



*Reluctant Press*

# The Diary

Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PITTS

**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# THE DIARY

By Deena Gomersall

10/15/84

Where the hell do I start this thing? I bought this diary today, October 15th, at my doctor's request. He wants me to make any relevant entries so that they can be reviewed and studied, if needed. I got one of these kind of diaries, the sort without any actual printed daily dates so that I can put in my own dates when I put in each entry. I don't really think I'll have too much to put in, anyway.

Now, where to start. I think I will begin by telling who I am and about my problems. I'm Melvin Chambers, Mel to my mates. I'm twenty—nine years old. I was born on April 15th, 1955. I am married to Shirley. We now have three children; Ben who is six, Daniel who is five, and our lovely daughter Carla, who's two.

I'm not really good at writing. It's not something that I do a lot of. I prefer just having a drink with the boys at the bar down the road and have a game of darts. Maybe even shoot some pool. I'm good at darts. Good enough, in fact, to be on the local team. I'm drifting from my main purpose.

Well, as I said, from here on I will be putting down anything worth putting down. I hope to God that I don't really have to use this book.

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I have been talking to Shirley and she thinks that it may be a good idea to write down all that has gone on, so far. Maybe that way, I'll see where I have gone wrong... or rather what I am doing wrong. I'll try and remember everything.

The thing is, I suppose I'm a typical, possessive male. I am very jealous and domineering where Shirley is concerned. I do really love her, I just don't always know how to show it. I'd have thought that making love to her regularly would prove my love for her, but she says it's too much love making. She feels I only use her for my own satisfaction.

I like to make love to her as soon as I get home from working at the Factory. I'll also make love to her as soon as I get home from drinking with my friends. We make love three, sometimes four times a night. Hell, it isn't like I'm playing around. I love Shirl

and only Shirl. I've always got a hard—on first thing in the morning, but she always complains when I wake her. Which, of course, leaves me feeling frustrated.

I do give all my love to her. There's nobody else. I don't want anyone else. I loved Shirl the moment we met. I was nineteen, and she was only seventeen. We were married by the time I was twenty—one.

I really do love her. I can't get enough of her. I'm always ready for a quick roll in the sack. I always assumed she would be too. I mean, I thought that all women enjoyed being fucked!

Of course, we've had our rounds. Like she says—I never take her anywhere special or take her along for a drink with me. I know that she wouldn't enjoy being in the dingy, smoke—filled bars that I frequent. Besides, I would be concerned about any of the guys trying to hit on her in there. Anyway, who'd be looking after the kids if we both went out?

I guess I understand that she feels tied down to the house. Trapped, so—to—speak, especially now that we have our kids at such a dependent age. I don't know too much about looking after kids myself. I leave that to her, as they are better off with their Mother's discipline.

One thing that Shirl doesn't understand is that it's important for me to keep going down to the bar and get my darts practice in. I mean, I'm good, but there are some really good players on our team. I never seem to be selected when we have a really big game. I have to practice to secure my place on the team.

I think it's the team Captain that... Sorry, I'm getting off the point... or maybe not.

The thing is, after a hard days work I'm stressed out, hungry and irritable. The kids get on my nerves. So I go out, get away from them, it's a release. Shirl doesn't understand. She's always in the house. She doesn't work, well, apart from a bit of tidying up and cooking meals... you know, women's stuff.

I need to get out because things started to get bad about nine months ago. Whenever the kids wound me up, I began spanking them hard and making them cry. Of course, Shirley leaped to their defense. She'd call me all kinds of names. So, I'd swipe her a few times, too. I would always end up feeling remorseful afterwards, and would try making it up with the kids by buying them candy. I would make up with Shirl by loving her between the sheets.

Shirley has been complaining that I'm too rough in our love making... too aggressive. She can't keep up with my sex drive. I told her that she was just too frigid. I recommended that she ought to go see the doctor and find out just why she had very little sex drive. I also suggested she ask the doctor if he could offer anything to perk up her sex life.

Anyway, things weren't getting any better between us. I was getting more irritable, especially when she denied me sex. I suppose of late, I've been beating on her a little more now than I did before. Even worse, I've become overly strict with the kids. They seem to hate me being in the house.

Why have I got all of these problems? It isn't me who has a problem in bed and yet it's me who every body seems to blame. Anyway, Shirley said that she was prepared to go see the doctor about her low sex drive as long as I went and saw him about my aggressiveness. I agreed... you know, to please her.

Well, we've now been to see the doctor. What a waste of time! The top and bottom of it was that he sided with Shirley. He said that I was being too demanding. Christ, I thought it was a man's right to have sex with his wife. Who the hell does he think he is? I bet he isn't being deprived... or perhaps the jerk is gay, or something?

He also suggested that my temper and violence could be connected to what he called, an overly strong sex drive! How can that be? I'm no different from any of the guys at work.

Anyway, he's given me these tablets to try and slow me down a bit. You know, make me a little less stressed. He said that I should write down all the times that I want sex, if I hit Shirl or the kids, or anytime that I loose my temper. Shirley on the other hand, was given the all—clear. Nothing wrong with her. It is apparently perfectly natural not to want to make love four times a day. If she really loved me then what's wrong with her having sex with me? Sometimes I wonder if she really does.

It's all right placing all the blame on me, but perhaps I would not need to have it so often if I felt fulfilled after we had done it. I'm not blaming Shirley. She is real good. Well, she used to be when we first married. Now she just doesn't go wholeheartedly into it anymore.

Maybe we need marriage counseling more than some crackpot doctor. I mean, I do love her, but does she really love me? She turns me on so much that I could go again even after I've shot my load. I just don't feel satisfied or fulfilled. Is it really me?

Well, there's my background. I've perhaps gone at length, but I did say I'm not one for writing. I love my wife and kids and I don't want to keep fighting with them. If there is something wrong with me, then I just hope that these tablets will help and I don't have to write too many things in here.

**10/21/84**

Well, it's happened. Don't ask me how, but I went and hit Shirley again last night..I suppose it comes down to my having drank too much, but the main issue is I came home feeling randy. I began petting her and she pushed me away. She told me to leave her alone, as she wasn't in the mood. She said something about having had a hard day with the kids. Well I kind of just flipped. I felt rejected by her. I really didn't mean to hit her. I just wish I could sort my head out.

**10/24/84**

No, I haven't been violent or anything. I just thought that I would make a note that after the other day, Shirley has made me yet another appointment. This time, I'm to go see some top consultant who apparently is an expert in my sort of case! I wasn't at all aware that I had a sort of case, let alone, need some expert advice.

I had better go anyway. Shirl is really serious. She says that unless I go, our marriage is over. I really believe she would leave me and take the kids with her. Well, at least she thinks enough of me to want to try and save our marriage.

**10/30/84**

Who pays those bastards? They get four times more money than I can earn and just talk a load of crap for it. I'm referring to this so-called expert I went to see today. If anything, all he's done is make it worse between Shirl and me.

This consultant guy talked a load of crap to me. I didn't understand half of what he was telling me. He used all big words and medical terms. Sure, he's clever. He has a University degree, but that doesn't mean he should try making us ordinary folk out to be simple. I do remember him saying I have some kind of chromosome disorder. He termed it as a flaw in my genetic make up, and it was this that caused me to have this craving for sex without having any satisfaction from it. How did he know I never felt satisfied after sex?

He said he wanted a private consultation, just me and him in two days time. He ran some tests on me today, blood samples and things like that. He wanted to see me as soon as he could receive the results back from the lab. Well, as long as he can put me right and save my marriage.

**11/03/84**

I am still in a total state of shock. I have had to wait until today to write what was said at the consultant's yesterday. I knew something was wrong the moment I walked into his room. He began by telling me that he had found the answer to my insatiable sex drive, the reason why I demanded too much sex from my wife, and why I was so often irritable and short tempered.

He repeated that he believed that I may have a chromosome disorder, a flaw in my genetic make-up. Still, I couldn't do with all of his scientific mumbo jumbo and told him so. I asked him just to get straight to the point.

"Mr. Chambers, the reason I gave you the tests was because I believed that you could possibly be the wrong gender. I believe that you should have been born a woman," He told me.

I looked at him incredulously. "WHAT! Are you trying to tell me that I'm one of those Transvestulists, or something?"

"Transsexual," He corrected. "In a way yes, that is what I thought could be the reason."

"But that's absolute rubbish. I have a high sex drive for my wife doctor... not some bloke. I am not homosexual and I definitely don't get off on wearing women's under clothes."

"The wearing of women's garments is Transvestitism, Mr. Chambers. Being Transsexual does not automatically mean that you are gay but that you have the mind, feelings and emotions of one gender whilst in the body of the opposite sex."

"Yeah, and what I have read of it, these people feel like women feel that they are in the wrong body. Sorry Doc, I have no such feelings. You're way off your mark," I told

him, feeling humiliated that he should even consider that I was one of them Transvestulists.

“Anyway, you said that's what you thought, didn't you? So, you've done your tests and you've found that you were wrong, right? Well, I think you owe me an apology.”

“Mr. Chambers, if you will please give me the chance,” He stated firmly. “Yes, I have done the tests and yes you do have a chromosome disorder, but that is not the half of it. I have also done research into your medical background. Have you ever heard of Ambiguous Genitalia?”

“No, I can't say that I have,” I replied, calming down a bit.

“Ambiguous Genitalia is a medical condition that starts in the womb. Sometimes some babies have a mixture of both male and female chromosomes... or, a hormone imbalance if you like. Too much or too less sex hormone imbalance. This condition affects maybe a thousand babies a year. The babies are, too all extent, Androgynous. They are neither fully male nor fully female.”

“Whoa right there, Pal,” I butted in. “I can tell you I'm all male and I have kids to prove it. If I may say so myself, I'm well hun...”

“Mr. Chamber's, please,” the doctor admonished me. “Let me finish.”

I quieted down and listened to what he had to say, though I still regarded him as a total idiot and I planned to have words with his superiors later.

“The babies are neither one sex or the other. There is evidence of both a smallish penis and of an inverted vagina to which the penis could be diagnosed as an elongated clitoris. There is evidence of testes, though very small, and there is no uterus.

At this early stage of life, the parents of the child have an option as to which sex they wish their baby to become. In most cases, after much soul searching, it is decided to raise the child as a girl. A uterus can be fashioned, and a vagina created in the same way as Gender re—alignment patients have now. The clitoris is shortened and the child is given female hormonal treatment to aid it in growing to womanhood. At the right time, the hormones will then begin to develop breast tissue. The only thing that cannot be done is for the subject to conceive or give proper child birth, though these days it can be achieved by artificial insemination...”

“Yes, Yes, Doctor. That is all very well but it obviously did not happen to me, so can we get to the point?” I demanded, becoming agitated and perhaps a little nervous in what he was trying to tell me.

“Yes, Mr. Chambers, I am trying to get to the point. Like I said, parents had a choice. Modern science tests can be made to better determine the stronger sex of the child... which it is closer to. When you were born a choice had to be made.”

“So, you are saying that I was born one of these... what did you call them?” I asked, panic beginning to show in my voice. I was becoming increasingly agitated.

“You were born with Ambiguous Genitalia in 1955, Mr. Chambers. I have it here on file. It was your father, Frederic, that chose you to be a boy. Your mother had believed because you looked so pretty that you should have been a girl.”

I demanded to see the files for myself. It was all there, a full documentation of my birth, of the tests and of the decisions that were made.

“...Bu—but, they never said anything. They never said a word.”

“I'm sorry, Mr. Chambers. I realize that this is a great shock to you. Perhaps we should adjourn until you have had time to absorb what I have said... time to think about it.”

I was in shock, all right. I was weak with it. I was also deeply hurt that my Mom and Dad had never said a thing to me about it. I wanted to leave. I needed to get out of that place... hide away. But there was something I had to know first.

“You said that you had believed I was a trans... what's it? But this isn't the same thing.”

“No, it isn't.”

“So, I'm not like a woman trapped in a man's body, right?”

“No, not in the same context. Like you rightly pointed out, you would have known if you had been. You would be wanting to be a woman, feel like a woman...” I sighed with relief.

“...But, as it turns out from all of those years ago, your mother was correct. There certainly was more female than male about you and you do have several female characteristics present in your body. Surgery was carried out in 1955, following your dad's decision to make you as male down below as possible. You were given large doses of Testosterone, the male hormone which you have a prescription for, even to this day.”

It suddenly dawned on me... my medical condition! That's all that Mom ever said about it. I just took the medication for it... I've always taken it.

“It gave you the virility of a male in later life. Medical science wasn't anywhere as advanced then as it is now. The surgeons failed. For example, to see that you had a small but modified uterus, your body is also capable of producing the female hormone estrogen. This is happening right now, causing an imbalance in your system. Almost certainly, if you ever stopped taking your dosage of Testosterone you would develop female breasts and become proportionately like a female. The natural hormones created by your body would take over.”

“Christ! So I'm on this Testosterone for life, or I start changing?!”

“Well, maybe, in a way. Still, that doesn't solve what is happening to you now, does it? It's this imbalance that is causing your high sex drive and your violent temperament.”

“So what can I do, take larger doses of the male hormone?”

“That would probably serve to make you more violent than you already are, and as it is a sex hormone too, your sex drive will become even greater.”

“So what then?”



Well, I've written down more or less all that was said. I don't think I missed much because believe me, I have been re—living that time over and over again. The words are set in my mind. I can't get rid of them.

So, what now? Well I have another appointment in a couple of days and I am seeing several people to propose the best way forwards for me. I have to take Shirley. It's vital that she goes so she can have her own say. I told her what the consultant had said, but she hasn't really taken it in. I don't think she believes me. I wish I could pretend it wasn't happening. This thing is really scaring me.

**11/05/84**

Shirley and I went this morning to see all the top guys who were interested in my so—called medical condition. I expected Shirl to flip when she realized I was telling her the truth. Instead, she got really interested. The bitch even made some crack about swapping dresses. I didn't find it at all funny.

There was four guys in the room and all backed up my genetic history as I had already been told. I still can't believe it.. I was actually born more girl than boy. That I should have been a girl. If it hadn't have been for Dad, I'd have had surgery and female hormone injections at the tender age of two. I would be a woman now... that's mind blowing. I don't even feel remotely like a girl. I still can't believe that Mom and Dad kept this from me. I've been trying to contact them, but they migrated to Canada four years ago.

One of the doctors, a big nob at Charring Cross Hospital, told me that if I didn't have some kind of treatment, my disorder would worsen and I could become mentally ill. Not to mention the damage my temper could cause to my wife and kids.

This Doctor re—certified that it was out of the question for me to receive even larger doses of male hormones, that it would only worsen the problem I had. If anything, I should cut down on them or stop them all together.

I asked if that wouldn't cause me to become womanly. He said it would. I told him I don't want to be a woman, or even effeminate.

A Doctor Robinson said that seeing as I was intended by nature to have been born as a female, it was now trying to correct the flaw in my genetic make—up. Doctor Robinson was a specialist in his field. He seemed to know all that I had been going through over the last year or so. Stuff like trauma's, aggression, and periods of depression. He said they were all classic symptoms for people like me. Much of what he said, I had to agree, made sense.

“So, what can be done?” I asked apprehensively.

“We could make you as nature intended by Gender re—alignment surgery, such as with transsexuals.”

“I have no desire to be a woman.” I repeated. “I don't look like one. I don't feel like one. Nor do I have any desire to look or dress like a woman. I'm a man for God's sake. Is there nothing else that can be done?”

“What you ought to realize, Mr. Chambers, is that you could be a woman right now. It is only because of some surgery, hormone enhancement, and that you were raised as a boy that you are what you are today,” A Doctor Fredericks from Charring Cross told me.

“But I did have those things and I was raised believing I was nothing other than a normal male... and it worked. I feel like a male. I act like a male. I have a deep voice, and I have a fully functional penis and can make children.”

“But your system is now changing. Pretty soon, something is going to give way,” Doctor Williams, a third doctor stressed to me.

“Is there nothing else?” I asked nervously.

“There are a couple of options,” Doctor Fredericks spoke.

“One is to make you fully female which is what ought to have been done just after your birth. We could take you off Testosterone and maybe even give you minimal doses of estrogen, the female hormone. This is not to turn you into a woman, but to settle down your sexual appetite and quell your violent tendencies and short temper. You could be given drugs and electro shock therapy to try and bring about the same results. You could have brain surgery, removing the reactive parts that cause sex drive and violence.”

I had a choice, but they all sounded drastic to the extreme. Surely, I wasn't so bad. I wasn't that violent. Yes, I enjoyed sex, but so did most men at work. I couldn't even bare the thought of them tampering about with my brain. Would they make me some meek, cabbage like creature?

“If I was taken off Testosterone and given small doses of female hormones, would that make me effeminate?” I asked.

“You wouldn't have the same male drive that you have now. You would be milder in character and..” Doctor Fredericks began.

“No. No. Stop there. I don't want to live the rest of my life like some sissy,” I countered. “What about the drugs and shock treatment?”

“In a way it is like trying to brain wash the ideas from your head, though somewhat drastically. I must add that this treatment fails in four out of five cases, as do most of the others. The only really successful way is ...”

“Don't tell me, Doc, let me guess... the sex change surgery.”

“Well yes, it is, as a matter of fact.”

Shirley astounded me at that point by actually suggesting that I went for that option.

“But Shirl, do you know what you are saying? I would be a woman, no longer your husband, no longer able to make love to you, not being the man of the house.”

“No longer able to make children, Mel. We have our kids. We could still make love and I would still love you. I fell in love with you for being who you are not what you are, and I am already losing that person, the one I married. Making love isn't all about

penile penetration, you know. We could have fun finding new ways. It could save our marriage.”

I couldn't believe that Shirley could have that attitude. She embarrassed me talking so bluntly about our private sex life in front of the doctors.

“No. No way am I going to become a woman. The idea is ridiculous. I'm a man for God's sake and I'm staying as one. If there is no other way then I'll try the shock treatment. I may get lucky for once and be the one exception from the five.”

They agreed to give it a try. They told me that they would contact me with a date for the therapy to begin. Doctor Mallinder, the consultant I had been seeing, gave me some material to read in the meanwhile. I may as well know what is to be known.

**11/18/84**

I've got my first appointment for this shock treatment. It's next week at the local infirmary. Can't say I'm looking forward to it. I'm still not sure what it will entail... maybe just as well as I'm sure I'd never dare go if I did.

I do need to get sorted out, though. I'm trying to compromise with Shirley. We have sex once a night.

Often enough, I try to get her worked up again after an hour or so. Still, she is being very strict and just turns off and goes to sleep, leaving me feeling frustrated.

I've been on the edge of blowing my top several times with her and the kids, but I am trying hard. I really try to curb my temper and overcome it myself without the need of all of this stupid shock stuff.

Most often when I'm feeling short tempered I take myself off to the pub, though I can get into arguments even down there. I accused the darts captain of deliberately dropping me last week. We got into a bit of a brawl about it. The pub manager told me I would be barred from going in if there was any more of it. What was up with him telling the darts captain, too?... He threw the first punch. Perhaps the Doctors ought to turn *him* into a woman!

**12/12/84**

Talk about being depressed. I've been on the shock therapy for two weeks. There's no sign of anything changing, though the doctors say I have to give it time. Give it time? It is torture. I'm not even sure that I can take much more of it.

Things aren't even too good between Shirley and me. Oh! I'm just so depressed. I've thought a time or two about killing myself. You know, getting out of it. Who would miss me, anyway? All I've turned out to be is some freak of nature... No, I've got to be strong, got to hold out. I owe that to myself.

**12/17/84**

I received a letter back today, one I'd wrote to Mom and Dad. It had been opened then returned by way of saying “wrong address”. It seems to me that they don't want to face up to what they've done, though I'd forgive them. I need them by me, right now. I need someone to talk to. Shirley scarcely says a word.