

*I'm A*  
**DRAG**  
*Not A Fag*

*Women please understand me  
Men, please don't judge me  
God please forgive me*

---

a novel

by

**Antoinette Smith**

STTP Books  
Riverdale, GA

**EXCERPTS...**

# 1

## *Laying Down the Rules*

My mother always laid down the rules before she left my sister and me home alone.

She'd say, "Cynthia, you and Trey are not to have any company on the inside or the outside of this house."

This meant that we couldn't play with our friends until the weekend.

Our parents worked all the time. Our mother worked as an operator for the local phone company, and our daddy was a fireman for the city of Atlanta. He worked part time at the fire station, and he normally did all of the cooking. His best dishes were steamed ox tails and curry chicken. He could also fry goat meat to perfection.

Daddy was from Jamaica. His whole family was still there, but I didn't know anything about them because he refused to talk about them. As a matter of fact, he never talked to me, unless he was yelling at me. If I had to use one word to describe my daddy, that word would be mean. Daddy had been mean since I'd known him. Along with his accent, the other indication that my father was an islander was the way he wore his hair. My daddy was tall and dark-skinned, and he had long dreadlocks that stopped midway down his back.

My mother, who was as sweet as pie and very conservative, didn't even look like she would be caught dead with Daddy, let alone be married to him. Mama was petite and light skinned with big, almond-shaped eyes. She had long, black hair that flowed down her back, but you would

never know it was that long because she always kept it in a neat bun. Needless to say, she and Daddy were total opposites, but they were in love and had been for the last twenty-five years. Even after reflecting on all their differences, I thought that they looked good together, considering that they had been together all my life. They had hooked up in college, where they had both been talented student athletes. She was a basketball player, and he was a football player. He had hurt his knee in college and had been trying to live his dreams through me ever since.

My parents had only had two kids. My sister Cynthia and me. Cynthia was two years older than me. I didn't get any looks from Daddy. I looked just like Mama. Hell! I looked like a girl, and, because of this, my sister Cynthia had to defend me at school just about every day. The other kids teased me and called me names like "gay blade", "fruit cup", and "sweet pants". They were so evil that they even gave me the nickname "fruity booty". Luckily, my sister Cynthia was a tom boy, so she didn't mind fighting my battles.

One time, I came home from school crying because the kids had been teasing me. I ran to the kitchen to get a butcher's knife, and Cynthia came in after me. She was the only one who could calm me down. She said, "Trey, look at me! Those kids are just jealous of you."

She took the knife out of my hand and got prepared to fight my battle the next day at school. Every time she got into a fight over me, she usually got suspended from school for three days. And our dad Raymond would say, "Boy, you better put some bass in your voice and fight back. It's bad enough that you're walking around here looking and twisting like a damn girl. Your mama needs to cut that damn ponytail off, and then maybe you'll start acting like a damn man."

Daddy wanted to live his dreams through me. Since

he couldn't go pro in football, he wanted me to pursue his dream, but I wasn't hearing that shit. I had plans of my own. I didn't want to follow in his footsteps. I didn't want to walk in his shoes. I wanted to walk in some heels *alright*, and they were stilettos.

When Raymond talked down to me, my mother would always jump in and say, "Leave Trey alone. He's not a fighter."

My daddy would then say, "Carolyn, stop taking up for him and let him be a man. He needs to be a man!"

I knew Daddy was pissed off because he usually would have called Mama *baby* and not by her name. I hated that they were divided because of me. I hated that I was the reason they had heated arguments, but, no matter what, Daddy stayed there, and he never ran out on Mama, and there was a small part of me that really respected him for that.

When Cynthia and I were at home alone, we'd play school, dress up, and sing. I had wanted to be a teacher, but I knew I was going to be famous one day. And the only famous principal that I knew was Mr. Clark from the movie *Lean on Me*.

When we played school, Cynthia would be the teacher known as Ms. Burns, and I would be the student Trey Burns. When we played dress up, I would put on Mama's lingerie and a pair of her heels. I always looked so pretty. My hair was as long as hers, and it was black and silky, and I often wore it in a ponytail. And I had to give it to myself. I could sing if I couldn't do anything else. It seemed like Mama would always come home and catch me in her make-up and clothing. Mama knew that I was the one who played in her make-up, but she would punish Cynthia instead. I would tell a lie with a straight face, I would say that it was Cynthia who had been in it. And Mama knew that I was lying because

I never remembered to wipe off her lipstick from my face.

I told Mama over and over that I wanted to be a singer. I never wanted to play sports, but Raymond put me on the little league football team anyway. I never scored any touchdowns. I would watch the ball come my way, and I would just let it land on the ground. I knew the fundamentals of football, but I wanted to get my nails done instead of catching a fucking ball.

I played football up until the tenth grade. During one of our most important games, the coach called me and told me to go in.

He said, "Your team really needs you."

And he was right. I was really fast. I was the team's secret weapon, and I knew, if I went in, we would definitely win the game. I could have scored and made the winning points, but I refused to go in because it was a nasty, rainy day, so I sat on the sidelines and used a stick to draw in the mud.

The coach, who I knew wanted to ring my neck, yelled, "You need to take your punk ass home and sign up for cheerleading."

When he heard about this, my daddy was so mad at me that he took his frustrations out on the coach. My daddy took off his Jamaican hat and punched the coach in his face, but, to be honest, the coach was right — I should have been somewhere cheering. It looked like more fun anyway.

When we got home, Daddy gave me a good ass whipping. I can't recall how many ass whippings I got from Daddy. I had lost count, but that one in particular was one that I would never forget.

Cynthia would always cheer me up by coming into my room and playing dress up with me. She would sneak and bring me Mama's makeup, and I would forget all about

Daddy's hard hands.

Cynthia was the one who looked like a boy. She was the one outside playing flag football, while I was in the house listening to the radio and dancing in the mirror. She was the one with the muscles, and I wasn't. No one would ever tease her because she kicked butts, and she didn't take any shit from anyone. She was the one who had beat up Big Steve, the school's bully, numerous times while I watched.

One day, Big Steve punched me in my stomach and pulled my rubber band out of my hair. I came home and told Cynthia, and she threw fire ants all over him. He never messed with me again after that, but that still didn't stop the other kids from teasing me. When they teased me in places like the cafeteria, some of the teachers would get a few laughs in, too.

Cynthia used to tell me, "Boy, stop crying. They talked about Jesus Christ!"

I knew she wished that Mama would have just cut my damn hair off. I knew that she got tired of fighting my battles. Even though she didn't win them all, she won a majority of them. When I saw the teachers laughing at me, I knew that I had to come up with a plan for the whole school to think I was all man. I needed everyone to believe that I was not a "gay blade". I was going to prove myself, and I knew just how to do it.

## 2

### *I Fucked a Girl...YUCK*

When I went into Cynthia's room, I found her lying across the bed doing a word find puzzle.

"Cyn-thia! Oh, Cyn-thia!"

She knew, whenever I called her name like, that I wanted something.

"Who do you want me to beat up now?"

"No one," I said as I sat on the edge of her bed. "I want you to record me fucking Trish."

"Crazy Trish from next door?"

"Yes. Cynthia, I have to prove to everyone at school that I am not a gay blade. I have to do something because I am tired of the whole school ridiculing me."

Trish lived next door to us, and she was a high school drop-out. She lived with her mother who was hardly ever home. For years, I had witnessed her sneaking boys in and out of her bedroom window.

"So, what's the plan?" she asked as she sat up in her bed. "And why do you want to fuck her out of all the girls you know?"

"Because she's right next door, and you could easily record us."

"Boy, you are still a virgin. Do you even know how to have sex?"

"Do you?" I asked as I reflected on her and Jayson having sex numerous of times.

We weren't supposed to have company, but, as long

as I got to play in Mama's make-up and heels, I didn't care that she snuck Jayson in. I didn't snitch on her, and she didn't snitch on me. We were so close, and I was glad that she had my back like that. She had been with Jayson ever since middle school. They were inseparable.

I looked at her and said, "All I have to do is stick my dick in her pussy and hunch. How hard is that?"

"Fool! Sex is more than hunching. You have to protect your dick from infectious diseases. There are diseases out here that will make your dick fall off!" She threw me a condom and told me to take my pants off. "First, you have to get your dick hard," she said as she closed the door.

"How do I do that?" I asked as I took my pants off.

"This will help," she said as she put a flick into the DVD player.

After watching the flick for some time, my dick began to grow.

She tore the condom open with her mouth and said, "Put it on this way with the tip facing outwards. When you cum, the condom will catch your sperm."

I was in the eighth grade. I didn't know anything about fucking. All I knew was Gladys Knight and Betty Wright's oldies.

"All you have to do is stroke your dick, and then you'll get a good feeling, and, when you get that feeling, you will ejaculate in the condom. Aren't you getting turned on by that lady's big breasts?"

She was more excited for me to have sex for the first time than I was. Her eyes had grown bigger and bigger as she talked.

"Your dick is big like Jayson's," she said before she turned to leave.

She bumped into the door as she left.

"Don't forget to pull the tip of the condom, so the sperm won't come out and make a mess."

I did what she said. I looked at my dick, then back at the flick. I thought, *I've never had sperm to come out of my dick before*. I put a firm grip around my dick. I began to jack it slowly, but, for some reason, when the lady was riding the man's dick, I didn't feel anything, but, when he turned her over and started fucking her from the back, I enjoyed watching the muscles in his back. I enjoyed watching his sexy-ass booty go in and out. I loved watching his thick eyebrows go up and down, and his six pack was to die for. He looked like Omari Hardwick.

I admired the man's muscles in his back as I watched him stroke back and forth. He pulled his dick out and started jacking it real fast, and so did I. We came at the same time. He skeeted on her ass, and, when I looked at the condom, it was filled to capacity. I let out a sigh of relief because I had just experienced the best feeling in the world. I looked at the man's face on TV, and I could tell that we were sharing that same feeling. I stood there, waiting for Cynthia to come back in. I was weak at the knees, but I really liked that feeling.

"That was fast," Cynthia said as she rolled some toilet tissue off the roll.

"What now?" I asked as I stood there, still high off of that wonderful sensation.

"Be still," she said as she put the tissue around my dick and rolled the condom off. "So, how did it feel to have an orgasm?" she asked as she threw the condom in the trash.

"That was the best feeling in the world," I said as I pulled my pants back up.

"All we have to do now is follow the plan accordingly. You just have to make sure you put on a condom because you know how Trish rolls."

“I will. You just make sure you come in and record us. I will make sure that I leave the front door unlocked.”

When she left, I laid back on my bed and thought of Omari Hardwick.

The following day, I knocked on Trish’s door. She came to the door, wearing only a T-shirt. *This girl stay ready*, I thought.

“What do you want?” she asked, looking me over from my head to my toe.

“I want to come and kick it with you.”

She didn’t protest as I walked in. I knew, then and there, that she was a straight up freak. I mean, the epitome of a freak. Her mother was never at home, and I knew that I had a chance to fuck her because she was the neighborhood whore. Trish had a caramel complexion and deep dimples in her chubby cheeks. She was very pretty, and I never really understood why she was the way that she was. She favored Shar Jackson from *Moesha*.

“So, what do you really want?” she said as she sat down on the couch with her legs wide open. “Do you want your hair braided or something?”

I looked at her and said, “I am a virgin, and I want you to be my first.”

“Boy! Are you crazy? This pussy isn’t free! What the fuck do I look like to you? I’m sure you know by now that this is what I do. Come on back to my room. Let me show you something.”

And sure enough, when we got to her room, she had a list of her services taped on the wall. She charged for everything from hand jobs to fucking her in the butt. I couldn’t believe my eyes.

“My mother is in jail, and somebody has got to pay the bills around here.”

She was dead-ass serious. As I observed her prices, I saw that she charged one hundred dollars to get fucked in the ass. *Gross*, I thought as I looked straight at the bottom of the list. She charged fifty dollars to get fucked from the back. She charged two hundred dollars to do everything. That explained the nonstop traffic.

"Wow!" I said as I continued to look at the list. "You charge thirty dollars for someone to stick their fingers in your ass?"

"That's just for one finger. They have to pay sixty to stick two in my ass."

"So, how much money do you got?"

"I don't have any money."

"Well, you better go get some from your mama or daddy! You got to pay to play," she said as she lit an incense.

"Can you please just do this for me this one time?" I asked as I nibbled on my nails. *I was nervous as hell.*

"I guess I could make an exception because you are a pretty-ass boy. I don't know why, but, for some reason, I thought that you were gay," she said as she turned on the ceiling fan. "You'd make a pretty bitch," she said as she ran her fingers through my long, silky black hair.

"I am not gay," I said as I remembered that I had to go and unlock the door for Cynthia. "Have you ever fucked a dick this big?" I asked as I dropped my pants.

Her eyes looked like they were about to pop out of her head as she came closer.

"Your dick is so damn pretty," she said as she wrapped her hands around it with a kung fu grip. "This one will be on me," she said as she got down on her knees and prepared to suck my dick.

She put my whole dick in her mouth, balls and all, and she didn't gag or nothing. She sucked my dick like she

was a professional prostitute. I guess she was, since she had a damn price list. Even I was enjoying her slurping and slobbering on my dick, I knew that this was what Cynthia needed to be recording. When I looked at the window, I saw Cynthia with the camcorder. I threw two thumbs up and pulled Trish's hair back while she sucked my dick like a pro.

"How does that feel?" she asked as she licked up and down my shaft.

"It feels good," I said as I tried to hold back my orgasm. I didn't want to cum in her mouth. I wanted to cum in her pussy.

"Are you ready to feel this pussy?" she asked as she pushed me back on the bed. She jumped on my dick so quick that I didn't have time to even think about putting on a condom. She was quick like lightning. Cynthia's voice popped in my head, but it was too late. Suddenly, I felt her sticky pussy juice running down my balls. I felt sick to my stomach. She rode my dick like she was in a rodeo contest. I had to make it look like I was enjoying it for the video, so I licked her nipples.

She moaned, "Suck them harder," as she rode my dick up and down.

I sucked on them, and they tasted salty. I felt like I was about to cum, but the feeling suddenly went away. Trish was screaming my name as she fucked me like a mad man. Then, I remembered the man in the video. I turned her over on her stomach and fucked her from the back. I imagined the man's dick from the video, and the more I thought about the hard veins in his dick, the closer I got to my peak. I thought about his six pack and all the muscles in his back that moved as he fucked the girl in the video. I thought about his thick eyebrows, and I imagined that it was him that I was fucking and not Trish. I closed my eyes and fucked her hard. Finally,

I exploded in her wet, sticky pussy. When it was all over, I felt like I had been violated. I hadn't enjoyed that one bit, but I was relieved that Cynthia had it all on video.

Trish grinned and said, "You can fuck me for free anytime. I love big dicks."

*No fucking thanks. I never wanted to feel that gushy shit again,* I thought as I put my hair back in a ponytail. When I went back home, Cynthia was watching the video.

"Trey, you didn't put the condom on like I told you to."

"So what! Did you get it all on video?"

"Trey, your sperm went in her. You could get her pregnant!"

"It's now or never for me to prove myself at school. I am tired of being the talk at the school," I said as I looked at myself on the video.

"You better pray that she don't have any diseases, or you will be the talk of the town."

"Who's the man now?" I said as I pointed at the TV.

"Look at how I'm hitting that pussy from the back!"

Cynthia knew the real me. She knew that I didn't want to fuck a girl. She knew, deep down inside, that I wanted to be a girl. She knew my darkest secrets. So, what if I fucked a girl? I still wanted to dress up and wear lipstick.

*Cousin Kym*

"So, what are we going to do now?" I asked as Mama got back in the car. "Daddy is not only on the loose like some maniac, he's killing people, too."

"We don't know that just yet," Mama said as she put on her seat belt.

"It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure this out. Mama, read my lips. D-A-D-D-Y is crazy, and he will do anything to get to me!"

"Trey! Knock off the nonsense, and let me figure things out. Where could he be?" Mama said as she searched the streets for signs of him.

"Well, Ronnie and Chris said that we were welcomed at their place as long as we need to be."

"That's nice of them, but, Trey, I need my own space."

"Well, I still have about four thousand dollars left from the money that you gave me. That could help you get on your feet."

She was shocked, and I could tell by the look on her face that she thought that I had run through the money a long time ago.

"I sure would hate to ask Barbara if we could live with her."

"Excuse me? Not we. I am straight where I am. Mama, you and I both know that that lady doesn't like me. And I can't stand her. I remember her always pulling me aside at family gatherings, telling me that, if I didn't stop twisting,

somebody was going to bust my ass wide open. I really despise that woman. She never had any kind words to say to me. She needs to worry about her thieving-ass daughter boosting clothes and writing those bad checks. At least, I am real about who and what I want to be. She thought her daughter was away at college when she was really somewhere with her legs in the air, making more babies. Cousin Kym ain't nothing but a baby maker. She needs to teach her kids their ABC's instead of showing them how to be professional thieves. She don't care what their tender, little ears hear. She lets all of her kids know how she tucked a dress and stole it out of Macy's. I wouldn't be surprised if she was teaching them how to follow in her footsteps. I don't like Barbara and Kym, and Uncle Charles wasn't any better. I couldn't stand his Luther Vandross-looking ass either when he was alive. He told me one thing and did another. Seriously, Mama he used to tell me, "Don't be a punk," and I would catch him with different men. He always claimed they were co-workers, and one thing I know is that a punk can spot another punk from a mile away."

"You're right about that," she said as she laughed while pointing at a man twisting and walking down the street.

We lived in Atlanta, the gay capital of the world. The studs really called themselves boys. There was no shame in their game. They even covered their breasts, making them look like they had flat chests. I didn't see the point. If they wanted to be men, all they had to do was get a sex change.

"I want you to take me by Barbara's house, so we can talk."

"Please don't tell me that you think you need to lean on that lady because, clearly, you don't."

"Trey, she's still my sister, and I am down, and I really need to talk to her right now."

"Maybe, you're right," I said as I headed west on the interstate.

When we arrived in Adamsville, it still looked the same. When you're on the West Side, you definitely knew it. There were bums all over Georgia, but I mean you really knew when you were on the West Side. It seemed as though there were more people out walking the streets. Could it be that the people who lived in DeKalb County had more cars than the folks on the West Side? That was what it seemed like to me.

When I pulled up at Barbara's house, shit was still the same. She had a three-foot fence around her house, and mutts were running loose around her yard. I hadn't been to her house in a while, but I couldn't forget how her house looked. She had the worst-looking house on the block. Her roof was peeling, and her screen door was missing the screen. Her yard didn't have any grass. It was only red dirt. And, when it rained, the kids would play in the rain and track dirt on the carpet.

"This house still looks the same," Mama said as she got out of the car. "Can you believe that I was actually raised in this house? This house has been in our family for years."

"I can believe that Aunt Barbara was raised in this house, but not you. You have way more class than she ever will."

"She's still my blood, and we're all we got."

I slammed the door and followed Mama to the front door.

As Mama prepared to knock on the door, I advised, "We may as well walk on in. Look at the damn screen door."

"Is that you, sis?" Barbara asked, fixing her wig as she came to the door.

She opened the door and glued her eyes to my dress.

"Have a seat," she said as she locked the broken screen door.

*Why lock the damn screen door? All somebody has to do is stick their hand on the other side and open it up, I thought.*

"I'll stand," I said as I looked at the filthy sofa.

I was not about to sit on that dirty-ass sofa and get my dress stained. There were lollipops stuck to it and dried up piss stains from Kym's babies.

"It's good to see you, Trey. Is that a dress that you're wearing?"

"It sure is. Do you like it?" I said as I rolled my eyes at her.

"Your cousin is in the back, and y'all haven't seen each other in a while. Why don't you go back there and catch up?"

I didn't want to walk anywhere in that house. The front room looked like a twister had been through it, so it wasn't hard to imagine what the rest of the house looked like.

"Go on, Trey, and speak to your cousin," Mama demanded.

I realized that she wanted to talk to Auntie Barbara in private, so I headed through the hoarder's house. As I walked down the hallway, the aroma of piss hit my nostrils. I got sick to my stomach, and I felt dizzy. When I got to her room, she was laying on the bed with her legs on the wall. She was on the phone.

"Let me call you back, fool. My cousin just walked in." She got up and said, "Boy, what the hell do you have on? Is that a dress?"

"No! It's a dress," I answered sarcastically.

"Y'all scat," she told her four kids. "Get out of here!"

Her oldest daughter looked at me and said, "Are you

a fag or something?"

"Never mind, Chiquita. She's very outspoken."

I looked around her room and saw that she had numerous bags from places such as Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Dillard's, Neiman Marcus, and Target. Her room was a wreck, too.

"Why are you wearing a dress?"

"Because this is the land of the free and the home of the brave."

I didn't really have anything against her. It was her mother that I didn't like, but she was starting to act like her.

"What happened with college?" I asked with an attitude.

"College isn't for everybody. Just like football isn't for everybody," she said as she walked over to one of her shopping bags.

"You have a point," I said as I leaned against the wall.

"You can sit down. I know my room is fucked up, but don't act like you're too good."

"I'm good up against this wall," I said as I looked at the bags.

"Well, as you know, I am a professional booster. It ain't no secret. I am good at what I do, and it's not illegal until my black ass gets caught, so, until then, I am getting to the money. This is America, and there is so much money to be made. My kids go to school wearing Gucci, and I'm not speaking of that fake shit either. I can put you down, and you can make some money, too. I will let you do the easy part, and that's taking the merchandise back and getting gift cards."

"No, thanks," I said as I looked at the ceiling as if I wasn't interested.

"Well, suit yourself," she said as she looked through

her bags. "Oh, yeah. I was sorry to hear about your daddy, too. It was all over the news, and I'm glad that you and Auntie wasn't in the house when it went up in a blaze. I know you didn't care two rusty nickels for him, but you have my deepest sympathy. If he was my daddy, I would have killed him in his sleep. I wouldn't have been able to put up with all the beatings like you did. You are one tough cookie."

She walked over to me and rubbed my hair.

"I don't care to talk about him, and I don't need your hustle either. I am going to get a job at a hair salon. It's owned by a woman named Mikkos, but she prefers to be called Peaches."

"I know Peaches. Everybody knows Peaches because, if you ever want a total makeover, she's the one to go to. She, also, does make up, and she's very creative when it comes to eye shadow. She can do styles that no one else can do. When people go to her, and they don't know what style they want, she always creates something cute, and they are always beyond satisfied. They don't call her the Hair Doctor for nothing. She does the best twenty-seven pieces."

"What's a twenty-seven piece?"

"Boy, if you're going to do hair, you better get hip to the styles that are out. No one wants to wear a casket sharp hairdo. And what I mean by casket sharp is, no one wants to walk around like they're getting ready for their own funeral. Take my mama. For example, she's so used to wearing those old fashioned wigs. She even wears them to bed. I don't even know what her real hair looks like. I like braids. All I have to do is get up and go. I don't have to worry about any weave itching my scalp, and I don't have to worry about any glue pulling my real hair out, so you better get with the program because there is so much competition in Atlanta. You will be in competition with Tammie. She owns Hair Trapper Studio.

She's a master stylist, and she also does kids and men's hair, too. She's very fluent in weaves, natural hair, and she does makeup as well. One time, she did my makeup, and my own mother didn't even recognize me. She hooked my face up. One of her friends, who is named Big Peaches, often comes in there and livens things up. She is so silly, and she's always telling jokes. I really think that she should go downtown to Uptown Comedy Corner and tell a few jokes with Shawty Shawty. You will also be in competition with Porsche. She's a doll who I happen to absolutely adore. She does hair on the East Side, and she looks like a celebrity if you ask me. She's very pretty, and she keeps her own hair laid. Some stylists will do everybody's hair while their own hair looks a mess, but not her. She looks like money, so she attracts more money. She specializes in weaves, natural hair and in different haircuts, coloring techniques, and she can use the hell out of a razor! She actually cuts hair with a razor. Can you believe that? She's, also, known for wearing custom-made bangles and bracelets. If you see her, you will know it's her because she has a killer smile and a banging body. And I can't forget about my girl Tiffany E! She owns TrendSetters Hair Studio on Candler Road in Decatur. She specializes in all types of hair, and she, also, does the latest popular hair styles. She does makeup, too. She has a cute little girl, and her name is Diamond. As a matter of fact, all of her kids are nice-looking. All of her girls are very pretty, and all of her boys are very handsome. And the ironic thing is that all of her kids' names begin with the letter D. Have you heard of Step?"

"No. Who's Step?"

"Her name is Stephanie, and she can lay some hair, too. She has a salon called Motivations. She's done my hair in the past. She did my hair in styles that only I could rock. No one else could rock them because she was just that good.

She could do a person's hair based off the shape of their head. Those were the good ol' days. I used to make a killing in her shop, selling her and the other stylists my clothes, purses, and shoes. You name it; I had it. It didn't matter what I had for sell. They would buy it because they knew that I had the real deal, especially Lyn. She's a stylist there, too, and she has been in the business for years. I bet she could do a sew-in with her eyes closed. There is also a stud that works in there, too, and her name is Meko. She's short, and she has dreads that she adds color to according to the gear that she is wearing. She is so fly and very sexy to me. She dresses like she has her own personal stylist. She and Michael Jordan should definitely team up because she has every shoe that he has come out with. I used to go get my hair done every week just to see her, even when I wasn't selling my merchandise. There would be times when my hair didn't even need to be touched up. And Step would look at me and say, 'Girl, you ain't foolin' nobody but yourself. We all know the real reason why you come in here three times out of a week.' If *swaggeriffic* was a word, Meko's picture would be right next to it in the dictionary. I would even go to the clubs to see her perform. I still see her out and about when she goes to the Blueflame and Phase One. I don't like girls or nothing, but, if I did, she would be one of the first ones that I would get with."

"Sounds to me like you're a little bi-curious."

"Nope. Not at all. Trust me. If I wanted to be with a bitch, I would be with one, so enough about me. What are your plans? I see your skinny ass in this dress. What's up with that?"

"Well, as you can see, I am going to be a girl."

"Trey, that's easier said than done. You just can't wake up one morning and decide that you want to be a girl."

"I am not judging you, so don't judge me. I am not

telling you how you should clean up this filthy-ass house. I'm not telling you how you should have checked your smart-ass daughter when she disrespected me. I'm not telling you that your mama needs to throw that tired-ass wig away. I'm not telling you that y'all need to go to Home Depot and buy a whole new door. I'm not telling you that you need to buy Huggies, instead of those cheap-ass diapers that your baby is running around here in."

"Okay! Cool! I get your point. I was just trying to let you know that it's not that easy."

"I know that, Kym. I have been hearing that my whole life, but now that I am grown, I can do what I want to do. Can't you see that all I want is to be happy, and, once I have this transition, I will be one happy camper."

*It's My Body*

As Kym's mouth ran like a car motor, I got upset because I had just stressed to her that this was what I wanted to do.

"It's my body," I said. "You don't have to go through what I go through."

So, I assumed that she wanted me to snap on her again about her lifestyle. How could she tell me anything when she was living in filth?

"Trey, I really think that you should sleep on this."

"I've been sleeping on this for thirteen years now. I've been wanting to be a girl ever since kindergarten. I just had a gut feeling, and I am not ashamed to follow my dreams. These are my dreams."

Kym was older than me, and she thought that she just knew everything, but she didn't know anything about the drag world.

"Did you sleep on being a thief and having four kids by four different men? Did you sleep on getting arrested over a dozen times for the same stupid shit? Did you sleep on flunking out of college in the first semester?"

"How could you say all of those hurtful things to me?"

"All the things that I said were the truth, and the truth hurts."

"Well, I only want the best for you."

"If you want the best for me, you'd best butt out of my business— period!"

"Wow! You really want to be a girl, huh? That's cool, Trey. When you turn into this glamour girl, don't forget to shop with me. I will have you wearing the dresses that Charlize Theron wears on the red carpet. I steal nothing but the best, and, yes, I am proud of it," she said as she held up a black and white Gucci silk plissé dress. "I went all the way to the Big Apple for this baby."

"You steal out of New York City, too?" I asked as I took a closer look at the dress.

"I sure do. And I do everything all by myself. I have seen too many people get jammed up going with a group to boost and steal clothes. And I haven't gotten arrested in over three years, so you can call me a professional booster."

"Well, I guess I could," I said as I went to go find Mama.

Mama and Barbara were talking about old times in that nasty-ass living room.

"Do you want me to come back and pick you up later?" I asked as I held my nose.

Auntie Barbara was cooking chitterlings, so the whole house smelled like shit.

"Yes, that's a good idea," Mama said. "We have a lot of catching up to do. As a matter of fact, you can pick me up in the morning."

"You're kidding me, right? Mama, I know you're not about to sleep in this house."

It didn't do any good for me to pinch my nose because those pig intestines was something serious. I felt like I was about to throw up. I walked over and hugged Mama and kissed her.

"I love you, Mama," I said as I walked to the door.

"Your mama knows where she comes from. You're the one who's acting all high and mighty," I heard Auntie

Barbara say as I closed the door.

"Fuck this nasty-ass house and your ass, too," I said as I got in the car.

I turned the radio up and listened to my favorite song. "I'm Coming Out" was just the song for me. I envisioned myself on a stage, singing this song to millions of people. I had on a sleek cashmere Gucci dress. My hair was hanging down with spiral curls on the end. My make-up was flawless, and my diamond accessories matched the custom-made diamond Gucci heels that I had on.

I decided to stop by Peaches' shop and let her know that I was old enough to work in her shop. When I pulled up, all eyes were on me as I popped the lock on the Acura. I walked in and noticed that she had moved her station all the way to the back, so I strutted my lanky ass down the red carpet like I was at the Emmys. I felt all kinds of harsh stares as I walked by, but that would be something that I would have to get used to.

"Hey, boo," I said as I went for a hug.

"How are you doing?" she said as she styled her client's hair.

"I am better than ever, and I am ready to work. You said, once I turned eighteen, that I could come work for you. I am going on nineteen now."

"What all do you know how to do?"

"I learned how to do a sew-in by watching video tutorials on YouTube."

"YouTube?" she asked as she stepped back and looked at me like I was crazy. "That's not good enough, so what you can do is be my shampoo assistant and watch me do hair. This is more hands-on than watching someone on the damn internet."

She was finishing up on her last client, and she was

about to close up her shop. I paid close attention to how she styled and curled her hair. When she was done, her client looked like she was a celebrity. She locked up her shop and looked at me and said, "You'd look a lot better if you would just take some growth hormone pills."

It was nice to have someone give me some advice that I could use, for once. I appreciated that she didn't judge me.

"So, what are growth hormone pills? I thought that I could just go to the doctor and get a bigger booty and some breasts added on."

"Child, please! You don't have the slightest idea. Where did you get your information? On YouTube? I see now that I am going to have to school your young ass. If you're going for the girly look, you have to look like a girl. I mean you're very pretty, which is a plus, but, if you want an ass like mine, you'll need to take some growth hormone pills."

She stood up and lifted up her apron, so I could see her derriere. *Nice*, I thought.

"Now, to be honest, I think that you should look on the internet and find out the best pills to take. I have a very personal question for you. Are you going to be a she-male or are you going to get your penis removed?"

"I am going to be a one hundred percent woman," I said as I snapped my fingers. "I am not going to think about the surgery because something about it might make me change my mind, but I will go on the internet and find out the best growth hormone pills to take."

"Good luck," she said as I left.

I couldn't bear to let Mama stay the night at that house. I could, at least, get her a room at the hotel up the street. When I got there, everyone was outside. I mean the whole neighborhood.

"What's going on?" I asked as I walked up to Auntie

Barbara.

"Your crazy-ass daddy! He came and killed your mama!" Kym screamed out the door.

"He what!" I yelled as I fell down to the ground.

"Kym, shut up! She's not dead," Auntie Barbara interrupted. "She's lost a lot of blood, though."

"What happened?"

"It all happened so fast. I was in the kitchen putting some hot sauce on my chitterlings and, the next thing I knew, she was saying, 'I'm sorry.' When I turned around, I saw your dad, and he said, 'You're already dead to me, so this won't hurt one bit. Your neck with my razor from ear to ear, I will spilt.' I dropped my plate with my coleslaw and chitterlings and ran to her, but it was too late. I wish that I could have helped my sister. She's my oldest sister, and she's been there for me all my life, and I couldn't even save her in my own damn house. He cut her neck from ear to ear, but she's going to make it because, according to the EMS, he didn't hit any major veins or arteries, and he didn't cut her deep enough. I saw him as he ran out of the door. He didn't even look like he used to look. He cut his dreads off of his head. It looked like he had just taken the scissors and cut his dreads off one by one. He was wearing a big overcoat. He looked like a bum. His jeans were dingy, and he had on a pair of brown Timberland boots."

"Well, where is my mama?"

"She's on the way to the hospital. Trey, I know that we're not the best of friends, but please be careful because he said that he's coming for your gay ass next."

*That Bitch Cynthia*

I was dressed to kill as I put on a skin tight orange Chanel dress. It had a split up to my thigh, and it showed my long, pretty legs. I made sure I put on two dick tucks so that my big ass dick was well hidden. She was going to be so jealous when she saw me looking like money. I couldn't see why she was so mad at me anyway. She had a big house, and she had married her high school sweetheart. Jayson was the type that would be seen somewhere on the side of the road getting a ticket because he loved to show off his fast cars. He didn't care what the speed limit was. His parents had money, and he had let every government official know that. His parents practically ran Wall Street.

I had to find out myself just how much on the down low that he was. Chris clearly said that Ronnie had been fucking him since the tenth grade. I wondered if Cynthia knew about her so-called perfect husband's boyfriend. He was a fucking faggot, and I would prove it to her.

At first, I was going to be cool with her, until she humiliated me in front of Mama. That was a day that I would never forget. And poor Mama, she just sat there watching her two kids go at it like two crazy people off the streets. Mama had raised us both with manners and values, so we knew better. I still didn't know how I would act when I saw her. I just wanted her to see me when I was dolled up. I wanted her to know that she was not the only one who could look like a pin-up centerfold. She wore Red Bottoms, but I

would make sure that she saw me wearing Chris's Rainbow Bottoms. They were much more comfortable and the different colored stripes under the heels were a major plus. I could wear those bad boys with anything. By the time I left her, she would have had a taste of Trey's fever.

I was ready to go, and so was Frank. He had on a black Armani suit with a red shirt and a black brim with a red feather on the side. He, also, had on a pair of Chris's Rainbow Bottom loafers. He looked like a crime lord. He looked like he was down with the mafia.

"You look like a pimp," I said as I watched him put his gun in the holster.

"Are you ready, my sweet thing?" he said as he grabbed his keys off of the dresser.

"I am as ready as I can be. Oh! And I want to drive," I said as I grabbed the keys out of his hand. "This will be a day that that bitch Cynthia will never forget," I mumbled under my breath as we headed for the door.

He turned on the alarm and locked up our house. It still hadn't dawned on me yet that I was living in a mansion. I had so much shit going on right then, and I didn't know whether I was coming or going, but I knew I would feel a lot safer when I saw Daddy in his grave.

I popped the lock on the Range Rover, and Frank, being the perfect gentleman, walked over to the driver's side of the truck and opened the door for me.

"Here you are, my princess," he said as he opened the door.

I adjusted the seat and fixed all the mirrors. Then, I let the sunroof back and turned on the radio. I was listening for Miss Sophia who was on V-103, but I didn't hear her voice, so I changed the station. I liked listening to her. She was so funny to me. I especially loved when she used to do the drum

roll with her tongue. She was something fierce on the radio. I couldn't find Miss Sophia, so I put in Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive".

All the while, I was listening to the hook. I couldn't think of nothing but surviving Daddy and his crazy-ass ways. I'm not a bad person, and I don't wish no death on nobody but Daddy. He had made my life a living hell for almost twenty years.

Frank was getting in the groove and moving to the song. *He really loves me*, I thought. He was jamming to the rhythm of this song. I took my time and drove the speed limit because I wanted each and every soul to see that I was pushing a new Range Rover. Frank had replaced the snow tires with twenty-four inch Asanti chrome rims. Atlanta was the type of city where everyone wanted to be a celebrity, just because they could wear knockoffs. When I was in high school, I used to look at the girls at my high school, wearing their fake Louis Vuitton and Gucci. I wished I could see them now and let them know that I was wearing the real shit. And I could show them the price tags. I kind of felt bad for not shopping with Kym, but I didn't want any hot clothes. I wanted clothes that were exclusive.

I drove like I was driving Mr. Daisy, considering that Frank was sitting in the passenger seat, looking like an extra from the movie *Hoodlum*.

"I can't wait to meet your sister," he said as he put the song on repeat.

"She's a piece of work," I said as I exited the highway.

"Well, if she's anything like you, I can't wait to meet my new sister-in-law."

Frank had no idea that Cynthia and I didn't get along. I was just merely going over to her place to show her that I was a diva now, too. And he was in for a treat if he thought

that I was going to talk nice to her.

When we finally arrived on her street, I slowed down even more, so her sophisticated-ass neighbors could get a glimpse of me. My hair was pulled back in a bun, and the eyelash extensions that I applied were extra long and extra thick. I had also applied rainbow eye shadow that made my Chanel dress stand out. There was nothing anyone could tell me. I looked and felt like a million bucks. I parked the truck next to her Mercedes Benz C-Class, but it didn't have nothing on the Range.

"Stay right there," Frank said as he got out of the truck. "I will open the door for you."

He walked around and opened the door for me. I saw Cynthia and Princess looking at us through her bay windows. When we walked to the door, she opened it wide and welcomed us both in.

"Hey, sis," she sarcastically said as she locked the door behind us.

After Frank took a seat, Princess jumped in his lap. He gently rubbed her head, while I remained standing. I wasn't about to sit down and neither was Cynthia. We just stood there, in the center of her living room, and stared each other down like we were about to wrestle. I observed her from head to toe. She was wearing a white tank top, a pair of LisaRaye fitted jeans and a pair of Red Bottoms. She looked at me from head to toe. First, she looked at the blue contacts that I had in my eyes. Then, she looked at my breasts and smirked. I lifted my leg up a little for her to see the Rainbow Bottoms that I had on. I knew that she was familiar with them because Chris was known nationwide.

"You look good," she said as she hugged me.

"I know I do," I said as I turned around for her to see the booty pad that made me look like I had the perfect ass.

“Too bad all that shit will go up in flames if I strike a match to your ass,” she said as she slung her hair out of her face.

She had a razor cut bob, and I knew that she’d had it done by Porsche. It was slanted, and, every time she moved, her hair had so much body and bounce to it.

“And it’s too bad that you have to go sit in a salon all day to get your hair done, while I was born with mine.”

“Don’t forget to add the balls that you were born with,” she said as she looked over at Frank.

“Oh, trust me, bitch. He knows all about me. He’s a real man. I have a mansion that makes this house look like a tool shed. I have several cars that I don’t have to worry about paying a car note on. I can hop on a plane and go anywhere I want to go, so you can keep all that sassy and smart shit to yourself. And where is your man?” I said as I looked around, after seeing no sign of Jayson. “Did your man finally get tired of listening to you and your bullshit?”

As soon as I said something about Jayson, she instantly changed her tone. She grabbed me by my hand and walked me to her formal dining room. *I did not expect this*, I thought as I sat down. I was enjoying the back and forth confrontation that we’d had going on.

She looked at me with tears in her eyes and said, “Trey, Jayson hasn’t been home in over a year. I think something has happened to him.”

She was serious, and I felt sorry for her. I never wanted to take jabs at her or make her feel bad, but she was the one who had started this rivalry in the first place. I knew that she needed me now more than ever. Mama was still in a coma, and she needed someone to talk to.

“I am here for you,” I said as I put my hand on hers.

“I feel so much better, and that is good to hear coming

from you, considering how I talked to you last time you were here. Trey, I am hurting, and I didn't mean any of those things that I said to you. And what we just said to each other today — let's just squash it."

Then, she stared at her picture of President Obama and Michelle as she reminisced about Jayson and herself.

"I remember when he brought this picture home. We said that we were going to be the bi-racial Michelle and President Obama. In the beginning, he came home every night, and he was even running my bath water. He would add the right amount of oil, and we would make passionate love in my tub. He even cooked for me, making me gourmet meals that I had never even heard of. What the fuck is a Fogo de Chão? And it was so funny to me that he would cook and listen to Diana's Ross's "I'm Coming Out". And, then it was like, he changed overnight. He started going to clubs that I'd never ever heard of. He went to a club called C.S.A. I had never heard that club being advertised on V-103, so I asked Daddy to do some snooping because Jayson wasn't coming home at a decent time like a married man should. He wasn't having sex with me anymore, and he had started verbally abusing me. Can you believe that he had the nerve to ask me if he could fuck me in my ass? I was tired of shopping, and I was tired of being home alone, so I told Daddy that I wanted him to follow Jayson and see what he was up to. And I have never heard from Jayson ever since. I have been getting strange letters, and I have been worrying so much."

I wanted to tell her that her man was on the down low, but that just wasn't the time. I was more interested in the strange letters that she had received.

"Trey, I know that we are not like we were coming up, but I need and love you. You're my only brother. I mean, my only sister," she said as she smiled.

"I love you, too, Cynthia and I never wanted us to have bad blood. I want us to do things together. I love and need you, too," I said as I started to cry.

"Trey, I think that Daddy is behind's Jayson's disappearance."

"When was the last time you talked to Daddy, and, Cynthia, why did Daddy do that terrible thing to Mama?"

"I don't have a clue, but I don't think that Daddy would do that to Mama."

"Oh, yes, he would. I have the proof. He left a letter in the house and told Mama that he would kill us both."

Then, I stopped to think that C.S.A meant *Club Same Attraction*. Jayson was hanging at the same gay club where I was hanging out at.

"Trey, I was all for helping Daddy capture you, but, then, I found out about Mama. And now, Jayson is missing. I don't know what to do."

"What do you mean 'capture me'?" Cynthia, Daddy wants to kill me. There is no simpler way for me to put it."

"Daddy told me that he wanted me to lure you here and then he was going to take you back to Jamaica with him."

"So, you thought that that was okay? Cynthia, look at me. That man does not care for me. If he sliced Mama's throat, he will cut my head off."

"Trey, we need to stick together. Daddy is losing his mind. He cut all his dreads off, and he looks like a bum on the streets, but he is lethal, and no one knows that about him. Trey, Daddy wasn't only a football player. He was in the navy, too, and he knows how to kill with his bare hands. He knows how to survive on the streets. And he is blending in with the bums who roam Downtown Atlanta."

"Well, it would make sense for you to lure him here. Then, we can have Frank kill him."

"Trey, are you suggesting that we kill Daddy?"

"Why not?" I said as I looked at my long, manicured nails. "Look at what he did to our poor old mama. She loved him with every bone in her body. She didn't deserve any of this. If anybody deserves a punishment like that, it's Daddy. He is running around Atlanta looking for me. I saw him one night when I was hanging out at a gay club downtown, but I ran out so fast that I didn't give him a chance to get me. I will not run from him all of my life, though. Cynthia, if you know where he's at, you need to turn him in to the police."

"Trey, you know that our daddy don't give a damn about the police. He's Jamaican for crying out loud."

"You're right," I agreed as I thought back to the letter that she said she had received. "Where is the letter that you received? I want to see it."

"I'll go get it," she said as she walked to her room.

I stared at the picture of President Obama and Michelle. They looked so happy together.

"She is one fine woman," I said as I admired the white gown that she had on.

I was sitting in there, thinking about how I hadn't been able to get dramatic and animated with Cynthia like I had anticipated, but I guessed it wasn't necessary since we had sort of buried the hatchet. I think I'd gotten under her skin. Besides, we looked like twins, so there wasn't too much more that I could say to her.

When she came back, she sat at the table and said, "Be careful. The perfume is funky."

The envelope was just like the one that I had received when I was in Miami. It had no return address, and the handwriting was the same. The fragrance was the same. I opened the letter and it read:

*Wrong Man, Wrong Plan*

*I thought that you were my man and that you had my back,  
But you were soft, and I found out where your heart was at.  
The men at the bar put you in your place.  
Right then and there, I knew that we both needed some space.  
You had a side to you that I knew nothing about.  
That's why, when that strange man saw you with me, he began to  
shout.  
I knew something was wrong when you didn't want to kiss me,  
And I opened my eyes, and I began to see  
That you didn't want a "she"; you wanted a "he",  
And our love could never be meant to be.  
I thought that it was me, but it wasn't my fault.  
Now, my heart is locked away from all other men like a vault.  
I don't even know which man that I can trust.  
You hurt me so bad, now all I want to do is go out and lust.  
How could you do this to me? How could you do this to us?  
On the day we met, I should have had more to discuss.  
You didn't have to prove to me and act like a man  
Because you were the wrong man with the wrong plan.  
I saw all of the signs, but I just couldn't believe  
That you had this shady low down shit under your sleeve,  
But you didn't look gay, nor did you act gay.  
It was something that made you that way.  
I don't have anything against them because that's what they do,  
But you were my man and my heart was all into you,  
And what about our son that I gave birth to last year?  
Well, I won't ever allow you to come near.  
I see you when you're acting as happy as can be,  
But did he tell you that we were both HIV?*



**AND PLEASE CHECK OUT ANTOINETTE'S  
PREVIOUSLY RELEASED BOOKS:**

*\*DADDY'S FAVORITE POP*

*\*MARRIED: SNEAKY BLACK WOMAN*

*\*WHITE COP, LIL' BLACK GURL*

**AND PLEASE STAY TUNED FOR ANTOINETTE'S  
UPCOMING BOOKS:**

*BLACK-OUT ON BANKHEAD*

*WOMEN R DOGS TOO!*

*I'M BI WHY LIE?*

*TREY AND HIS DNA (SEQUEL TO I'M A DRAG, NOT A FAG)*

*I WISH I WAS RAISED (MY LIFE'S STORY)*

*MY FATHER'S SEED (SEQUEL TO DADDY'S FAVORITE POP)*

*MARRIED, SNEAKY BLACK MAN (SEQUEL TO MARRIED,  
SNEAKY BLACK WOMAN)*

I really hope you guys enjoy my Straight to the Point Books!!

**Purchase this and other  
Straight to the Point Books at  
[www.straighttothepointbooks.com](http://www.straighttothepointbooks.com)  
[acansing2000@yahoo.com](mailto:acansing2000@yahoo.com)**