Decisions

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

He wanted to be angry, but whatever she had done to him seemed to make that impossible. He felt not only weak, but devoid of energy. And placid too. He knew that he should not be, but he seemed in a word: Incapable.

Compared to her, he was. She was a brilliant surgeon. He had been nothing. A sales representative for a medical supply company. A charmer. A rake. But that seemed so long ago.

He wore only the pearls. For some reason they were still hanging around his neck as he sat naked on the doctors examination bench. His neck and shoulders were still solid, but the laser treatments and the hormones had left the skin smooth and pale, and with a soft layer over the weakened muscle and over his face. He could not even find the strength to take the necklace off.

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| “I know it may be the last thing you want to hear, but your ex-wife has done the most incredible work here,” said Doctor Heath, recommended as the best plastic surgeon in the city. “The work on your face is the finest I have ever seen. The brow bone has been ground away and the scalp brought forward. Even if we could insert something to restore that, there would not be enough skin. The same with the chin. Ground away and excess skin cut away. No scarring anywhere. Truly wonderful work.”That was not what he wanted to hear. But there was more: “The tattooing also presents a problem in any restorative work. The lips are permanently red, and there is not other tissue on the body that can really replace lips. I am guessing that they were naturally full. Now a little plumped up, but very tastefully so. This is quality cosmetic surgery. | Decision Day |

He looked at Dr. Heath sadly. There may have been a tear in his eye, but the eyeliner would not run. That was tattooed on too.

“Even if you shave off those perfectly shaped eyebrows, the same arches are tattooed underneath,” the doctor said. “And the laser work that has removed every little blemish form the skin on you face has also destroyed every hair follicle. In fact, looking for skin on your body with any viable hair growth has proved fruitless. Except for the hair on top of you head of course, which appears … well – quite lush and, can I say, lustrous?”

Instinctively his hand went to his hair. It was a mess. He had deliberately not arranged it, but still it appeared beautiful to the doctor. It should have saddened him, but somehow the compliment warmed him – maybe even thrilled him. How much he had changed.

It would be easy to run the clippers through this hair, but for what? Thankfully there was no mirror in front of him, but he knew what was there. The doctor was confirming what he had realized: He could never return his face to anything like a male face. This was what he looked like now. How would a buzz cut help?

“What about my body,” he squeaked. It was a squeak. It was his voice now.

“Apart from the remarkable skin treatment, and the overall quality of the breast and bottom surgery, there is the possibility of some surgery in the nature of reversal.” The doctor’s voice was uncertain, perhaps reluctant. He looked into the big pleading eyes ringed in tattooed black.

“Breasts can be removed, but rebuilding male genitals, while not impossible, could never be functional. The testicles are gone for good, and while we could remove your vagina, it could not be used to fashion a penis as the skin has been sensitized. In fact, any surgery down there would be very painful. It would seem that a huge amount of effort has been taken to see that you might be able to experience an impressive female orgasm.”

Just the mention of it made that little place tingle. He had only ever experienced it using his fingers in the shower to investigate the damage, but the experience had been mind-bending.

She had cared enough to leave him with that.

“Would surgery allow me to experience anything like that as a restored man?”

“Well, that would depend on what has been done with the nerves, but it would be a challenge. You see, for female to male reassignment surgery the clitoris may be able to be enlarged. There is not the tissue for that in your case.”

He fiddled with the necklace as he nodded. Everybody needs to have some kind of sexual pleasure. A future without that seemed bleak.

“And then there is the impact of the hormones, and the ability to rebuild musculature should we be able to arrest the female hormones,” said Doctor Heath. “To be honest we still cannot isolate the source, and until we do, the idea of making your lymphatic system a battleground of conflicting chemistries is a concern.”

It was true. He had never been too large or strong, but now seemed pathetically small and fragile. All muscle had been eaten away by these hormones. He could almost feel them coursing through his veins, eroding him further, destroying him from the inside.

Could he face the future the way he was? Could he make do with what she had left him? Could he cope with life as something other than a man?

But what kind of life could he lead? He had spent his whole life charming and then abusing the women who had fallen for him. Now he was one of those. A woman, assuming that he could not be a man ever again.

What was the alternative? Could he choose death? Did he have the courage to take his own life?

But then as he looked down, he noticed the crotch of the doctor’s pants. And his eyes travelled up to Doctor Heath’s he saw that he was a good-looking man. And there was a look on the doctor’s face that puzzled him. He felt that he knew men, but this was not a look that he was familiar with. It was perhaps close to … greed. But not in a bad way. Maybe a longing? His eyes seemed larger somehow, almost as if he could dive into them.

“Doctor, before I make a final decision, I am curious to understand what I would be giving up if I were to proceed with any restorative surgery. I have a vagina with not a little amount of sensitivity, and I can’t help but observe that you have … well, the other essential component. Just for medical purposes only. To make a determination as to the proper course of treatment. I wonder if you would, since I am naked, and …”.

“Of course,” said Doctor Heath. It would be my pleasure.”

Theirs both, as it turned out.

The End

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Author’s Note:

This is an extension of something I wrote based on this Cap by Jenna

