

No Returns



Alex Miller



Al.



A "Her Tv" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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NO RETURNS

By Alex Miller

“James Kazinsky, what the heck have you done?”

It was never good when his mother used his real first name and absolutely not when she used his last name with it.

“Why couldn’t I have had a girl instead of a son? She wouldn’t have dropped out of university. You failed journalism and now you failed history? You’re twenty-two and have nothing to show for yourself. What will become of you? I can’t even give you a job at my magazine. What am I going to do with you? What will the future bring you?”

“A lot of women, a lot of booze and a lot of time to do both.”

The young man only said it because he had no real answer. He knew he had failed and that could only be blamed on himself.

“And before you shoot me, Mom, I’m only joking. I know that I failed, but I only took journalism to please you. So my heart wasn’t in it. It was when I switched over to history that I screwed up, literally. My brain was in my dick and it was too numb for me to use it right. I probably banged it too much. And yes I know, I’m using jokes to hide my shame and they are all bad jokes. But that’s all I have to say.”

“You should be ashamed. My son, a failure! I never should have chosen your father as a sperm donor. I should have gone purely for the I.Q. and not the E.Q. then. He was my childhood friend whose heart I broke by telling him that I was gay. That influenced my choice.”

What she didn’t tell him and never would was that her childhood friend did what no man ever should do. When he sobered up after his crime of madness, the guilt was too much. The police found him on the edge of town. He had embraced a tree with his car. Neither of them made it out in one piece. James was born nine months later.

Ellen never blamed her child for what his father had done. Nor did she blame anyone for her infertility. Her mind was set on having a daughter since the day she was old enough to think about children. It was a wish that never could come true. College was a hard struggle with a child, especially when her parents had broken off all ties and they weren’t mended yet. She only had contact with her two sisters, mostly over the telephone. They saw each other now and then, but she wasn’t very close with either one of them. All that made it only worse when she saw her son failing so easily, the one family member that she could call important.

He, however, wasn’t worried at all. He had plenty of friends that didn’t had the changes he had. He

knew that there lives weren't easy, but being one of them didn't scare him. Maybe he should be, but that wisdom isn't gained easy. He already had found a job. It just wasn't a good one.

"Jimmy, son, what is going to become of you? I can't let you live off my income your whole life. Some day you have to stand on your own feet. It's all your father's fault. He never could do things right."

Jimmy didn't like it when his mother talked about his father that way. He had never known his father because he died before he was born. So he had an over-romanticized image of him.

"You don't have to worry, Mom, I have a job. It just doesn't pay well. I still have to live at home if I want to get past that."

"But that does not mean that I like it. If you hadn't a place to stay, you wouldn't make it. That's not living, that's just surviving. What is it? Maybe I can pull some strings. Get you a better job somewhere, if that is even possible now that you don't have a degree!"

"No Mom, don't. I want to see if you are right. That I can't stand on my own feet. Just give me a chance to prove it to you. I have work as a part-time parking attendant. I start after summer vacation. They let me have some fun first. Bob's uncle knows a friend of the owner."

"Bob is a low life. Being his uncle isn't a good thing. I wish that you would get another friend. He's a pig with women."

"You don't have to exaggerate, Mom. He's a decent guy."

“Not when you have turned your back on him. But I get it. When it comes to friends and fathers, you’ve still got a lot to learn.”

“I think I better let you be, Mom, before we get in a serious argument about my friends again. They never end well.”

He still had one thing to ask. One thing he couldn’t delay.

“Mom, what do you want for your birthday? I know it’s still a month away but it’s an important one. You’re turning...”

He froze. The ice cold look of his mother was enough to do that to him. No woman wanted to be reminded of her age and surely not when she hit that important age. If she could, she would annul her birthday. But birthdays always were important in their family. It was the only thing she really celebrated with her sisters, even though almost every time it was just an exchange of letters or words. Telephones were very handy to bridge the distance between them. All the other holidays were reserved for her little family. Her parents had tried to make things up, but his mother wasn’t prepared to do so. Her parents didn’t want her when things were wrong; she didn’t want them when things were right.

“What I want is a big surprise. Just not one like you gave me today. I always give you a hint, but this time you have to do it on your own. Show me that you know your mother. That you love her enough to know.”

Ellen Kazynski, his mother, was the head of the magazine and the sole owner. That was because she started it the moment she ended college. She laid the foundation while doing two jobs to make sure her

baby had a future. The business started small, while she worked hard to pay the bills.

Then she got a business loan and created a wonder. She was lucky; even in these days of digitization, the magazine managed to keep on growing. It was focused on a female audience and had therefore only female employees. She didn't believe that men could fully comprehend a woman's view. The few men she had hired to prove her wrong hadn't.

She considered men as a necessary evil on this earth, with the exception of her son. She loved him very much, but he was a failure in her eyes. The fact that she had a hand in it didn't come up with her. From the moment he was old enough to read and write, she made him study. So hard and so much that by the time he hit university, studying was an even harder chore than it had been.

What was left was a failed student, a long blond-haired guy, slender and five feet eight inches tall. His hair was only long because he hated getting a haircut, mainly because his mother made him go to her hair salon and they normally didn't handle guys. He had his hair in a ponytail and wrapped up in a bun and not because his mother hated it. She did, but he did it for himself. It gave him an artistic look and the girls went for it. Or was it for his blue eyes, also from his mother?

As he said, screwing around was one of the many excuses he used why he flunked university. It was also a lie. He wasn't handy with girls. You could call him even clumsy when it came to the other gender. He wasn't the aggressive hunter his friend Bob was. He was just the flame Bob used to catch some girls. Attracted to the light, they were easy prey for a man like him, the only reason Bob was friends with

Jimmy. The problem was that Jimmy hadn't the maturity and wisdom to see he was being used.

When he got home he was glad to find his Aunt Christine there. She wasn't his real aunt. He just called her his aunt because she was the closest acquaintance to one. That didn't mean that he really knew her. She was his mother's friend, not his. She probably knew everything about him.

Christine had been his mother's best friend since he could remember. She was a regular guest at his home so she wasn't a stranger. She had her own key and could come and do whenever she wanted. That was something that even he couldn't get away with.

"Aunt Christine, good that you are here. Do you have an idea what to give my mother for her birthday? This time it has to be grand."

"No I don't and if I had one, I wouldn't tell you. I had to think of something for me to give her. Find your own."

"But she already has everything. What can I give her that she doesn't have? If she wants something, she buys it."

"Just give her what she wants the most."

"That's impossible. What she wants the most is a daughter. A daughter with her looks, her mind and her genes, a true heir to her throne. Nobody can give her that. Medicine isn't that advanced yet."

"It is indeed impossible. Unless!"

Jimmy looked at Christine who apparently had an idea.

“Unless what?”

“Unless we create one for her. You and me. I have a wonderful idea for a birthday present for your mother. Big enough to give her from both of us. She will love it. There is only one problem.”

“And that is?”

“That you won’t love it. It will demand a lot of sacrifice and determination to go through with it, but nothing can ever top this present.”

“I won’t like what? And what is this nonsense about creating one. Do you want me to get a girl pregnant? Isn’t that a little too drastic?”

“That’s not a bad idea either. Giving her a granddaughter she can raise as a daughter. It’s just not the right reason to have a child. No, what we are going to do is give her a grown-up daughter of twenty-two with long blond hair and blue eyes. A girl a few inches taller than you.”

“For a moment I thought that you meant me. But she’s taller, so it can’t be. Auntie, that’s not going to work. It won’t be her daughter.”

“It will be, because you are right. I mean you, you in high heels, a few inches taller than now. She won’t know what’s going on.”

“Sorry auntie, but have you gone crazy? It’s not a bad idea, it’s an absurd one. Me dressed up as a girl, playing daughter for my mother! Why do you think she would like that? She will hate it. It will remind her of what she hasn’t got. It will do the opposite.”

“No it won’t. It will fill the gap inside her for good, if you turn out to be a good daughter of course. And so

long as we limit it to one day it shall be harmless. I can guarantee you that. I know Ellen. It's you I doubt. If you are determined enough, go through with it. If you love her enough, walk around in women's clothes and act like one."

"You know I would do anything for my mother. But being a daughter for one day is more than anything. It's life changing, literally. I'll have to be someone else, a girl. I'll have to look and act female. How am I going to do that?"

"If I hear you right, you agree with my idea? You want to give her this present, that you want to give her a daughter? If you do, then I know how you are going to do that, with my help."

"Yeah, I agree. I still think it's a crazy one, an absurd one, but you're right. This present will knock her out of her shoes. Just seeing the look on her face will be worth all the trouble."

If he had known how much trouble it really was, he never would have agreed. He thought it would be like Halloween. Dress up, act silly and party. Well, without the party; his mother always celebrated her birthday without a lot of bells and whistles.

Her birthday was on a Friday and they would celebrate it on Sunday. But they always gave the present on the real date of the birthday, if necessary by sending it. This time it would be handed over personally. That was one of the details he hadn't thought about yet.

"So how are we going to do this, Auntie? I know nothing. You will have to take charge of this. You lead and I follow."

That was another mistake, giving all the power to Christine. Not that she would abuse it, she just was very thorough. She wouldn't tolerate any mistakes. She would make sure that he would look his best, as female as possible. But he would learn that very quickly. It was a side he didn't know she had. He never needed to know, until then.

“Ok, I'll lead. That means that I say ‘jump’ and you comply, got it? I don't want you to give up halfway through, like you did with your studies. If we are going to do this, we will do this till the end and you know what that means. We start tomorrow. Your mother is busy over the weekend anyway. You better come to my place. It will be empty.”

Christine wasn't married; she was fooling around as much as he'd like to do himself, but never did. She worked as a nurse for a plastic surgeon. His real aunt, Janice, a housewife, was the opposite, married with two children, a boy and a girl who were younger than him. It was the same with his Aunt Melanie. She was the oldest one, married and mother of three girls, all of them around his age. But he barely had contact with his nephew and nieces.

The next day he left for his ‘aunt's’ place as soon as his mother was gone. Christine was already waiting for him. Nothing gave away her excitement for this all. It wasn't about dressing him up, but for getting her best friend a surprise that would sweep her off her feet.

“We've got a lot to do, but first we have to get your measurements so we know what sizes will fit you or do you feel confident enough to try things out in the shops? Do you?”

“Of course not and you know that all too well. Besides, what shop would let me do that? Letting a man

trying things out in a shop for women? I think that the police would arrive before I tried once.”

“Oh, there are shops who would tolerate that, but not many. What they do tolerate is just buying stuff for women. So that is what I will be doing, maybe even today. But for now, just give me your sizes.”

All his male sizes were converted into women’s ones. Only some other parts of his body needed conformation. So he half-undressed in front of Christine. She used the measuring tape at places he never could have guessed she needed their sizes. Luckily he could keep things under control, well almost. It helped that it was his fake aunt, but he showed some signs of excitement. Christine decided to ignore that. It would only make things weird if she didn’t.

“Now that we’ve got that, we have to clean you up.”

“I’m already clean. I took a shower today. What do you mean?”

“You’re a lucky guy to be blond. You only have to shave once and makeup will cover up what’s left. For the hair on your legs, we only need to shave. So into the bathroom you go. Everything is ready. I want to see you come out with no hair on your legs. Give me a preview.”

He was only used to shaving with an electric razor. Using blades and foam on his legs was something that took some time. He finally came out an hour later. Christine was looking at a list. She already had several things written on it. Things he didn’t know anything about.

“Good, you’re back. Let me see.”

Her hand glided over his legs. He had to bite his tongue to survive it.

“Nice, that will work. I already have an idea about what you should wear. The only things we still have to buy are shoes.”

“Wear, what do you mean? I know that it will be women’s clothes but where did you get them? And shoes? Can’t we buy them online? Besides, I see that you already have a long list. What on it and who is going to pay for it? I have a few hundred dollars to spend, but that is all. I love my mom, but I am not going to spend all my savings on her.”

“Don’t worry. First of all, the money. I’ll pay most of it, but you’ll have to pay your share, a big part. It’s a big present after all. The shoes we can’t buy online. You have to walk in them the whole day and they have to fit perfectly. You also have to get used to them before the big day. What I have on the list? That’s a surprise for later, as are the clothes.”

“Does that mean that we are already done? That’s quick.”

“Yes and no. We still have the most important part to test out, but that’s for tomorrow. You are done for now. I have to go and shop. You have to come back tomorrow to see if you passed the test.”

Sunday wasn’t much different from Saturday. His mother should be home, but she wasn’t. She had a shoot to visit, business as usual. He was used to it. It would have surprised Jimmy if she had time.

Christine had set everything ready on the kitchen table; Makeup, curling iron and an audio book that according to the title taught you to sound female. If he followed the instructions, he would.