father son salmon fishing trips as my daughter," James added.

"And that brought you to me," Beth concluded.

"I guess it did."

"You lost a family but gained another one."

"You can say that."

"I did. It's true."

"So when you go out in drag, you pass pretty easily, right?" Beth asked.

"Passing is the baseline measurement of drag, but it has less value than people think. It really depends on the audience and you can't control that."

"How?" Beth demanded, as she took Tim's hand in hers.

"Well, some persons have an innate ability to read you with less of a glimpse than most people get of Bigfoot. I was on a date riding in a car on a darkened road and looked briefly at the driver in the next car. He read me in the dark in a split second. Another time I was walking in a crowd at Christmas after shopping in a department

store. I was wearing a woman's coat, jeans, and boots, relatively innocuous, full makeup, wig, the works, but a street walker picked me out of the crowd, at night, and started shouting, 'Whoa, girl's got it going on. You go girl.' Nobody else in the crowd even registered who or what she was making the fuss about."

"On the flip side, I was outside a bar in which all the local TVs were hanging out after a meeting. A guy came into me into the parking lot, I looked great, a short red dress and black pumps, and he said, 'Excuse me miss, do you know why the guys in there are dressing like women? Doesn't make sense.'"

"What did you say?"

"I just smiled all pretty and shrugged. He never figured it out, even when he was primed to be looking for guys in dresses."

"Way cool. So when you were a teenager and watched movies were you the hero or heroine?"

"Depends on the movie, but often enough I was the heroine or at least the best supporting actress."

"Such as?"

"Well, Lilli Von Schtupp immediately comes to mind. Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*. JLo as *The Wedding Planner*, Diane Kruger as *Helen of Troy* and *Abigail Chase*, and most saloon, harem or *Bond girls*. I also wanted to be the strippers in *Stripes*, and the blonde bimbo in the short dress, high heels and fur coat."

"I love *Mel Brooks* and *Pretty Woman*, but fur is murder."

"I'm reformed, thanks to *Cindy Crawford*."

"So who is your *Hector*?"

"*Hector* wasn't *Diana's* husband."

"Oh yeah, so who is your Orlando Bloom?"

"Princes don't patronize Kishimoto's. Fans of T-girls do."

"So what do you look for in a man?"

"Well, first if he was great in the sack and had reasonably good hygiene it was great. But now I look for a man who likes and accepts the whole me, and has good hygiene and is great in the sack."

"That's a tall order. I am going home now, but I am going for a picnic tomorrow on the river. You are very welcome to join me."

"But."

"But you will miss the morning bite. Too bad. I will make it up to you. Bring your rod and tackle anyway."

At the picnic, Tim was dumbfounded at Beth's suggestion. "Are you crazy? That's insane."

"I think it's an incredible compromise."

"What compromise? You are taking the big jump."

"Only because you already did your homework."

"You would do that for me? It's nuts."

"Crazy, insane, nuts, whatever. You are looking for a man and now you find him and are balking."

"But you're not a man. If anything you are an adorable, intelligent, amazing girl."

"And you are a lady and a gentleman. The fact that you are objecting shows that you are a good guy, a lot of guys would be happy for me to make the jump. I discerned that on the internet last night."

"But becoming a man?"

“It’s an amazing turn-on being transformed like you did. God knows I am already turned on by the thought of it. I stayed up all night online learning about transgendered people. I also read about crossplay and it seemed perfectly natural to me. I want to be a part of your life.”

“You mean it?”

“Yes, I really do.”

Tim bit his lip. “All my life I wanted to meet somebody like you.”

Beth leaned over and kissed Tim on the lips. “You found me, girl.”

The two then played a game in which Tim would recite the woman’s lines from a movie, and Beth would respond in the man’s role. Beth became incredibly turned on playing the role of numerous male leads.

Twenty minutes later, three salmon broached in front of them and Tim started fishing for them, hooking a beauty on the second cast.

“See, I take good care of my girls.”

“Indeed you do, Sir.”

Beth’s mother, Nancy Kincaid, stood at five foot nothing and was universally known as the Big N. She had gone to Berkley and was a hippy at heart, but had gained most of her wisdom living in a small town on the majestic Oregon Coast. She came to Clear Creek one summer though, and fell madly in love with a local cop and Vietnam vet who she married within a month. The two quarreled incessantly, each exchanging intellectual blows, and made passionate love when they were too tired to argue. They had one daughter, who inherited her parent’s sense of adventure. Big N loved Beth’s father until he died in her arms at the local hospital from a gunshot wound in-

flicted by a serial rapist. As the principal at the high school, Big N herself had taken a 9mm round from a sophomore before she and her secretary wrestled him to the floor and knocked him out with the butt of his pistol. She had become a legend in town, and a highly effective teacher who the students adored. Big N's students always went on to do great things.

"Mom, I have something to tell you."

"It doesn't sound good, so spill the beans," Big N answered without looking up from her gardening.

"I met a guy, he's really nice, smart, and I like him."

"So how is that a problem?"

"Well..."

"Well what? Please don't hide anything from me."

"He's a good guy, but he is also transgendered and has been with a lot of men. He gets completely in the role of being a woman and I want to be one of "her" men."

"Well, when you get your hair cut. I think you should donate it to a cancer charity. It's very beautiful hair and somebody would really appreciate it."

"Mom, I told you I was going to date a t-girl and the most you can say is, 'Make sure I donate my hair.'"

"Well, I would feel awful if it went to waste. Cancer patients could use the hair."

"You don't seem to understand the basic issue."

"What the hell do you want me to say? No, don't do it? I didn't raise my precious little princess to become a man? You said he was nice, and intelligent, and you liked him. It's a lot better than the guy you dated at college. I have seen you smiling a lot, and a new brightness about you. If it's because you have met a very interesting person who you like I have to be happy for you and supportive. I

have always thought gender was an artificial construct anyway, unlike sex. It's transitory or at least malleable, so if my daughter wants to assume the role of a "guy" while dating a "girl" I will support it. Besides, I always hoped you would find somebody interesting. So what is this guy's name?"

"Tim."

"And his girl's name?"

"Cindy."

"So when you say you're going to be her guy, I presume you mean to dress and act as a man when you two are dating?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Well, since you are going to be the man in the relationship, I do have one request."

"What?"

"Your Dad was going to name you after his friend from Vietnam, who was killed in action and got the Distinguished Service Cross posthumously. You are going to be William Parsons Kincaid, and I guess Bill for short. Beth's mom chuckled, "funny, your Dad whined for over a year about not getting a son. It just took 23 years."

Beth gulped.

"Do you have your girl friend's picture?"

Beth rummaged through her purse and pulled out her smart phone. She mutely showed her mother pictures of Cindy in a little black dress, a maroon and gold evening gown, and a pink bustier with white stockings, elbow length gloves, and a feather boa. Her makeup was flawless and she had a confident, seductive look.

"Oh crap. She is a knock out. You are one lucky man. And speaking of being a man, you are going to need to

get rid of your lavender smart phone cover. Think of that as your first lesson."

"So you think she looks hot?"

"Very. I am sure she had all kinds of men after her and I'm sure she repaid their attention. You have a tiger by the tail."

Beth looked concerned.

"No problem, Cindy is obviously an attractive "woman" who is sexually active. The thing about transgendered girls like her is that to become women, they have to become sexualized. It's ass backwards. There is no time when they are just normal girls like you or me. You ever heard the saying treat a whore like a lady and a lady like a whore?"

Beth nodded.

"Well, you are going to set yourself apart from all the other men and boys who are just trying to get into Cindy's panties. You are going to be a gentleman and you are going to forbear on sex for awhile. Otherwise she would get bored with you after the first couple of dates. Let her be a normal girl with you. She will love you for it and then you are in for the long haul"

Beth just stared. She was shocked at her mom's response.

"You were just going to get a few guy's clothes, cut your hair short, and strap on a cock to be Cindy's girl friend, weren't you?" Beth's mom was enjoying this. "Where does this girl live?"

"San Francisco. She was up fishing before law school started in a few weeks."

"Anything else about her?"

“Tim said that none of the guys he dated as a girl cared anything about what he did as a guy. He also commented that he lost 20 IQ points the moment he put on his wig.”

“As a blonde she should have lost thirty.”

They both laughed.

“Well, she must be thrilled to have met you, especially if you are willing to be the guy. Terrific symmetry, don’t you think.”

“That’s why I was willing to do it.”

“How far did you think you were willing to go to be the man?”

“I don’t know. I was going to see how it goes. Mom, I thought you would think I was completely nuts and said I was being stupid and immature like at college.”

“I know you have grown up since then and I see that on a daily basis. You look very happy when you talk about his. I just ask that you take a week and think about it and get back to me next Sunday. “

The Big N knew what her daughter’s answer would be. She called a student who was in town on military leave after returning from Afghanistan. Sergeant Frederick Williams had grown up with an alcoholic father who mistreated his wife and kids. At sixteen, he had stolen a car, and nobody was there to represent him in juvenile court until the Big N showed up. He was amazed. He was a major league smart ass and a D student at best. She promised the judge that she would take responsibility for him. She gave him private tutorials on all subjects and books to read. His grades improved, and he stayed out of trouble until she walked him to the Army recruiter.

Frederick proved to be an exceptional soldier, and a good leader, who was toughened by adversity, but hum-

bled by the fact that a five foot nothing ex hippy teacher had turned his life around. He won the Silver Star on his second deployment, and had been wounded twice.

“That’s crazy. You want me to help turn your daughter into a guy. Beth is really cute.”

“I know she is, and I also know she is stubborn and wants to do this. I also have learned not to pass judgment on somebody’s sexuality, even my daughter. Just meet with her, ok.”

“For you I will. But only because it’s you.”

Beth and Frederick met at a restaurant, and Frederick ordered dinner for the two of them.

Why?” he demanded.

“Because Tim has a cool story, and it really is intriguing to me. I want to be with him. I know you disapprove but I don’t care. To use the old drag saying, ‘He’s more of a man than you will ever be and more of a woman than you will ever get.’ I don’t need your help.”

Beth was getting up to leave, but her words had stung Frederick enough that he had accepted the challenge.

“Ok, you want help. I will help you. Be at the beach tomorrow at 6:00 ready to run. I’ll make you regret this craziness.”

Beth met Frederick at the beach at the appointed hour, ready to run.

“Okay, we do it my way. First when we run we are going to sing cadence. Just like we do for Uncle Sam, but customized for you. I will call out the song and you will repeat it. I think you should get the gist of the songs pretty fast, so I want you to start coming up with your own verses.”

They started running at a strong pace, and Frederick belted out the first verse.

"I used to paint my nails red, now t-girls give me head."

"That's disgusting." Beth's feminine sensitivity was appalled at the crudity.

"That's the point dumb-ass. Sing it."

"I used to paint my nails red, now t-girls give me head."

"Now you try."

"I don't know any."

"Neither did I with this theme, I just made that one up a minute ago. If I can, you can, it's all about you anyway."

"I once was Beth, a comely lass, now I fuck T-Girls in the ass."

"Bravo. I'll let you lead the songs and I'll follow."

"I once was Beth a gorgeous hussy, now I bang T-Girl pussy."

"Excellent."

"I used to wear heels and a skirt, now I make my cock squirt."

"Nasty. Are you sure you are not already a man? Have you examined yourself lately?"

"I used to be a lady fine, now the cock I have is mine."

"Too true."

The two finished their beach run with Beth doing thirty push ups.

"Not bad, Little Brother. Now get cleaned up and we will go get you a haircut."

Beth sat in the barber's chair in the next town over and watched her femininity disappear with each stroke of the electric razor. Frederick asked the barber to make her look like a man and to save the hair and the barber nodded his assent.

