

TRANSFORMATION

This is a story about a boy who turned himself into a girl.

I'm not sure exactly when, or why, that decision was made. But then I'm the father, so of course I am biased in favor of the God given gender. Morgan lived half of his life before he became a she. Up to that time, he was all male, big muscles, thick neck, rugged good looks, full of testosterone. A few pills a day changed all that. The plumbing required surgery, and a bit more rehab than advertised. The baritone voice, big feet and narrow hips proved to be more of a challenge. No choice but to leave some things as they are, as they were meant to be.

Morgan's brothers all agreed that he was a lot better looking as a man than as a woman, but that wasn't Morgan's perspective. No surprise. There's not much of anything that Morgan has ever seen the same as everyone else, including the use of pronouns. After forty years, it's hard to picture Morgan as anything but a "he". But, that would no longer be politically correct, not that I give a crap about political correctness. It does, however, seem to be urgently important to Morgan to now be referred to as a she. So, as difficult and vexatious as it continues to be, I do my best to comply, at least in front of him, I mean her.

When Morgan changed from a male to a female, she encountered problems that others could never identify with, or even imagine. Several friends, or former friends, no longer knew how to relate to her, perhaps they no longer even liked her. Some were disgusted, some polite. Many just went away. No family member will ever be happy with this type of makeover. The news was sudden and unexpected. Nobody said, "Wow, what an improvement!" Some tolerated

her, tried to be understanding. After all, we are family. And families do stick together, at least most of the time. We all love her, but she was not easy to be around. The person we knew and loved no longer existed, at least not in our minds. A few wanted nothing to do with her. Family or not, she was carved out of their lives, at least for the time being. Morgan was probably always a little too off center for them anyways, and the transition was the perfect, and only, excuse they needed to say goodbye.

Whether by design, intention, or total surprise, the new transgender Morgan was unwittingly compelled to enter an entirely new world, previously unknown or imagined. Before the public leap, she probably got most of her information, and encouragement, from others perceived to be in the same boat; transgender spokespersons, trans doctors, trans psychologists, trans testimonials. After the leap, the trans community would be waiting with open arms. Only later did she discover that there is no trans community. Unlike gays and lesbians, transgender people don't stick together. For the most part, they don't commune together, they don't party together, they don't seek one another. If anything, they avoid each other. Morgan's dream was never to live her life with another transgender person, her dream was to live in the world she had always known, but as a woman rather than a man. She had no issue with her world, only with her born gender. She loved, or at least liked, the world she lived in, she just wanted to live on the other side of the fence. But to Morgan's shock and dismay, the world she'd always known and loved had removed the red carpet for her, pulled the doormat from under her feet. He had been welcomed as a male born into the world, but that same world shunned her as a transgender female. She was forced to find a new world, not the one she'd always known, not the

transgender community that doesn't exist, but the world of survival. A world where she could find acceptance, even if superficially, a place where she could fit in.

And like all the others who had walked this road before her, Morgan found herself knocking on the door of that dark world of survival. The reality is that many transgender women fail, they can never find the spot in that world reserved just for her, where they are accepted, in which they can survive. Most fall victim to depression, alcohol, drugs, and even suicide. This isn't the life I would ever want. Personally, even if every morsel of my being craved to be a woman, I would never cross so much as my little toe over that threshold. Nor would I ever waive my right to stand up at a urinal or to pee into a bush on any golf course in the world. But that wasn't Morgan's choice.

Morgan not only didn't cower in a corner, she boldly leapt forward, announcing the makeover in loud and explicit terms to anyone who would listen. Even if they didn't want to listen, nobody was spared. Morgan bombarded her plethora of friends and family with the news, personal meetings, phone calls, emails, long letters, but mostly via social media. Facebook, InstaChat, SnapFace, Tweeter, these were all foreign objects to me. But not to Morgan. Every bloody detail of the transition was posted for the whole world to see, breast size, mood changes, dilation rituals, status of the new vagina, everything. Pictures, videos, not a morsel overlooked. Way more than I needed to know. And if you didn't like it, you were promptly jettisoned from her address book. As always with Morgan, my way or the Goodbye Highway.

It's been four long years since my transition began. And I'm lonely.

I tried dating for a while, but no good man wants a woman with a dick. At least, none that I ever met. That was a major motivating factor in deciding to go through with the surgery last year. It's been nine months and I love my new vagina. Things are coming together. I'm a little nervous about the future, but I feel like I'm finally starting to get my mojo back.

But I don't know how to date. I've been out of circulation for four years. Before that, I hadn't been single in years. Luckily, a friend came to my rescue, and introduced me to Tinder. She told me it could get pretty slutty, but "if you're sick of being single and lonely, get on a dating app. Once you wade through the assholes, there's a whole world of people looking for just you."

I opened an account that day. Easy to work. You thumb through the pictures and read as much of the bio as you want to read. Then swipe left for "No", swipe right for "Yes".

As expected, I got every imaginable response. Some were sophomoric, rude and obnoxious, most were at least respectful, and a few were surprisingly intelligent, even exciting.

There were, of course, the daily stream of dick pics and "Ya wanna fuck" messages. But all I wanted was a picture of him smiling. A picture of someone with whom I could share my time, someone I could love, possibly even grow old together.

Other than the immediate "Left Swipes", most responses fell into one of three categories; Shock, Not my Thing or Some Variation of Positive.

Some couldn't get past the shock once I dropped the bomb. Perhaps they couldn't

believe a transgender woman could be so hot, Ha Ha. Or maybe their fragile egos were cracked when they couldn't distinguish a trans woman from a cis woman. Regardless, their reaction was tantamount to someone sticking their finger in a light socket. This was my chat with Billy:

Hey u look good too

How about we go out and get a drink

Cool, fun

See where things go

When and where?

How about now?

Works for me

Probably a good time to mention, I used to be a dude

Haha, right!

No you didn't

Yea, really

You're messing with me

I mean really, you're joking, right?

No joke

Is this is a test or something?

No test

Sex appeal is dripping off u, those really your pics?

That's the real me

Wow I just can't believe it. I'm confused

We'll catch that drink another time

Others were pretty cool and polite, but it was just not their thing. I've got no problem with that. Chemistry and attraction are strictly personal, no excuses necessary. As long as they're honest and respectful, I'm cool. Here was part of my little exchange with Sean:

Cool

U should know, I used to be a dude

No way, ur jerkin me around

Wouldn't do that to u

So if we Face Time, will I be looking at the same chick that's in the bio?

Same girl, just took the pics last week

Doc did a good job on u

Doc didn't touch my face

You shouldn't have mentioned it

Would have never known

Gotta be honest

Appreciated

We're cool?

You seem nice and I don't wanna be rude, but gotta be honest with you too

Please do

I can't see myself with a trans. Not prepared for this. Sorry

Fair Enough

Then there were a few that were actually positive prospects, and didn't get scared off when I told them I was trans. Still showed interest after the big news. Here's what Michael had to say:

Your place or mine?

Before we go too far, want to let u know, I used to be a dude

Just a little trivia for u

Ok, how do you like your steak cooked?

That's it, just ok?

You look pretty feminine to me

Downright hot, actually

You sure know how to flatter a girl!

No questions?

Any other little surprises I should know about?

Anything that might scare me away?

No, that was the best punch I got

I don't want to scare u away

I don't scare so easy

Besides, we're not living in medieval times here

Ok, well, cool

Rare

Rare what?

That's how I like my steak

Ur in luck. I'm your man for a rare steak

I've been plowing through this for a few months now. Trying to meet someone on a dating app is like shopping at the Salvation Army. You have to sift through all sorts of trash, but if you're persistent, there's the outside chance you just might find something rewarding.

I'm in love!

"Come on, pumpkin, get off your butt," Nellie prodded. "They're going to be here in a few minutes."

"Oh shit, throw me in my fuckin' grave," Duke lamented.

"Watch your language around the kids," Nellie scolded.

"Yeah, like they're a couple of choirboys?"

"They're not boys, they're a couple, one man and one woman."

"Ha, now all we have to do is try to figure out which is which."

"Morgan's very excited, and nervous, for us to meet Marcus. Now, don't you go and embarrass him," Nellie said, her patience waning.

“Ha, gotcha. Watch your pronouns, pumpkin,” Duke blurted sarcastically, wagging his finger. “Morgan will bite your head off.”

“Morgan is very much in love with Marcus.” Nellie pleaded, “You need an attitude adjustment, and you need it now.”

“You’re right, Marcus and Morgan, that’s got a nice little twang to it, kind of like Mork and Mindy. Perhaps we could start our own reality show, ‘Marc and Morg’. What do you think?”

Nellie smiled, walked behind Duke and put her arms around him. “I know you’re just being a hard ass.” She gently placed a kiss on the top of his bald head. “Whether a he or a she, Morgan is our child and you know we will never abandon her. Besides, you want to see Morgan happy just as much as I do.”

“Grrrrrrr.”

“Put a smile on your face. I’m jumping in the shower.”

“Don’t jump too high.”

“Haha.”

Ten minutes later the doorbell rang. Duke slouched deeper into his chair in the corner.

“Hey, pumpkin, can you get the door?” Nellie called out from the bathroom.

“Sorry, I think I broke my leg.” Duke yelled back.

The front door flew open and Morgan bound up the stairs. “Hello, hello.”

Oh man, what I’d give to fast forward a day. She may be a girl now, but she still clomps around like a baby elephant.

Morgan wrapped her arms around Nellie, “Hi mops.”

From ten feet away, Duke gave a short wave, “How’s it going, Morg? Good to see you.”

Morgan charged forward and gave Duke a big hug, “Great to see you, too. I love you, Pops.” Then she stepped over to Marcus and draped her arm around his shoulder. “Mom and dad, I’d like you to meet my friend, Marcus.”

Introductions, pleasantries, and small chit chat consumed the next several minutes. Then Morgan blurted, “Hey, Ma. What are we doing for dinner?”

“No plans, thought we might go out.”

“Forget that, let’s go make some sushi. Just like the old days. I brought all we need.”

“Great idea.” Nellie turned to Duke. “Pumpkin, why don’t you get Marcus a glass of wine. I hear he’s a Cab man, you guys should have a lot in common.” Morgan and Nellie retreated to the kitchen.

Oh, that’s just swell, sweetie pie. Go on, throw me to the fuckin’ wolves. “Sure, great idea,” Duke lipped weakly.

Duke poured two glasses of cabernet. They both swirled the glass a bit, stuck their noses down deep, took a slow sip, then swirled again. Marcus kept his eyes focused on Duke, but no contact was made. Duke’s eyes riveted on his glass, lasering a hole through that innocent cabernet. *Wine wasn’t such a bad idea, time flies when you’re drunk.* More swirling, then his wine was gone. *Besides, this stuff is pretty darn good.* Duke poured himself another, then peeked over at Marcus’ glass. *Good, no need to share.* More swirling, and sipping, and swirling. Silence can be a boring companion.

“So, Duke,” Marcus hesitated mid thought. “Is it okay to call you Duke?”

“Sure, sure, I answer to anything.” Duke chuckled, even though unamused.

“Good,” Marcus smiled. “So, Duke, tell me. What was Morgan like as a kid growing up?”

“Are you fuckin’ shitting me?” Duke wiped the wine off his lips with the back of his hand. “You want me to tell you what Morgan was like when she was a boy? Really?” Marcus slumped back into his chair.

Silence re-entered the room, with no prospects of leaving. *Man, I’ve got to settle down.* More swirling, and sipping. Another glass for Duke, and again, no need to share. *At least I think I got the pronouns right. Countering pronoun abuse is probably a required class at the gender conversion school. I wonder if the pronouns are as important to this guy as they are to Morgan. Oh well, who cares.* More swirling and sipping, on both sides. *He seems like a regular guy, bet he doesn’t go beserk on you when you miss a pronoun.* The air was getting heavy.

Marcus broke the calm, all the while having kept his composure. “What do you want to talk about now, Duke?”

Duke lifted his eyes, his mind seemingly deep in thought. *Smartass.*

“Look, Duke, I walk into your house with your daughter, who you still see as your son. Surely you have a few questions. Go ahead, fire away. Anything. Don’t be shy.”

Just keep your cool, this will be over with soon enough. Duke smiled, “How about another glass of wine?”

“Would love another.”

“How’d you like the wine?”

“Pretty darn good.”

“Are you gay?”

Marcus laughed, “Would it bother you if I was?”

“Not really, just as long as you don’t come clawing after me.” *He doesn’t look gay, but hey, you never know. Besides, why would a gay guy be with a woman? But then, if the woman used to be a man, would that make him half gay? Is there even such a thing as half gay? Probably not, I suppose either you’re gay or you’re not, no in between. Oh shit, how would I know? I’m thinking too much.* Duke glanced over to a bewildered looking Marcus. “Hey, you told me not to be shy.”

“Fair enough. No, I’m not gay, not at all. Morgan is all woman, nothing else.”

“You’re a good looking, seemingly smart guy. There are plenty of women out there, why are you with a woman who used to be a guy? Isn’t that kind of weird?”

“I don’t look at it that way. Morgan’s smart, has a great sense of humor and she’s always so full of energy. I love that.” *Well, I guess I can’t argue with that.* “And I’ve been with a lot of women, nobody better in bed than Morgan.”

“Oh, come on man, draw a fuckin’ line,” Duke moaned. “You’re talking to her dad, I don’t want to hear that shit.”

Marcus snorted, “Just yanking you’re chain, dude. Fun to see wine spray out of your mouth.”

“Fuck you,” Duke grinned, shaking his head, wiping his lips.

Duke refilled Marcus' wine glass along with his own. He smiled, "Cheers". They clanked glasses and Marcus returned the smile.

Marcus leaned forward, somber plastered across his face. "It know it's not easy for you, Duke." *You got that right.* "But if you think it's been hard on you, what do you think it's been like for Morgan? She's out of your sight, out of your mind, 95% of the time. But Morgan lives with the abuse and ridicule 24/7." *Oh man, this guy doesn't even know me and he's already playing the selfish card on me. Grrr, I really hate that.*

Duke regrouped. "The pills, the eyelashes, the hormones and the fake tits were all bad enough. But she jumped off a cliff when she had the surgery. So fuckin' final."

"I get it, I get it all. I know you've heard, and probably researched, all about how she has always identified as a female. So I won't bore you with that. But you've got to get past all this gender shit, Duke."

"Gender shit? Isn't that all we're talking about?"

Marcus implored, "Forget male, forget female. Morgan is a living, breathing human being, just like you and me. She has a heart, she has feelings, she loves, and she needs to be loved. Just think about it, Duke. What else really matters?" Duke sat expressionless, his head bowed low.

Nellie and Morgan marched out of the kitchen, platters in hand. Morgan was humming a little tune, both clearly pleased with their creations.

Nellie turned to Duke, "You and Marcus have a good time? What'd you talk about?"

Duke glanced over to Marcus, their eyes connecting for the first time. "Sure, great time.

We just talked a little wine.” A faint smile appeared on Marcus’ face.

Nellie herded everybody towards the table. “Let’s all sit down, dinner’s ready. You guys are going to love this sushi.”

Duke hesitated just a moment, then said, “Come on over and sit by me, Morg.”

Nellie dimmed the lights slightly and lit two candles between the low lying pink and blue flower arrangements. They all held hands at Nellie’s direction and she offered a nice prayer. Then everyone dug into the sushi.

Nellie and Marcus got wrapped up in a lengthy discussion about the preparation of sushi, from selecting the proper ingredients, and where to shop, to the best methods for cleansing the bacteria off the raw fish, why you use the Yubiki method for snapper, but the Aburi method on bonita. Nellie had Marcus’ undivided attention.

“You’re looking good, Morgan.”

“Ha, that’s okay, dad. You don’t need to patronize me, I know your mind.”

Duke placed his hand on her arm, “No, I mean it, Morgan. You are looking really good. Your color is good, and you look healthier than I’ve seen you in a long time.”

Morgan was taken aback by not only the sincerity in her dad’s voice, but especially by the physical contact. “Well, thank you. I appreciate that. I feel good.”

“Maybe it’s that new skin crème you’re making. Which formulas are working best?”

“I’ve got seven different products now. But ‘Cheat Death’, the anti-aging crème, and ‘Kieran’s Cleanser’ for acne, are the most popular.”

“That’s great, one for the old people and one for the young’uns. Mom, most of her

friends and all the granddaughters sure rave about your creams. How have sales been?"

"Sales aren't the problem, orders are pouring in, but I can't keep up the production. I'm doing everything by myself in my little apartment."

"What do you think you need to get yourself to the next level?"

"I need about \$40 grand in equipment, a couple of employees and some more space. Just for starters. Then a heavy dose of marketing."

Duke pondered, "How about we run some numbers, make up a detailed list, then prepare some projections. If everything looks good, we'll see what we can do to get you an infusion of capital."

Morgan sat speechless. Then dabbed the corner of her eye, lest a tear appear.

Nellie stood up, "I'm going to fetch the dessert."

Duke rose, "I'll grab a few dishes, then get us some port."

"Perfect."

Once they left the room, Morgan turned to Marcus in disbelief. "Dad hasn't taken that much interest in me since I came out. He actually treated me like a real person. What did you say to him while I was in the kitchen?"

Marcus blushed, "Oh, not much. Just a little wine talk."