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# **We Are T**

**By William Kincaid**

## **Chapter 1**

“Mommy, how much did you make as a prostitute? Did you make \$400 a night like Vivian? That’s a lot of money,” Jennifer asked her mother, Cindy Kincaid.

The former elite transsexual escort had decided to explain to Jennifer what a prostitute was before she found out from her fellow sixth graders. Her daughter already knew that her mother had been in that line of work before Cindy married her father, but she had not yet grasped what that truly entailed. Now mother and daughter sat in the living room watching *Pretty Woman* while they ate Chinese delivery. Cindy had ordered spicy squid, hot and sour soup, and Crab Rangoon, while Jennifer had ordered sesame chicken and wonton soup.

“That’s not important, little one, besides Vivian is so much prettier than I am.”

“I don’t think so. I think you could have earned \$1,000 a night if you wanted to.”

“Little one, I should never have asked for money. It was very wrong. I should have looked for love like I eventually found with Daddy, and Vivian found with Edward. If you charge money for being with someone, you learn to value only money, not love. If you only value money, you lose your soul. If it wasn’t for Daddy, Heather, and a wonderful little eleven-year-old girl and her brother, I would have been walking around with no soul.”

“Oh?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then I don’t want to be a prostitute.”

“You are a very smart little girl. Let me get you some ice cream.”

“I wish Daddy was home.”

“I wish he was too, but he is a brave man and he loves his country and his job. He will be home soon enough. Just be proud that you have such a wonderful father.”

“I have a wonderful father *and* a wonderful mother.”

Cindy couldn’t respond to that, instead she made a request. “Little one, please don’t tell your friends that I was once a prostitute.”

“I already told everybody, mommy. I thought a prostitute was a good thing. I even told my Sunday school class.”

“Oh great.”

Cindy and Jennifer's sincere wish that John would come home soon was unfortunately granted. Cindy received a call from the Army a week later advising her that her husband, Lieutenant Colonel John Kincaid was en-route to Walter Reed Hospital with serious injuries from an improvised explosive device that demolished the Humvee he had been riding in, and killed his driver. The children were in school and Cindy broke down in tears, knowing that she couldn't cry in front of them. She would wait for the children to come home. If she precipitously pulled them out of school they would be unnecessarily alarmed. When they came home, they would take the train to Washington and stay at a hotel near the hospital. She packed the children's suitcases and called Heather, a close friend, who she regarded as a sister. Heather immediately stated that she would take care of Brutus, the Kincaids' golden retriever.

"I am so sorry," Heather said through her own tears as she took Brutus. "Please know that you can call me at anytime, day or night, sister. Is there anything else I can do?"

"Thanks, I think I have it for now."

"Remember, there are a lot of us who love you and your family."

Late that night, Cindy entered into the hospital room to find her husband unconscious, his face obscured by an oxygen mask. John had two broken femurs and internal injuries, but the doctors had seen multiple wounds like these before and were optimistic about his recovery. Cindy held back her tears but stared at the man she loved, hoping the doctors' words were correct.

In the waiting room Jennifer held her younger brother's hand when an older man in an army uniform entered. "Don't worry, your Dad is tough. He will be fine," the man said.

Seeing the star on his jacket, Jennifer loudly whispered to her younger brother, "Daniel, he's a general. We have to act good around him. No arguing, and you have to stop picking your nose."

The general laughed; this was exactly what he was fighting for.

Twenty minutes later, another person entered the waiting room, "Jennifer, Daniel, I'll be taking care of you two for awhile," Cindy's best friend and former partner in their elite escort partnership, Kaitlyn, announced. Kaitlyn had driven all the way to Washington D.C. from Boston immediately after Heather called her, to be with Cindy in her time of need.

Cindy emerged from John's room and her heart leapt when she saw Kaitlyn. "Got you covered, baby doll. I even brought the kids the Colonel. Would you like a thigh, General? It looks like you could use some of the best thing to come out of the Bluegrass State since Wild Turkey."

The next day, Jennifer sat next to Kaitlyn. "You're like Kit."

"Kit?"

"Kit De Lucca, Vivian's friend. We believe you have potential, Miss De Lucca."

"Did Cindy watch *Pretty Woman* with you? I told her to wait another year."

"Yes. We ordered Chinese food, Mommy had spicy chili squid and I had sesame chicken. Then we

had chocolate fudge brownie ice cream. Mommy held her hand over my eyes in the naughty part.”

“I bet she had Crab Rangoon, too. For the record, I was a much better friend to your mother than that self-centered stoner, Kit, ever was to Vivian, still am and always will be.”

John woke up the next day disoriented and frightened. For a moment he thought he was staring at an angel, but on further examination, Cindy looked haggard. John wanted to smile, but his face was obscured by the oxygen mask. Nevertheless, when Cindy saw his eyes open, she gave him a kiss on the forehead and held his hand.

“I love you darling, I will never leave you.”

John started to recover quickly and after a week he was put on solid food. Cindy joked as she fed him. “I never got to do this with the kids, now be a good boy and open wide.”

The General walked in, now confident of Lieutenant Colonel Kincaid’s recovery.

“I have something you might like. It’s your Purple Heart, plus you are in for a Silver Star,” the general said as he pinned the medal to John’s pillow.

“Is our Daddy a hero, General?” Daniel asked in the waiting room.

“Yes Daniel, he is.”

The general then heard shouting coming from John’s bedroom, “Hero? Hero? You are on staff. Oh honey, I am perfectly safe. I stay most of my time at headquarters or at the FOB. No need to worry yourself or the kids. I can accept you being wounded. Hell, I expect that every time I drive the Garden State. But a Silver Star? Hero? Either you were

cowboying with the troops, or you were doing a dangerous job, neither one looks good for you, Lieutenant Colonel Kincaid. I'm going to have to get that medal of yours mounted to the wall so Daniel can see what a great dad he has, and I can get a constant daily reminder of how close I came to losing you."

The General had heard the rumors about Lieutenant Colonel Kincaid's wife, but really could care less. He was too busy. But he was familiar with an ass-chewing. He regularly gave them, and apparently John's wife had at one time in her life. The rumors evidently were true.

Fully recovered, John stood at attention in front of the General's desk.

"So you want to go into the reserves?"

Yes, General. I need to be closer to my family"

"Well, you could have walked away with a disability. You have done great service and I am glad you came back. Uh, about your wife?"

"What about my wife, general?"

The General reconsidered his question, "She is something, isn't she?"

John grinned, "yes General, she is. I am very lucky to have her."

## **Chapter 2**

Three and a half years after John's hospitalization and departure from active duty, a canoe slipped out silently from the boat ramp at dawn with Cindy



at the stern and Daniel at the bow; from their vantage on the porch overlooking the bay, John and Jennifer intently watched. Needing her father's comfort, Jennifer held his hand.

"I hope it's going to be okay. I am so worried about both Mom and Daniel."

John laughed, "Relax. It will be fine. She's in her element."

Shane, Jennifer's boyfriend, wondered what the two were so worried about.

The canoe turned to the left and headed north. After twenty minutes of paddling, it entered a weedy bay. Cindy and Daniel started casting towards the weed beds, hoping to entice a northern pike. The two were silent and composed as they intently cast their lures. The morning was perfect as the sun started to warm the water.

"Daniel, I have something to say to you. It's a very difficult for me to tell you this, but I had to wait until you were old enough to understand. Just remember that I love you very much."

Daniel looked worried, but said nothing.

"Daniel, I was born male, and I became a woman. I knew ever since I was about your age that it was who I really was and finally did something about it. I am infinitely happier with myself since I became a woman. I'm sorry if this hurts you."

Cindy's adopted son didn't say anything for twenty minutes but continued casting to the weed beds. Cindy felt her heart in her throat and wanted to jump into the water. She had hurt her son because of who she was. Ten more minutes passed; Daniel remained silent but continued to cast, while

Cindy observed his lips move without saying a word. The lure continued to splash down like before, but everything had changed. Cindy had destroyed her relationship with Daniel.

Finally, the tension broke when Daniel's rod doubled over and a fish splashed the water by the weed line. Daniel had a northern pike on his line.

The enraged northern pike leapt out of the water. The fish was longer than Cindy's leg in five-inch spikes, one of the biggest pike either Cindy or Daniel had ever seen in the bay. It started to tow the canoe deep into the weeds and finally wrapped itself into a tough strand of grass. The fish appeared lost as Daniel could no longer budge it and would eventually have to break the line. Cindy handed Daniel her prescription sunglasses and took off her life jacket, smiling hopefully as she entered into the water in her blue jeans and t-shirt. She felt like she had nothing to lose.

"Throw your bail, I am going to untangle you. When the line goes out again, get back on your line. Wow, is this water cold."

Daniel couldn't respond in agreement because Cindy had already dove under the water and remained under for almost thirty seconds. Daniel started to worry before his line paid out again from the reel. She had done it.

Cindy emerged from the water, covered in seaweed, looking like the Creature from the Black Lagoon. She scrambled into the canoe, resumed her seat and started to paddle after the pike who headed for deep open water. She knew they had won the fight.

Fifteen minutes later, the pike lay alongside the canoe, exhausted.

“Well, do you want to keep it? It’s a terrific fish.”

“Naw,” Daniel grinned. “Let her go.”

Cindy took several pictures of the pike with her smart phone, then unhooked the fish and held it steady. After half a minute it kicked free and slowly sank out of sight like a submerged log.

“Mom, that’s the first time I’ve ever seen you swim. Is the reason you haven’t because of what you just told me?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you can go swimming any time you want now. Give me a high five, Mom. That was epic.”

Observing Cindy and Daniel through binoculars, John laughed to a smiling Jennifer and they reproduced the high five. “See? I told you she was in her element.”

“Mom, I know Dad loves you, and he is the best man I know. If he can love you the way he does, then I can too. That’s what I was thinking.”

Cindy couldn’t say a thing but smiled and gave thanks to God underneath her breath.

On the way back to the ramp, Daniel laughed, “I wonder what your MILF rating would be if they found out.”

“My MILF rating?”

“There is a guy in Jennifer’s school that rates the MILFs. You were in the top twenty.”

“Give me another high five, kiddo.”

After supper, John and Cindy observed Jennifer and Shane, her new boyfriend, hold hands while they walked along the cliff overlooking the sunset over Lake Ontario. The couple stopped and their lips touched.

“Our little girl is growing up right before our eyes.”

“Beautiful, do you remember your first kiss?” John asked his wife.

“Remember it? It’s something I would love to forget. It was with a moribundly obese, gay upperclassmen who I confessed my desire to be a woman to. Definite fireworks there,” Cindy sarcastically asserted.

John grimaced. Even now he caught glimpses into his wife’s past that deeply pained him.

“Do you remember our first kiss?” John hopefully asked.

“Heather’s wedding. We were dancing together with the DJ playing ‘You Must Be Special, Lady’ by Ray, Goodman & Brown. The heavens opened and the earth moved under my feet at that moment. I remember it like it was yesterday,” Cindy said as her voice cracked and she took her husband’s hand in her own.

“In the Bahamas, you said you wanted to do transgendered outreach. Would you still be interested in doing that? Maybe somebody will have a more memorable adolescence.”

“I know, but I have two children of my own to raise.”

“And you are doing a great job. You are now a professor, maybe you can help out with the transgender outreach at the college.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Cindy said, then embraced her husband, opened her mouth and gave him a soulful kiss.

“Yep, still definite fireworks with you.”

Later that evening, Cindy sat at her laptop and searched the desktop until she found what she was looking for, the video of Cindy and Jennifer’s first mother/daughter dance recital. The duo was set to perform “Getting to Know You” from the King and I, but Jennifer was sick to her stomach with stage fright now that she had a real audience.

“Mommy, I’m scared. What if I forget my marks?”

“Little one, it’s perfectly natural to be afraid, but let me tell you a secret. You are the bravest person I know, even braver than your father, and we all know he is a hero. If you don’t want to perform, we can go get some ice cream and try again another time, but I will let you make the decision.”

Jennifer sat at her chair for a minute and contemplated Cindy’s words. “Mommy, will everybody be disappointed that we left and got ice cream?”

“I am sure they will.”

“Then I think we should go on stage.”

Cindy and Jennifer went for ice cream after the show, which became their ritual after her performances, while John took Daniel for pizza. Now Jennifer was captain of the high school dance team, had been since she was a sophomore, and had performed a small part on Broadway.

Standing in the door to the office and observing her mother tearing up while watching the video, Jennifer sang her old line, “You are precisely my cup of tea.’ You were great that night, Mom, and many nights since.”

“I tried my best, but never felt I was good enough for you two as a mother.”

“You were a gift from Heaven, Mom. I remember the first time I saw you at the Orlando Airport. I truly thought you were a princess. I was right. How did the talk with Daniel go?”

“Better than I could ever expect, especially with that miracle from the fish gods. Is it true I am in the top twenty of the MILFs at your high school?”

“You were ranked seven when I was a freshman.”

“So how was the first kiss? Shane seems like a very nice boy. You have grown up so fast, but half of me still sees you as the eleven-year-old that pushed me around in Orlando.”

Jennifer eyes brightened and she beamed. “It was so wonderful, Mom. I love him.”

“Please be careful, you are almost a woman now.”

“Mom, you have loved us with everything you have. I will be fine. I have already set my limits.”

“I love you, young lady. Now go entertain your guest. I am sure you will beat him at our board games.”

“I love you, Mom.”

Once Jennifer left for the living room to make eyes with her boyfriend, Cindy uploaded a different mpg file. “Top twenty,” she said to herself, “I wonder what it would be if that kid ever saw this.”

Jimi Hendrix's "All Along the Watchtower" played in the background as Cindy appeared on stage in a purple bustier and matching boa, purple sequined pasties, black stockings with lace garters, and black mules and approached a stripper pole. She had filmed this video at her friend Elena's studio and sent it to John in Afghanistan. Her gaze never left the camera even when she licked the pole in homage to Elizabeth Berkley. She twirled around the pole several times, then abruptly thrust her groin against it and pivoted, put the pole in the crack of her ass and slid down its length with an ecstatic look on her face.

She then began to stand up on her mules, while sliding her ass crack back up the pole until she was fully upright. Finally she bent at the waist and spread her legs wide apart as she dry humped the slick, cold metal. She so wanted John's cock in her lonely ass that it brought her to tears. John watched this video at every available opportunity when he was not getting blown up.

Dressed in a power suit and heels, Cindy entered the conference room in the student center to attend her first meeting of the Manhattan College chapter of the LGBTQI Alliance. After the initial announcements and greetings, Cindy requested to meet with the transgendered students at the conclusion of the meeting and sat at a table in the corner with her legs demurely crossed.

The meeting concluded and Cindy waited for the transgendered students to flock to her table. They didn't flock. They barely even appeared; the only student to show up took her breath away. He was about 5'8", slender, had a full-length beard, a short buzz cut, wore a camouflage t-shirt and baseball

cap, and faded jeans. Cindy was relieved that he wore the globe and anchor-stamped soft-topped combat boots.

“I’m Mark, Dr. Kincaid. It looks like I’m your representation,” the student said with a cutting edge.

“Well, you have to start somewhere. Why don’t we get something to eat? I’m buying.”

“I don’t do New York frou-frou food.”

“Then I hope you like goat. I know a great Jamaican place,” Cindy grinned.

“This isn’t bad,” Mark observed as he tried to maneuver shards of goat flesh and bones through his beard.

“So, Marine, I’m your faculty representative. Is there anything I can do to help support you as a transgendered student?”

“I haven’t thought of anything yet.”

“What I am supposed to do is facilitate your group. Provide guidance on activities, scholarships, and available resources. The main thing I can’t do is assist you with transitioning.”

“Transitioning?”

“Becoming a woman.”

“Why not? You seem to be very knowledgeable about that.”

“Because I can’t have parents complain to the college that they didn’t send their son to school to get his M.R.S. degree.”

Mark laughed, then pondered her statement. Deep inside, that was what he really wanted.



“So how does one earn their M.R.S. degree at this school, Dr. Kincaid?”

“By seeking out capable and qualified therapists, of which there are several at the student health center. They will provide the proper clinical guidance on transitioning, if it is appropriate, or other ways of expressing your transgendered nature, if that is more appropriate. “

“You are really lucky even if you are unaware of it. When I underwent counseling at Southern University not too long ago, transgendered issues were way over my many therapists’ heads. They made me feel like I had a mental disease that, through increased self-esteem and socialization, would wither and die. They used ink blots and pictures to see what thoughts they provoked in me. I distinctly remember not responding every time they showed me an image of an attractive woman. ‘Uh gee, Mr. Therapist, the first thing that comes to mind when I see the image of the young lady is that is me preparing for my first time out as a woman and that I will be lustfully ravaged by my male lover.’ What gets me though, is that not too far away there was a perfectly good, well-established transgendered support group they could have referred me to. You are far better off now, if that is the path you need to take. The therapists have a much better idea of what they are dealing with, and how being T is our identity.

“Finally, I just walked out of therapy in college and actually was much better off for it. My grades improved dramatically. I did find another transgendered support group in King of Prussia, a suburb of Philadelphia, when I was there for the Navy. It was the best thing I ever did. After the Navy, I took a job in retail management in Philadelphia

and met my best friend, Kaitlyn, at the store where I worked. She readily saw that my destiny lay as a woman and encouraged me to start transgender therapy. The rest is history.

“So, I take it by your backwoods get-up that you are not from around here and want to differentiate yourself from all the middle class kids who would never conceive of serving in the military and have never had it really tough.”

“Yep.”

“You know, growing a beard is a great technique for cross dressing. Your face really softens up the longer it is away from a razor. I found that out by accident, but I was amazed at the results. Before I started transitioning, I used to grow my beard and shave it the night I was going out en femme. Behind that beard of yours lies the complexion of a cover girl. I bet you never knew that.”

“Nope.”

“Another thing I want to share with you is that even if you decide and eventually transition to becoming a woman, all the interests you had before are still valid and most can still be expressed. I loved fishing as a guy, and learned that even though I have a woman’s body, I still love to do it. My family has a cottage on the shore of Henderson Bay on Lake Ontario. It can be sublimely beautiful up there, especially this time of the year when a front passes. The next day, the sky is exuberant and the breeze just fills you full of life. I take it you like hunting. My husband would be happy to take you up there sometime to hunt, whether you are a man or a woman, or somewhere in between. The place is loaded with deer and turkeys.”

“I’ll consider it.”

“Please do so. You are very welcome at our place. I am heading out now. I will run an announcement in the student paper and we will have our first transgender meeting in three weeks. I hope to see you then. Hopefully we will have more attendees.”

Mark shouldered his camouflaged book bag and walked towards campus housing where he had a dorm room. He couldn’t go back there just now, and sat on a park bench for several hours enjoying the early fall afternoon. He had come to New York because deep down in his subconscious, he suspected that he could better realize his desires of becoming Meghan here. His first year had been difficult, as not only was he transgendered, but was a country boy and a former Marine at a college and city full of affluent yuppies. He felt entirely out of place anywhere he went in the city, except maybe the Bronx Zoo where he could gaze upon the other caged animals. He hadn’t come to Manhattan sporting a beard, as he had recently left the Marines, who frowned on hair of any kind above the neck. He grew it out of protest. If he didn’t fit in, he wanted everybody else to know it.

Now, Dr. Kincaid had reached out to him. No adult had ever done that before. In the soft light of dusk, he started to cry, something he hadn’t done since he was six. “Damn, Dr. Kincaid is turning me into a woman already.”

Mark and two more people attended the inaugural meeting of the campus transgender support group. The first attendee was an Indian-American student, well-dressed, but very shy and soft spoken. The other attendee surprised Cindy almost as much as Mark had three weeks before in his distinctly

non-transgendered appearance. The student was also well dressed like Brian, 5'8", but was a very attractive and poised female with chestnut brown hair, an engaging smile and a pleasant laugh.

Brian and Julie introduced themselves and Cindy stood up to speak to her students. *Rome wasn't built in a day*, she said to herself, *but this is a start.*

"Hello, I'm Dr. Kincaid and I would like to welcome you all to the first meeting of our transgendered support group. I will be your faculty advisor going forward and will have an open door policy for any student in this group. I want to remind you that this is your group and you can make it a wonderful thing if you want to. I know how hard it is to be transgendered but remember you have support here. I also want to stress that I don't want this group to be concerned about labels, such as transvestite, transsexual, and so on. As far as I am concerned, all of us here are T, no more, no less. Please remember that. I also want to remind you that academic performance is paramount and is not something to let slip. Do any of you have any questions?"

Nobody had any questions.

"I'm sure you will have questions the more comfortable you get with this group. The LGBTQI is having a homecoming dance, I would like to see you all there. We need to support the organization. Remember, freedom for one means freedom eventually for all."

The group broke up without saying a word.

That night Cindy lay next to John. "I didn't get through to them at all."

John kissed his wife. “Relax, you are in your element. The results will come, now get on your stomach, darling, you need to unwind.”

“With pleasure.”

The LGBTQI homecoming dance was a huge success for the LGB contingent, but the three T’s stood on the wall and watched the happy couples dance. None of the three were identifiable as transgendered as they came as they always were. Standing together, they started to talk among themselves.

“Boy, we are pretty lame, all coming stag, and not even cross dressed,” Julie joked, lightening the mood.

“Well, we at least showed up,” Mark countered. “I just hope Dr. Kincaid doesn’t show up and see us acting like wall flowers.”

Cindy had already showed up at the dance but was trying to remain unnoticed while she observed her three students talk among themselves. “At least they had identified as T, and were becoming acquainted with each other. Finally, after half an hour, she walked up to them and smiled. “I’m very glad you showed up, why don’t we go to a trans restaurant I know. Do you like Thai food?”

“Nope,” Mark emphatically said.

“You are worse than my son was when he was eight. I know another place with a more conventional cuisine. It’s a very popular drag restaurant in the village, DQ’s. Come on, the three of you. The place will be hopping on Saturday night.”

The hostess, a very attractive Asian transsexual, smiled and led the four of them to their table, while Maxine Nightingale played exuberantly in the back-

ground. Cindy looked entirely at ease, but her three charges didn't know how to quite interpret their new surroundings. The bar was crowded with fishnet stockings, fake eyelashes, concealer, and foam padding, but everybody seemed to be laughing and enjoying themselves.

Immediately after the quartet was seated, a polite gay waiter approached and cheerfully announced the evening specials. Cindy ordered two cheese sampler appetizers and a Tuscan blend for the group. The students started to relax and unwind after the disappointment of the dance.

"So, Dr. Kincaid, how did you know you were transgendered? For me it was a moment when I felt I wanted to be the guy I was with, and not be with him." Julie said.

"It's a long and similar story. I was very sensitive as a child to transgendered issues and images. Then, when I was fourteen, I watched a burlesque show with very attractive strippers on TV one night and like yourself, I felt an overpowering urge to be one of them. About a month later, I tried on my mother's clothes and the feeling was overwhelming. Almost every night from then on I stayed up for hours in bed fantasizing about being a woman and making love as a woman with a man. I even dreamed I was a girl on occasion. If I could have approached my parents at that age knowing I would have their support, I would have asked to live as a girl. Instead it turned out to be a very painful journey to where I am now, but I couldn't feel more happier, complete, and loved by my family."

"So do you still think of yourself as a TS?" Mark asked.

“I see myself as a loving wife and mother first and foremost. I always hated labels thrown out by the psychiatric community as I think transgenderism is much richer and more finely nuanced than can be defined by labels such as transvestite, transsexual, and drag queen. The labels can be very limiting and are often pejorative. I preferred to call myself a t-girl before I started transitioning and a shemale once I started hormones and had surgery, but eventually labels became meaningless, as I was just Cindy Kincaid. As I said at our initial meeting, we are all T, the four of us.”

“I’ll toast to that,” Mark said, trying to force his wine glass through the heavy underbrush of his beard.

Cindy took up the toast. “We were all born this way and I refuse to regard it as a defect or an endocrine malfunction. Here is to being T.”

“To being T,” the three raised their wine glasses, with Mark and Julie tearing up. They had never felt closer with anybody, even with their respective, but now obsolete, girlfriends and boyfriends.

“Why don’t we all share how we found out that we are special?” Cindy requested.

Mark opened up first. Mark’s mother was one of the many town tramps in a small coal mining town near the West Virginia/Ohio border; he never really knew his father. His mother was too busy with men to raise him and his younger sister, Britney, and too volatile to wish that she had even tried.

By the age of eleven, Mark was acting as the man of the house and taking care of his kid sister. By age twelve, he wanted to be the woman of the house. He started wearing his mother’s clothes which were in-

credibly provocative and inflamed his passions. Like Cindy he was forever changed, once that part of himself was revealed.

