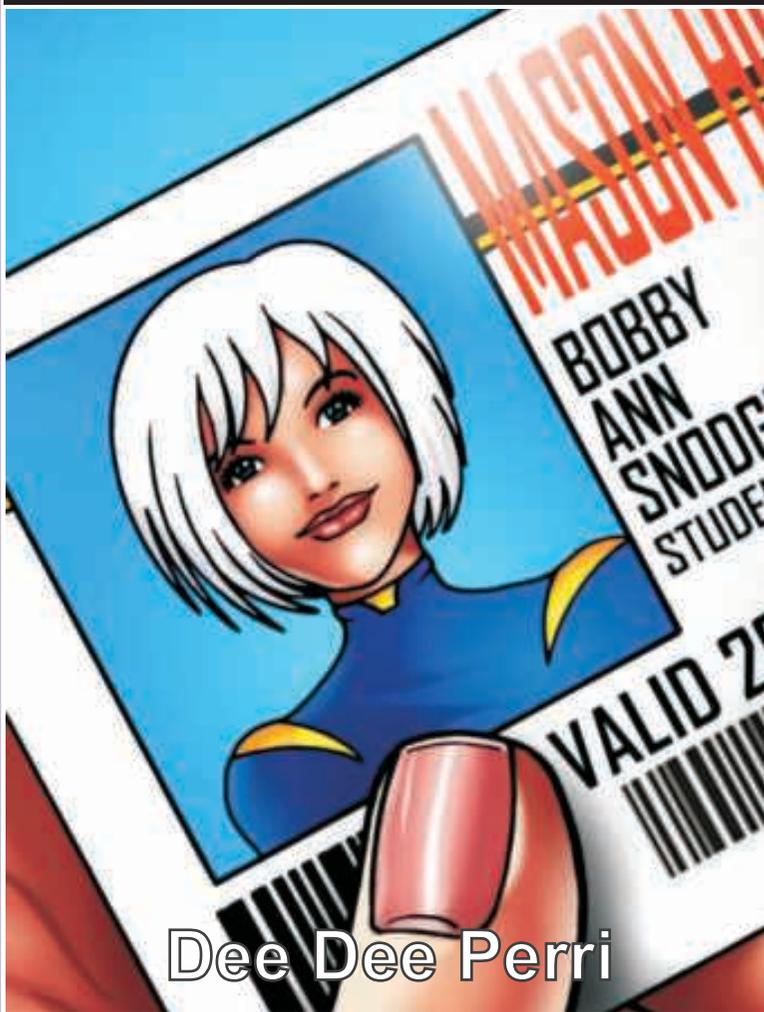




Reluctant Press presents:

SEX CHANGE VIRUS



Dee Dee Perri

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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The Sex Change Virus

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

I'll never forget the day I was told that I was NR-positive. I'd turned eighteen in January and I'd already made up my mind to join the Marines as soon as I graduated: the end of school and the beginning of 'real' life. Dad was dead set against me doing so but I was of legal age and that meant he couldn't stop me. I never liked school, period. I lied to my dad telling him about the program the Marines offered, a promise to help pay for my college education once I completed at least three years of service time.

That wasn't the lie, there was such a program but, to be entirely honest, I had no desire to go down that particular path. Dad was a college grad and what had that gotten him? A dead end job in a big corporation, tons of work that he brought home almost every night, nope, not for me. I'd probably seen too many John Wayne movies, like "Back to Bataan" or "In Harm's Way" to settle for the mundane life my old man had chosen. NR-positive! The future I had envisioned for myself had abruptly terminated like a knife had just cut off my balls, actually the analogy was all too appropriate.

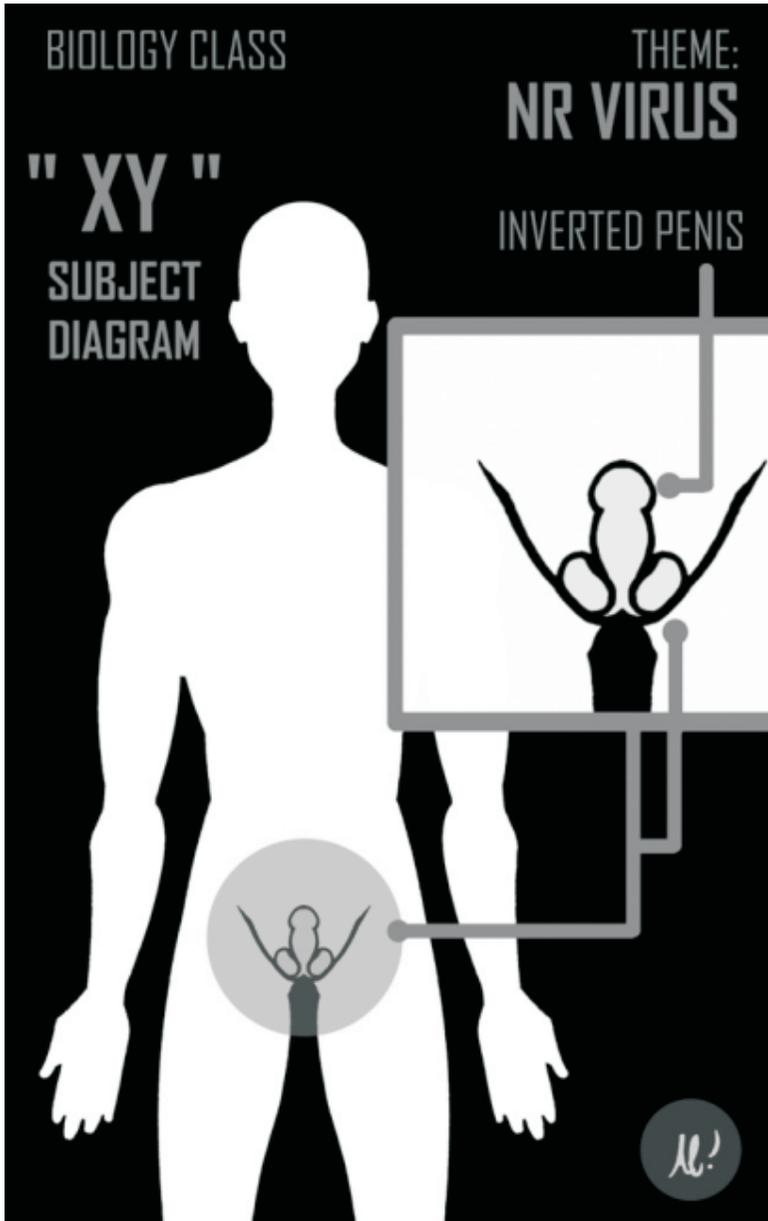
Ironic you know, it was during my physical in May for the Marine Corp that a blood test threw up the first red flag. Anyhow, a few days later I got a letter from the Corp that said thank you for your interest- but no thanks. The local health department was also informed as to the results of that blood test and they were all over me that same day like ants at a picnic. Christ, I didn't even get to graduate from high school that Spring, bummer. I was in Federal quarantine and on anti-virus drugs before I could say "fuck-me".

What, you don't know what the NR virus is? Probably better known as the 'sex-change virus', ok? The first case, the famous one, was back in 2015 and you couldn't have missed that, it was all over the media. Yeah, now you know why I suddenly felt like my life had ended. Maybe if I was a jerk like Willy Brothers, that limp-wristed, four eyed fag that lived across the street from me, the idea of spending the rest of my life as a pseudo-dame would have been ok, right? John Wayne with tits, I don't think so. My life had gone to hell in a handcart for sure.

My biology teacher had explained to us during the sex education section of his course that I took as a sophomore how the term "sex-change virus" was completely incorrect. Nothing that really mattered, like chromosomes, were affected. Guys were still XY and girls XX. All the "brain-stuff" that made us think we were male or female, what he called "gender identity" was also unaffected, kind'a. Probably worst of all was the fact that a guy with the NR virus would, eventually, be entirely unable to function as a male, I mean the freaking dick becomes inverted like a pseudo vagina! I remember looking at the pictures Mr. Randolph showed us of a guy's crotch. The poor bastard looked like he had a pussy, ok? The head of his penis was, according to Mr. Randolph, buried so deep inside that the only way he could stimulate himself was by using a cucumber or something shaped like a dick. Trust me, even girls had it better, least wise their clit was right outside and above their vagina. I knew then and there this was some very serious bad news. The message back then was clear, the only safe sex was no sex. Try telling that to a teenager.

Girls could get the NR virus and in fact that is how most guys, like me, eventually contracted the disease. Only for a girl, one would be hard pressed to know that she was infected. The virus shuts down the androgen receptors across most of her body which isn't that big of a deal. Hairy girls became less hairy, no problem-oh, right? Girls make testosterone just like guys or else they wouldn't have a sex drive according to Mr. Randolph my biology teacher and the cells that make the big "T", well they become hyper active because of a negative feedback loop that gets busted, whatever that means. Anyhow an RN positive female will eventually become loaded with big "T" but instead of developing

a low voice or growing lots of muscles, which they can't because they lack the necessary androgen receptors because of the virus, they get super horny.



Worse, eventually all that excessive testosterone breaks down into estrogen and the gal probably has lots of estrogen receptors just waiting for the good stuff. Everything that defines a female body, like breasts and fat distribution grow increasingly stereotypical, that is to say, they 'babe-up'. And Sandy Yates, who had worked in the cafeteria for years as a skinny no-body, like put a bag over her head, you know, had suddenly 'babe-up' big time. That is a pretty powerful combination, super-high sex drive and a body that attracts the male prick. Sandy probably thought she had been touched by a good fairy, you know, she was a regular Cinderella. Spotting an infected female requires a blood test and in the mean time, well, as Mr. Randolph said, it's a pretty damn smart virus that can get the host to help spread the disease. It sure had worked for old Sandy. At forty-something, she would have done half the guys in my school, had she had the chance. As far as I was concerned, one was one too many.

Anyhow the NR-virus acts exactly the same way on males except the loss of androgen receptors results, eventually, in the destruction of the secondary sexual characteristics of the male. Loss of body and facial hair is, for most guys, well, a big deal. The muscle to fat ratio really gets fucked which means a lot more fat and a lot less muscle and the fat goes, well, mostly toward the hips and ass. The penis and testicles can't survive long term without those same receptors. During the initial stage of transition, the penis without the necessary hydraulic system for erection devolves into a tight mass of erotically sensitive receptors that starts to migrate inside the body cavity until it looks like a vagina, get the picture? The testicles, lacking androgen receptors actually accelerate the production of testosterone

(the busted negative feedback loop again) for a while until, finally, they also start coming apart. But by this time, there is a "super" excess of big "T" and excessive sex drive, naturally, but alas, a "button dick" four-five inches inside the groin. Like the female victim, the male's excessive testosterone, unable to be used by the body, cycles endlessly until, eventually, it breaks down into estrogen. Trust me, the effects on the male are quite noticeable. Thus is born the incorrect belief that this is a sex-change virus. The male is simply 'feminized' with a pseudo-vagina. The cure, none. Even without balls, a guy still makes big "T", though not nearly as much, so any "T" will eventually become estrogen so forget about hormone replacement therapy.

I talked to my best pal Davy the night before Dad took me to the pickup site, on the phone, of course. I think he was crapping in his pants that he might have the virus. It was pretty common knowledge you couldn't get infected by just casual contact, but that was 'in theory', right? In reality, all the guys I had hung out with were just a tad worried, why shouldn't they be. Mom kept my two brothers away from me those last few hours at home and, yeah, she sure didn't kiss me goodbye. Anyhow, at least she didn't say that I should have kept my pecker in my pants, that comment had come from my dad.

Sandy Yates had been RN-positive, I should have known. Damn, but she had been hot. Most likely she would be the only gal I would ever screw if my old biology teacher was right. If you only had one, well, she was a keeper. She was now in Sacramento, in a State run RN facility for women. I was pretty sure she wouldn't be looking me up when I finally got out. Sandy-fucking-Yates had destroyed my life. I should

have used a rubber, ok, so it wasn't entirely her fault. Nicest tits I ever saw though, damned if they weren't.

I yelled "Wilson, here," when my name was called and then climbed into the bus. It was the same kind of bus the police used to move convicts, you know, bars on the windows and a heavy steel mesh screen between the driver and the 'prisoners'. Well I was a prisoner in every sense of the word, me and the thirty-some other guys who were now wards of the U.S. government, and we were heading to what had been a marine base a few years earlier. Ironic, huh, me heading to Twenty-Nine Palms, only it wouldn't be for basic training: quarantine and anti-viral drugs. And for how long? At least four months or that was what I'd heard via the grape vine.

Now four months of anti-viral drugs doesn't 'cure' the victim, oh no. The damn virus is a keeper. Most viruses are that way, even chicken pocks. My Gram had shingles when she was like seventy and that was caused by the same virus that she'd had when she was just a little kid. I mean, that's just not fair. Anyhow, the treatment was to knock down and then keep down the critters so as to make us 'safe'. That's a pretty heavy concept when you sit down and *really* think about it. I mean they actually expected that we'd be sexually active, eventually. Hell's bells, without a prick? It didn't take an Einstein to figure out what that meant. Trust me, I wasn't bent *that way*.

I wasn't the only 'kid' on the bus that morning but most of the guys, all wearing their bright orange 'jump suits', were a lot older, some even had grey hair you know. They all had that blank, scared stare. I probably did too. I couldn't speak for them but I kept asking myself how this could be happening to me. Well it was

and that was that. It took almost a half an hour before the bus was ready to leave and nobody was talking. Each of us were, well, turned inward. Me, I kept thinking of the pseudo-pussy and what it would be like to be dick-less.

~oOo~

Pissed all over myself yesterday morning, damned if I didn't. I was standing there at the urinal and let go but instead of my piss shooting out of my dick, it squirted from a 'new' opening just above the base of my dick. You'd think I did it on purpose the way the guys in my barrack laughed at me. Anyhow, later that morning the nurse told me it was pretty normal, what, me being in transition and all, normal? I would have to piss sitting down but what was worse, I had to hold my dick out of the way while I did so, try that sometimes, hand between your legs while setting on a toilet seat: messy. Anyhow, I was only the first one in my group to discover I had a new pee hole, this morning two other guys pissed themselves and yeah, they weren't laughing when it happened to them. A doctor said that it might be a couple of weeks before the really 'old' guys had developed the same problem and by this time nobody would be laughing, trust me, he said.

I jacked off last night and I wasn't the only one doing 'it'. You could smell the sexual heat in the barrack's air. When I first got here, about six weeks ago, we were told doing orientation that stuff like that would happen. I mean, think about it, with a guy not three feet away to my right and another to my left and I was jerking off? We were all super horny with all that excessive big 'T' running around inside us but still, it didn't seem

right doing it with no privacy. Anyhow, I came, which helped some but it was a dry run, you know? For me no cum just, well... it felt good. It was odd though, my dick didn't get beyond half hard, go figure, and the hole, my old pee hole, was all closed up so I guess no cum made sense from that point of view.

I must have made some noise for in the next moment, the guy next to me, Talbot something, said in a loud whisper, "Knock it off asshole, I'm trying to sleep."

Sleep? Shit, I thought. I could hear him wringing his monkey for all that it was worth or was it the guy just beyond him in the next bunk? I didn't answer. I just laid there listening to men masturbating. We were all in a special kind of hell. It was bad enough going through all of this but shoved together like sardines in a can, well it made things worse. "Hey?"

"Yeah?"

"Are you taking the yellow pills?" I was referring to the anti-testosterone pills that were available at the clinic."

"Yeah?"

I didn't answer him at first. Not many guys were taking those pills for obvious reasons. While they did lower the sex drive, which wasn't a bad idea under the condition we now lived, they also accelerated the breakdown of big "T" into female hormones. "You in a hurry to grow tits or what?"

He didn't say anything for several seconds. Around us the guys had grown quiet so I suspect more than a few were listening in on our conversation now. "You don't get it, do you, kid."

"What do you mean?"

I saw him roll over on his side so as to face me. He was not much more than a dark grey blob but I could all but see his features. “Kid, none of us are leaving this hell hole until we fully transition, ok? If those yellows can speed up the process, well I say, all the better. I want to get it over with and be done with this shit.”

A second voice answered from behind me, “You got that right buddy. Like they said during first day orientation, it’s not like you can stop what’s happening. Go with the flow.”

“Fuck you both,” I growled. I was going to hang on to my masculinity as long as I could. I was sure most of the guys would have agreed with me. The staff here at Twenty-Nine Palms had made it pretty clear from the beginning that accepting the transition was the first step in making a good adjustment. I didn’t want to be a pseudo-dame and that was that. I close my eyes and pretended to fall asleep and eventually I succeeded.



Doc Pillsbury was the resident ‘shrink’ here at Twenty-Nine Palms. I guess the powers that be didn’t think much of psycho-babble because he was the only one of his kind at the facility that I ever saw. Nobody in my group knew how many ‘guys’ were here exactly but it had to be hundreds, perhaps more like a thousand and Doc Pillsbury was on his lonesome so psychological ‘treatment’ wasn’t on the table so to speak. What we got from the Doc was some lectures about what to expect when we were released. The first point he made was that the government didn’t give a rat’s ass when or even *if* we transitioned so that put a lie to one rumor. “This isn’t a case of the government acting

like *big brother*, in fact, the whole thing is being run on a shoe string," he said. "This is a quarantine and nothing more, run by the Center for Disease Control and Prevention and unless Congress frees up more money soon..." He left the implication hang.

Damn, I wished Doc Pillsbury had talked to us when we first arrived, it would have put a lot of our immediate concerns to rest, like tits you know? Anyhow it might be years before we began to develop those. Some might never develop them. Yeah, it wasn't like the movies where the guy catches NR and in the next scene he's an over-stacked fem-male. It can happen like in the movies, he said, but not usually. The full transition would likely, for most of us, take years to be completed. Years? I thought. That was a relief, for me at least.

It was during the question and answer period during his first lecture that he put to rest our biggest concern. We didn't have to 'pretend' to be what we weren't: females. I was sitting there thinking, yeah, keep your pants on and nobody has to know you are a dick-less wonder. I raised my hand and when he nodded toward me I asked, "So what kind of sex life can I have, huh Doc? I mean, dick-less."

He touched the side of his nose with one finger and shrugged. "It's really up to you." He paused and looked at the crowd in the auditorium which had to be at least two hundred men like myself before looking back toward me. "The human race has never been in this situation before, ok? There is no history to draw upon, no experts. Some pretend to be experts to be sure but frankly they are, well, pardon my French, talking out of their ass. Who knows what's right or best hmm?"

I sure don't know. Do what feels right, do what makes sense.

Gosh, I thought. We really are on our own. "So after we are free to leave, what? Just go home like nothing has changed?"

He paused and looked thoughtful for a long moment, "Right, if it seems right to you. If you can."

"Sir? I'm a married man," said one of the older dudes. "Are you saying I can just return home and pickup where I left off? I don't think so."

"I understand," Said Dr. Pillsbury. "And you are right, of course. It isn't just your decision after all, its conditional on how others respond, especially a wife, hmm? I'm sorry gentlemen but you have been dealt a tough assignment to be sure. We don't have a program to help you after you leave here and even if the money existed, which it doesn't..." He shrugged, "What exactly should we do? No one knows, I sure don't. Sorry."

"It seems to me," said a younger man, "that 'passing' as a real female would, well, make life easier."

"Indeed, that maybe the case for some of you, perhaps most of you. Perhaps not? Can sexual object choice change over time? We don't know? Is gender identity malleable? We don't know. What can I say but what I already have said, experiment and trust your instincts. Do what feels right and stop whatever you are doing if it doesn't feel right."

There were more questions that followed but by this time my mind was focused inward. I was only eighteen and I sure didn't know who I was- yet or rather who I would become: a dick-less wonder or a pseudo-dame. Neither choice was on my list. Damn!



I had been at camp-lose-your-dick exactly eight, long and boring weeks when the clinical types said I was good to go. I exchanged my orange overalls for tan shorts and a sleeveless tank top of the same color before being moved to another section of the camp. Apparently my immune system was working better than the 'old' guys that I had come in with, most of them would remain in 'orange' for another month at least. By the end of the week all the 'kids' from my group, guys generally under twenty that is, had passed over into tan. Now it was only a matter of time until we were free to leave. We were clean or at least 'safe'. The clinical types would keep us for a few weeks more, just to be certain that the virus was fully under control and then what? Home? A new life?

The new facility was more like a college dorm with two, maybe three guys to a room which was a big improvement, or so it seemed. It was mid-morning after chow that I met my 'mate' and boy was that a shock. "Clarence," she said thrusting out her hand and taking mine in her grip.

I was speechless for a moment. She was wearing the same tan shorts and tank top I was, but what was underneath screamed 'babe'. She had a pair of knockers, sans bra, what rolled around under the thin cotton material like each boob had a mind of its own and both were surely begging to be sucked and squeezed by yours truly. And as to the shorts, they were stretched every which way that a guy would like. And tight? I could see her 'mound of Venus' if, of course, she had a mound of Venus which she didn't, but she was certainly 'dick-less'. It had never occurred to me that a

fem-male could be so totally hot. She had big brown eyes with long lashes that went extra-well with her heart-shaped face and pale complexion. Only her hair, which was buzz-cut, said male. "Umm... Theodore but please call me Ted."

I think 'she' was enjoying my reaction because she got a dopy smile on her full lips that must have surely matched mine. "Pleased to met you Teddy and why don't you call me Clare."

"Clare," I responded. Boy was she hot! My mind went totally blank at that moment.

She laughed, "You can let go, now."

"Huh?" And then I laughed. I had been clutching her hand in a vice like grip. I pulled my hand back, "Sorry."

Her eyes were dancing now as her hands went to her hips and settled there. She cocked her head and pursed her lips as she openly studied me. It seemed clear that she was going to say something and then changed her mind as she finally broke her stance and turned away. Moments later she fluffed up her pillow and threw herself down on the bed, rolled on her side and gave me that thoughtful stare again.

I just stood there looking like a puppy in lust, which I was. Was she inviting me to do something or what? It was all pretty strange. Of course I was horny, who wasn't in this camp, not that I could do anything about it. My dick was about as hard as it could get, which wasn't very hard at all. I was still an 'outy' but having said that I'd grown a fat button between my legs. I wasn't likely to stick *it* into anything. She had to know that, right? "Anything to do around here? I mean, like fun stuff?"

She sat up and pulled her top off and then dropped it to the floor. Was that her answer to my question? Sweet lord, her breasts were every bit as nice as I'd thought they would be. The size of peaches with tan mushroom caps but with a slight droop to them that formed delightful tear drops. At the center of those caps were upturned nipples that were hardening even as I looked at them. She was still looking at me with that curious look that seemed to grow bolder. "Haven't done it yet, have you Ted."

"It?" I said as I felt a blush spreading across my face and down to my neck.

She patted the bed as if calling me over to her.



We were lying like a pair of spoons, squished together on that narrow bed. My button was pressed up against her ass, which was a pleasant arrangement, as my free hand roamed down across her well padded hips cupping a feel of her sweet rear before heading north. She squirmed, wiggling her butt even tighter against my sensitive dick, when I began to work her left breast. It was heavy and meaty and all so soft. I lifted it and began to worry her nipple. She whimpered and then grabbed my hand.

"Don't," she said, there was frustration in her voice.

I hadn't asked if it had been as good for her as it was for me. The truth was, I had been totally unable to satisfy her. She needed a real dick and I didn't have one. Even 'finger-fucking' hadn't succeeded in touching her where it really mattered. All that foreplay had gotten her engine in gear but that was all I had man-

aged to do for her. She loved me sucking on her breasts but there had been no encore. It hadn't taken me too long to realize that this was for her, much as it had been for me, a 'first time' experience. It was tough being lesbian lovers and 'her' without a clit. She had brought me to climax but of course my dick was still an outy and easily accessible to her tongue. "Sorry," I said and then I kissed her neck and she shuddered and pressed even tighter against me.

"This is totally ridiculous," she said after a few minutes.

I fully expected her to pull away from me but she didn't. "Why?"

"I don't 'do' men."

I laughed, "You just *did* me."

She rolled over and faced me, our lips were but inches apart. "You haven't looked in a mirror lately have you, Teddy?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You looked so much like my wife, it was enough to break my heart."

"Wife? You're married?"

"Don't change the subject. You got the most kissable lips Teddy." She laid on a long, long kiss which I responded to immediately and before you know it we were back at it, fully engaged. My mind however was spinning half out of control. I guess the fact that I hadn't developed breasts yet had convinced me that I hadn't changed all that much. Apparently she or rather he had thought otherwise. How utterly strange.

Later, much later, we came apart. I think Clare had finally cum or at least something meaningful had hap-

pened because she wasn't kinky tight any more. Maybe it wasn't completely impossible for me to get her off after all but at what cost? Hours had passed and we finally fell asleep in each other's arms missing both lunch and dinner.



I pretty much assumed that when she had asked to be called Clare that my roommate had decided to adopt the female role, entirely. To be sure she wouldn't have much difficulty 'passing' as a 'real' female once she got out into the real world but the truth to be said, Clarence was still Clarence, in his heart of hearts. I know it's a bit confusing but Clarence could only get turned on to me because I reminded 'him' of his wife. To be honest, that was my situation in spades as well. Thinking of Clare as Clarence was a complete turn off to me and I think she understood that. We had a frank discussion on that 'problem' the next morning over breakfast.

So I agreed to pretend to be Kathy, her Kathy, and she was my Clare, two pseudo-lesbians. It wasn't hard to get makeup and later we picked up some feminine underclothes. They had a PX there, a left over from the Marine era I guess, and we weren't the only ones exploring our femininity. I even started wearing a beginner's bra, you know, all padding, and lacy panties which Clare appreciated. Maybe it was because we had to work so hard to please each other that our love life grew so intense. The more effective I became at 'playing' Kathy, the more sexually responsive Clare became and vice versa. A week later my little, tiny boobies finally appeared. They were hardly more than spiky

points but Clare loved them totally. How odd, had it not been for the relationship I had formed with Clare, the appearance of breasts on my chest would have been a nightmare but as it was, they were *our* delight.

Three weeks later after my transition into 'tans', Clare left. It was a pretty 'soppy' parting for both of us. Clare was returning home to the 'real' Kathy. I wished her luck, but my heart wasn't really in it. Clarence was from Oregon, Placer Creek to be exact. We promised to keep in touch but I suspected that that wouldn't happen. I got a new roommate and life went on, more or less. And yes, I was finally really beginning to fill out. My trainer bra was replaced by a full A-cup. I had all the curves that Clare had had and then some, I was turning into a complete babe, on the outside. And my button penis was now safely hidden deep inside my body, out of sight and almost totally out of reach. And no, I did not seduce my new roommate, he still looked like a fucking guy.



I watched a lot of TV my last week in camp and spent more than a little time on the internet as well. There were over two million 'known' cases of NR-positive victims in the good old U.S. of A. and the World Health Organization estimated the number might reach two hundred million worldwide before the end of the year. Even if only half of them were fem-males, that was potentially a lot of guys in the same boat I was in. And yeah, they finally passed a law against 'knowingly' spreading the NR virus, it came, for me, an hour late and a buck short.

It was pretty much like the old AIDs epidemic in every aspect except it had hit the heterosexual population in this country right in the nose. The pulpits were a blaze with moral instruction as you can imagine and the call to 'just say no' before marriage and sexual license *only* with one's mate had never been screamed any louder from the pulpits. We were entering a new Puritan age or at least that seemed to be the case: blood test were in and free love, casual sex was definitely out. Like most movements, and that was what this latest epidemic was shaping up into, a movement, the victims were the ones being tarred and feathered. One could hardly look at the news without getting reports of fem-males being beaten or even killed. The 'untreated' NR-positive females were nearly impossible to spot and were indeed the real danger to the population but it was the harmless 'treated' fem-males that were paying the price, go figure.

Oh there was another problem, to be sure. The fem-males were not, to be entirely fair, very good at self control, in a sexual way that is. The virus which destroyed the androgen receptors in the body pretty much left the androgen receptors in the brain intact which is to say, there was only one place in the body where the excess hormones could go, they were and I was, forever horny, ok? Place that in the context that 'just say no to casual sex' and it's the damn NR-positive victims that spread the virus and one has the making of a real dangerous situation: thus the misplaced attacks against the generally harmless fem-males.

There were at least two facts that seemed clear to me having studied the situation on the outside. First and foremost, passing as a 'real' female was about the only safe thing I could do, not that I had a chance to 'pass' as a male now. Second, cities, especially cosmo-

politan cities, were the only relatively safe places to be. Which probably accounted for the rapid migration of 'fem-males' into communities like Hollywood and the Castro section of San Francisco on the West Coast, places with a large gay population. Having survived the AIDs epidemic and the moral outrage of the heterosexual population, it was a good bet that gays would be more fem-male friendly or that was my thinking anyway.

And then that brought me to my family. Lord knows how they would respond when they saw me now. It wasn't going to be easy for them or for me. The clock was ticking and I was due to be sent out, soon. I wouldn't miss this place, trust me on that, but I might look back on the time spent here as 'the good times'. I was only eighteen and this was just too much on my plate for me to handle.

I sat down to write my weekly letter home. It was time that I prepare them and myself for the coming shock. "Dear Mom, I'm wearing a size thirty, 'A' cup bra now. I just thought that you should know when you come to pick me up." I sat there for the longest time looking at what I had written. I would add measurements so that Mom could buy me some clothes before she came to pick me up and, yes, set her mind to what I had become. I couldn't tell her that I was still the same inside, that would only confuse her. Possibly it would be better that she come alone. I wasn't sure I was ready to handle Dad and my brothers just yet. I added, "I think it would be better if you and I have some quality time together, ok Mom? Just you and me for a day. I need your guidance, a lot. I don't know the first thing about passing as a girl."

Chapter 2

I spent half the morning putting on makeup, which is to say, I spent the time putting it on and taking it off until I got it right, kind'a. Last night I did my nails which started things and that led to my plucking my eyebrows until they formed thin high arches above my eyes. After my eyebrows were done, well I realized that there would be no going back so doing an adequate job with my makeup this morning had become kind'a important. I sure hoped that Mom was coming alone. Yeah, sure, eventually I would have to face Dad and my two brothers. It wouldn't be too hard with Kevin, he was only eight but Jack, who was only a year younger than me, was a different matter entirely. He and I were peers, almost. Him seeing me like this would be like some of my old pals seeing me and that was decidedly something I really wasn't ready for.

The truth was, I was still all guy inside, ok? I mean I was still concerned about my masculinity, I didn't want them to think of me as some kind of queer and on the other hand, well, I was all too girly on the outside. I know this must seem very confusing and it certainly was a very confusing time for me. I figured if they didn't know who I was and they thought I was a 'real' girl well that was kind'a ok? But if they knew it was really me swinging my tush... but there simply was no getting around the fact that Dad, Kevin and Jack would have to know this fem-male was really me, I mean that goes without saying but I still didn't like it.

I suppose it would have been all right had I woke up one morning all girl to my core. I mean if I was as much girl inside as I was outside, I could do this with my eyes closed. OK, so why had I plucked my eyebrows if I felt that way? Because I had to pass as a girl.

It would be stupid not to try to pass, an obvious fem-male was a dangerous thing to be. I had the dress Mom had sent me along with a lot of other girly stuff, panty hose which I'd never worn before and a pair of open toed girl shoes, also a first. In less than an hour I would be out the main gate and back into the real world. I was as hyped and nervous as a kitten and worse, my cock, now deep inside my body, was twitching and begging for attention, I was horny, go figure.

I knew what I wanted, I wanted to get laid by a hot chick and that wasn't going to happen anytime soon. No, *I was the hot chick*. Truth, just looking at myself in the mirror was a super turn on and all I had to do if I wanted a good feel was to grab those tits and squeeze, which I did. I sat there looking at those shaped and painted nails digging into that pseudo-girl flesh, I was my own lover. I finally let go and added some more lip gloss before leaving the bathroom mirror and my phantom lover. Now to put on that pantyhose thingy.



I could have walked right past her, my Mom didn't recognize me, but I didn't, of course. "Mom?"

Her eyes got wider and wider and she started to blink very rapidly as if holding back tears or something. "Theodore?"

"Yes, Mom, it's me."

"What... what happened to your voice?"

"Mom?" What was wrong with this picture, here I was in a skirt, nylons and couple pounds of wiggly tits lightly trapped inside my new bra and she was asking about my voice? "It's the hormones, Mom. The doctor

said because I was so young, my larynx was still able to adjust.”

“Oh,” she said and then seemed to gather herself together, “Give me a hug, sweetheart.” We embraced and she hugged all the tighter with each passing second, my breasts squished against hers. I was still taller than her but our body masses were much more equal than they had been since even before I started middle school. When she let go, she gripped my ‘girl’ biceps and held me in place as she looked me all over. I had no idea what was going through her mind at the moment but she no longer seemed to be on the edge of tears. “You remind me so much of my sister Grace when she was about your age.”

I wrinkled my face, which didn’t evoke a response in my Mom. Aunt Grace was rather the black sheep in her family. Grace liked her men old and rich, very old and very rich, a fact that had made her a widow two times already and had left her wealthy if not particularly respected. As to that comment being a compliment, well in a back hand way it was, I guess. Grace was pretty enough even if she was a black widow. “Mom? It’s kind of hot out here,” which was an understatement. Twenty-nine Palms in early August, even before noon, was like standing inside a blazing furnace and I had just discovered just how hot panty hose could get.

~oOo~

“Palm Springs?”

“Yes dear, my sister has a house there.” She smiled as if I would be delighted.

She only had the one sister, Grace, the black widow. I looked outside at the desert that was flowing past the car. This wasn't the time of year anyone lived in Palms Springs unless they had no choice and Aunt Grace had quite a few residences and lots of choices. "She's not going to be there, right?"

My Mom laughed, "I should think not, Theodore. You wanted to spend some time alone and trust me, we'll be quite alone there. It's a very nice house..."

"I know Mom, I've been there, remember." Nice house indeed, it was a mansion with adobe walls three feet thick and an Olympic sized pool, all of this the product of her second husband I think.

"Besides, we're not made of money. It was your father's idea, and a darn good idea it was."

I just nodded. "How is Dad?"

She sighed, "He's taking it reasonably well dear, all things considered."

"And my brothers?"

"They wanted to come along."

I just nodded and thought, thank God they hadn't. "Thanks Mom, I really am not ready for prime time." I grinned. I heard a little voice inside me add: I may never be ready.

She just gripped the wheel tightly and stared ahead for a couple of minutes. There was something on her mind, I could see that, but she wasn't ready to deal with whatever 'it' was. Finally I got tired waiting for the other shoe to drop, "You have a question, don't you, Mom."

She let out another long sigh, "Is it true, what they say about your kind?"

I gave her my full attention now, “*Your kind?* Mom, it’s me? Your son? I didn’t turn into a little green alien.” I rolled my eyes, your kind indeed.

“What... I mean is, is it true what they say about fem-males.”

I knew where this was going, like a car going over a cliff, “They say a lot about fem-males Mom, what exactly is it that bothers you.”

She blushed brightly and seemed to be getting her nerve up, “They’re... all... *sluts.*”

I eased back in my seat with relief, “You got no worry on that matter Mom, I’m not gay and I’m certainly not interested in men in a sexual way.” And then, in spite of myself, my voice abruptly choked up, “And... I can’t, you know, have... a *real* relationship with a... real girl.” Now a flood of self-pity tears flowed from my eyes, “Mom,” I whined, “for Pete’s sake, I don’t have a dick anymore. Mom? What am I going to do?” Once I started to cry, there seemed to be no relief in sight and, within seconds, we were both sobbing which wasn’t a very safe thing to do. Thank God she pulled over on the shoulder and there we were like two lovers in each other’s arms, exchanging tears and sobs not kisses. It was a heavy moment for both of us.

My own words kept ringing through my empty skull, *I don’t have a dick anymore.*



“It’s just swell,” I said with a sarcastic tone of voice.

“You don’t like the bedroom?”