



Reluctant Press

Lipstick Kisses

Emma Weaver



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“Lipstick Kisses”

By Emma Weaver

CHAPTER 1

“Jessica honey, don’t be too long will you? Dinner will be ready in ten minutes!”

“Okay Mom, I’ll be right down!”

Sitting at my small writing bureau, I signed my new female name over and over again, just trying to get used to it... just as I was trying to come to terms with my new body, my new sex... that I was no longer male. It had not been an easy journey, more a nightmare, here is my story.....

The full details of the accident nineteen months ago were still so vivid, so very painful to me; the heavy plate glass store front window breaking, the glass falling... falling and slicing, the intense pain that I felt, the blood that gushed from between my legs, my screams mingling with those of others who were injured, the arrival of paramedics, an injection, then welcoming blackness...

I still recalled each and every day of those weeks spent in hospital, the shock and trauma in finding out that I had been fully castrated in the accident... yet there was still worse to come, news that no boy would want to hear.

Because of the extent of the injuries I had suffered, the fact that I could never again function as a man, a suggestion was made to my parents by the doctors treating me, so that I could still have some form of sex life, full sex-change surgery be carried out on me. The remnants of my manhood were irreparable but could be used to fashion a fully-functional vagina. Strong female hormones would be used to re-shape my body, to give me breasts and a feminine figure, followed by counseling to help me to come to terms with my new gender.

Doctor Krista Morgan, the house surgeon, had said: “Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, I know just what you are thinking... that Michael would be totally devastated if you

gave permission for such an operation to be carried out, but really, if you stop to consider things rationally, what are the options? At least, as a female, your son could still lead a normal life and not be considered a freak.

“I have already taken the liberty of carrying out some tests on Michael and they have revealed that he has a low testosterone count, way below the normal average for a boy of his age and, now that he has lost his testicles, he cannot produce any more. Your son has a very slim build for a boy and his face is somewhat androgynous, if anything more female than male, without any strong masculine features. What I am saying is, from a physical point of view, Michael’s transformation from male to female would be an easy one to make.

“Use of strong female hormones would ensure that his feminization would be very fast and effective and, within just a short period of time, nobody would ever guess that Michael ever had been male. People would see him as a girl and therefore relate to him as one; before long, Michael’s male life would seem like a distant memory, a half-forgotten dream...

“Mentally, it could be a different story. The changing of one’s sex is a very traumatic experience, even for those that feel they are of female gender and have chosen to take that path. But, to have such a major thing thrust upon you, done without your wish or consent... well, let’s just say that, for most healthy young boys, it would be their worst nightmare come true. Any self-respecting boy would cringe at the mere thought of having such a thing done to them. Yet I am afraid to say that, in Kevin’s case, he really has no choice, no choice at all... he is already permanently bereft of his manhood. I urge you both to put your feelings aside, to agree to this, because it is the right thing, the only thing, to do.”

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As I was still below the age of consent at that time, legally still a minor, it had to be the doctors and my parents that made that decision for me. It was my body, my life, but I had no say in the matter at all. How could I convince my parents that I would rather die than become some sissy girl?

Although reluctant, Mom and Dad realized that I would not lead a normal life unless I had the surgery. After a few hours of emotional wrangling, they signed the consent forms the surgeon had drawn up.

They wasted no time at all, there was no point in stitching together my shredded maleness then operating again, some time later, in order to make me female.

As I was being prepared for the operating theater, my Mother, who was sitting at my bedside, said remorsefully to my semi-conscious form, “Please don’t hate us for making this decision, sweetheart. You’ll see, the doctor assures me that, given time, you will adapt. Being female isn’t all that bad you know... and I ought to know, I have been one all my life! Just trust me honey, it’ll all work out alright and, in no time at all you...will...be...”

Mom's words faded away as the anesthetic took full effect. The room began to spin and I briefly cried out, in a very frail voice, for her not to let them go through with the operation. But my words would not form, they were incoherent and, as my eyelids grew too heavy to keep open, there was only darkness, as I spiraled down a long tunnel, deeper...deeper...

CHAPTER 2

When I gained consciousness, I found that both my parents were at my bedside. They both looked exhausted, as if they had suddenly aged ten years.

Upon seeing that I was waking, my Mother smiled lovingly and said, "Hello sweetheart, how are you feeling? Are you in pain?"

I tried to reply, to ask if she had heard me, ask if she had cancelled the surgery, but all that would come out of my mouth was a dry croak; tears of frustration and fear rolled from my eyes.

Mom held my hand and spoke again, "The doctors tell me that the operation was a complete success darling, you will be allowed to return home in ten to fourteen days. We have decided that you can wear some of your sister's clothing to begin with. Then, when you are feeling up to it, we can go out shopping together and buy you an whole new wardrobe of clothes. There are some really lovely dresses and skirts in the stores at this time of year for girls your age. I saw a really beautiful..."

"Mom, no!" I cried, finding my voice at last. "I don't want to be a girl and I am not wearing girls clothes. Don't you understand? I refuse, I refuse to live as a girl, even if they have done the operation. I just won't do it!...and you can't make me, no one can!"

"Oh Michael Honey, like it or not, you are a girl now and you are going to have to live the rest of your life as one. Why fight it, sweetheart? You know that your sisters and I will help you every step of the way. There is so much for you to learn: clothes, hair styles and make-up, how to sit, walk and talk like a female, all the little female gestures and mannerisms that just come naturally to us girls. I've brought you some girls magazines, they will give you an idea of what girls your age are wearing, the latest hair styles and Make-up tips..."

I looked pleadingly towards my dad for his support. "Tell her dad, tell her you want me as a son. You were going to help me become a firefighter like you, teach me all about being a man and how to pick up girls, remember? Please dad, you've got to help me, don't let them turn me into a girl. Please dad, I'm begging you!"

Dad shook his head sadly. "Sorry, but your Mom is right, Son. I know that it's going to be rough, but you have to try. Just do all that your Mom tells you and shows you, for all our sakes! You'll get used to....well, used to new things in time. Please son, just give it a chance..."



I had a visit from Dr. Krista Morgan the very next morning. Pulling a chair up by my bedside, she sat down and looked at the clip board that she had been carrying. Consulting the details on it, she checked her notes.

“Well Michael, I must say you are looking a whole lot brighter this morning than you were yesterday. Are you feeling a little better? Have you been out of bed yet?”

I shook my head and mumbled no, wanting to be left alone to feel sorry for myself.

“Right. I’m here to explain to you just exactly what we have done and how it will affect you. As I know you are aware, your genitals were lost in the train accident. Because of the severity of the injuries, nothing could be done to save them. We all felt, because you were still so young and that your male hormones had not yet kicked in giving you fully masculine features, that you would stand a better chance of leading a normal life if we were to carry out full sex-change surgery on you and turn you into a girl. I can see already how pretty you are becoming.

“The operation itself was very successful and we were even able to save and reconnect your nerve endings. This is what gives you sexual stimulation and so there is no reason as to why you shouldn’t be able to engage in a full, normal sex life as a female.

“Of course, the loss of your genitalia will now prevent you from producing the male hormone testosterone and this, alone, would have prevented you from ever developing male characteristics. To speed up your feminization, we have inserted, under your skin, slow-release estrogens. Additionally, we will also administer regular booster shots of female hormones, the first of which you will be receiving later this afternoon.

“The combination of the booster shots and the chips should work to change your appearance very quickly and prevent you from ever growing masculine facial hair. Your already youthful face, soft skin and slim build will also help make the transition from male to female a very easy one. I feel sure that you are going to make one very pretty girl.”

Looking up, I saw that the doctor’s expression was mocking, a slight smile playing around her full lips. Was she enjoying my predicament?



That evening at visiting time, my Mom arrived along with my two sisters, Charlotte and Rachel, who were both obviously very upset and full of sympathy for me, yet unable to hide their obvious excitement and glee at having their obnoxious and often teasing younger brother reduced to being a mere “sissy girl”, as I used to make a point of calling them. It seemed that I was now very much at their mercy...and it was payback time. Worse, I could tell from both their expressions that they were going to love every moment of it.

“We’ve brought a present along for you Michael,” Rachel told me. “I hope that you like it.”

Reaching into her bag, Rachel pulled out a very feminine nightdress and spread it out upon the bed. I wanted to complain, tell her that there was just no

way that I would ever consider wearing such a thing, but I knew such protestations would be pointless. Also, she seemed very genuine and not as though she had brought it just to humiliate me. I needed the love and support of my family, I certainly didn't need to alienate them against me.

"Uh, thanks sis," I said as she and Charlotte helped me out of the white hospital gown that I was wearing and into the floaty and very feminine nightdress. It's low-cut neckline made the most of what little cleavage I had already begun developing from the hormones I was taking. The neckline was decorated with a thin red ribbon tied into a little bow. I felt myself turning bright red with embarrassment.

If this wasn't humiliating enough, Rachel then produced her cosmetic bag and told me that she would "do" my face for me.

"Really Sis, there's no need," I said, feeling shame and anguish building up inside of me and almost causing me to break out into tears. "I...I'm not ready for any of that yet."

"I really think you should. You're a girl now and will have to learn to put on cosmetics sooner or later. There's no time better than present." This got support from both Mom and Charlotte and so, cringing, I relented and allowed her to start her work.

Soon I was having foundation, blusher, blue eye shadow and mascara applied to my face, along with a deep pink lipstick. "Okay, all finished." She announced.

"There. Now isn't that better? No self-respecting girl would be seen dead without her make-up!" Both girls began giggling at this, obviously highly amused and causing me to wonder if I had been set up. I didn't give them the satisfaction of a reply but I knew that this was going to be just the tip of the iceberg for me, there would be much worse to come.

CHAPTER 3

The days rolled by quite quickly and within a few more days I had begun to regain my strength and was up and about. My dressings had now been removed and, as I lay atop of my bed, a nurse who was called Hannah, used a mirror to show me my new sex for the very first time. The swelling had all but gone and bruising had now faded to just a pale yellowness.

The morbid fascination that I had to see what they had done to me overrode any revulsion that I felt at no longer having a penis between my legs, I was a woman! I really was a woman!

At my young age, I had never seen a real woman fully naked; though I had seen photographs. I could clearly see that I now had a pubic mound with a distinctly female cleft...just like I had seen in those adult magazines my friend Jeff Nolan and I had found in his Dad's garage.

For the first time since the operation, the truth finally hit home. I was no longer a boy, no longer male; this wasn't some silly game, a dream or something that would heal up and return to normal after a while. No, this was all very real and, the truth about it was, like it or not, I was now a woman. I was a female for the rest of my life.

For the first time since that horrible accident and the following surgery, I allowed myself to cry, letting out all the anguish, fear and torment that had been building up inside of me, in great sobs full of pain and despair, tears for the loss of my male life...a life that was gone forever. How could I ever accept myself as some "Pink and Fluffy" air-headed Girl?



The strong female hormones were changing my body at an alarming rate, I had never had a masculine or athletic build but my figure was now unmistakably female; my hips, thighs and butt were more shapely and rounded whilst my breasts, though still small had now formed into fleshy, conical mounds and were still growing. At this rate, I would soon need a bra!

The most upsetting thing happening to me, however, was the changes to my face and hair. Okay, so my face had never been what anyone could ever call masculine or handsome, but now it was becoming pretty, so pretty and feminine in fact, that, even without make-up, I was now to a point where it would be pointless trying to pretend to be anything other than a girl. My hair too, was now in great condition, full of body and shine, hanging long and straight to my shoulder blades. I tried to hide it by pulling it back and fixing it with an elastic band. Mom was having none of it, she had arranged a little surprise for me

Yesterday I'd had a visit from the hospital hairdresser, a young lady called Donna, who had come to work on my hair for me.

“Hi, I’ve been asked to pay you a visit by your Mom,” Donna told me, “She thought that perhaps a new hairstyle and some highlights might just help to cheer you up. I could also shape your eyebrows for you and do your make up, if you’ll allow me?”

I didn’t want any of that doing, I wanted just to be a boy again but knew that could never be. I shrugged in resignation. “Okay I suppose if that’s what Mom wants. I suppose I had better keep her happy...but don’t do anything too girlish to me, okay?”

“Sure, not a problem. Just leave it all to me, you’re gonna look gorgeous!”

Donna began her job and started up a conversation as she worked on me, “Your Mom has told me all about you, Michael. To come out of that terrible accident, only to find that the surgeons had no choice but to turn you into a girl, must have been a real shock to you. How ever do you come to terms with something like that?”

“To be honest, you don’t,” I told her. “I’m trying to seem like I am accepting it just to please Mom, but I haven’t...and I don’t think I ever will. Everything is going to be so much different now. It’s one thing being a girl in here, but how do I become a girl out in the real world? I know nothing about being a girl or living as a girl, I don’t know what they like or dislike, what they talk about or anything.

“I had a girlfriend before my accident but she won’t want me now, will she? I wanted to be a firefighter like Dad but what chance have I got now? I’ll never have a relationship again, no romance for the rest of my life. And what do I wear for clothing? I don’t want to wear yucky feminine things.”

Donna tried to console me as I felt tears of self pity and despair welling up inside me once more. I cried so easily now.

“You may just find that you’ll like wearing ‘yucky’ girls things, I certainly do. As for relationships, you are a girl now, so what’s to stop you having a relationship with a boy?”

“A boy! You have to be joking, I’m never going to kiss a boy, and I’m not like that,” I protested indignantly. “Besides, I like girls.”

“You weren’t like that, but actually, a boy is the opposite sex to what you now are,” she told me.



Whether I wanted it or not, Donna’s visit brought me yet another step closer to womanhood. She had given my already lengthy hair a fashionable “long bob” style, its ends now curling inwards to frame my face, backcombed it from the crown and cut long bangs that reached down to my now thinly-arched eyebrows. My formerly dark brown hair was now several shades lighter and blonde highlights had been added into it, giving it a very feminine appearance.

Donna had also done an excellent job with my make-up. I didn't want to be, nor even look like a girl, but, on checking out my reflection in a mirror, I found it very difficult to find any signs that I had ever been a boy. I fluttered my long dark eyelashes and pouted my full red lips. What a sweet little girl I made. Could I ever get used to this?



I remained in hospital for a further ten days, during which time various tests were carried out on me and my daily injections of female hormones were increased to two a day. A daily Premarin tablet was also added to my diet.

The tests showed that, whilst my body was no longer producing testosterone, levels of any male hormones in my body were now virtually non-existent whilst the levels of female hormones were getting increasingly higher and saturating my body.

The hormones were also continuing to increase my breast size and I was now issued with a plain, white cotton training bra. If wearing a bra wasn't humiliating enough, I was both dismayed and embarrassed to discover that the breast growth I had already developed now easily filled its small cups. It wasn't just breast tissue, either, my nipples had also become swollen and very sensitive. Dr Krista Morgan informed me that this was merely the start and that I should expect my breasts to grow much bigger.

I asked if there was anything that could be done to keep my breast growth minimal but I was informed that, owing to the amounts of female hormones that I had to have, breast growth would develop naturally, an unavoidable side effect.

One day, as I lay in bed, my darling sister Charlotte suggested that, as I was now a girl, that it would surely make sense for me to start using a girl's name. Smilingly, she said, "Look Sis, the way that you appear now, we can't keep on calling you Michael, now can we?"

Of course, Mom and Rachel were in full support of the idea and the die was cast. Various feminine names were all suggested to me, including Rebecca, Michelle, Debra, Emma, Jessica, and, to my utmost horror, Britney!

Mom said, "Okay girls, ease off. It's only fair that Michael be allowed to choose his own female name." Then, turning to me, she asked, "Is there any of those names the girls have suggested that you like, honey...or is there any name that you like of your own?"

I wasn't ready for having any change of name, I liked my own. I knew that any name I may choose would be my new name for the rest of my life. I really couldn't think of any others right then, so I decided it best to go for one that sounded less feminine while still girlish.

Blushing furiously I said, "Well, if I must, then I really like Jessica. If I'm going to have a new name it may as well be one that I like." The truth was, even though it was one of the less girlish names suggested, I really did quite like that name.

“Pleased to meet you, my name is Jessica.” I shivered at the thought of it, I suppose, given time, I would get used to it like everything else.

Mom and my two sisters were delighted, especially Charlotte who had suggested it in the first place. She kissed me and gave me a sisterly hug.

“Good girl,” Mom said. “Now, how about letting your sister’s choose a middle name for you?”

This was not good news and I didn’t see the point. I didn’t even have a boy’s middle name. I was getting wise to the fact, however, that any objections made by me were futile.

After much debate, deliberation and disagreement, my sisters finally agreed upon the name of Marie for me. Mom said that she would see to making my new names legal and permanent that very day. It would take time to go through, but, for all intents and purposes, from that day on, I became known as Jessica Marie Brandon.

The visits from my Dad were few and far between. Mom tried to explain that it was too upsetting for him to see his only son, who he had such high hopes and ambitions for, turning into such a pretty and feminine young lady.

“Please try to understand, Jessica. Your Dad says he still loves you very much but he knows how much this enforced change of sex has upset you and it makes him feel awkward, angry and embarrassed that he is so powerless to do anything to help you.”

“He shouldn’t feel that way, Mom. It’s not his fault that this has happened to me and I know that there is nothing he can do about it,” I answered.

“Well, part of his awkwardness is because, knowing that you hate what has happened to you, he cannot help feeling, as your father and protector, that he should do something to help you. This is just an idea, sweetheart, but if you really want to spare your Dad his feelings, then why not let him think that you are now coming to terms with being a girl, even to the point that you are now enjoying it. That way he will stop feeling like he should be doing something that he knows he can’t.”

“I’ll try Mom, for Dad’s sake, but it’s a lot easier said than done,” I replied.

CHAPTER 4

Well, I finally went home. In a way, it was great to be back in the comfort of my own home, but the thought of having to reveal myself to the world as a girl was terrifying, more daunting still was having all my friends and neighbors see me like this, so girlish had I become.

I had always enjoyed my life as a boy. In spite of my smallish build, I had always excelled at sports and had always played well on the school's football and baseball teams. I was also good on the track events.

Before my accident I had been dating Alison, one of the school's prettiest cheerleaders, for over nine months. She was a real babe and many of the bigger guys couldn't understand what she ever saw in me. Alison had even tried visiting me in hospital on several occasions but each time I had refused to see her. How could I let her see my developing femininity? I was afraid of her asking to see my new sex and ridiculing me, or, worse still, pitying me.

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At just before eleven o' clock, Mom and my sisters came into my ward to collect me. Once again, Dad had chosen to wait outside in the car.

"We have been spending an absolute fortune on new clothes for you Jessica," Mom told me cheerfully. "Your sisters have helped choose all of the latest fashions. In fact, we are going to need a larger closet to put them all in! Charlotte and Rachel have also picked out the clothes you should travel home in, so don't blame me! They won't even let me see what they have chosen, they say they want it to be a surprise."

Turning to my two sisters, Mom then said; "Right, I'm going down the corridor to get a coffee and leaving you two to get your sister ready for going home."

I dreaded what they may have chosen for me and looked at them pleadingly as Mom disappeared down the corridor.

"Just wait until we have finished with you, Jessica dear. The boys will all be taking one look at you and thinking they have died and gone to heaven," Rachel told me.

"You haven't brought anything too girly, have you?" I asked in concern. "Don't forget I have never worn any girls clothes before, except for these panties and nightdress. I'd feel very embarrassed being seen in a dress or anything. Lots of girls wear jeans these days," I said, hopefully.

"Sorry sis. But you need to show Dad that you are fully accepting of being a girl now, like we told him you were. If you went home wearing anything unisex, you wouldn't be giving him the right message. Anyway, the sooner you find out how delicious and comfortable girls clothes are, the sooner you will start enjoying your new life as a girl."

With that, Rachel and Charlotte began emptying a large bag out onto my bed. I had no idea what many of the things were called but I could see that they all looked soft and ultra-feminine. I was not going to get out of this, there was not one item that looked remotely unisex.

As my two sisters began busying themselves dressing me in the new alien apparel, I could feel the little bit of masculine resolve I was still harboring, rapidly slipping away from me.

My new sex was encased in a pair of sheer black lacy panties and a black low-cut under-wired bra followed; the feel of its lacy patterned cups against my soft young breasts made my sensitive nipples harden. Charlotte handed me a pair of sheer pantyhose that she had taken from a pack. I balked at this; I could understand the need to wear panties and of the bra to support my nubile breasts, but pantyhose were just a very feminine item without any real use other than to glamorize a girl's legs.

"I don't need these," I protested, "There's not even that many real girls that wear nylons these days, so why should I?"

"First Sis, you *are* a real girl now. Second, having always covered your legs in long pants, your skin is pale, more so from having spent a period in the hospital. The nylons will give your legs some color. Further, it's a bit cold outside, they do actually keep your legs warm...and they feel nice!"

Again I had no option but to follow my sister's bidding and, after showing me how to gather up the filmy nylon, the pantyhose were drawn up my slim hairless legs and the panty part positioned over my now rounded butt.

Before I had time to dwell on the silky feel of the nylons, a black, figure-hugging skirt also followed up my smooth legs, sending confusing, sensual feelings to my brain as the soft material of the skirt delicately brushed against the slinky nylon of the hose.

A soft, fluffy pink angora sweater was then pulled over my head and pulled down my frame to cling to my feminine figure like a second skin. It had three small pearlized buttons at its neckline and was ultra feminine in every way. I noticed how much my young breasts were now emphasized. I groaned in despair at all the feminine things that were being put on me, and tried to conceal the pleasure I was deriving from their feel on my body. I felt vulnerable and very confused.

My nylon'd feet were then slipped delicately into a pair of black shoes with three-inch heels and slender leather straps that were fastened securely around my slim ankles with a kind of finality.

It was Rachel's task to carefully apply my make-up, a little heavier than she had done previously and in shades that were a bit darker than before. This done, she then lovingly brushed out and styled my long, girlish-looking hair.

When they had both finally finished with me, my sisters stood back to review and admire their handiwork. For once, they both seemed to be lost for words.

When I was allowed to check my reflection in a mirror, I could see why. The wide-eyed creature staring back at me was unquestionably female, her long, luscious eyelashes fluttering across her attractively made-up eyes. The shock of the image caused the girl's glossy, red-painted lips to form into a wide, silent "O".

I staggered back on my unaccustomed heels, the edge of the bed catching me behind my knees and forcing me to sit. In an awe-struck voice, I heard Rachel gasp, "Oh wow, Charlotte, what have we done?"

After the initial shock of seeing the full extent of their work was over, they began talking at once, telling me how pretty I was. It was at that point that Mom returned.

"Have you girls finished with your sister? Oh lord! Jessica?"

Mom stood in a stunned silence before rushing forwards and hugging me lovingly to her bosom. She was delighted with my transformation, which made me feel all the more awkward. I was not ready, might never be ready, to be such an obviously convincing female. It had all happened so quickly.

"Oh darling, I'm so very proud of you," Mom gushed. "Not only have you come through a near fatal accident, you have also come to terms so well with the change of sex that has been enforced upon you, emerging as a beautiful young woman. I may have lost my only son, but I have gained a very attractive daughter, a real heartbreaker. Oh sweetheart, you will have so much happiness being a girl, just wait and see."



Walking down the corridor with mom and my two sisters was an embarrassment. Although I knew that I made a very convincing girl and so shouldn't feel that, everyone was looking at me as a boy in girls clothing and make-up. The unusualness of presenting myself in public scrutiny as such made me feel awkward and very self-conscious.

It was worse still on the sidewalk, outside of the hospital by the main road. I cringed in humiliation when we reached the car and saw Dad's expression as he saw his beloved son for the first time, fully bedecked as a teenaged girl. He looked so sad and I felt like such a disappointment to him, as if this new sex I had been given was some kind of betrayal towards him. We drove the two miles back home in total silence.