

April Showers Bring . . . (Multi MtF TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A few weeks after a freak April rain shower transforms men throughout the city into women of all types, a newscast follows up on some of these 'victims' to see how they're adapting to their new realities.

April Showers Bring . . .

It was the strangest weather-based phenomena ever recorded, and it took place right here in our city of Bridgehold. The infamous April Shower Change which defied all understanding of biological and meteorological laws has taken the world by, if you'll excuse the pun, *storm*. Thousands of victims, each of them formerly male, yet transformed into members of the female sex. How did this occur? Scientists are still figuring it out, but we do know that the light and unexpected rain shower that began on the 15th of April at 11:03am was the catalyst. The shower lasted only forty three minutes, never reaching more than a light drizzle, yet every human male in the city was affected. Some were changed in less than thirty seconds. Others took hours to alter. But all were transformed. By the end of the day, all of them would become, seemingly irreversibly, female.

I'm Parker Janson reporting, and this story is of particularly personal interest to me. As many of you who follow Station Seven will know, I am one of the former men who was affected by the April Shower Change. That day, my sex, my age, and yes, even my *race* were altered. It has been just a month since that event, and I still find myself adapting. I have undertaken this report, dear viewers, not just as an introspective for myself, however, but a journalistic investigation into how just some of the thousands of transformed former men in our city have adapted, are adapting, or struggling to adapt to their new biological reality. It has been exactly a month since the event, and it's time we Bridgeholders consider the way in which not only our men have changed, but our people as well.

My first interview is with Janice Markham, a forty-nine year old librarian who works at the City Function Library. As you can see, Janice no longer appears forty-nine, but rather in her early twenties. Compare these two photos, and most would never imagine the portly, balding, tweed-wearing man on the left to be related at all to the stylish woman with auburn ringlets on the right.

"It's certainly a bit of a change, I can tell you that! I never really imagined I'd experience 'what women want,' that's for sure."

"How are you holding up? It's been a month since the event, and yet you seem to have adapted rather well?"

"Oh, more than well, let me tell you! I have a whole new lease on life. They tell me my body is biologically in its early twenties. I'm fitter than I've ever been, I'm finally getting into veganism and exercise to keep it that way, and I've got a whole new style, as you can see. I'd rather been embarrassed to embrace the new in my old life, yet here I am!"

"Was there any hesitancy about embracing your feminine side?"

"At first, yes, but less than you would think. I know others who struggle deeply, but I think being a librarian, a devourer of books . . . it's given me a more open perspective. Be it the works of Jane Austen, the stories of Margaret Atwood, even the remaining poetry of Sappho; the female mind is not a total mystery to me, and reading the stories of women - even tragedies of Virginia Woolf, for instance - let me see them as they truly are: simply people! I'm still a person. I have new experiences, new ways of seeing the world and being seen, but it's all very enlightening."

"It sounds like a marvellous adaptation!"

"Well, it wasn't at first. I was in a state of panic! And, not to lie, any man would feel a sense of emasculation. But I'm single - well, I was - and adaptable. I find people enjoy my company more, now."

"You say you're no longer single? Can you elaborate on that?"

"Well, it's all fairly new to me, but for the two weeks I've had a steady boyfriend. I'm rather taken with him, actually. Yes, I'm talking about you, Stu. Don't let it go to your head! And for God's sake, don't joke about that old picture of me!"

Of course, other transformed individuals have had much less success at adapting to womanhood, or have rejected it altogether. The interesting case of the Berdani brothers gives a sense of the contrast that can result. As you can see from their before and after images, the two changed in quite different ways. Marco and Enzo were once identical twins with strong Italian heritage and a clear sense of suited fashion. Inheritors to the family clothing business, they were partners prior to this event, aged just twenty six years old. Now, here they are now: Marco has retained his Italian looks, appearing much as he might have were he born female. Enzo, on the other hand, is a dark-skinned woman of seeming African heritage, with long locks and a more curvaceous build. Her bright clothing speaks to an embrace of West African style.

"So, you have taken on very different approaches to your new lives!"

"Obviously. There was no way I would let down my familia. I may be turned into a woman, but that doesn't mean I can't run the business no matter what my aged papi says. The man is going senile, and besides I shall be a man again soon."

"I take that to mean you are re-transitioning, Marco?"

"Si. Obviously. I was born a man and shall die a man. This is but a nuisance stage in between and I will not have anyone call me a woman."

"But you are a woman, brother."

"Don't get into this, fratello!"

"I told you, call me sorella if you have to. I am your sister, now."

"Agh! Again with this nonsense! You have gone native, I swear! All this bright colour and your accent, Enzo-"

"I cannot help my accent. I speak like a West African woman now, and I like it."

"I take it you've embraced your new life and culture then, Enzo?"

"Si! Well, as much as I can. It is more of an infusion of cultures I have embraced. We have a group - the New Pan Africans, we call ourselves, modelled after the original Pan-African movement but now for those who have been transitioned into West-African heritage. There are questions of if we are co-opting identity, so we try to form our own; a blend of new and old, just like us."

"But you and your brother disagree on this, I take it?"

"Indeed. He doesn't like that I am a woman-"

"Which you are not."

"Or that I like being one."

"It's some kind of mental issue, I'm sure of it! Mama always said you were dropped as a child!"

"Or that I like going clubbing and showing off my curves."

"I used to go clubbing with you, when we picked up girls! Now you pick up women AND men! It is disgusting!"

"You should try it before you re-transition, fratello."

"Never! I can barely stand the fact that you do it!"

"Well, someone has to bear children for the next generation of our family one day, and it won't be you anymore."

"I take it, then, that you won't be continuing to partner in your business any longer, given these enormous disagreements?"

This was obviously the wrong question to ask, as the pair looked at me as if I were truly insane.

"Are you kidding? I cannot work without Enzo!"

"It would be a cold day in hell for the business to lack Marco!"

This reporter does not have Italian heritage, but for all the changes she sees in this pair, their bickering resembles more the stereotypical Italian home than any deep divides.

Georgia Rotes provides us access to her room above the Golden Hoops, a stripper lounge and brothel with the largest clientele and business in the city. A legalised establishment run by a female madam, it is surprisingly clean and well-managed, though the air stinks of cigarette smoke and alcohol on the base floor. Here in Georgia's room, however, there are simply the scents of fine perfume in the air. The blonde and buxom beauty is more than happy to be interviewed wearing nothing more than her lingerie and a silken robe that barely disguises the minimal clothing beneath.

"So, are you considering leaving this profession?"

"Let's not jump straight to the end, dear. That part comes later. Don't you want to ask me a more typical question, such as how I ended up as a prostitute and stripper?"

"Very well, how did you end up a prostitute and stripper, if you don't mind me asking?"

"My father demanded the same answer from me! The truth is, it's a combination of hidden wants and a new biological reality for me. Can I be a little vulgar?"

"Only as vulgar as we can air at 6.30pm on a Tuesday night."

"Well, you can bleep it out later if there's any issues. I was one of the ones who turned quickly. One moment I was a married man in his thirties, stuck in a dead end relationship with a wife he didn't like and who certainly didn't like him, and the next I'm a twenty year old woman with G-cup tits and a figure that can't quite."

"Quite a shock."

"A goddamn miracle, I say. I always imagined what it would be like to be a woman, and now I was one. But, of course, I was also having some immediate . . . difficulties. I'm just gonna come out and say it: I was horny as BLEEP. As in, I was BLEEP and down to BLEEP with whatever guy I could find. Super heterosexual and in need of a BLEEP deep in my new BLEEP, y'know? You've changed, are you into men now?"

"I swing both ways, personally, but I'm still coming to terms with it."

"I bet you are, Asian cutie that you are. You'd make a lot of money here, y'know."

"Well, thanks, I suppose? Can you tell me how you ended up here?"

"My goddamn libido, that's why. I needed a place where I could constantly get it. And frankly, I couldn't exactly work in construction anymore. So I decided, to hell with it! Marriage

dissolved. New life. I needed some BLEEP, badly. And I had the kind of body any man would go wild over. So I came here, and the madam was more than happy to accommodate me.”

“It’s not a problem for your clientele?”

“Problem? Just the opposite! Most of my clients are ecstatic about the fact that I used to be a man. It’s a real big turn on for them.”

“Wow!”

“That’s what I said, but I’ve embraced it. I even play a bit of a bimbo for them sometimes, or pretend that I’m stuck with compulsions to please them, trying to resist it. Of course, I’m really into it. It’s all in good fun. There’s a lot of people with some freaky fetishes out there, and the idea of a sexy gal who used to be a man is right up their alley. Some even want to get me pregnant! I might allow it one day, if some rich BLEEP puts down enough cash.”

“Aren’t you worried about something like that? Birth? Raising a child as a single mother?”

“Of course I would be! But intrigued, too! I could afford it, of course. I’ve started posting some sexy content online, and to be honest, I won’t need to be a prostitute for much longer. Though I’ll still need some friends with benefits, of course.”

“So no regrets? Truly?”

“None at all.”

There are numerous others, of course. This report will examine many of them. Husbands who became wives. Homegrown men who now can’t speak their own original language, adapting to life in Chinatown or the Russian suburbs. There are numerous teenage girls who, just a month ago, were hormonal boys making jokes about the kind of girls they have now become. Some have grown in age, others have regained years of their life. Speaking as a person who was changed, who went from being a Caucasian man to an Asian woman, I can speak to the difficulties, but also the fantastic new experiences, that we of the April Shower Change have gone through.

I hope you will continue to watch this report. There are many stories yet to tell.

But it seems, for many, that the idiom still rings true: April Showers bring May Flowers.

To Be Continued . . . ?