The Next Miss Yowza: How bad could it be?

Five years ago Cynthia lost the Miss Yowza pageant to her hated rival. Now Francine's kid sister is ready to take the title and all Cindy has to stand against her is a dorky half-brother who worships the ground she walks on. But she isn't one to give up so easily, so for you it's game on and damn the consequences. You go along with the idea because she's your sister, because she's drop-dead gorgeous and most of all because she scares the bejesus out of you.

But it will never work, you tell yourself (calm blue ocean). No way could that slinky gown she wore back then ever fit your stick-like male body. But after the shaving, the tucking and the corsetting, your body looks downright feminine. Who knew?

So it's time to start worrying about Cindy's half-serious suggestion about DIY breast implants. Maybe a trip to a proper clinic wouldn't be such a bad idea after all. It's not like the things would be a permanent part of your body, you reassure yourself. And it would only be for a few weeks... or months. How bad could it be? It's nothing you can't handle. Just keep telling yourself that...
Five long years (and many pageants) later...

One pageant leads to another, of course. At least it does when you keep winning. Miss Yowza became Miss Babelicious 2017 and later that year Miss Wowie-Zowie. Then it just got silly.

There wasn’t much you could do but go with the flow. Your mother and Cindy depended on the money you brought to the family through endorsements and public appearances. Without your late father around to provide a male voice of sanity, there was nothing and no one to put the brakes on your rapid descent (or ascent) into femininity. How else could you make a living? Between all the pageants and learning to live and function as a woman, you never made it out of high school.

Time to face facts: you’re a beauty queen now. What remains of your old body spends so much time in a gaff that it’s barely recognizable as male on the rare occasions it’s allowed out. The fact that your voice has yet to break makes you wonder what might be in those ‘vitamin shots’ that have turned your derriere into a pin cushion. And to top it off, you’re on your third set of implants; the size of the insert gets smaller with each operation, yet your cup size stays the same. What’s up with that?

Your life has become a parade of one pageant after another. It isn’t what you wanted, as a boy who grew up playing baseball and imagining himself pitching in the World Series, but that dream is long gone. It’s too late to change now… or is it?

Desperate for a way out you ask yourself, What’s the absolute worst thing a beauty queen can do? The answer is obvious: gain weight. So in the guise of attending a late-night pilates class, you hit the drive-thru at Mickey-D’s. Night after night, a parade of milkshakes, French fries and Quarter-Pounders packs the pounds onto your hips and tummy. And when this becomes obvious to all, you admit the truth: you’re pregnant.
Cindy and your mother are outraged, but what can they do? They can’t admit that you’re male, and the fact is you’ve been a woman for so long that they’ve nearly forgotten you were ever a boy.

Instead, they throw you out on your ear. Cindy’s bookish cousin is the right age for ‘her’ first pageant, and that fact that he’s male is of little concern. As it turns out, he cleans up nicer than you did.

Your plan worked. But now you have no money, no home and no future. To get by, you move in with your best buddy from high school, who’s now a young lawyer with a soft spot for shemales. It works out. With you as arm candy, his career really takes off.

Whatever. He’s a good guy, he makes you feel wanted, and there are worse things in life than being a lawyer’s wife.

One thing leads to another. He digs the shemale thing, but he wants a family as well. Gotta have it all, right? Adoption won’t do; he wants his own kid and it should kinda look like you too. So with a womb transplant from your mother, an egg or three from Cindy, and a whole lot of in vitro fertilization, you find yourself pregnant for real. Needless to say, your penis has now been turned into a vagina and whaddya know you’re not just pretending to be a woman anymore.

How did it come to this? You never set out to become a wife and mother, it just sort of happened. On the inside, part of you still feels like he should be out there tossing a complete game in the Series and bedding call girls at night. Instead, your breasts are getting sore and your mother says it’s time to start shopping for a good-quality nursing bra.

Alas, your husband still has a thing for chicks with dicks. He’s the one stepping out with call girls, of a certain type, and all you can do is turn a blind eye. After all, he is the father of your baby-to-be and you can’t afford to be too choosy about who’s going to provide for the little tyke. Welcome to motherhood.

One cesarean later, you’re a mommy.

You’re of two minds about this. On the one hand, it’s very fulfilling to welcome a new life into the world. As the child nurses at your breast, you realize that your own life has come full circle; once the baby, now the mother. But on the other hand, your mind is still male and you can’t help keeping both eyes on the ball game on the TV. The Mariners are in the World Series. Bet you never thought you’d see that happen, huh?

Your baby is a boy. But once Cindy and your mother get their hooks into him, who knows how long that will last?