

Miss Teen Trans

Part Two



Deena Gomersall

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Miss Teen Trans

Book two

By Deena Gomersall

The house phone's bell resonated through the Bailey household. It was Saturday morning, the day after Joe's 'date' with his best friend Matt. It was a little after eight o'clock and a harassed Mrs. Bailey, Joe's Mom, answered the phone.

"Yes. Hello?"

"Good morning Mrs. Bailey, or should I call you Shelley?" the Chirpy voice of Miranda Hopwood inquired. "I'm on my way over to your house from my hotel. Is she ready?"

"Nearly, I was just finishing helping with his makeup."

"NO, Shelley! You are finishing *her* makeup Your daughter is transsexual; she is a SHE. You need to start getting that right from now on," the young former Miss Teen America winner firmly berated. "Oh, and it's pretty hot outside, I think she should wear something light and airy, that blue print summer dress and a pair of flats should be ideal."

Shelley put the phone back down in annoyance. “You had better get a move on, B.J., that little madam is on her way over,” Shelley stated to her non-transsexual son.

It was ten minutes later that Miranda showed up at the Bailey household. She was wearing an airy summer dress and flat shoes for comfort and when Joe was deemed ready to leave his house, he was wearing similar clothing.

“So, may I ask, what are we doing today?” Joe inquired of the young transsexual as politely as he could as they got into her car and Miranda set off.

“Sure, Cathy. We are going to do some girly bonding, I want you to take note and follow how I act, how I present myself, how I communicate with others; we can go shopping, get a meal out together but first we need to call at a medical centre where you have an appointment.”

“An appointment?” Joe asked questioningly. “What kind of appointment do I need in a medical centre?”

“Don’t go fretting, it’s all above board. It’s all part of you now representing your school as Miss Teen Transsexual and being a competitor in the States competition. You are going to be a busy girl so we need to ensure you are healthy, give you some energy shots and such,” Miranda answered matter-of-factly.

Joe wanted to know what the ‘and such’ meant but instead he just recoiled at being referred to as a girl. “I’m a guy, I am not a girl,” he retorted. “I may have to play out your stupid game but that does not make me female.”

“You entered a competition specifically for transsexuals; a transsexual is a person who feels they have been born into the body of the opposite gender.. You were born in a male body which means the opposite to you is female. Declaring yourself transsexual means that you feel that you are really a girl trapped in the body of a male. Is that not correct? As such, you wish to become female using corrective surgery, live as a female and be referred to as female. We have been through all of this before, Cathy. You know the penalty for making a false declaration on a legal entry form, don’t you? So, are we now clear on this?”

Joe folded his arms moodily; needing to do so underneath the false feminine mounds that tented out the dress he was wearing. “Yes,” he said with a glower.

“Good girl,” Miranda replied with a smile.

Parking in the medical centre lot, Miranda led Joe into the waiting room and saw the receptionist. They had a ten-minute wait before a female nurse came out and called for Miss Cathy Bailey.

“Here we go,” Miranda said, getting up first and prompting Joe to go with her. She then led the unwilling young man into the room.

The nurse was an attractive woman in her early thirties with a pleasant smile; she bade both Joe and Miranda to take a seat before reading instructions on her monitor screen. She then started by taking Joe’s blood pressure, temperature and several other procedures, tapping the results into the computer.

“Okay Cathy, everything is normal and I have documented all of your vitals. I now just need to take some blood samples and give you a few injections and you are free to go,” she announced.

Joe hated needles and looked away as she inserted the needle into his arm, warning him of a sharp scratch, then filled several vials with his blood. The nurse then used a syringe to give him a shot in his arm and one in his bottom, embarrassing him to the core as he had to lift the hem of his dress and reveal the lacy black panties he was wearing.

She then wrote out a prescription, telling Miranda that the medication she had prescribed could be picked up at the centre’s own pharmacy.

“I’ll see you again in two months time for a check-up,” the nurse said to Joe with that same friendly smile.

Joe’s backside felt sore as he followed Miranda out. He had a small wad of cotton wool taped to his upper arm where he had received his shot and another just under the bend of his arm where the blood samples had been taken.

He was surprised when Miranda received several boxes from the pharmacist and had them placed into a paper bag.

“What are all of those for?” he asked as they were leaving.

“It’s your daily medication.”

“Why? The nurse gave me a clean bill of health,” Joe challenged.

“You need to start taking daily doses of oestrogen and anti-androgen pills,” Miranda calmly informed her ward.

“What! Fuck that. I’m not stupid. Oestrogen!? That’s female hormones. Its one thing making me dress as a girl, but I am NOT gonna becoming one. That was never in the contract. And what the hell are anti-androgens?”

“Kindly desist from swearing, Cathy; that is not at all ladylike. Taking female hormones does not change your sex; you need surgery to do that. The hormones will simply help in your appearance, they will give you secondary female characteristics, better smoother skin, silkier hair...”

“And tits. They develop tits, I’ve read about it,” Joe spat.

“Yes, they do... but only to a moderate size and there’s a lot to do with genetics. It would reflect on your Mom’s size and you will be taking them only up to the state competition so there’s not much chance of any significant development. When you stop taking them, your body will just revert back to normal.

“Anti-androgens will help reduce the levels and slow down the effects of testosterone that your body is constantly manufacturing; you are too manly to be a true transsexual and we need to show the pageant that you *are* indeed transsexual.”

Being told by Miranda that he was ‘too manly’ helped to pacify Joe’s anger, his male ego felt placated. “Yeah, I guess I am way too manly for this stupid competition.”, he agreed, “Like my Nan used to say, you can’t make a silk purse out of a sows ear.”

Miranda chuckled to herself on how stupid this boy’s ego was.

“Just so long as you don’t try turning me into a girl,” Joe then added. “Remember, I never signed an agreement for any of this feminising stuff so I could take you to court for damaging my body.”

“Yes, that’s true, you didn’t sign anything. Your Mom did that for you,” Miranda then returned.

“What!”

“At the school meeting yesterday your Mom was told she needed to sign a consent form on your behalf for us to carry out whatever feminising procedures we deemed necessary.”

Joe now recalled the look he had seen on his Mom’s face; it was a look of guilt. “I can’t believe she would do something like that,” he responded, feeling betrayed.

“Don’t be harsh on your Mom; she had no choice if she was to keep you all from serving prison time. Now I reckon we just have time to go get a Starbucks, then we have an appointment at a beauty salon,” Miranda informed him, cutting off further debate.

After enjoying a cold drink and a bun at a café, Miranda drove her ward to a beauty salon which had been contracted to work on the winners of Miss Teen Trans in the city for the last ten years.

“Why do I need to go to a beauty salon anyway?” Joes asked. “I have already had my hair done, ears pierced and these stupid long nails put on. I’ve shaved my legs and arms like I was told to do. What more could there be?”

“My my, you are quite the little questions mistress today, aren’t you?” Miranda merely giggled without supplying any answer.

The salon that Miranda took her charge was much larger, more spacious, and more professional looking than the one that he had gone to near school. The staff all wore uniforms that bore the salon name in embroidered lettering. Miranda had a brief conversation with someone who looked like they might be the manageress and then Joe was led to a swivel chair by a station.

Over the next forty minutes Joe’s hair was washed and lightened, he had his legs waxed and a second

set of piercings in his ears plus his navel pierced with a belly bar that featured a sapphire.

After his ordeal he asked the reason for having the second set of piercings. “Well, these days lots of boys have started having both lobes pierced. We don’t want you looking like a boy, do we?” the technician replied chirpily.

He looked dismally at his new finger nails which were longer and more pointed than his previous set and had colourful nail art. No male would have such things.

“Can we go home now?” he asked in an almost pleading voice, wishing just to hide away.

“Go home? Hell no, We haven’t even had a coffee yet. Is there a good Starbucks or a Costa in this town?”

Joe recommended a place on Mall Road. Once there, the pair each enjoyed a salted caramel Mocha but his day was still not over. Miranda couldn’t be out for a day without doing at least some clothes and accessories shopping. And so a clothes shop was next in line.

Had this been, in any kind of way, a normal day, Joe would have been in his element. Walking around with a stunner like Miranda and being seen with her would make him feel proud and other guys jealous but not when he was dressed the same as her. Instead he did his best to hide his face from anyone in close proximity.

Joe and Miranda left the Mall with him wearing a pair of white, 3” wedge heeled sandals and carrying a bag that contained a new leather miniskirt and a top plus an eyeshadow pallet, new mascara, liquid eyeliner and a lipstick. He was grateful to be dropped off, at last, outside of his house.

“Right, young lady, you have the next eight days free with your school being closed for Spring Break. I will be driving home to spend time with my fiancé but that does not give you a break from being Cathy. I want you dressing each and every day, okay?”

“You seem to have done a reasonable bit of research online about gender dysphoria in your attempt to fool your school colleagues. Now, in your

free time I want you to do full research into the subject in order to be able to do talks and presentations at schools, colleges, various group meetings and circles, as stipulated in the entry form you signed for being the trans representative of Belmont County.”

“I have to go to schools and colleges! Dressed as a girl?” Joe wailed.

“Yes, it was all part of the agreement in winning your title. As well as the schools and colleges, you will be doing talks on trans awareness, acceptance and issues facing trans people in modern day society at women’s circles, gender groups, Trans Ohio’s youth and family support group and trans Ohio Transgender peer and support groups. The more you do, the more talks made and the more places visited, the more you have under your belt when it comes to the Young Trans State Competition. Your activity in presenting trans awareness will go a long way in your chances of winning the state competition. You are going to be a busy busy girl from now until the end of August.”

Joe groaned but what choice did he have? He opened the car door and exited Miranda’s car, remembering to do so in a ladylike fashion. Various neighbours who saw him getting out of the car gave him looks and nods of appreciation for his looks and his attire. Those were people who normally gave him glares of disapproval.

“Don’t forget these, Cathy,” Miranda reminded him, handing him his shopping bag and his bag of medication from the medical centre. “Your Mom will ensure you take your pills daily and she will let me know if you fail to dress as female. I will see you again after schools re-open on the eighth of April.” With that, Miranda drove away. At least Joe wouldn’t have her dominating him for a week.

That evening Joe sat watching television, dressed in a girl’s top and jeans and still wearing his makeup, alongside his Mom.

A local news channel was showing the filming he was featured in; receiving the Belmont High Teen Transgender Award at his school and showing his meal out—definitely *not* a date—with Matt. He cringed at how girly he looked and he blanched,

knowing that the entire neighbourhood would now think he was really a transsexual.

A few streets away Matt sat with his dad, Frank, watching the same programme and thinking that now everyone he knew would believe he was gay or something, having a girlfriend who was really a boy. How could things be worse?

“I must say, B.J. makes a really convincing and quite attractive girl. I never would have believed it,” Frank’s voice broke into his son’s thoughts and deep-seated humiliation.

Back at Joe’s house and within five minutes of the programme finishing, the first of a great many phone calls kept Shelley almost glued to the receiver for the rest of the evening. They were mostly from family members wanting to know if what they had just watched was true. Shelley had no other choice but to say it was.

“Where’s my game console, Mom?” Joe asked on Sunday morning.

“I’ve put it away somewhere,” came the reply from Shelley.

“Eh! Why? I want to play a game on it.”

“Well, that’s tough because you will be using your tablet for the next week, researching all about this transgender awareness thing. I have had specific instructions from Miranda and she has left me a couple of pads to write down lots of notes.”

“That really sucks. I’m on school Spring Break; I had lots of plans of things to do over the hols, not to be sat down doing even more lessons. It’s bad enough having to wear all this feminine crap in my own home when I’m not even at school. I mean, who can even see what I wear?” he asked, referring to the girls jeggings, a Parma violet-coloured knitted top and pink anklet socks with a frill trim that he was wearing.

“And you are also representing this young transgender awareness movement for your county so

you need to research until you have the subject down pat,” Shelley pointed out with a no-argument tone to her voice.

Joe was snacking on a few rounds of toast as he wrote down notes just after midday when his Mom called him to the house phone. “It’s your lovely friend for you,” she informed him.

Joe made his way downstairs and picked up the receiver. “Hey Matt, buddy. How’s it hanging? Oh, hello Lacy. How’re things?”

“Mom and Dad wondered if you would care to join us for Sunday dinner again,” Lacy asked, “They were super impressed that you won the competition and were hoping you could regale them all about the day and how you felt.”

Inwardly Joe groaned. He felt as though his best friend Matt was being replaced by a geeky girl. No way did he want a girl as a best friend. But to accept the offer would allow him to escape from all of the stupid research on stupid people who wanted to be the opposite sex.

“That sounds swell, Lacy. What time should I come?”

The meal was scheduled for around four o’clock but Joe had been invited to arrive any time before then. The walk itself took a good forty minutes and he arrived at number 201 at a quarter to three.

Once again on seeing Lacy’s mom, Dana, he couldn’t help thinking what a beautiful woman she was. He felt a stirring when she greeted him to her home with a friendly embrace.

“It’s lovely to see you again, Cathy, and well done on winning your school’s competition,” she congratulated.

As last time, Joe found himself sitting in Lacy’s bedroom until being called down for the meal. “I love those jeggings you are wearing, Cathy, and your ankle socks are so pretty,” Lacy complimented.

“Th...Thanks. I got these from a cousin of mine I rarely see. She brought me a bag of stuff this morning, washed and ironed. Mom thought I should wear

some today. I've had a whole bunch of family coming forward since the programme aired last night."

"I think it's just splendid that all of your family are embracing your decision to transition and are supporting you. Sadly, not all families do," Lacy remarked.

Joe thought how unfair it was that his family all did support him when he was not truly transgender whilst those who were often frozen out from their extended families; sometimes even by their own parents. It made him think a bit.

Dana called the teenaged pair down once the dinner was ready for serving. Just like the previous weekend, Joe really enjoyed the meal. His own mom wasn't a bad cook but Dana had extra culinary skills.

"We watched your programme on television..." Dana informed their guest as they ate dessert. "Your boyfriend seems like a really nice, well-adjusted boy. I think it is so refreshing for a young person to be able to accept another for who they are. Have the two of you been dating long?"

Joe began wishing that he could just evaporate. How humiliating it was to think everyone thought that he and Matt were an item... that he was GAY!

"Oh, uh, Matt and I have known each other since we were ten. I guess it just developed from there," he responded, feeling his cheeks glowing.

Dana smiled at the reply. "It must be an immense help and comfort knowing you have the strength and support of such a loving boyfriend. I thought it was touching when you kissed so affectionately at the end of your date. You make a really nice couple."

The reminder of being kissed by Matt nearly had Joe throwing up. It wasn't in the least bit affectionate; he had his face screwed up the whole time. He felt like telling Lacy's Mom that it was that big lug of a friend who had gotten him into all of this mess in the first place.

After the meal Lacy suggested they go back up to her room where they could brush each others hair and play around with makeup before running him home again. Joe blanched but in fear of giving himself away as a fake and having Miranda take action,

he went along with her suggestion. Lacy's hair was thick and a bit frizzy; once she had taken it out from its usual bunches, he sat behind her to run a brush through it several times. Once done, Lacy gathered it back up in a thick ponytail.

"Your hair is still quit short but I bet that Madge could create quite a nice chick style for you," Lacy suggested as she then ran the brush through Joe's own growing, shoulder-length locks. Lacy then backcombed his hair to give it some volume.

After the hair, Lacy wanted to experiment with eye makeup which meant she had to remove her spectacles. For the first time, Joe noticed that Lacy had quite nice eyes, much like her Mom's though she had to squint a lot to see what she was doing. She showed Joe the perfect way to do eyeliner and to create flicks from the outer corners of his eyes to create the appearance of longer lashes.

It was seven-thirty when Joe finally returned home, with all kinds of unwanted feminine information buzzing around in his head. But whatever he was shown from now until the competition at the end of August, he had to fail whilst trying to show he had been really trying. He was already being forced to endure twenty-two weeks of dressing as a girl. No way was he going to win the State competition, then endure a further sixteen weeks to the Miss Teen Trans USA competition.

It was Wednesday morning, the third day in a row that Joe had sat, searching the net and writing what he believed were the most relevant things on the subject of Transgender. He quite honestly had no idea how much stuff was out there or just how many people identified as being different from the sex they had been born in or how many, worldwide, had changed their sex through surgery. He had believed there were possibly just a few hundred and he was astounded by how many looked like regular men or women and how different they looked after a year or so of Hormone Replacement Therapy.

He had read through a number of journals and notes written by people who had transitioned about the derision they had faced, how they had been ostracised by so many, shunned by their families; tormented, teased and jeered. Yet, bravely, they had

gone ahead to try become what they felt they should have been born as. Some hadn't coped so well and had taken their own lives.

And now he realised that he and Matt had been amongst those bigoted bullies and he began to feel sorry for what he had said and done to the likes of Adam Spencer and Corey Wyatt. He was deep in thought as his Mom entered the room.

"How's your researched going, Cathy? I've brought you some cheese and pickle sandwiches and a drink, plus your pills," Shelley stated as she came into the room, breaking his reverie.

His pills! He had been taking them for the past three days and each time his Mom had watched and made sure they had gone down. There were no instantaneous alterations to his body which he had initially feared, but why did he have to take them at all?

Okay, he had started to feel some empathy with Transsexuals... but he was not one of them. "Mom, don't you think it's wrong that I have to take these?" he asked, "I know I signed forms stating I was transsexual but everyone close to me now knows that I am not. These will change my body, make me girlish," he complained.

"You are taking them to make yourself more passable-looking for the competition. There will be some there that may have been on hormones for years. Personally I don't agree with it but my hands are tied legally. You saw to that. But it's only for a few short months, honey, so there won't be any major changes. Any changes there are will go away once you stop taking them."

Joe sulked at her words. "Can I call Matt and have him come round? He can help me research. I mean he is officially a part of my support team."

"No, you will concentrate better on your own. If you get all this done, you can see him on Saturday," Shelley stated, putting her foot down.

Where Joe normally would have laid in his bed until almost midday on a Saturday, he was up and ringing Matt's number at nine-thirty. He hadn't seen his friend in over a week, the last time being when they had been filmed having their meal out at the restaurant.

"Let's do something today, hang out in one of our favourite places like the devils stadium or down by the creek. I'm bored out of my mind, buddy."

There was a pause before Matt even spoke. "So, where you been, bro? I haven't heard from you since last Friday. I know you've been hanging out with Lacy... again."

There was something in Matt's voice that warned Joe that he was pissed off. "I've had to do a whole load of internet research all this week. As for Lacy, I've only seen her once. I had to go to her house for a meal again last Sunday."

"You had to?"

"Well, yeah. I have to form these impressions, remember?"

"Yes, of course I do. *We* have to, which means if we meet up today, then it has to be seen as a date. I am supposed to be your boyfriend and I can't be taking my date to the Red Devils stadium or down to the creek."

Joe sank in dismay. "Okay, so we go wherever, I guess," Joe suggested. He really wanted to just do something boyish.

"You'll have to come out dressed as a girl. That's the rules and we will have to hold hands. Miranda insisted on that." Matt stated.

"Do you think I don't know I have to dress as a girl, Matt, even in my own home? I guess I can put up with holding your hand... but there is to be NO kissing, okay?"

"Ugh! Like I even want to. You are still a guy, dude," Matt responded, pulling a face.

Their 'date' ended up being a walk through the local park and hanging around the playground. Matt insisted upon, and took, Joe's hand in his as they walked.

Joe felt his face getting hotter in embarrassment. "You don't really need to hold my hand all the time you know. Who's going to see us here?" he snapped.

Matt, however, was more concerned than Joe about the possibility of ending up in a young offenders' institution. "You never know. It's what we have been told we have to do and just holding hands doesn't really hurt, does it?" Matt replied.

It was just as well that Matt was sticking to the rules they had been given. Miranda had returned to St. Clairsville that morning, ready for the school re-starting on Monday. She had booked in at the Microtel which was in close proximity to the Memorial Park and she was out jogging when she spotted the pair. Rather than approach them, she decided just to observe them for a while.

Joe and Matt stopped to light up cigarettes, then continued waking.

Also in the Park that day were a few members of the Belmont High's Red Devils football team. They also saw Joe and Matt walking together, holding hands.

The team's quarterback, Chad Atkins looked at his friends. "I honestly never believed that Bailey was truly transgender or that, all this time, Harrison was his fuck buddy," he stated. Chad didn't have the same negative views that Joe or Matt had; he was just greatly surprised that the school's biggest bullies seemingly were gay and one even wanted to be a girl.

After their walk in the park, Joe and Matt walked down the road to the Pizza Hut. Joe had to go into his purse to pay for his own Pizza. "Some date this is, making the girl have to pay," Joe jested.

"Holding your hand is one thing but I'll only go so far," Matt spat back with a grin.

Joe stayed in the following day even though it was his last day off before returning to school after the

Spring break. He received a call from Lacy. She wanted to know if he wanted to come over to her house again but he didn't want to go there to become habit forming so he told her he was still working on research.

Monday, Joe turned up to school wearing a short-sleeved cotton top with a logo, skinny jeans and girls flats that had a pointed toe and worn without socks. None of what he was wearing could ever be described as boys wear or anything a boy would be seen dead in.

Matt had called at his friends' house so that they could walk down to the school together. Everyone who caught sight of them now believed that the terror pair really was a couple. It left both boys wondering just how they were ever going to return things to normal once Joe's year as the Teen Trans Queen was up.

Already there at the school was Miranda; she was having a meeting with school principle Henry Phillips, along with gym teacher and Teen Trans competition coordinator, Vanessa McKay.

Miranda had organised for several pieces of equipment to be delivered to the school during the school break and she was instructing Vanessa in what she wanted to enforce Joe to do on a daily basis. She also informed Principal Phillips on what she had witnessed at the park on Saturday. "I think they are both getting it into their heads that we are not playing games here," she stated, "but Joe is still a long way off from where I want her to be, come August."

Principle Philips said that 'Cathy' could use the team he had built again to help gain support locally and do some canvassing around Belmont.

Miranda stated that she believed that 'Avril' Spencer's family could be watching Joe's every movement, trying to catch him out. They had not taken their trans daughter's losing to the school thug lightly. She suggested that the school staff stay vigilant in ensuring Cathy was always turned out as a girl and that 'she' spend lots of time with 'her' girlfriends and equal time going out with Matt. The two should always be hand in hand. She wanted to encourage them to be seen administering loving kisses to each other.

Between his school lessons, Joe was called down to see Miss McKay who was waiting for him in the school's reception office.

"You wanted to see me, Miss?" Joe asked politely.

"Yes Cathy, follow me." Vanessa led Joe outside and walked towards the sports and training fields where Joe saw that a beam of wood supported on sturdy legs had recently been built. The beam was about a foot off the ground and was around approximately eight meters in length.

"Miranda wants you to use this beam three times a day for durations of around thirty minutes."

"And this is for...?" Joe questioned.

"It is to help with your posture, balance and poise. It will also strengthen and tone your leg muscles. I want you to start off by just walking from one end of the beam to the other, then start over again. By the end of this week I should be able to see you walk the full length, turn around on the beam, then walk back, without swaying or falling off. Now follow me, Cathy."

Vanessa led Joe down to the gym where a further new piece of apparatus had been installed. It was another balance beam but this one was a metre high and it had curves rather than being a straight structure.

"You will progress to this beam, Cathy. Same thing again, though you should be able to now turn at the end of this beam to walk back. After a week gaining your balance on this, you return to the lower beam on the field but you will practice while wearing small heels. You will continue progressing until you can walk on this beam wearing three-inch stilettos."

Joe looked at the gym teacher aghast. "What! I'm calling bullshit, Miss. I can't possibly do that; I will fall and break my neck."

"I think you can. An hour every day, steady progression is what Miss Hopwood has ordered for you. She has, apparently, had a number of competitors she has mentored who have all successfully completed the training. It will also be good for your physical fitness. Now, let's return to the field and you can start your first twenty minutes."

Joe was far from pleased but he had little option but to comply. At least for his first two weeks he was allowed to use the beams wearing girl's flat shoes.

Miranda came along to watch Joe's performance on the low beam in the afternoon. Joe was wobbly but he was managing to stay on, which was an improvement on the two previous sessions but his leg muscles and Achilles tendon were aching badly.

"Not bad, but rather ungainly. By the time you are trained you will be able to flow across the beam, head up and looking forward, body straight and graceful," Miranda told him.

"Is there any real point to this?" Joe asked her.

"Indeed there is. The way that you walk and hold yourself is very important when the judges are scoring, I want you able to strut your stuff like a catwalk model come August.

"I also want to move you into wearing high heels every day. Since the competition, you have been getting away with just wearing girls flats but in order to give you great poise and a shapely ankle, you need high heels and you need to learn to walk perfectly in them."

"High heels! Every Day! No, I'm not doing that. I'm... I'm a guy. It isn't right. How many girls my age wear nothing but high heels? Many never wear them," Joe reacted, raising his voice in protest.

"Kindly keep your voice down, Cathy, I don't shout at you and, as I have told you before, I cannot abide raised voices. You will wear heels every day. Do I need to remind you, once again, of the consequences? You will start by gaining your balance on the balancing beams. Once you have achieved that, you will start over by walking the beams in kitten heels. I eventually want you walking steadily and elegantly in four-inch stilettos. Don't tell me you can't, Cathy. You can and you will," Miranda told him firmly.

In spite of his attraction towards his mentor which he thought was wrong with her being a former male, Joe believed he hated her more than anyone he had ever disliked.

"I will leave you in the hands of Miss McKay; she will be supervising your advancement. Don't go mak-

ing any plans for Saturday. You and I will be going shopping... for high heels," Miranda warned him before returning back to the school and leaving the troubled young man to continue training on the beam.

For the remainder of the school week, Joe had to continue attending school in female clothes, of which his wardrobe had grown remarkably from family donations, neighbour donations, school colleague donations and clothes sent to him from Beth, Matt's sister. He had to continue applying makeup each day, painting his nails. Three times daily he practicing walking on the beams, often watched by other school students. By now all of students in the school, barring Matt, believed he was truly transgender and had made a true statement of intent that he wanted to change his sex.

On Saturday, rather than giving him a chance to lay in, Miranda was at Joe's home early morning, raring to go.

"Wear a nice floaty dress today, Cathy. Today is about showcasing your legs and showing you how heels will make them look slimmer," she insisted as Joe tried putting on his makeup.

She even looked herself to see if there was anything suitable in his room for him to wear. Over the past two weeks, Joe's wardrobe and drawers had seen his male clothes replaced by female ones, his originals being stored away. Miranda eventually swapped the dress his Mom had selected for a two-piece electric blue skater skirt and peasant blouse combo and suggested two-inch heeled ankle boots to go with the ensemble.

Helping Joe to tidy his hair into a feminine style, Miranda then added a silver brooch hair comb on the right side of his head that matched the large hoop earrings he had been given to wear.

Joe was dreading his visit to the Ohio Valley Mall, hoping he would not be recognised as a male in very feminine attire. It was his first visit to the mall since



the television programme. What he didn't expect was public recognition. St. Clairsville was a small city of around 5,000 and its people were always interested in any of its citizens being newsworthy. As such, he and Miranda were frequently stopped by people who had watched the programme. It was no better in the shoe store, where assistant Bethany also recognised him.

"Oh my word, you are that trans girl from the other night. I think you are so brave to transition and you look so pretty!" she cooed, "I'll be at hand to help you with anything you need."

Inside, Joe was dying. He didn't want babes like Bethany seeing him as a male-to-female transsexual. He hated how people were recognising him and thinking he really was transsexual. How would he ever live all of this down after the State competition? He would have to get his Mom to move to another town, even, perhaps, out of Ohio.

The first requirement was for Joe to have his feet measured and sized for a perfect fit. Even though he was wearing a blouse, skirt, makeup and the heeled boots plus the obvious protrusions on his chest from his padded bra, Joe felt shamed by having the pretty sales girl seeing his red painted toenails as he took off his boots. Bethany, however, didn't think anything of it.

"You need to try on and walk in each pair of shoes that we purchase, Cathy," Miranda broke his thoughts. "If any of the shoes pinch you or feel uncomfortable, let me know and we will try a different pair. Put on each pair of shoes we choose and walk around in them for two minutes. This will be enough time for you to feel if they are causing you any discomfort."

Miranda took time educating Joe in how to properly walk in the heels. "Remember, honey, wearing heels will cause you to take a different approach when walking because of the new angle at which it places your legs and feet. I want you to try taking a step forward, starting with your heel and rock all the way forward to the tip of your toe. Repeat in your head two words with each step just to remind you. Heel, toe. Heel, toe. Heel, toe. Okay? Eventually, you

will develop muscle memory to walk comfortably and easily in the heels.”

Joe informed Miranda that with some of the shoes, he could feel his feet slipping forward which crushed his toes at the front of the shoe.

“That’s okay, Cathy, we can rectify that by buying you some gel heel pads. They will stop your feet from sliding forward and support your arches, making them much more comfortable to wear,” she informed him.

“Don’t feel as though you have to endure pain from wearing heels. You should feel free to just slip out of them when you have the opportunity. All women do. It will allow you to just stretch out your foot muscles and give them a chance to breathe a little. Flex your feet and rotate your ankles, maybe give the underneath of your feet a little rub.”

Joe watched as Miranda demonstrated, slipping her own pretty, nylon-clad foot from her shoe and sensuously massaging the underneath.

“Now let’s try out your walk. Shorten your gait and, for a more attractive momentum, let your hips swing in small, sideways figure eights,” she instructed.

As the day progressed into the afternoon, Miranda wanted Joe to imagine walking on different surfaces when wearing heels. “On cobbles, take smaller steps and walk the heel to toe. Try it. Now, if you are walking on grass, put your weight on one foot at a time and walk toe to heel. Take it easy walking up and down stairs. If on narrow steps, walk with your feet sideways and use the support of a banister or railing.”

Miranda then had Joe practice by wearing a pair of slim stilettos and walking up a stairwell to the store’s next level and then back down. Finally he had to imagine that he was walking on a thick pile carpet. “Walk in a straight line, then walk in a criss-cross motion, placing one foot in front of the other,” Miranda again instructed, using her wealth of knowledge.

They had been in the store for three and a half hours and had selected a variety of stiletto-heeled

court shoes in various styles; platforms, sling backs, ankle straps, wedge heels, a pair of knee-high boots and bedroom mules in a variety of colours. Bethany, of course, was delighted to make such a big sale and arranged for the footwear to be delivered to Joe's home address.

"If I don't see you before, good luck in the State competition, Miss Bailey," she wished as Joe and Miranda finally left the store.

"You've done well today, Cathy. Come on, I'll treat you to a burger and shake," Miranda offered with a smile once they were outside the stall.

"Would it be okay if we just went home if there's no other place you intend to take me?" Joe almost pleaded.

"Why? Is there something you have planned?"

Joe hung his head in defeat. "No. It's just that I can't take much more of this. This having to act and dress as a girl, everyone thinking I'm transsexual. Couldn't it just be over? I've learnt my lesson, I really have and I understand about transsexuals now."

"I'm sorry, Cathy, but in winning your school competition, you have obligations now. You have a whole lot of appointments starting tomorrow that you have to be committed to. I'm sorry but I don't have a lot of sympathy for you. You tried to sabotage something that means a lot to me," Miranda told him candidly.

Joe felt like bursting into tears but he couldn't do that. That would be unmanly.

"I really am sorry for what Matt and I did and I really do understand so much more from all that I've read on the internet," he told her sincerely.

Miranda couldn't help herself; she pulled Joe in and gave him a hug, stroking his hair with her hand. "It will get easier for you, honey. It's all new at the moment and it's a big change. I'm glad you can better empathise with transsexuality now and what you have learnt will stand you in good stead for tomorrow when you do your first talk at the Ohio State Girls Circle.

Joe looked down, resignedly. He didn't want things to 'get easier.' He didn't want to get used to

any of this. Even though he was now more empathetic about the subject, he was a normal boy. He wanted to act and dress like a normal boy but there seemed no way out.

The following morning, Joe did wear a dress. He was giving a talk on trans awareness to a girls circle that met to discuss issues women face in society.

Wearing a lilac-coloured shirred waisted and flounced hem dress that fell to mid-shin and a pair of smart matching 2.5" heeled court shoes and his legs freshly depilated, his face lightly made-up with day colour eyeshadow and pale pink lipstick, Joe looked very much the image of a young trans female.

He felt nervous as he was introduced to an audience of just over forty people but he had his presentation written down in front of him and he did his best to speak clearly and confidently.

"Ladies, thank you all for coming along today. My name is Cathy Bailey and I am the recent winner of Belmont High Teen Transgender. I am here today to talk to you about the issues and stigmas that still surround transgender people in today's modern society," he began.

"Gender dysphoria is a serious and persistent condition, psychiatrically distinguishable from other issues of gender-expansive expression or confusion, or sexual orientation that may normally occur during childhood or adolescence..."

And so Joe continued; he captivated his audience and highly impressed Miranda who sat to one side listening intently.

"And so I ask, is it right that trans people should be beaten to death in the street, that their families should shun and turn their backs on them? All because they had the misfortune to have been born with a mind that did not fit with the body they were born with? Thank you for listening everyone. Are there any questions that you would like to ask?"

The pair stayed around to have snacks and to chat. During a quiet moment together, Miranda was able to praise her charge. "We will make a trans ambassador out of you yet, young lady. Well done," she congratulated.