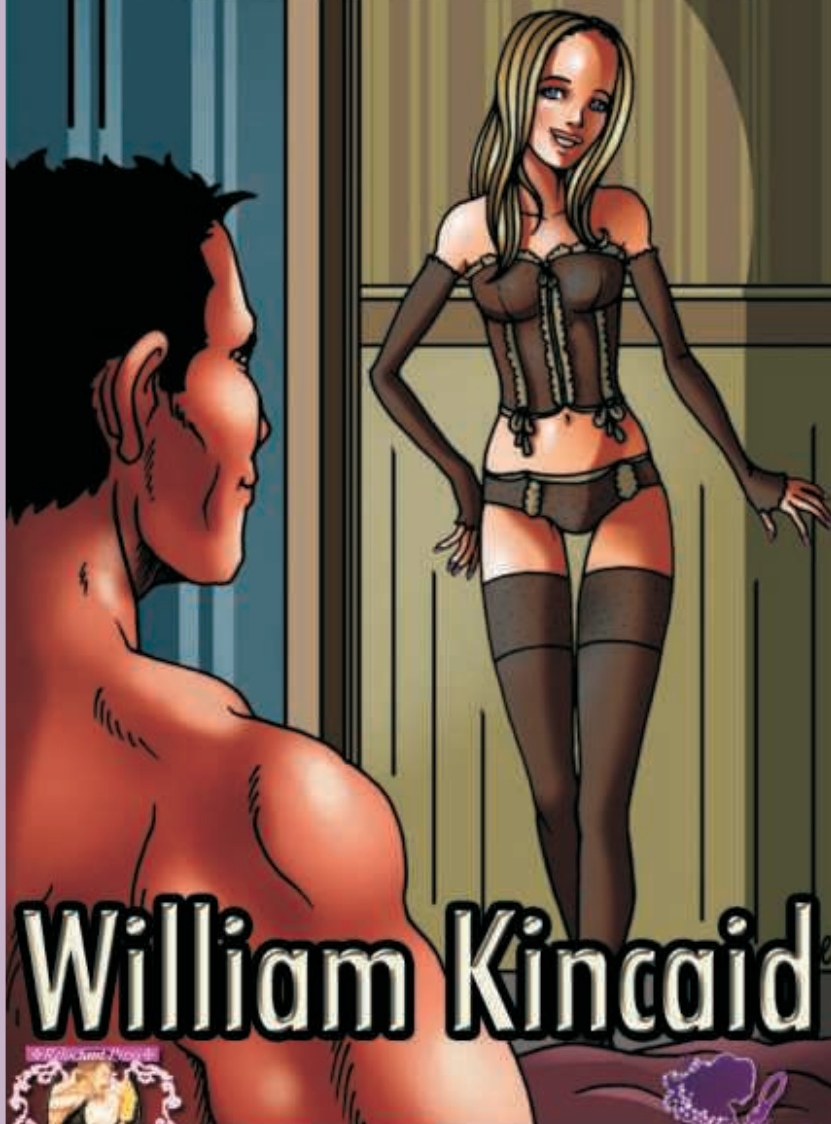


# You'll Never Walk Alone



# William Kincaid



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# You'll Never Walk Alone

**By William Kincaid**

Tim hated working in the store during college graduation season in May. He was a middle manager at a jewelry/expensive clothing store in Philadelphia. During those three weeks he would observe the selling of mementoes to recent graduates, honoring their accomplishments and predicting their future success. The parents or friends of high-caliber students in law, medicine and business continuously rotated around the sales floor.

Tim observed that their dreams were being fulfilled. He then looked at himself and wondered whether he rated any dreams. He was a former naval officer who found this position through a job fair, and although he respected the people he worked with, he wondered if this

was what he would be doing years from now. The best job description for him was 'store guy'. If it was dirty, complex, physical, or involved a lot of work such as preparing for the annual inventory, he was the man to do it. Just beneath his surface, however, was a burning desire to take on life as a woman. His boss sensed something like that in him, but could not put her finger on it. She was one of the coolest people he knew, a former wild child turned consummate professional and an incredibly classy woman.

Security announced that the store was closing, and Tim walked home to his apartment through a beautiful spring evening. He forgot about his earlier thoughts when his gray tabby cat met him at the door and decided to just enjoy the night.

After dinner, Tim sat down at the computer and logged on to a chat room, Philly Trans. The transgendered dating opportunities in Philadelphia were relatively modest, and he found a significant portion of his dates for Cindy San Claire, his other self, through the internet. Of course that meant sifting through a huge number of online personalities before Cindy could actually meet somebody, but once in a very long while, she met somebody worthwhile who treated her well.

The man in her last relationship sincerely told her that she was in a class by herself at a New Years Eve celebration, in which she looked stunning in a black satin party dress, gloves, heels, and an up-do that highlighted her black sequin-covered teardrop earrings. Cindy melted at that compliment and softly gave herself over to her date that night.

Cindy thought wistfully of Matthew, who had broken up with her by backing out of a planned venture to New York. Matthew was a true prince who people saw as a frog because of a severe injury he sustained while serving

as a policeman. Cindy greatly admired him. After awakening from his coma, Matthew willed himself back to health, now ran ten miles a day and was a security manager.

Matthew admitted that he came upon his fondness for t-girls when one declared to him at a bar that her ass was tighter than any pussy he would ever find. Upon hearing of that epiphany, Cindy laughed and responded "How romantic" and that she hoped his attraction to her was more than just a mere coefficient of friction, to which Matthew meekly replied that, yes, it was. Cindy was in a constant struggle to bring the relationship to a higher level. It had started as a dominance/submission relationship, but that lasted one date before Cindy asserted that she was to be treated as his girlfriend, no more, no less. The former cop smiled, knowing that he had met his match. Furthermore, Cindy regularly fought Matthew when it came to his wardrobe purchases for her, redirecting him from buying the sluttiest outfits he could find to something more classy and elegant.

In retrospect, Cindy knew that Matthew truly loved her; his remark that he wanted to keep her in his basement and put her on hormones was his crude way of stating those feelings. Unfortunately, Cindy never allowed love to enter a relationship, and Matthew backed away. Cindy now knew that she could have truly helped Matthew if she returned his love and became his woman. He had seen too much ugliness in life throughout his career as a police officer, but she could have changed his life to one of beauty and loving kindness.

Cindy knew that she would have to open her heart up to somebody or her existence would revolve around nothing but wanton sex. Sex had been a way of grasping her femininity with her legs spread wide open, but now Cindy had marked her ground as an attractive female fig-

ure and she desperately wanted to give real emotion and meaning to her time spent as a woman.

NJbadass was the first caller to CindySanClr in the chat room, and Cindy's heart sank. "Oh well, the shit filtering begins."

NJbadass: Hey.

CindySanClr: Hello

NJbadass: What are you wearing?

CindySanClr: What do you want me to be wearing?

At this juncture, Cindy laughed. She was wearing guy clothes, as there was no reason to dress up for the internet, and she did not do webcam shows. "Let me guess, something sexy," she said to herself.

NJbadass: Something sexy.

NJbadass was immediately placed on ignore with a comment on how predictable men really were.

PutMeInCoach: Hello, how are you?

CindySanClr: Doing fine, and you?

PutMeInCoach: Can't complain. Besides, nobody would listen anyway.

CindySanClr: Nobody likes a whiner.

PutMeInCoach: LOL. Too True.

PutMeInCoach: I like your profile.

CindySanClr: Thanks. Why?

PutMeInCoach: The quote about "I still can't believe you are a guy. You are more woman than my girlfriend/wife." Is that legit?

CindySanClr: Some people think so.

PutMeInCoach: I guess those are the lucky ones. So what is a nice girl like you hanging out on a place like this?

CindySanClr: Why do you think I'm a nice girl?

PutMeInCoach: Benefit of the doubt. Plus you haven't told me what you are wearing yet to seduce me.

CindySanClr: So may I ask your name?

PutMeInCoach: Kevin.

CindySanClr: Nice to meet you, Kevin.

PutMeInCoach: Nice to meet you, Cindy.

CindySanClr: Would you like to talk to me like a real person?

PutMeInCoach: Yes.

CindySanClr: Here is my phone number. 215-555-5097.

Cindy's phone immediately rang, and she answered with the best feminine voice she could muster. Kevin laughed a lot in the ensuing phone conversation, which lightened the mood. Cindy asked him about his screen name and he confirmed that he was a minor league baseball player for Wilkes-Barre/Scranton.

"But that's a Yankees franchise," Cindy sounded crestfallen.

"Let me guess, you are a Red Sox fan."

"Ever since I gained consciousness."

"They are a good team."

"Thanks, I do have a serious crush on some of their players. At least the ones that play with real heart."

"So heart is important to you?"

"Yep."

"Do you have any pictures?"

“Standby.”

Cindy e-mailed Kevin a series of her favorites; wearing a gold party dress at New Years; modeling a pink bustier, on all fours wearing white stockings and gloves with matching pumps; perched on a bar stool in a little black dress in New York, and strutting down the street in a short red dress with black pumps. Kevin exclaimed that he had rarely seen such a hot looking t-girl and asked her what he needed to do to distract her from major league baseball players. Cindy responded cheerfully that all he needed to do was to step up to the plate and ask her out.

“Most people let the closet door slam on them before meeting me.”

“We all have our closets, but mine doesn’t prevent me from meeting a girl like yourself.”

Cindy asked whether Kevin got to Philadelphia, and he said it wasn’t often that he could get to Philadelphia at this time of the year. She sounded disappointed, but then he stated that this coming Thursday no game was scheduled. Cindy was working that day but suggested that the two of them meet halfway at a gay restaurant in New Hope. Cindy typically preferred to frequent gay or trans restaurants, as she felt more at ease among the clientele, even though this restaurant insisted that she use the men’s room. She laughed, remembering a time when, wearing a modest flower print dress, she blocked off the entrance so that a very nervous, novice t-girl could freshen her makeup and use the facilities. She disarmed everyone with her confident, engaging smile until her charge emerged, and the men could go about their business.

Cindy went to bed thrilled at the date. Kevin seemed like a really nice guy, and she was going to go for it. The next evening, Tim left the store and went to have his eye-



brows waxed. Cindy was going to be flawless. Occasionally he went to a boutique run by some Russian immigrants who were completely at ease with his alternate identity once he showed them pictures of Cindy. The cosmeticians joked about him becoming a full-time woman and finding a millionaire, but now their jokes seemed to be prophetic. Later that evening, sitting in the bubble bath, Tim listened to music and made his body more feminine so that on Thursday evening he would just need a shave of his legs and armpits.

Thursday night finally arrived and Tim virtually ran home and jumped in the shower. He then sat at his dressing table to do his makeup that he had trained countless hours on. Then he dressed in a short, ivory lace dress, with matching pumps, and a pearl necklace and earrings. Finally the blonde wig came on and Cindy smiled in the mirror.

On the road to New Hope, Cindy listened to music while enjoying the soft twilight. "This date might really amount to something," she mused. She found a seat at the bar, naturally crossing her legs, and ordered a glass of Chardonnay while she waited for her date.

A text arrived from Kevin saying that he was running late and she began to get concerned. Cindy had been stood up more times than she cared to remember, spending many lonely evenings at bars, or in her lingerie at home primed and ready while her ostensible dates retreated back into their closet. She also made a rule of not dating men who came to town on business as they would sing her praises to no end when they were on the verge of fucking her, but then went back to their wives and family and forget about her for months. They were not worth her time.

The evening looked like a bust when Kevin entered the bar with a bouquet of flowers. Cindy smiled, then

gave him a chaste hug. She pulled a white carnation from the bouquet, plucked off the stem, and placed it behind her right ear.

“Matches my dress, don’t you think?”

“Very adorable.”

“Very thoughtful.”

Kevin escorted Cindy to their table, lightly holding her hand, and pulling her chair back.

“A true gentleman,” she smiled.

“Let’s just say I’m inspired.”

“Yes, the food here is very good.”

The table overlooked the Delaware River gleaming in the moonlight, while Cindy glowed in the candlelight, confirming to Kevin that he made the right decision by coming. They shared a bottle of Merlot, and an appetizer of seared shrimp and scallops. Kevin was about to order rabbit as an entrée, until Cindy alarmingly said that rabbits were cute. He then joked about the veal parmesan, and predictably got a similar reaction. Finally he asked what he could eat and Cindy said snake, alligator, or moose, none of which were featured on a Pennsylvania menu. Kevin laughed. She finally conceded to beef, as it had probably been shot while trying to escape the feed lot.

“So you have no guilt eating chicken on your salad?”

“I am doing the chicken a favor by liberating it from the feed house.”

The conversation eventually turned to Kevin’s career as a minor league baseball player. He played shortstop for Wilkes-Barre/Scranton. Cindy remarked that there was a glass ceiling with a number 2 on it that prevented him

from playing for the Yankees. Hopefully he was good trade-bait.

“I would be, if I weren’t in a slump.”

“So I’m a slump buster? Am I that unattractive?”

“Hideous. Like Medusa crossed with Lindsey Lohan’s mug shot.”

“You really know how to encourage a girl.”

“I try.”

“Well, you aren’t as cocky as I would expect a baseball player to be.”

“I’m 26, and in the minor leagues. You learn humility.”

“Maybe you just need the right woman in the stands, like Glenn Close or Susan Sarandon.”

“Maybe. Do you have anybody in mind? Tell me about yourself.”

Cindy told about her life, living an isolated existence in high school and college because of a powerful need to crossdress that went unfulfilled. Tim graduated college and went into the navy as an officer, serving his time in the sand. After a discouraging break-up with a girl from New Hampshire, he went to a transgendered support group and felt a huge weight lift from his soul. He met other people who understood his desires and learned under a highly competent tutor the art of being a woman. Cindy thrived under the tutelage, and shined brightly. She became confident in herself and acted very natural as a woman, including when she made out with her admirers. The newfound identity came at a significant cost, however, as eventually Tim’s parents found out about his activities and disowned him.

At that point in the story, a pair of high-powered lesbians from New York approached Kevin and Cindy's table.

"We just wanted to say you look incredible. A real knockout. You really have a good look and demeanor."

Abashed at the compliment, Cindy demurely smiled and said, "Thank you. That's very nice of you to say."

"Nice or not, it's the truth. Keep it up, girl," the well-dressed brunette lesbian said, as she and her partner marched to the bar.

"Thanks again," Cindy responded.

Kevin looked directly at Cindy and gently grabbed her hand. "You know, I don't even see you as a guy. You were so natural with those two, I only saw a woman sitting in front of me."

Cindy's eyes teared up and her mascara started to glisten. "That's the nicest thing anybody ever said to me. Usually they just see a trans that they want to do."

Overcome with emotion, she excused herself. "I need to go for a walk."

Cindy left the restaurant and started walking on the promenade by the river, barely holding back tears. For the first time, she felt completely like a woman who really wanted a specific man, and not just for a good fuck.

Kevin didn't know what to do until the brunette lesbian approached him and smiled encouragingly, "You have solid gold there, don't let her get away. Go after her and be nice."

Kevin went to his date who leaned against a railing, staring at the moonlit river.

"I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I bet you think I'm just another over-emotional chick."

"If I did, I wouldn't do this," Kevin said as he delicately kissed Cindy's lips and softly held the small of her back.

The two then walked along the river, holding hands.

"It's interesting that you went to Southern University."

"Oh no, now you're going to tell me you went to that other school. Just what we need, another adversarial athletic relationship."

"Nope, went to Southern University too, played on the baseball team. I loved going there."

"It's a great place, but I was terribly lonely walking around campus with my secret."

"You're not walking alone now, are you?"

The two made a date for the weekend. Kevin was playing home games both Saturday and Sunday. Cindy would watch the game, then she would meet Kevin at a restaurant for dinner, and thereafter the two would go to his apartment.

At work the next day, Tim sought out Kaitlyn in the break room. Kaitlyn was a savvy, buxom blonde who was a highly intelligent and conscientious saleswoman, had formed a collegial bond with Tim, one of the managers. She had hinted to Tim of her prior wild days and Tim confessed his own secret to her. After that, the two were thick as thieves, as Cindy had actually slept with more men than Kaitlyn had. Kaitlyn respected a fellow hot blonde, even if she didn't have D-cups and had a cock dangling between her legs.

"Outstanding, I am very happy for you. And you didn't even have sex on the first date, that's a good sign of things to come."

"Do you think I overreacted?"

“You are a girl, you are allowed the occasional emotional moment. Just don’t wear it out”

“Thanks girl, you’re the best.”

“No girl, you are, and I think Kevin realizes that as well.”

Cindy drove to the stadium on Saturday, wearing tight blue jeans, knee-high boots, a purple top, and her trusted leather jacket. She wore her hair in a ponytail, under her Red Sox hat. Cindy went to Will Call to pick up her ticket and discreetly chose a seat farther up in the stands, away from the arriving crowd. A couple guys, obviously attracted to her, sat in the row immediately in front of her, but she remained aloof and they quickly started drinking beer.

The home team batting practice started, and Cindy kept her eyes glued on number 11 fielding grounders and completing double plays and throws to first. Finally, he took his turn in the batting cage and put two balls into the stands. Cindy wished she could have one of them as a souvenir for Kevin to autograph. She sensed that she had already fallen for him.

Cindy, however, proved to be no Glenn Close or Susan Sarandon. Kevin went 0 for 4, including two strikeouts, a grounder that led to a double play, and a popup to second base. The drunks in front of her continuously disparaged Kevin when he came to the plate and said that he should be sent down to Double A or start flipping burgers. Cindy bit her lip and forced back a tear; they were talking about her boyfriend.

Kevin looked disappointed at the steakhouse parking lot where the two arranged to meet after the game. The town was fresh out of t-girl friendly restaurants. Cindy smiled, quietly beckoned Kevin over to her and gave him

a warm, gentle hug. She felt him relax in her arms. Kevin then suggested that they go inside and she hesitated.

"It's a straight place."

"You look great, just believe."

"You mean it?"

"Yep, believe and you'll be fine."

Kevin held the door for his girl, then held her hand as the two were seated. Cindy excused herself and went to the restroom after she was seated.

"Well, I'm officially a Sheila, now," she laughed, returning to the table much more relaxed and smiling.

"So, is there anything on this menu I can't order?"

"Nope, I'm having the steak and shrimp myself."

Kevin laughed and took Cindy's hand in his.

The two enjoyed dinner and Cindy could see her boyfriend's tenseness start to disappear. When they arrived at his apartment, she embraced him and gave him a passionate kiss, then told him to undress and lay under the sheet, as she was going to slip into something less comfortable, then give him a massage.

"Hopefully with a happy ending?"

"Darling, you are guaranteed a home run with me tonight, just by stepping up to the plate."

Kevin did as ordered and Cindy pranced into the room wearing a gold bustier with black trim, black fingerless gloves, and black stockings and pumps. About to doze off, Kevin lifted his head from the bed to look at the lingerie-clad temptress, and was instantly aroused.

Cindy sat on the bed and delicately stroked her man's back and shoulders, looking for tenseness. His shoulders were in knots, and his lower back tight as a drum. She

vigorously rubbed out the tenseness, then slowly and softly kissed the back of his neck, his shoulders, his spine, and his lower back. She then directed him to roll over.





Cindy hated giving blow jobs. She and a man would be in a passionate groove; she would be so wanting him inside her when he would typically declare a time out so his tool could be pleased. Kevin was different; she took his manhood in her mouth and began to bob her head up and down on his shaft. She then licked its length and kiss his balls. He was ready. She lubricated his cock and squatted over him. Cindy then slowly impaled herself, feeling the heat of passion rise within her.

The enraptured young lady began to lift herself and slide back on Kevin's cock, savoring its length and girth as it probed deeper into her ass and into her soul. She bent over and opened her mouth, taking Kevin's tongue in a wanton kiss, while continuing to thrust herself onto him. Her tempo increased as her body took over, leaving her mind in a state of wanton bliss. Her ass continued to ride her boyfriend until she became frenzied in her lust. Finally, her whole body exploded in a nervous collapse and she fell across her man, unconscious.

Past midnight, Cindy awoke to find herself under the covers in the strong embrace of her man. She never felt more secure and happy as she drifted back to sleep.

The next morning, Cindy awoke early, shaved her legs, donned a pair of panties and one of Kevin's practice sweatshirts. She was Kevin's woman and proud of it. Cindy prepared breakfast, oatmeal and fruit salad, with some turkey sausage for protein. In the refrigerator she found a blender container with a foul-smelling liquid, and poured it into a tumbler. "Well if he can drink this, he can definitely hit a fastball."

Smiling, Cindy entered Kevin's bedroom with the morning sun shining through the window. "Wake up darling, I know you slept well."

She sat the tray down across her lover's waist, and gave him a soulful kiss on the lips.

"I should go 0 for 4 everyday."

"Today is a whole new day, my love," Cindy beamed.

"Well it's not every day an angel delivers me breakfast in bed."

"It will be standard procedure with me."

"I have your word on it?"

"I even got you a cup of this toxic sludge."

"Breakfast of champions."

"Yeah, right."

Kevin vigorously ate breakfast, then took a long shower. Cindy wished so much that she could join her lover in it, but naked she had no tits or a woman's body or hair.

The two snuggled on the couch, delicately kissing. Cindy insisted on no passionate lovemaking until after the game. This time she donned her blue jeans and boots, but kept the warm-up sweatshirt on. "It just shows the world whose woman I am."

"I could never get so lucky," Kevin exclaimed, seeing Cindy dressed the way she was.

"It's not luck, darling."

In the on deck circle, Kevin remembered what he said to Cindy at the steakhouse: "Believe and you'll be fine." He said that to himself twice and hit the first pitch to the wall for a stand-up double. Observing from her preferred seat, Cindy rose with joy and in her best feminine voice, she gave out a whoop. Kevin continued to hit, and went 3 for 5 with a game-winning RBI and no strikeouts.

The two drove directly home and Cindy joyfully threw herself in her man's arms. She again asked to be permitted to slip into something less comfortable. This time she strutted out in a fuschia bustier, accompanied by black stockings and pumps. She sat Kevin down on the couch and began to seductively fondle herself while gazing straight into his eyes. The game winning hero could only take so much and dragged his woman into the bedroom, placed her on all fours on the bed, unstrapped her crotch and slid into home. She gasped and shrieked, then began to meet his thrusts with her own, crying out with exalted moans.

Kevin then got onto the bed, where he could straddle Cindy and give her the full force of his cock in her ass. She screamed with pleasure as he thrust with frantic intensity, until he exploded deep inside her. Kevin's orgasm caused Cindy's body to shudder in a nervous collapse that again knocked her out, still impaled on her man.

When she awoke two hours later, Cindy almost cried because she had to tear herself away from her lover and drive back to Philadelphia to be at work Monday morning. Seeing his girlfriend's distress, Kevin gave her a strong loving embrace, causing her to blurt out with all sincerity, "I love you, Kevin."

Momentarily taken aback, Kevin kissed Cindy's eyelids, and said, "I love you, Cindy, now get going on your way before you turn into a pumpkin."

The next day at work, all Kaitlyn could say was that she was so happy for Cindy. The two quietly ate lunch together until Carol, Tim's boss, said that Catherine, the overall store manager, wanted to see him. Kaitlyn looked worried as Tim got up and went downstairs.

"Carol said you wanted to see me." Tim looked nervous.