

Transangels

By Ina Disguise

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Meeting Justin/e

Justine, formerly Justin, Dietrich, Silicon Valley billionaire, laughed and looked up from the TV. Formerly the rather dried up and very privileged CEO of a Silicon Valley biotech company, s/he had, via the magic of hormones and hair treatments, achieved fame by becoming the highest paid female CEO of the same company, despite retaining his status as father, husband and of course his male genitals. He and several of his trans legal friends had created a framework from which they could force the rest of the world to recognise them and achieve world domination, and they were winning.

S/he was watching the Price is Right with her/his friend Liam. He touched his wo/man bun and glanced over at Liam, smirking.

“His weiner. I bet you a dollar I can have his weiner for my collection!” Justine cackled.

Justine had the largest private collection of penises in the world, far larger than the ones at the actual penis museum in Iceland. S/he was still missing a human penis, since despite her/his chosen identity her/his own was still very much in use. Although s/he was fond of telling everyone how kind and philanthropic s/he was, one of her/his many kinks apart from forcing the world to say he was a woman when he wasn't was cheeseparing about small amounts of money.

“And I won't be paying a penny for it!” Justine gloated with a smug thin-lipped smile.

Liam Crimble, Justine's equally wealthy-beyond-imagination former legal colleague laughed. That little squirt is obviously gay, he won't be giving you his penis, I'll take that bet.”

“Excellent, I will even put a time limit on it. In two years, I will have that manic little shit's cock in a jar.” Justine rubbed his/her hands as s/he watched the little shit wriggle on the floor to spin out attention from the camera after a win of some insubstantial and probably tacky item from the show.

Still in their golfing attire, the pair arose from the sofa and went to shower before dinner. It had been a long day on the course, and they had been lounging whilst enjoying their pre-dinner drinks.

“I'll let the chef know we are nearly ready on the way to the shower block. Fancy a quick swim? I can try out my new bikini.”

The official business of Justine was producing medication, which s/he had obtained a patent for, and cloning pigs for the purpose of creating human grade organs. Although s/he would tell people this was for the good of humanity and to save people who needed transplants, the real reason for this was to defeat her/his own mortality. In case this was not complete by the time of his wife passing, s/he had taken the precaution of recreating her as a robot, it would not do for her/him to ever be alone. Justine had read plenty of science fiction, he had all of this planned out in his head, and all of the privilege and networking advantages to carry out his fantastical futuristic and very selfish plans.

Pigs had been chosen as they were very similar to humans, so Justine knew that cloning pigs would be an excellent way of furthering research into human cloning, which in turn would form part of his/her plans for his own immortality and dubiously benefit mankind through the development of

transhumanism and genetically modified, hence superior transhumans. Maintaining a small number of statistics relating to organ transplants and often repeating these ensured that s/he had unlimited resources to continue his/her research.

S/he would, now and again, slip up and giggle publicly about the resemblance of humans to pigs, however as the rest of what s/he had to say made him/her sound like a kind person and as s/he usually participated in American media to improve his/her share price, nobody dared ask any questions. S/he was a Silicon Valley visionary therefore you should invest first, ask questions much, much later.

This project was far from complete, the organs were lasting only eight days in human blood after several years of research. The project had, however, also meant that s/he was also quite far along in the production of the artificial womb, and this, s/he felt, was going to be the short term future of the business. Now he needed to create a market demand to push this side of things further, and he had the perfect strategy and vehicle for making this happen.

The Angelic Group

The following week was the international Angelic group meeting. Liam and Justine shared a private jet to travel to the meeting, held a few times a year in secret locations to protect the mega wealthy attendees and powerful assistants in the form of international NGOs, academics and politicians. This years topic was population control to save the planet. It would be attended by wealthy control freaks, a few useful politicians and NGO controllers, all invited to follow instructions, usually selected prior to the meeting as the agenda had already been settled.

These meetings were mainly for show, but sometimes something new would come up from someone not 'in with the in-crowd.' Those in the know, meanwhile, would make their arrangements between meetings, knowing that nothing would be really be decided in person. Everyone else would simply be given instructions.

As the topic of the year was 'Population Control to achieve Net Zero,' naturally this had already been discussed and apart from the occasional slip-up by the self-hating, high-functioning autistic Will Mates, software giant, things were going pretty smoothly. They excused him these follies on the grounds of his divorce. AI was at the point of being adopted globally and robotics had improved sufficiently to remove the need for staff, so the cull of a soon-to-massively-increase herd of useless eaters was now number one priority.

Most of the global population had succumbed to the vaccines and now had clotting issues and issues with fertility, population growth was in decline, a couple of million test subjects had been terminally dispatched under judicious mismanagement without too much in the way of protest. What unrest remained was simply used to create laws to suppress even more, so the Angelic buddies were pretty happy with results so far.

After some considerable show-chat between those interested in furthering the interests of bio-tech on the promise of a cleaner, more promising future for the planet, in which a horrific vision of the future was again heavily disguised as altruism, the Angelic elite agreed on a plan to further reduce numbers, both now and in the future, to be carried out immediately.

So far, the figures that the public had been given only included the trial Covid pandemic and the

adoption of voluntary and involuntary euthanasia in several countries. They were particularly happy with the adoption of involuntary culling in the Netherlands and the involuntary cull in the UK, an excellent trial result for the Angelic Group.

None of the herd seemed to care about the alarming jump in deaths from constructed illness in the elderly, encouraged so that life expectancy could be brought down in a controlled way rather than seeming too sudden, although the Alzheimer's statistics were already blisteringly obvious.

The media leaks from that had met with little to no resistance thanks to incessant noise on the internet, so they felt quite free to continue with the cull project. As long as you kept confusing people by encouraging friction and spreading junk misinformation in the press, nobody would notice how many were not actually dying a natural death as long as it was not them.

Indeed, many Millennials had been recorded as actually wanting this, since they had been deprived of what they assumed everyone had had before them, the prospect of home ownership and job security. They had been successfully conned into willing their own shortened lifespan by the endless demands of political economy to support an entirely fabricated economic growth that had not existed since the abandonment of the gold standard in the 80s.

Strangely, the most keen on sterilisation of the neurodivergent, in particular, was none other than Will Mates. He was very insistent on another pandemic and more vaccine sterilisations as quickly as possible. So enthusiastic was he, in fact, that the others had to slow him down.

“But Will, you're autistic, and the richest man in the world. Why the focus on autism, when they all have to go anyway?” they protested.

“Of all people, I know that not all autistic people are like me. Besides which, if we sterilise them, they don't have to be culled. Sterilisation or death, remember?” Will gave his usual patronising smile. “We need a more urgent solution to stop the escalation in Autism cases after MMR. It puts the new vaccine roll-outs in danger if anyone finds out how many cases we are creating. We need the vaccines to be mandatory as quickly as possible. If we keep the parents around long enough to make that happen, then we can focus on them while we sterilise as many children as we can persuade.”

“I think we may have a solution.” Justine, a very minor member of the group by his/her own design, twiddled her/his hair and smiled beneficently. “Let Liam and I take care of it. It will suit our aims for the artificial wombs. The concept is even more beautiful if the herd funds it themselves, don't you think?” The herd had placed them in the position of being global elite shepherds, and now the herd was theirs to be managed with cloning, genetic modification and artificial wombs.

The official aim of Justine was the rather eccentric plan to achieve his own immortality by uploading himself to the virtual world, to be physically expressed by the clones and robots he was developing - he had a well known version of his own wife awaiting an organic recipient. It could go either way, either she would remain a virtual companion, trapped in the robotics or, if the chip implantations being developed elsewhere by another billionaire became more successful, they could be implanted into clones.

Effectively these would be replicants, which could then be used to achieve effective immortality for the chosen and very elite few, whilst the vastly smaller genetically tweaked, healthy, regulated and

cloned population they would need to maintain the robots would be kept in smart cities, scheduled to replace the existing built environment in a series of powerful airstrikes. A cleaner, neater future maintaining their own status quo, potentially forever. The technology already existed to achieve almost all of this. Science fiction made fact.

He had not, however, become as wealthy and powerful by being anything but pragmatic, so the short term was more concerned with acquiring sufficient money and influence to achieve this distorted and rather vain version of immortality whilst promoting his/her 'safer' sounding ideas to any potential investors.

Apart from Justine's interest in pharma and technology, his/her next greatest business move was to be via his own fetish. With the help of the Angelic members they were making quite the impact on the general population.

Working from the original legal framework for ethical inclusivity created by Justine and his legal friends, the WEF would emphasise trans inclusion, the corporates would then be given the task of promoting ethical company behaviour using the same inclusivity smokescreen, the UN would publish academic papers on the desirability and fairness of sexualising children and the banks would begin the process of quelling dissent via the introduction of social capital and rejection of 'wrongthink', which had previously been against banking philosophy.

In order to get to where they wanted to be ideologically, the herd must be frightened, how better to do that than stopping them from using their money? Key public figures were selected, right wing politicians and bloggers as test subjects to see how this would be received by the herd. It had worked out in more authoritarian countries, why not in the West?

The media, the law, politics and education would be flooded with pro Queer Theory information distributed by the large LGBT NGOs seeking something to do after gay marriage and adoption had been legalised, meaning that their protest demands had been successful.

These organisations had become extremely powerful during the AIDS epidemic several years before, and so it was easy to persuade them, sometimes via key members suddenly and mysteriously deciding to transition their own children, that now gender transitioning was possible, it was desirable. It was an easy matter for the members of the Group to distribute funds almost anywhere via these huge organisations, spread across the western world.

Ecotech and climate change groups could also be brought into the mix, as the intellectuals involved often strayed into the ethical realms of biotech. This infiltrated the leadership groups who spoke with heads of commerce, political parties and educators.

Some of the churches jumped on board, because children, neurodivergent and mentally ill people being sterile was far better and more profitable for them. Gay conversion, once demonised by Gen X, was now easy and possible. The 'traditional family unit' and wish for children represented potential money they could use to further their aims over the short term.

Education grants now became contingent on disseminating extreme sex education and a hardline insistence that gender was something you chose, could be medicated for, could be changed with surgery, however superficial. In fact it was now urgent and essential for this to be done, the parents were told that they had to encourage it.

Doctors, used to a hierarchy, followed their instructions not to argue with the patient or the parents and not to wait if it could be avoided. This meant that people who were suffering from depression for other reasons could be streamed into the sterility option, which could only be even better for future sales of Justine's fertility services, there to fund the ultimate and ironic goal of regulated depopulation.

People who had formerly had to discuss their issues with a mental health professional suddenly found themselves being given gender affirming hormone treatment on demand. Children that would have formerly accepted themselves as gay were now put on puberty blockers, their gender changed and their fertility removed before they got the chance to find out who they were in the first place.

Hundreds of gender clinics suddenly appeared to provide the treatments and the drugs despite their being clear evidence that the treatments were causing long term health issues. Doctors suddenly found themselves removing healthy breasts, phalluses and flesh from the arms and colon to produce fake penises and vaginas. 'First do no harm' was no longer relevant with this up to date thinking.

Detransitioners were to be ignored when they tried to tell people that the treatments were neither responsible nor effective. All dissent was to be ignored and the ideology spread still further. A population conditioned to buying their ideas on happiness were thoroughly persuaded that something which had never been necessary was now suddenly essential to their well-being.

Gender boundaries protecting women were then to be dismantled, because how else but by threatening them would you persuade mothers that their children were to be available for these dubious experiments? Sterility or death was the conceptual choice within this new 'inclusive' religion.

The police, the military, the banks and the law were also infiltrated via inclusivity, political parties would take advice from the same, formerly trustworthy interest groups, purportedly supporting LGBTQ+ issues, but the reality was very different, they were simply disseminating a new capitalism which ultimately served nobody but Justine and a small handful of billionaires acting out a science fiction eugenics fantasy, in which people and nature became ultimately controllable by a very small elite on the basis of money.

Ironically, it was considered a 'leftist' issue to be inclusive of the new religion, despite it having come from large corporate interests. In much the same way Mussolini had described fascism as corporatism, nobody seemed to be thinking about the philosophical implications of such a scheme, and nobody stopped to consider the safety of women and children at all. It was considered bigotry to mention this and was in some cases an arrestable offence as well as something that could destroy your career. Those who could see what was going on were reminded of the rise of the great dictators.

And so the mutilated children and sterilised trans population grew, which suited all of the members of Angelic, each for their own reasons. Mates, because he was determined to save the planet by depopulating it, Deitrich because s/he would be selling the idea that messy old fashioned childbirth was no longer desirable in the not-so-distant future and because s/he revelled in forcing the world to say s/he was female when s/he was definitely not. A few others were enforcing ideology, furthering the idea of 'wrongthink,' continuously promoting 'trans joy' via social media and their products, although a great many good little conformist, highly susceptible teenagers were doing this by themselves.

A herd of humans, conditioned to accept a new reality which involved a lot more death, a lot more vaccination, therefore a lot less birth. No need for war or prisoners, they had unlimited volunteers for lifelong medication and experimentation. The prospect of a dangerously and distinctly undemocratic shrinking gene pool, all to service the dream of Justine to change the world to suit her/himself.

The benefit of all of this was to be that the quality of the herd would then become controllable along with the quantity, since this pinnacle of capitalist achievement would give all the reproductive rights to the elites in biotech, pharma, medicine and associated chemical products, to be monetised and released as they wished, to whom they wished.

The fact that it had gone this far showed that it was time for some serious rethinking about regulation of corporate behaviour and the role of government to serve the population, not the will of the corporates or some evil genius that happened to work in biotech. Who would be brave enough to step up in the face of such overwhelming indoctrination?

Dylan McVitie

Dylan McVitie was, of course, the little shit from the Price is Right. His/her penis, whilst undoubtedly the stuff of legend amongst his/her male friends, was not, as far as s/he knew, up for grabs or even worth much apart from for him/herself. S/he was blissfully unaware until his/her friend suggested a new project.

“You are so much less hairy than me, Dillie, do a few tiktoks as a girl, it will look great.”

Dylan's hairy friend, of course, since he had friends and relatives in places Dylan could not imagine, was a 'trans' plant, also with a penis, and made his own tiktoks regularly promoting his 'trans joy' complete with misinformation about puberty blockers and hormones, but Dylan, as s/he was not actually trans but a clearly gay actor, did not know this.

All Dylan knew was that s/he was good at one thing, and that was drama, and that no-one, thus far, was paying him/her for this. If Sandy, his/her friend, thought that making tiktoks as a girl would be fun, then that is what s/he would do. What harm could it do?

“Day 1 of being a girl.” It was an instant hit. Dylan continued making tiktoks.

By day 365 Dylan was a star, s/he had millions of followers and his/her own show, s/he had surgery to make his/her look more convincing, s/he was on top of the world with his/her naïve art version of femininity, although many women were naturally appalled. S/he was now the face of the biggest marketing campaign in world history, although s/he did not actually know what s/he was advertising at all. Superficially it looked like normal multinationals, in reality it was a product by Justine that s/he knew nothing about because it was neither available nor legal.

S/he got to meet the Democrat president to talk about trans issues, even though s/he was quite open about this having been brought to him/her as an acting idea rather than an actual dysphoria. Now it became a hot political issue. In the meantime other very wealthy members of the Angelic Group had infiltrated the army, so it had effectively become fully mainstream in a few short years.

Dylan's excellent agent was therefore able to bring him/her huge marketing deals thanks, s/he

thought, to his/her talent, being bang on trend and follower count.

The corporates jumping on the Angelic marketing bandwagon to give Dylan money did so to get points under an 'ethical' undertaking of inclusivity that Justine and a few trans lawyers had set up years before, this was also designed to disseminate trans ideology and further persuade the masses that their new truth was the only thing they needed to know. This was done via GOMA, who would assign ethical scores to companies expressing their inclusivity via this new social phenomenon.

Huge companies were now invoked to persuade the public that if they did not agree with grooming then sterilising children and mentally divergent adults they were bigots who didn't care about their feelings. It very quickly became a case of choosing not to worry about this in the face of the increasing threat to women and children's safety. Fashion victims, porn addicts, those who weren't in the target groups could not understand what the objections could possibly be about?

Social Media became quite agog with discussion, month after month. People started to catch on that none of this was normal life and about something quite different, although in most cases they were not really aware why.

And so the mass international consumer boycotts of the companies paying Dylan to get their marketing scores up began, and now our story begins...

David and his family

David pulled at the stray nondescript hair on his chin and grimaced at the mirror. He was a plain, chunky eighteen year old, yet to grow into his looks, stuck in the unfortunate in-between stage. He had spent the previous evening crying, he didn't know why. He just knew he wasn't happy.

He was unaware that his peers felt much the same way, or that all teenagers, regardless of popularity, had experienced the same. They would boast loudly and often about their online conquests, their opinions of girls that in reality were way out of their league, and avoid talking to the girls that were in the right ballpark, as teenagers always do. Something might happen with those, and if something happened they probably wouldn't know what to do anyway. In the online world of social isolation and apparent social ease of the influencer and porn star, the awkwardness seemed peculiarly specific to them. They could discuss several types of sex, but could not actually bring themselves to meet anyone to do it with.

How would David ever manage to find anyone? Was he destined to be lonely forever? He was so boring, so ordinary. He just wasn't as popular as the kids with rainbow badges on their bags, they all seemed to have friends. David despaired, he didn't want to be alone, but how to get out of his single rut when he didn't really have anyone he could call? They all communicated on Whatsapp or online, so he didn't physically see his friends all that much.

David's mother did not have such problems. Karen was an artistic powerhouse, still at 50 sporting a mohawk, often to be found smothered in glue and paint and dancing in the main city square, yelling for people to join her, which they did. A different generation, used to doing what they wanted and not discriminating, they looked happy. Why were they so different? Their lives seemed so much easier? David looked upon his mother with awe. If only they were close, but they were not.

David's small and obsessively neat father Saeed, on the other hand, ran the family business, a large logistics carrier. David knew he would not be short of jobs, on the plus side, but he also knew he had little to say to the drivers he had to deal with when he was at work.

When David turned 18, thanks to childhood weekends spent at work, David had been given a junior manager position, which involved loading the vans and making sure the drivers would stick to the rota he had assigned them. He was, in terms of title, now above his older sister Uma, who ran the office and had been granted the title of administrator, a common way to run companies.

The business, like many others, could not run without the female administrator, but it could easily work around the lack of the more expensive and male junior manager. Already he had the standard advantages conveyed by his gender and title and was unaware of any of it.

Thanks to his love of anime, David had quite the range of cartoon based hobbies and even toyed with animation and learning Japanese, but he remained, frustratingly for his parents, socially isolated with only a couple of equally gormless friends. All Karen's efforts to bring him out of his shell seemed to be for nowt, as he was still a sulky and shy boy. Karen would despair.

“Do I look OK mum?” David, on his way out of the door to go to work, would ask.

“Who cares?” Karen was usually busy doing something else, since she had two grown up children still in the house and artwork to do. She was not the warmest of mothers, but she was fun if you were anybody else. “Stop worrying about what other people think, they usually don't.”

Which meant that although David was extremely privileged and in fact quite spoilt, David was also rather emotionally neglected.

Had Karen known about this, she would have been dismayed. Why would he need her validation? A late baby, she had been brought up by the tough wartime generation, who had carefully taught their Gen X kids that they should not be introspective at all, or at least not talk about it if they were. That would be selfish, like their earlier Boomer children, long since gone. That was how wars were won, certainly not by staring into the mirror and thinking about yourself. There was a greater good that must be maintained, therefore no time for yourself or silly posturing.

Ironically Gen X was the most inclusive generation in history, even more so than the Boomers that preceded them, because to them, labels were for losers, money was something other people had, the individual was paramount and all that mattered was the quality of your interactions with other Gen X, regardless of looks, race, sexuality or anything else. The priority for Gen X was a more individual connection, which was why the Boomers, high earners and keen social activists had looked on them with such contempt in the years following civil rights, pride and women's rights demonstrations that they had participated in.

Although this high value placed on social interaction and individuality gave people plenty of space and confidence to be themselves, it did not translate well to the later generations of Millennials and Gen Z, who had been led to believe that validation was the only thing that mattered thanks to the like button on their social media posts at a vulnerable age.

To them, validation meant worth, both financial and social in some cases. Making a brownie was safer, more popular and more interesting than making an epicurean wonder, as long as it could be put in a short video for likes and follows. Smart people would invest hours in gaining a following,

because that meant influence and money. Even the unsuccessful ones would spend hours, days, weeks worrying about building a following. They would all carefully watch each other to see what gathered the most precious likes, and take care to keep up with the most popular interests. The age of social capital started, almost accidentally it seemed, via the adoption of social media.

David was no exception to this, although he did not make many Tiktoks, he would release little animations and drawings on his Instagram, now and again he would tweet, and he had a very small youtube account. He preferred to check on other people, so he followed the most popular accounts in order to have something to talk about. He had a twitch account, which he would use to give money to pretty girls or watch other people play video games as he fell asleep at night.

And then one evening, after a couple of exhausting hours on his Pornhub account, he spotted Dylan McVitie. He was entranced. Dylan made him feel special and wanted and less awkward. He would end every video with 'love ya.' Dylan seemed self-aware, awkward, anxious about some things like him, Altogether very relatable. He found himself watching Dylan more often. He carried on with his other activities, the usual round of porn, instagram, youtube, twitter and regularly dropped in on some trans accounts he had discovered on the threads he was following Dylan on. He suddenly felt he belonged to something, that there was something to believe in and some prospect of attention at long last.

David was not fussy where this attention would come from, he could just see a lot of sad, isolated kids were not sad and isolated any more, and some of the plain boys like himself were making videos showing their progress of taking hormones. The pressure was off, they all supported each other. Not like the other interest groups at all, the likes did not relate to something specifically and mysteriously 'cool,' they could be quite mundane, as long as the kids were trans. In addition some of them looked and talked as if they were having actual social lives and they talked about their feelings as if they mattered, most unlike his parents who did not stop to consider him at all.

It became quite fascinating to him, the new language, correcting people who weren't in this exclusive circle, asserting your rights to your pronouns. The longer David looked, the more attractive it became and the more alienated he felt from his comparatively tedious and disinterested parents. He made actual friends, that he could message. This made David feel better about himself, less dwarfed by his business-as-usual fastidious dad Saeed and devil-may-care mother Karen. In the Dylan club he was a person, with very important feelings and a sense of self, however unsure he was about what that actually entailed.

And then the inevitable happened and Karen had to talk to Saeed.

“You aren't going to like this, try and stay calm.” Karen began.

“What?” Saeed, already irritated by his messy wife being late for the dinner he had prepared, stiffened. What could their awful Scottish children want now?

“Well, there is no easy way to say this, David has decided that he is a girl.”

Saeed reddened. “I told you this liberal bullshit wasn't going to work, didn't I? Why didn't you let me take him to mosque?” Saeed was a very free thinking Muslim, but he was Muslim at the end of the day. Karen had known her insistence on no religion was not likely to be consequence free for Saeed, long term, but they had always previously muddled through.

“I’m not overjoyed about it either, but I am sure we can come to some agreement over this, Saeed.” Karen tried hard to remain calm. “Might I suggest we play along until he understands?”

“Play along?” Saeed’s blood pressure was getting dangerously high.

“Yes, we can start with his job. He cannot be a junior manager if his older sister is only an administrator. What would the other female staff think?” Karen shot Saeed a knowing look.

“I see what you mean, yes.” Saeed smiled at his naughty wife. “Cleaner it is, then. I will get Joe to cover, he is a good driver. Do you think halving his wages will push the point home?”

“I would say a third is plenty, and make sure he does a nice early morning shift. Thank you Saeed. I will take care of the rest.”

“What is his name now? He cannot be David, surely?” Saeed queried, wrinkling his adorable little nose at Karen.

“Well I decided on Mavis. He may try and tell you it is Sandra, but I’m pretty sure as his mother I still get to name him, even if he is a girl.” Karen smirked.

“Mavis it is.” Saeed laughed.

David, unaware of this, laid out his new skirt for his management shift the following morning. He wondered what the drivers would think of his new look. What could they do, he was the manager?

Karen popped her head around the door. “4AM start tomorrow, Mavis.”

Mavis, the lady formerly known as David, grimaced “Why mum? I was going to make a video tonight?”

“You have a new job. The only vacancy your dad had for a younger sister was cleaning. If you are looking for any gender affirming housework, there are a few things I need doing too.”

Mavis could see what his/her mother was doing, but found him/herself quite unable to answer this. His/her mother had been good enough to buy him/her some female clothing, s/he could not exactly say no to her request.

“When am I working until tomorrow?” s/he asked.

“You can come home and pair some socks at 11am or so. You won’t have enough money for the driving lesson tomorrow, I will take care of it once you have finished the rest of the stuff I need you to do.” Karen looked bored.

“Other stuff? I was going to see Ranjit and Imran?” Mavis did not seem impressed by this prospect. “You can’t hang round with boys any more, Mavis, your father would be teased at mosque.” Karen suppressed a smile. “He’s quite old fashioned about some things. Ask your sister.” Uma, was, by now, in on Project Mavis.

“OK.” Mavis resigned him/herself to his/her fate. S/he guessed that s/he would get used to it. “Are you angry with me, mum?”

“Angry? Why would I be angry? I have two lovely daughters now. I don't know if your father will let you spend time alone with girls though, you are somewhat....intact.” Karen gave Mavis a pointed look. “I am a bit sad that I brought up such a conformist, though. I thought I taught you better than that. Always question authority, Mavis, even if it has pink hair.”

“I'm a conformist?” Mavis found this astonishing. “You're old, mum, you just don't get it. You're the conformist trying to keep things the same.” s/he scowled.

“Yeah, have you ever seen me in a skirt with a stupid ribbon in my hair, Mavis? Karen looked scornful. This was becoming the longest conversation they had ever had. She was neither a chatty nor particularly emotional kind of mother.

“No.” Mavis felt awkward. Karen was usually in men's clothes.

“Why do you have to wear it then? Is that what you think being a woman is? Or is being a woman getting humped by your little rainbow friends? Is being a woman actually just getting attention?” Karen tried very hard not to show the sneer that was bubbling as she got angrier.

Saeed, hearing Karen's voice rise slightly, popped his head around the door. “Time to go to sleep, I think.” Saeed smiled. “Make sure you aren't late, Mavis, you need to be out of the depot and into the back offices before the drivers arrive.”

“Is that so they don't see me?” Mavis was faintly horrified. “Are you ashamed of me, dad?”

“Not at all, Mavis, having another sweet and lovely daughter is fine with me. I just want you to have the option of changing your mind, so let's keep it quiet just now.”

“I won't change my mind, dad.” Mavis was adamant and looked fierce.

“Well, we will have to discuss some surgery for you then. We can talk about it once you've tried it out for a couple of weeks.” Saeed nodded to himself wisely. “Best to see what you think of your new payslip first, eh?” Saeed retreated and went to bed, feeling rather smug.

“Oh yeah, I suppose you had better tell us your new pronouns in case we are bored enough to want to talk about you.” Karen was still annoyed, but had calmed down a bit.

“I, I thought she/her?” Mavis was beginning to feel a little bit overwhelmed with all the new things s/he had to think about. Surgery, money, not being allowed out by her/his draconian father. None of these things were within her/his stride so far. S/he hadn't really considered the castration, the rainbow people didn't always seem to bother, but it did not seem to be optional if you had a Muslim father.

“Ok, So you want to be sterile, you presumably don't care about orgasms, you want to be on medication for the rest of your life and you want people to point at you and use incorrect pronouns because some banks, creepy multinationals and rainbow people told you to. Rad, bro. I'll see you after the driving lesson tomorrow, you will need me to pay the bill because you can't afford it on the wages from cleaning. I'll maybe take you to get some Mac makeup, it's expensive but it might cover the stubble for a couple more hours.” Karen picked up some washing and then remembered to return it to the basket. Gender affirming laundry was probably in order for Mavis.

“Thanks mum.” Mavis was not going to be getting a lot of sleep. This was not sounding like so much fun. Good material for a video though, he thought, as he drifted off to sleep.

The following day, after a very dull few hours cleaning, Mavis arrived back home to Karen, who awaited him/her with a bag of socks. After a very tedious hour dealing with those, Mavis then cleared all the laundry baskets, put on the laundry and Karen took him/her to match him/her for some thick Mac makeup to cover his/her facial hair.

When evening came it was Saeed and Uma's turn.

“So Uma, which man do you think you might want to meet?” Mavis, Uma and Saeed were at the kitchen table evaluating a page of potential husbands for Uma. “We can try one at a time if you can tell me which you want?”

“Yeah dad, I'll try the accountant first, the junior doctor looks OK too, but he's probably too busy for dates.” Uma looked as deflated as she could whilst looking at the tiny photographs of various Muslim men for her to marry.

“Great. I'll set it up with his dad. Sorry Mavis,, nothing for you today, I thought you might want to talk about surgery.” Saeed looked around at his new daughter. “Facial surgery, castration, you know you will have to have new breasts and genitals. Not a lot of time to wait for the NHS because we will have to get you married earlier. I'm guessing it will have to be someone that needs care and isn't fussed about kids.” Saeed looked matter-of-fact. “We can always get someone from overseas.”

Mavis was horrified. “I have to marry a man? A man that you pick?”

“Isn't that the whole point of being a girl? Are you telling us you don't want to get married?” Saeed was genuinely confused. “If you don't want to be married, why would you want to be a girl?”

“I....don't know. I don't....not like girls, I just don't know.” Mavis, who was not in fact all that fussy, had not even considered the matter of marriage, particularly arranged marriage as it had never previously come up.

Uma, who had a very nice discreet boyfriend and no intention of marrying some accountant that her father had dredged up from nowhere, scoffed. “How can you not know if you're gay? You're either gay or you aren't?”

“It...wasn't the reason for me transitioning. It was.....more of an identity than anything to do with sex.” Mavis was aware of being well over his/her head at this point. “I'll.....have to think about this.”

“OK.” Saeed closed the book of photographs. “We can talk about this later. If we are going ahead with this, Mavis, we will need to get you castrated and your face fixed as soon as possible. Then once I have found you a husband, it is all taken care of. Let's start with the hair removal, that doesn't have to change your life forever, does it? I'll get that sorted for you.”

“Thanks, dad.” Mavis was overwhelmed. “Can I really not see my friends any more?”

“Let me know what you decide. When you decide what gender you want to be, I can let you know what works. Just now, probably best not to let this out at the mosque too quickly and your friends probably talk at home. I don't want to lose business when we have surgery to pay for.” Saeed looked very serious. “If this is something you really want, we can do it, just let us know what you want to do. Don't take too long, I don't want to have to send you to live too far away.” he got up from the table. Saeed hoped that with this new potential for being sent overseas, Mavis would see sense.

“Is there any more work that I can do? I'm not earning very much?” Mavis knew better than to ask for the old job, but s/he needed to earn more than the pitiful amount s/he was now getting for cleaning.

“Not just now, you might want to work for another company as well, not much to do for a girl. I don't want you to be unsafe doing deliveries. I did think about it, Mavis.” Saeed looked suitably sorry. “It would not do for a daughter of mine to be knocking on doors with parcels. It is my job as a father to keep you safe for your husband.”

“OK. I will look for more work.” Mavis now realised that s/he was a bit more exposed than s/he would like, given his/her shyness and only previous experience being with the family. “I will think about the other things. Thanks dad.”

Karen appeared at the door, “Are you ready to go to your gran's now, Mavis?”

“Gran's?” Mavis had had no idea this was the plan for the afternoon.

“Yeah, I thought it might be nice for your gran to have her new granddaughter over. That way you can be.....yourself.” Karen's nonchalant expression did not change. “You can even stay over if you want.”

“Uh, don't think so.” Mavis adjusted a hairclip. “I don't mind going over for a bit though.”

Karen and Mavis went out to the car. “OK Mavis, put on a bit more lipstick and you're driving.” Karen knew that Mavis was not that great a driver yet and wanted to give Mavis the full driving experience.

“You're the best!” Mavis was keen for more driving experience.

“You know you probably won't be doing much driving in Iran?” Karen did not smile but tried to sound carefree.

“Dad is sending me to Iran?” The urgency of his/her father's wish to have him/her castrated suddenly dawned on Mavis.

“Well, that would make sense, we can try and find you somewhere a bit nearer, but Iran is by far the simplest answer. Have you looked up Iran as a place to live?”

“No, I don't really know anything about Iran. Dad never really talks to me.” Mavis suddenly realised something about Iran. “Iran isn't all that keen on women, though, is it?”

“Cute chicks but no, not that great for women. I'm sure your dad will find you someone nice and

gentle. I suppose we had better get you some religious instruction, Persian and Arabic lessons. This is quite exciting isn't it?" Karen brightened. "I am almost jealous."

Mavis realised his prospects in Iran were somewhat bleak and probably wouldn't entail getting out of the house much. S/he pictured a life of caring for a disabled man that probably couldn't see very well and not leaving the house. "I think I need to give this some thought."

"Yeah, I think you should do a bit of research about Iran and about transitioning." Karen pursed her lips. "The rainbow people won't be coming to Iran with you. You're also going to need to learn something about Islam. If you want to go ahead with it, we are of course in full support," Karen grimaced.

"Would you think I was an idiot if I decided against it?" Mavis wondered what his options were.

"Not at all. I think you should learn something about Islam anyway. Your dad would appreciate it."

"Can I ask you something, mum?" Mavis looked at his mother as s/he pulled the car into Gran's drive.

"Shoot." Karen put on the handbrake and turned the Skoda's engine off.

"How did you and dad end up together?"

Karen laughed. "No parents involved, so Saeed was free to fall in love with the nearest lumpy punk. He liked my lack of controllability and keen interest in reading."

"Why does he want to pick husbands for us?" Mavis was a little confused.

"He is protecting the family. If word got out at mosque about your transition, we would lose standing, which means losing business. He is being a good dad and protecting your inheritance. Let him find you a husband, if that's what you want, we can manage this situation without upsetting anyone. I didn't even know you liked boys." Karen got out of the car and came around to get to the driver's seat.

"Gotcha. Thanks mum." Mavis was increasingly aware that s/he was not yet wedded to the idea of boys, surgery or marriage. S/he smoothed down his/her skirt. S/he headed into Gran's house, making ready for the boiling heat that was always turned up full.

"I'll pick you up when you call." Karen waved and started the car.

Gran, who was also known as Elaine, was a sharp witted 85 year old who had formerly been a geography teacher. She answered the door and looked Mavis up and down.

"Why are you wearing a skirt? Is this some new thing I haven't noticed on the internet?"

"Didn't mum tell you? I'm a girl." Mavis could not believe they had not bothered to talk about this. Was s/he invisible?

"Oh no, that's a shame." Elaine was not restricted by the inclusivity rules in her disapproval at this potential change. "I suppose you'd better come in. I was hoping you would change a light bulb, but

I can't ask you to climb a 20 foot ladder now.”

“I can still climb a ladder, gran, I'm not disabled.” Mavis scoffed.

“Not in that skirt, you can't. I'm not having you ruin my good insurance record.” Elaine turned and staggered slightly as she returned to her chair. “You can maybe change grandad's bed if you can lift him, do the commode. I don't think the carers emptied it.”

“Lovely.” Mavis thought the light bulb sounded like a much better option. “What about the garden? Do you want me to do anything with that?”

“In a brand new skirt? Nope. Besides, you have to look after your hands if you're going to be a girl. What on earth does your father think of this, David?” Elaine did not hold back.

“It's Mavis now. He is arranging my surgery and then a husband, apparently” Mavis was still unsure about this part.

“You did not pick Mavis as a name.” Elaine started to laugh. “Put the kettle on, there's a dear.”

“No, mum picked it. What can you tell me about Iran?” Mavis skipped through to the adjoining kitchen to put the kettle on for tea. Gran was a straight shooter, s/he would get some clarity from this conversation at least.

“He's picking a husband for you in Iran?” Elaine continued to cackle. “You haven't looked it up yet?”

“No, why?” Mavis grabbed some biscuits and put the teabags into the mugs and the sippy cup for Grampa.

“Are you serious, Mavis? You want to give up your job, move to Iran and live as a woman?” the tears of mirth were now apparent on Elaine's face. “You will need quite a bit of surgery. Are you even on hormones yet?”

“No, I only mentioned it last week, so we are setting up appointments for stuff like that just now. Do you think it's a bad idea, gran? I'm not even sure I want to be married yet.”

Elaine was now rocking slightly in the chair, she could not stop the laughter. Saeed was very smart, she did like his style. She dried up long enough to ask “How is your Persian and your Arabic?”

“Yeah I'm going to have to learn that too. I think dad is going to marry Uma off first, so I probably have a year or so by the time we've done everything.”

“How are you going to pay for all this?” Elaine wondered how much Mavis was earning.

“Dad said he would take care of it.” Mavis was blissfully unaware this was likely to be the cost of a small house.

“Business is good then. Are you still manager?” Elaine managed to straighten her face as Mavis re-entered the room with tea. S/he popped the sippy cup through to his/her grampa and returned

“No, the only job they had for a younger sister was cleaning. It's kind of boring. I'm not allowed to see my male friends now either.” Mavis looked a bit deflated at this.

“You're going to have to spend some time at mosque, too. Do me a favour, poppet, look up women's rights in Iran on the computer over there.” Elaine was now considerably more serious. “And then fetch me my pashmina, I will show you how to wear the hijab.”

Mavis liked this idea, and went to fetch the pashmina first, a decision s/he was soon to regret due to the boiling temperature in the house. Elaine wrapped his head and neck slightly more tightly than she normally would to give Mavis the full effect.

“So....hot....” Mavis looked in the mirror and quite liked the effect, but broke a sweat fairly rapidly as it was a fine wool pashmina.

“Now look at the computer.” Elaine sipped her tea as Mavis sat and searched for women's rights in Iran.

“I suppose I could be an activist?” Mavis was only faintly horrified as s/he looked up from the computer, Elaine thought she had better make the point a little more strongly.

“Iranian jail is no fun, Mavis. Add to this that your best bet is a disabled man with poor eyesight, and you will be living pretty much like me, but also hot, with a man that you don't know and at risk from almost all the others.” Elaine tried to make Mavis consider this more carefully. “Are you actually gay, dear? Your life would be a lot more fun.”

“That's just it, gran, I don't know? I think I quite like girls.” Mavis had still not settled on this question. “So arranged marriage and moving to Iran not such a good idea then?”

“Your father is trying to help you. Before you do anything else, try spending some time at mosque with him, even if you have to be a boy whilst you do it. You might find that helpful.” Elaine counselled. “Before you change gender, you need to know a bit more about the gender you're turning down. You have no idea how many advantages you're throwing away.”

“Like what? I've had more conversations since I announced this than I've had in my entire life. What sort of advantage is being ignored?” Mavis slumped slightly in his/her chair.

“Honestly, try seeing this from your parents' point of view, and your sister's. You had a nice quiet life, nobody bothering you, doing whatever you like, effortlessly getting a manager's job that your sister wasn't even considered for, purely because you're a boy. There are worse things than being ignored.” Elaine looked at Mavis. “It is probably just as well this happened, because now you have a chance to get to know everyone, but I wouldn't go chopping my body up over it if I was you.”

“Right.” Mavis looked at the carpet, slightly ashamed of his/her own advantages.

“My advice is spend some time with dad. Get your management job back. Figure out if it's boys, girls or both, learn the languages, after all that you can decide to chop your bits off because then you will be equipped for this Iranian madness you are considering. Delay it a bit, if you do this now, you will be very sorry. Life is short, you don't want to spend it lugging some man you don't know around with your head wrapped up in a blanket.” Elaine paused for a bite of her biscuit and brushed some crumbs onto the floor. “And you'll need to understand a bit more about Islam.”

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