

TransIdentity



By: Jack Williams

First Edition

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“Do you want fries with that?” said Ryan.

He tried to sound like a girl. He gave the customer a smile.

“No just the burger.” said the man.

“Just the sandwich. Okay that will be \$3.89.”

Ryan was working at Mcdonalds. He had decided to dress up as a girl today. However his name tag still said 'Ryan'. He had on a bra, panties, a wig, and makeup. He really looked the part too. He probably should not do it at work. Except the urge was too strong. The urge to be a girl. Ever since he was young he had wanted to be the opposite sex. He was now doing gender reassignment. Taking estrogen each day to transition to being a woman. It was going well too. The estrogen made him feel great. There was only one problem. He was never going to be able to afford the surgery. It was over two thousand dollars. And he didn't make that much working at Mcdonalds. He felt that he really looked the part of a woman too. He was a hot blonde as far as he was concerned. One customer who was on their way leaving the restaurant had a different point of view.

“You fucking drag queen. Your disgusting.” said the customer.

Ryan just stood there. This had not happened at work before. The man left the restaurant. Ryan's supervisor tapped him on the shoulder. His name

was Jeff and he was the manager.

“We are going to have to let you go.” said Jeff.

“What.” cried Ryan.

“Yes I am sorry Ryan. But you cannot do this at work. This dress up game. Your a man Ryan. And you are bothering the customers. Your going to have to leave. Immediately. Don't worry we will pay you for the full shift. Don't come back to Mcdonalds either. Your barred.”

“I'm barred.”

“Yes your barred. So you'll have to leave. Your fired.”

“I'm fired.”

Ryan felt like crying. He truly felt like a girl.

“Why was this done to me?” he thought.

“Okay so get going Ryan.”

Ryan was heartbroken. He just froze up. He felt catatonic.

“Goodbye Ryan. I'm sorry.” said Teresa his fellow cashier.

“Yeah its been good Ryan.” said Tim the burger guy.

Ryan's heart sank. He left and went home. Heartbroken.

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Cindy was on her way to her girlfriends. Amber. Amber was pretty. They were lesbian. Cindy's mom didn't approve but Cindy did not care. Cindy was going to become a man. She was going to change her name to Mike. She was walking down the street. Along the sidewalk to Amber's. Amber only lived a few blocks away from her apartment. Cindy was transitioning to being a man. She had her hair cut short. She wore man's clothes. She was taking testosterone. She arrived at Amber's. She knocked. No one answered. There was a spare key under the mat. So she picked it up and unlocked the door and went in. She heard moaning. She paused for a moment. Then she went towards the source of the moaning. It was coming from the bedroom. She opened the door. There was Amber bent over. A young cute guy was banging her.

“Oh my god.” thought Cindy.

She paused for a moment.

“Excuse me.” she said.

“Huh.”

Amber looked over. So did the guy.

“Why are you fucking this guy!” shouted Cindy.

“What the fuck!”

She felt heartbroken. Amber and the guy just

froze up. Then Amber got up and approached Cindy.

“I'm leaving you. I like guys now. It has been a long time coming.”

“Wait a minute. I'm not finished.” said the guy.

“And who the fuck is this?” asked Cindy.

“This is Chris.”

“Hi.” said the guy Chris.

“Look you have to leave. How did you get in.”

Cindy showed her the key. Cindy then started to cry. She could not take anymore. She left and ran out the door. She tried to run home. It was hard. She was crying. She felt devastated. She loved Amber. How could that bitch do this to her. She cried for hours.

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It had been two months since Ryan was fired. He was still dressed up as a girl . He was using the name Stacy and identified as being a she. He was returning home from job searching. He had still not found one and money was running out. There was a sign on his front door.

It read: 'Notice of Eviction'.

“I'm being evicted. That is horrible.” thought Ryan.

This was horrible. Ryan tore the sign down and

tried to open the door. His key did not work. He peeked in the window. All of his stuff was gone. He pulled out his cellphone and dialed the landlord Maria.

Maria answered.

“Hello.”

“What the hell Maria you changed the locks. I told you I was gonna pay you.”

“Oh Ryan. Well your just going to have to deal with it. You have been evicted. You are going to have to find some where else to live.”

“You fucking bitch. What happened to my stuff?” said Ryan.

“Your stuff was thrown out Ryan. Its in the dumpster. You have to just find somewhere else to live.”

“Fuck you.” hissed Ryan.

He hung up. He walked around to the back of the building to the dumpster. There was all his stuff. His couch. His bed. His table. His clothes. His precious clothes. He loved dressing as a woman. The clothes. Those were the most important of all. And his wigs. They were all in the garbage. They were ruined. He did not know what to do. So he lit a smoke. He had a smoke and thought.

“What the fuck am I going to do? Fuck!” he said.

He felt like getting down on his knees and crying. He held in the pain and walked away. He kept on walking. Night arrived. He was homeless. He felt

like dying.

“I’m sick of this life.” he said to himself.

He walked all night. What he did was he walked down to the beach. Then he just stood there. Just stood there staring at the water. He kicked some stones. He wrote his name in the sand. Daytime arrived. He still had nowhere to go. So he went to the liquor store and waited for it to open. At eleven AM it opened. He used the last of his money to buy a bottle of Bacardi Limon. Then he went back to the beach and tried to pound it. He got fucked up. Really fucked up. Hammered. He was really drunk. His depression got worse.

“Everyone hates me.” he thought.

“I’m a freak.” he said to himself.

He should have gone and gotten help. But he didn't. He continued drinking. He drank and drank. He felt like listening to music. But there was none.

“Why the fuck do I have to be so poor?”

He was never going to be able to pay for his sex change. And it devastated him. The alcohol kicked in. He drifted off to sleep in the sand. As he slept he dreamed of how he was bullied in school. It was horrible. He awoke sweating in a panic. It was now night. The entire day had

passed. He had a horrible hangover. He felt like shit. He wished he had a cup of coffee. It was too cold for sleep. So he got up and started walking. He walked and then he passed by an abandoned house. He decided he should go to sleep there. So he went around back. He found a window he could slip in. He broke the glass with a rock. Then he opened it and shimmied inside. There was not much furniture. There was an old table in the living room. It had a tablecloth on it. He got it and unfolded it on the floor. Then he went to sleep. He was awoken. Something was inside his pants. He could feel it itching. He froze for a minute. His eyes were wide open. Then he jumped up and screamed. He screamed like a girl. Then he realized it. There was a rat in his pants. He shook his leg. It came running out of his pant leg and ran away and went into a crack in the wall. It was a mouse. He really got the creeps now.

“This was a bad idea.” he thought.

He left the house through the front door. He just left it wide open behind him. He ran back to the beach afraid. Now he had had enough. He really wanted to die. It was all too much for Ryan. He began to cry. He almost wet his panties. He felt sick from the alcohol. Then he decided what he would do. He decided he would end his life. He decided he would drown himself. He screamed and ran into the water. It was freezing. It was dark and he was all alone. He went in until he was

completely submerged. Then he stayed under until he could no longer breathe. He began to gasp. He almost surfaced but resisted giving into the urge to breathe air. Then he drowned and died.

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Cindy was on her way home from work. She worked at Subway. She made sandwiches and operated the cash register. She was walking through the park. It was late. It was dark. It had been a week since the event with Amber. That bitch. She felt heartbroken. She was walking along the trail when it happened. He jumped out and grabbed her. He tackled her to the ground and forced her pants and underwear down. Then he raped her. It was bad. Really bad. She began sobbing. Then he left and ran away. She could still feel him inside of herself. She got up and fixed her clothes. She didn't know what to do.

“Should I phone the police?” she thought.

She did not want to see the cops. She hated police. So she went home and slammed the door behind her. She felt lost. Lost and heartbroken. She smoked a joint. She was sick of being a girl. It sucked.

“I wish I was God. Then I would make myself a man.” she said.

“Then I would not have to get raped.”

She hated the man who had raped her. Hated him so fucking much. She cried. She went to her bed and buried her face in the pillow. Then she cried for hours. Then she decided to end her life. She wrapped a belt around her neck. Then she went into the washroom. She wedged the belt in between the door and frame. Then she tried to strangle herself to death. And she succeeded. She died.

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“Cindy you did not want to live?”

“Huh. What?” thought Cindy.

“Cindy I'm talking to you. Why did you not want to live?”

“Who are you?” asked Cindy.

She opened her eyes now. She was standing beside a man. Around them was blackness. He was a white man. Middle aged. He had dark hair.

“Cindy I am God. I brought you back to life for a reason. I am going to give you a chance to return to life. Like that suicide never happened.”

“You are?”

“Yes I am. You should not have done that Cindy. It is not your time to go. There are people who love you very much Cindy. I want you to go back living Cindy. You are too young to die. There is nothing here for you Cindy. It is just not your

time.”

Cindy thought. She thought for a long time. She just didn't want to go back to her life. She just could not do it.

“I cannot do it. Thank you very much for the opportunity but I just cannot go back to that life.” said Cindy.

“You cannot go back huh. Why not?”

“I am sick of being a woman. I am sick of being raped. I want to be a man.”

“Well guess what. You can. I have got someone I want you to meet. His name is Ryan. He wants to be a woman and also took his own life.”

“Ryan.”

“Yes. And you two can switch places. He will be Cindy. And you will be Ryan. How does that sound.”

“You really mean it God.”

“Yes of course I do.”

“Okay this is Ryan.”

Ryan appeared standing next to them.

“Ryan this is Cindy.” said God.

“Ryan. Ryan.”

“What.” said Ryan.

“Listen you were dead Ryan. Now I am going to give you the chance to start life again. This is Cindy. I want you two to switch places. In a minute you are going to switch bodies. Then you will be put back in the world like your deaths

never happened.”

“I'd like that I suppose.” said Ryan.

“Yeah I could try that.” said Cindy.

“Okay there you go. Your switched.” said God.

And they were. Ryan was now Cindy. And Cindy was now Ryan. Their bodies felt different. But they were pretty much the same. Ryan felt his breasts. He thought it was great.

“Okay so don't forget. Ryan your now Cindy. And Cindy your now Ryan. Do you know your names?”

“Yes I do.” said Ryan.

“Yes.” said Cindy.

“Ryan we will return you to your apartment. You will have to get a new job. Cindy we will put you in your apartment. Okay you will both awake in your new lives tomorrow.” said God.

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Ryan awoke. He was in Cindy's Body. It took him a minute to notice. He was back in his apartment. All of his stuff was back now. He went to the washroom. He looked in the mirror. He was now a she. He was a cute girl with brown hair and blue eyes. He was amazed. It was the greatest thing ever. He had always wanted to be a girl. And now he was. He lifted his shirt. He had a bra on. His breasts were a fair size. He checked his genitalia. He was a woman. He did not know what to do. It was the most amazing thing ever. He thought for

a while. What to do. So he had some breakfast. Bacon and eggs. All of his stuff was back. It was the best thing ever. Then he needed something to do. So he went out for a walk. At first he did not know where to go. But then he figured it out. He went to the beach. In fact he went to the spot where he died. He felt calm. He felt good. He was loving being a woman. He touched his breasts. They felt great. He remembered being drunk and all that had happened. Then he decided he wanted to get drunk again. Only he had no money. Then he realized he could go to a bar. Go to a bar and mooch drinks. If he was such a good looking girl someone would buy him a drink. So he went to the nearest bar. It was called Susan's Lounge. He walked in and sat at the bar beside a group of young guys. He sat for a while. He felt shy. The bartender looked at him and smiled. Ryan decided to break the ice and spoke.

“Hi.” he said.

The guy beside him responded.

“Hi.” said the guy.

“So can you buy me a drink.” said Ryan.

He felt weird. He was now feeling attracted to men now that he was a girl.

“What would sex be like?” he wondered.

“Sure. What will you have?” said the guy.

He was a white guy with short cut hair and a scruffy beard. He was about 25 years old. His friends stopped talking and listened.

“Rum and coke.” said Ryan.

“Two rum and cokes.” said the guy.

“So what is your name?”

“Tim. What is yours?”

“Uh. Stacy.”

“Stacy. That is a nice name.”

“Thanks.” said Ryan.

Their drinks arrived. Tim's friends went back to talking. Football. Ryan and Tim drank up. Then they had more. After four each they were drunk.

“Good.” thought Ryan.

He liked being drunk. And this time there was music. A jukebox was playing. Ryan looked over at it.

“Do you want to dance?” asked Tim.

Ryan did not know what to do. So he said yes. They got up and danced. Eventually they ended up in each others arms.

“So do you want to go somewhere?” asked Tim.

“Like where?” said Ryan.

“Like my place.”

“Okay we can go to my apartment.” said Ryan.

Then they left and went to Ryan's. Or Stacy's. Or Cindy's. Ryan was not sure which it was. They drove in Tim's truck.

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Cindy's day was much different. Cindy was now Ryan. She was an average looking guy with short cut brown hair. She went to the washroom and inspected her body in the mirror. She had an average build. And yes she had a weenie. At least that is what she called it. She had always wanted a weenie. And now she had one. She was glad to be a man. She put on some music and danced around naked. She was elated. She sang along to the music. She loved her man's voice. Then she had lunch. She could not get Amber out of her mind. That bitch. Then she decided what she was going to do. She was going to go over to Amber's. Then explain that she was now a man. And then she was going to get her woman back. Get her back from that fucking dickhead Chris. She started to think about fucking Amber. It seemed great. Then it happened. She got an erection. She had never had one before. She looked at it. It was a hard erect penis. A weenie. It had grown considerably. She got dressed. Jeans. T shirt. Nikes. Then she left and walked to Amber's. It was only a few blocks away. She arrived. She was a he. Ryan. Or Cindy. She wasn't sure.

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God was still watching over Cindy and Ryan. He was now standing with an angel. The angel had short cut blonde hair and majestic wings.

“Looks like they are going to get romantic.” said the angel.

“Yeah it does look that way.”

“What should we do?”

“Lets just leave them for now. Then when they start making love we will interfere. We will teach them a lesson. Then we will put them back in their lives properly. As a man that is a man. And a woman that is a woman.”

“Sounds good to me chief.”

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Passion. Total complete passion. That is what Tim felt. Both he and Stacy were on the couch at Ryan's apartment. They were kissing. They had their tongues in each others mouths.

“Your so sexy.” said Tim.

“Thanks.” said Stacy.

Or Ryan. He was not sure. He was definitely a girl. He felt very sexually stimulated. This had always been his dream. To be a woman. It was great. It was fantastic. Then Tim morphed into God. Stacy felt apprehension. She did not want to kiss this man. He was too old. She felt weird. Or rather he felt weird. Then it happened. He turned

back into Ryan. He was back in his own body. And God was french kissing him. He felt sick. He pulled away.

“I don't want to do this.”

God was on top of him.

“What happened to my body.”

“I can't let you do it. You can't have sex. I just wanted you to see what it was like to be a woman. See its no big deal. So now your going to go back to being a man. Your going to be Ryan again. And see you have your apartment back. So go back to your life.”

Ryan felt heartbroken. Then God vanished. Ryan lay on the couch and wept.

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Cindy had arrived at Amber's. Amber answered the door.

“Hello.” she said.

“Look it is me Cindy. I'm a guy now. I even have a weenie. I want to be with you.”

“Excuse me. That is crazy.”

“Listen it is me. I swear. Remember that time we seen Alice in Wonderland. And we made out in the audience. And you wished I was a guy. Well I am now. See here is my weenie.”

She showed Amber her penis. Amber was shocked. Cindy leaped at her and started kissing her. Amber thought for a minute then reciprocated. They necked.

“I guess you can come in. So your Cindy?” said Amber.

She was starting to believe. Cindy grabbed her and carried her to the bedroom. They hopped on the bed and started to make out. Then Amber vanished. Gone. God appeared.

He said “Cindy it is time to go back to being a woman. Are you ready?”

“Am I ready. Why?” said Cindy.

“Because that is who you are.” said God.

Cindy was then returned to her old body. She was a girl again. God vanished. Then Cindy began to cry.

THE END