



#0074
RATED X
120 PAGES

GENDER CHANGE

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The Binary of Haylee

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A decade ago, I had no clue that a simple message online would change the course of my life forever.

A man with a bun hairstyle is sitting in a black gaming chair at a desk. He is wearing a dark blue and green striped polo shirt. In front of him are two large, white, curved monitors. To his left is a white computer monitor on a stand. The background consists of light-colored vertical blinds. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

At the time, I had been writing TG content online; however, I was just getting into a flow and making a small name for myself. As a result, I was still learning the basics of properly formatting posts and such, which was why Serena had written to me asking about making fonts bigger.

A man with a bun hairstyle is sitting in a grey armchair, looking down at a smartphone he is holding with both hands. He is wearing a red sweater with white and blue stripes on the sleeves. The background consists of light-colored vertical blinds. A purple text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Serena was sweet, but then she still went by “Ronald,” and we were simply two guys in our late 20s who could empathize with each other’s desires towards all things feminine.



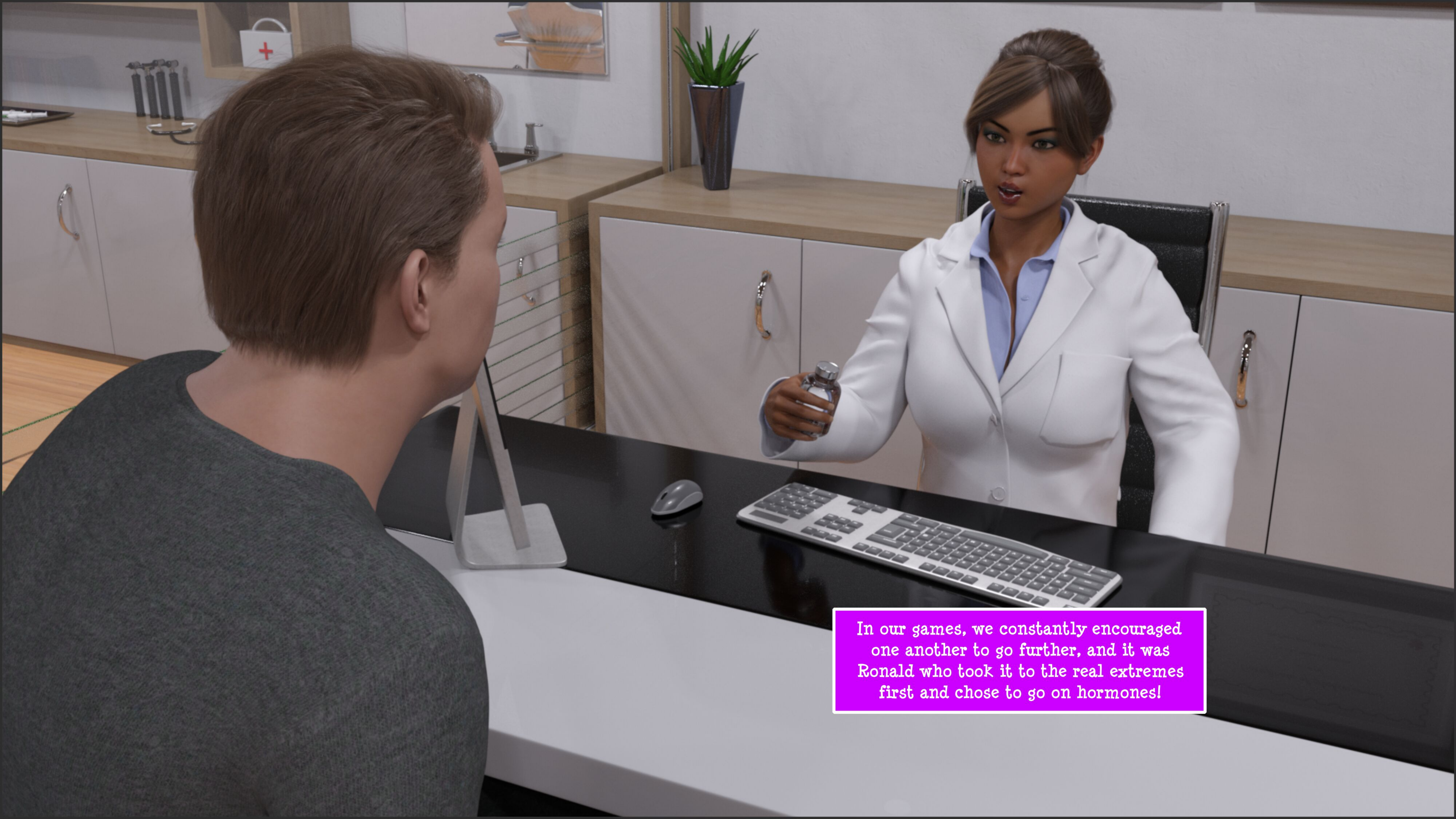
In the beginning, it was simply a pure rush to talk to someone who could understand the longing to wear a corset or possess a set of boobs. That was not all we related on, though, as we had similar upbringings and had a similar set of situations in life.

For starters, we both were married and happily so, or so we thought at that time. It was nice to have Ronald get the conflicting love of our wives, but disappointment over not being our true selves. Over time, we grow closer, and our bond gets more intense!





It was only a matter of time till things got a bit more intense between us... and eventually we started roleplaying. Each time we roleplayed, though, guilt plagued us as we did not want to lose our partners, nor hurt them.

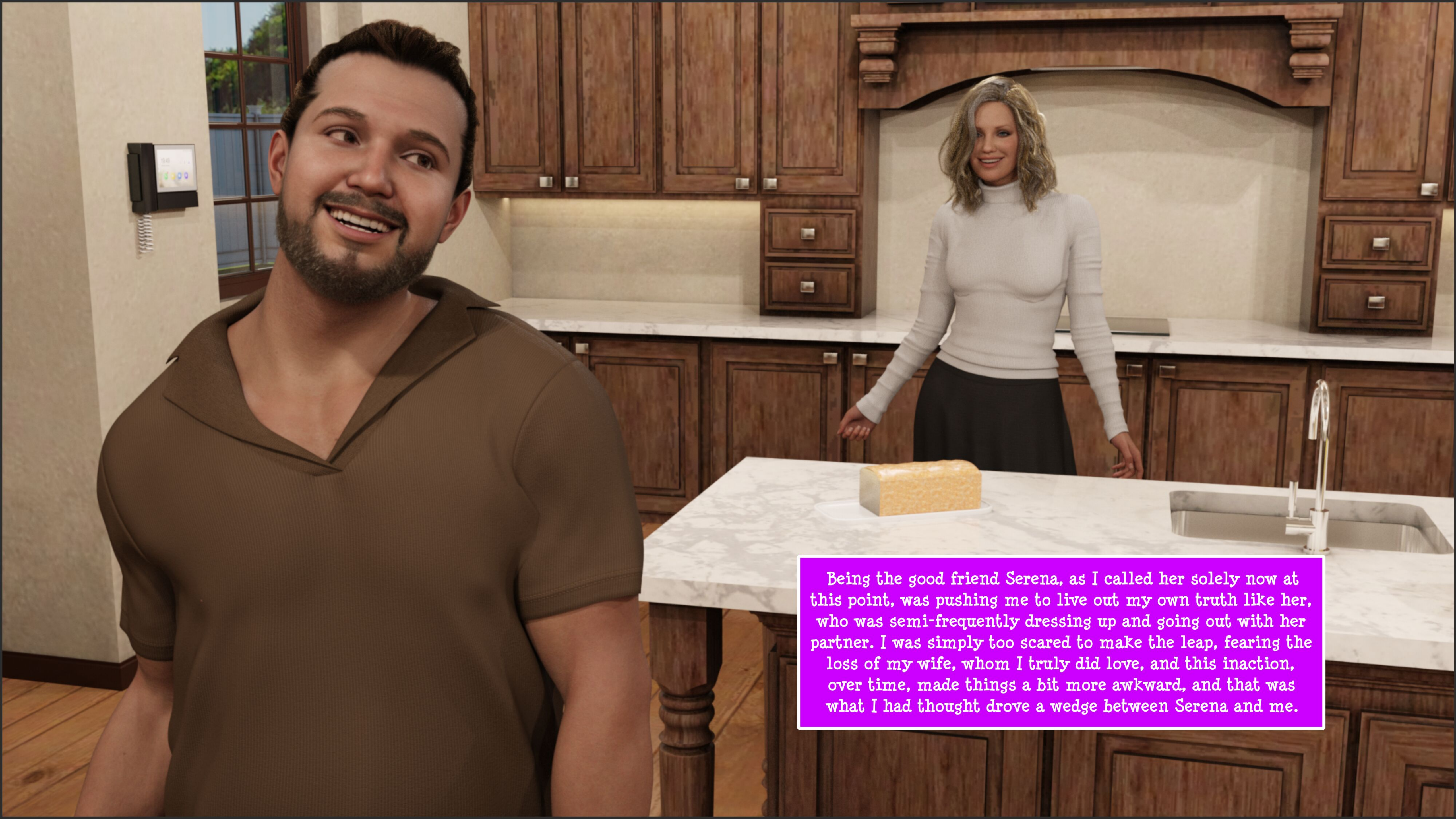


In our games, we constantly encouraged one another to go further, and it was Ronald who took it to the real extremes first and chose to go on hormones!


A man with a beard, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie, stands in a doorway. He is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The doorway is framed by dark wood. Above the doorway, a neon sign spells out the word 'ADULT' in a stylized, outlined font. To the left of the doorway, there are red neon lights in a zigzag pattern and a blue neon light bar. The overall lighting is dim, with the neon signs providing the primary light source.

ADULT

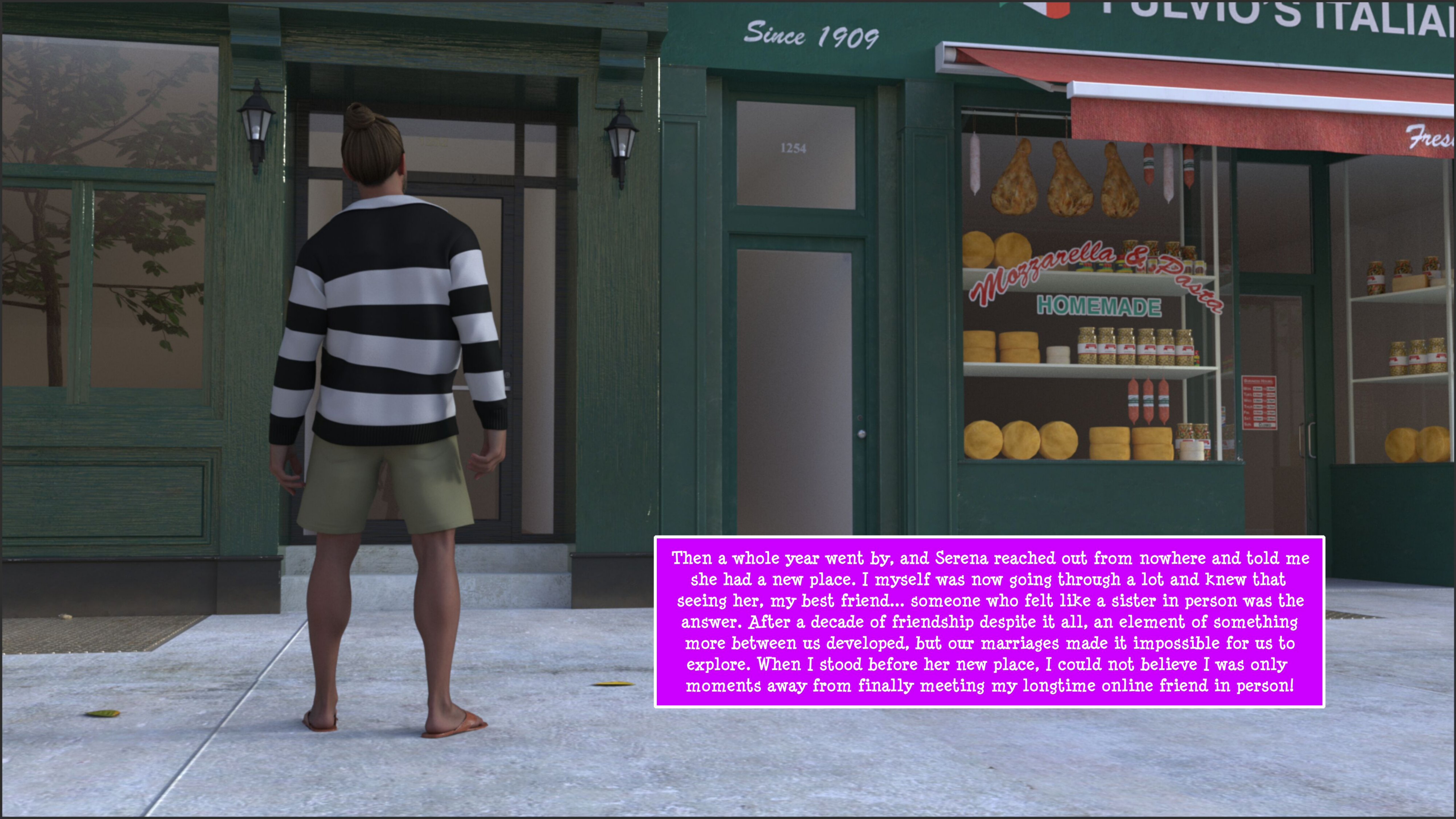
I was not immune to the dares as she was encouraging me to do chastity, cross-dressing, as well as other things. This, though, led to a lot of complications in both of their lives as she kept the dose low, still not sure if she was ready to come out and have visible results, while I was really skirting the boundaries of getting caught. This mattered cause my wife said if caught dressing, we were done.



Being the good friend Serena, as I called her solely now at this point, was pushing me to live out my own truth like her, who was semi-frequently dressing up and going out with her partner. I was simply too scared to make the leap, fearing the loss of my wife, whom I truly did love, and this inaction, over time, made things a bit more awkward, and that was what I had thought drove a wedge between Serena and me.

A man with a beard and short hair, wearing a white tank top, is sitting in a chair and looking down at a smartphone in his hands. The room is dimly lit, with a dark background and a wooden chair back visible behind him. A text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

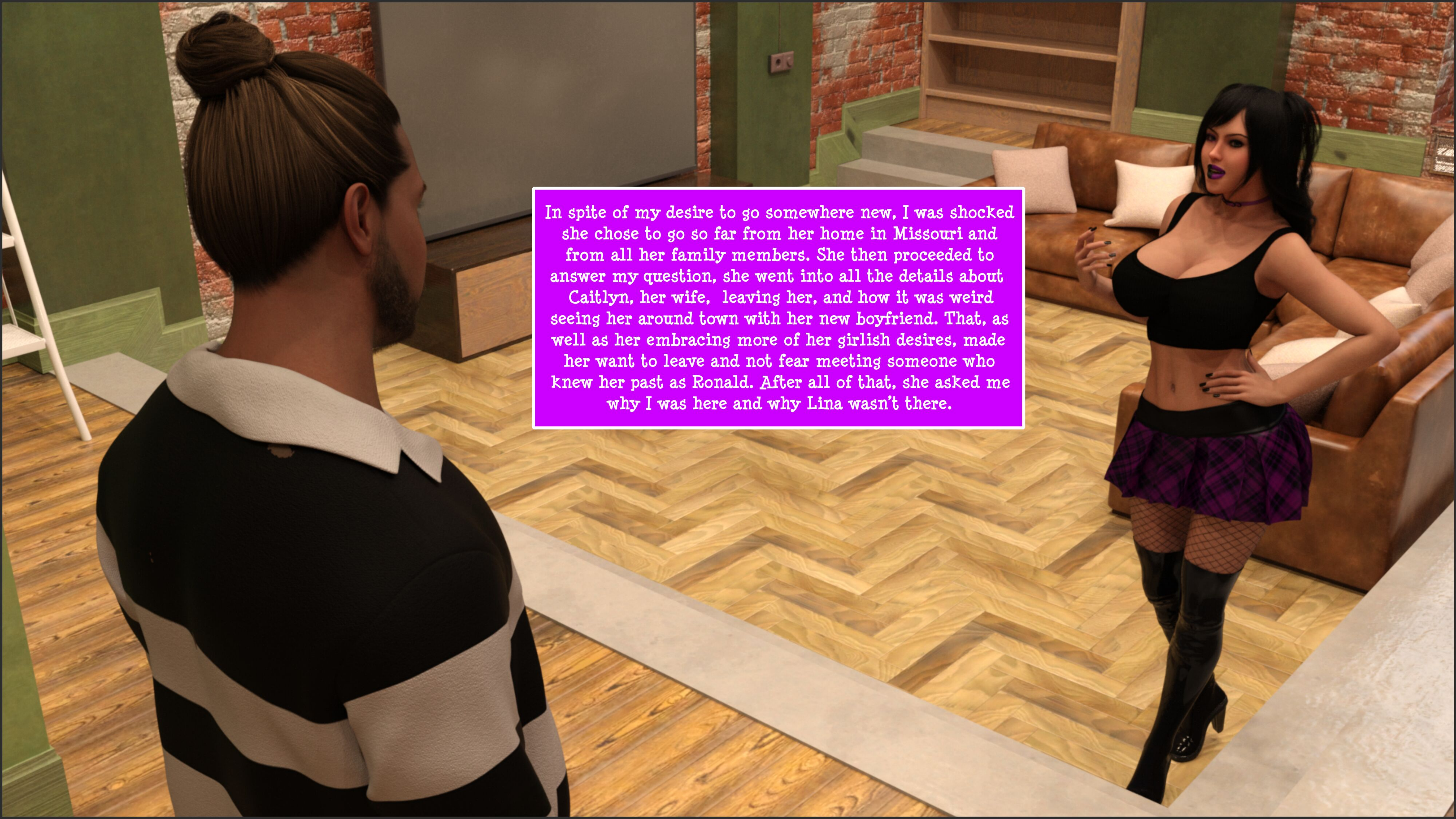
Then one day, the talking just stopped, and I thought it was my fault, but little did I know Serena herself was going through a life change that was far more drastic than our games.



Then a whole year went by, and Serena reached out from nowhere and told me she had a new place. I myself was now going through a lot and knew that seeing her, my best friend... someone who felt like a sister in person was the answer. After a decade of friendship despite it all, an element of something more between us developed, but our marriages made it impossible for us to explore. When I stood before her new place, I could not believe I was only moments away from finally meeting my longtime online friend in person!



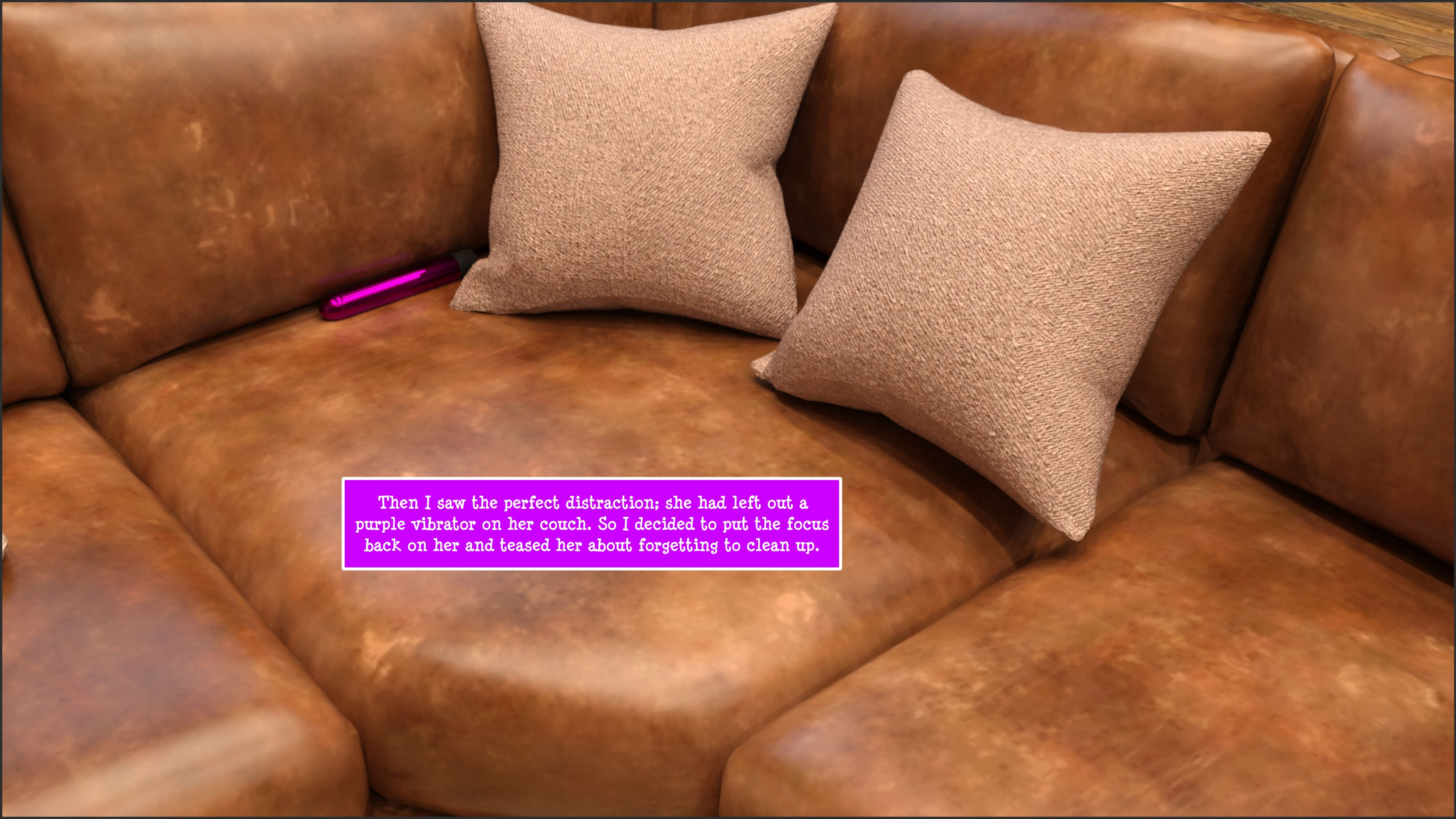
After letting me in and getting over the shock of finally being face to face, Serena started to explain to me about how, after everything she had been through and starting the hormones, she just wanted to start anew in fresh surroundings. This all made sense to me, but no matter how much I tried to focus on her serious words, I could not get over how significant the results of the hormones were to her body!



In spite of my desire to go somewhere new, I was shocked she chose to go so far from her home in Missouri and from all her family members. She then proceeded to answer my question, she went into all the details about Caitlyn, her wife, leaving her, and how it was weird seeing her around town with her new boyfriend. That, as well as her embracing more of her girlish desires, made her want to leave and not fear meeting someone who knew her past as Ronald. After all of that, she asked me why I was here and why Lina wasn't there.




I tried dodging the question from Serena, but she could read through me and kept pressing me for an answer to her question. In a desperate attempt to dodge the question I did not want to answer, so I looked around for anything that I could deflect to and reduce stress.

A close-up photograph of a brown leather sofa. Two beige, textured pillows are placed on the seat. A purple vibrator is lying on the leather surface between the pillows. A white text box with a purple border is overlaid on the lower part of the image.


Then I saw the perfect distraction; she had left out a purple vibrator on her couch. So I decided to put the focus back on her and teased her about forgetting to clean up.

A man with a beard and hair tied back, wearing a black and white striped sweater, stands in a room with a brick wall and a window. He is holding a purple vibrator in his left hand. The room features a brown leather sofa with white pillows in the foreground. A window with a green frame shows a brick building outside with a white fire escape. A purple text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.


It took me off into a little daydream and thinking about the vivid RPs we would have together and talk about using such toys!

A woman with dark hair in pigtails, wearing a black crop top, a purple plaid skirt, fishnet stockings, and black boots, stands in a kitchen. She has her hands on her hips and is looking towards the camera. In the foreground, a hand is holding a purple vibrator. The kitchen has a brick wall, a wooden countertop, and a wooden floor. A text box is overlaid on the image.


I could not help but tease her more, and I teased her about how she said she would never take it in the backside.




Then Serena's face got serious as I had inadvertently triggered a bit in her. She was not ready to admit it, but she had not actually gotten the results with hormones, and she feared I would judge her for taking a shortcut. So she lied and said that she had had bottom surgery too, which made me even more shocked, as I never thought she would go to such lengths.



Then I realized I may have pressed too hard, and I felt bad for hurting my friend. I did have to know, though, what it was like to have a vagina.



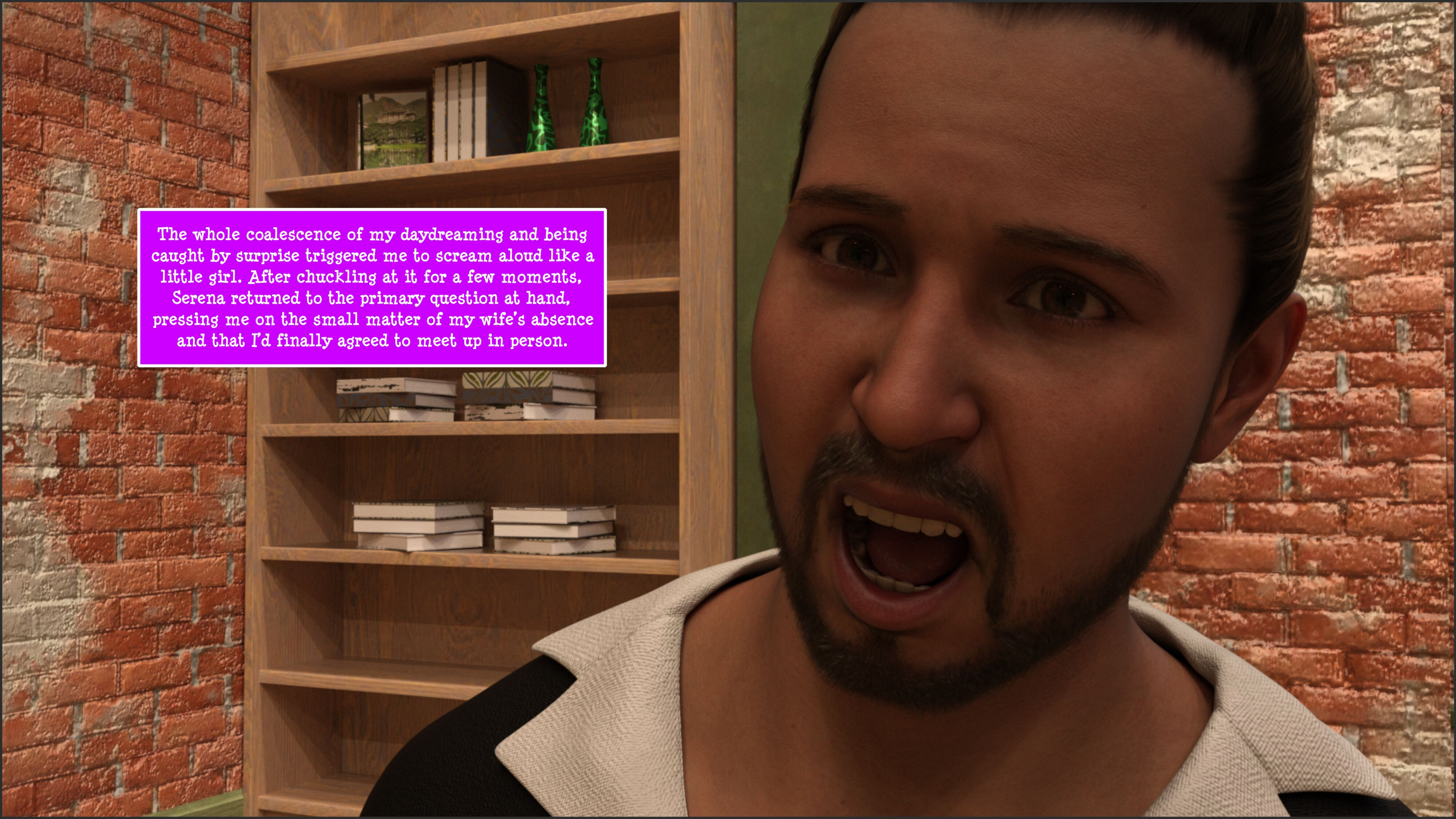
Serena knew me well enough and knew that it was more playful teasing than anything else. For the moment, the “bait” was taken, and she then began to tell me about how amazing the sensations were.

A man with a beard and hair in a bun, wearing a black and white striped sweater and olive shorts, stands on the left. A woman with long black hair, wearing a black top, is seen from behind on the right. They are in a room with brick walls, a wooden floor, and a brown leather sofa with white pillows. A text box is overlaid in the center.

As I felt jealousy towards Serena, she could see it in my eyes. Before she could hit me with this guilt, I was stuck just imagining what it would be like for me to have a vagina too!



My ADHD kept me distracted, but Serena was determined to snap me out of it and yelled at me, which certainly caught me off guard.



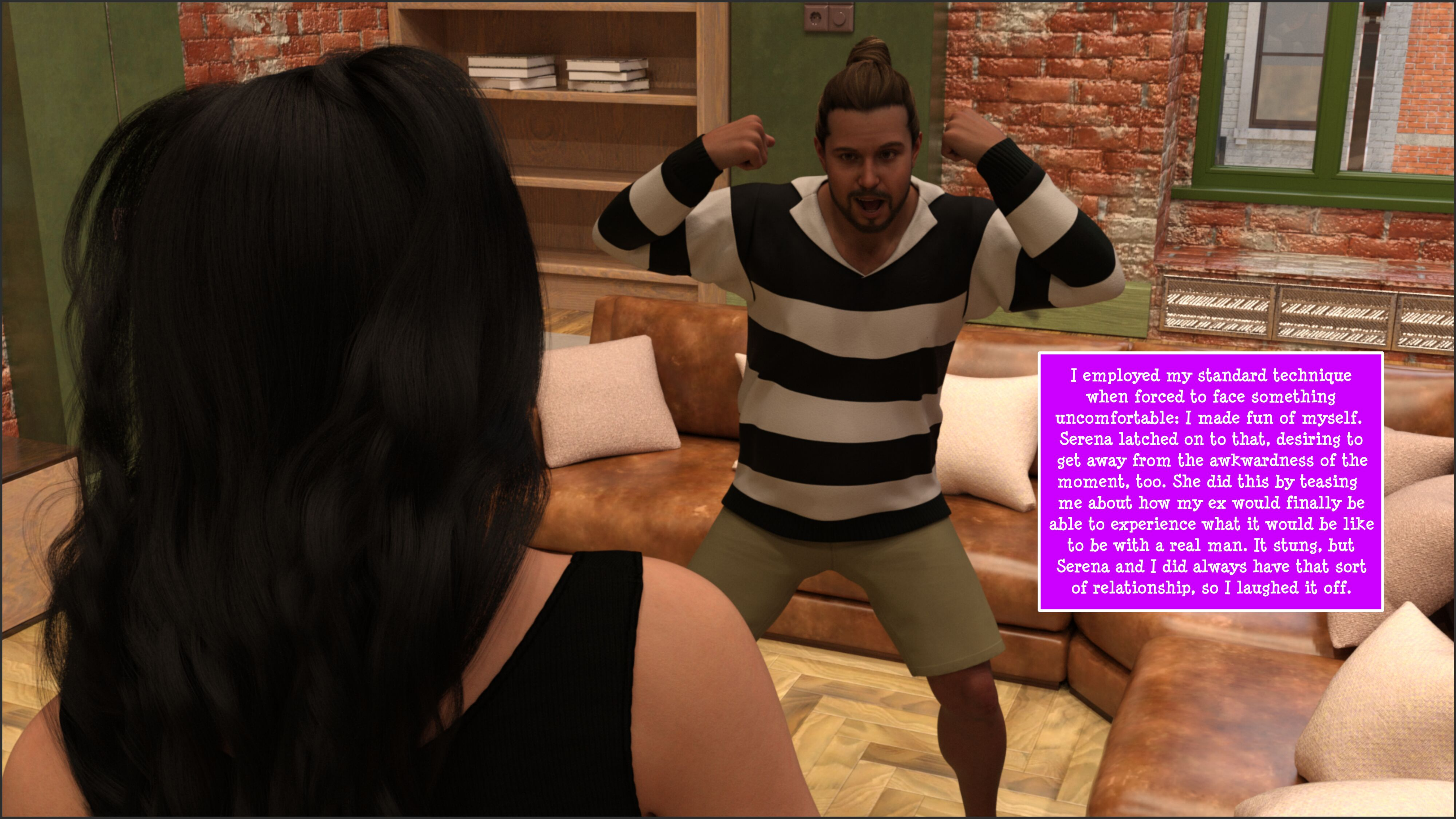
The whole coalescence of my daydreaming and being caught by surprise triggered me to scream aloud like a little girl. After chuckling at it for a few moments, Serena returned to the primary question at hand, pressing me on the small matter of my wife's absence and that I'd finally agreed to meet up in person.



Serena knew I could be a bit impulsive sometimes and feared that I was jeopardizing my relationship by coming to her before we were done. She reminded me that she refused to be the cause of our breakup, but my head sank as I realized there was no way around telling her the truth. I went on to tell her how I got curious again about being a girl and put on some of her clothing, but she caught me. I paused before telling Serena that Lina left me for my own co-worker, whom I myself had introduced her to at a company party.



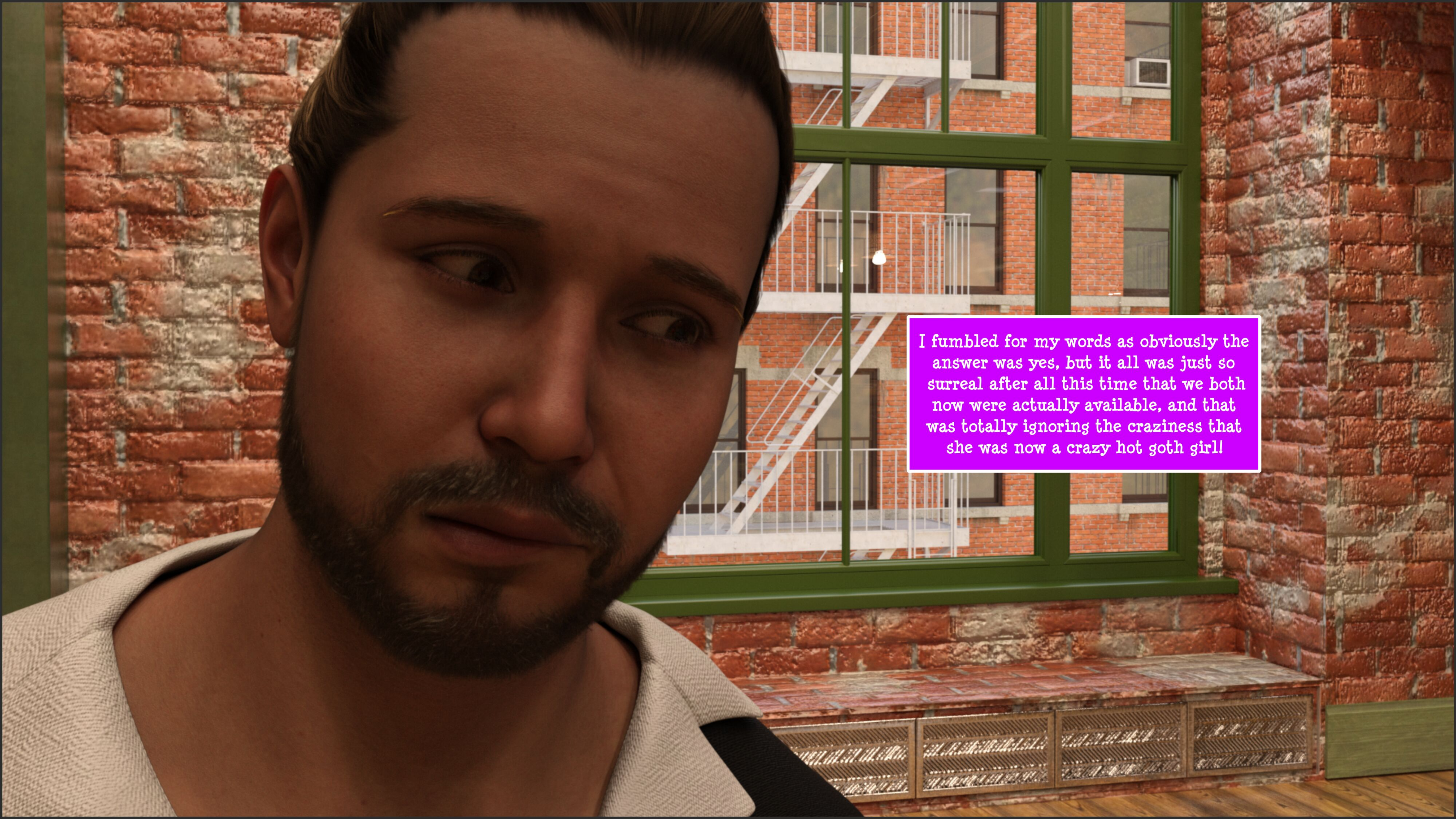
In an attempt to ease the pain and also unable to hold back her own motives, Serena asked if being free was now what I wanted. I did not know how to answer as it was too soon, but I could comprehend what she was getting at.



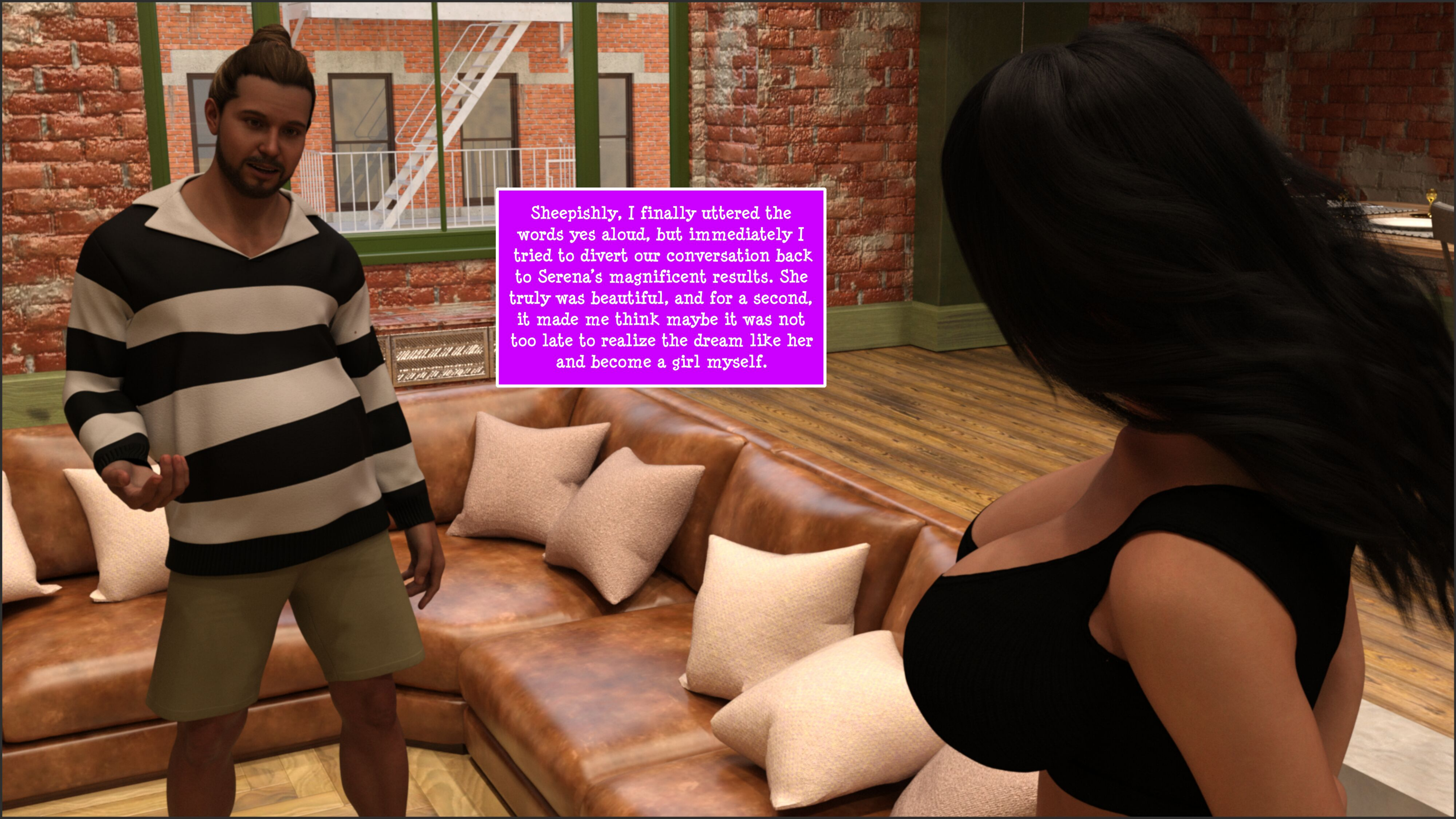
I employed my standard technique when forced to face something uncomfortable: I made fun of myself. Serena latched on to that, desiring to get away from the awkwardness of the moment, too. She did this by teasing me about how my ex would finally be able to experience what it would be like to be with a real man. It stung, but Serena and I did always have that sort of relationship, so I laughed it off.




Serena, though, simply needed to know what my intentions were and asked earnestly if this meant that I, too, was now available to be her.

A close-up shot of a man with a beard and mustache, looking out a window. The window has a green frame and shows a brick building with a fire escape. A purple text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.


I fumbled for my words as obviously the answer was yes, but it all was just so surreal after all this time that we both now were actually available, and that was totally ignoring the craziness that she was now a crazy hot goth girl!



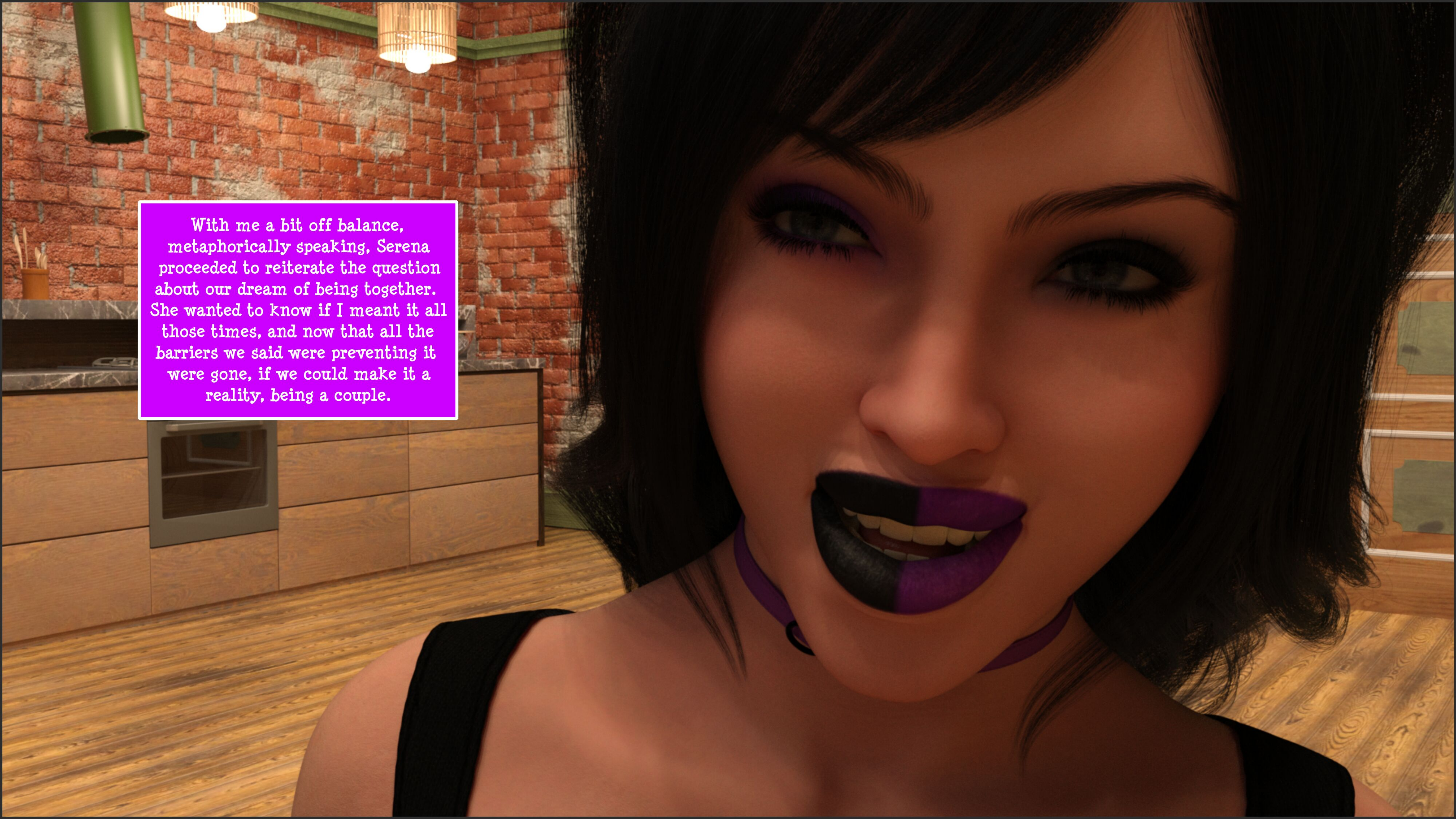
Sheepishly, I finally uttered the words yes aloud, but immediately I tried to divert our conversation back to Serena's magnificent results. She truly was beautiful, and for a second, it made me think maybe it was not too late to realize the dream like her and become a girl myself.



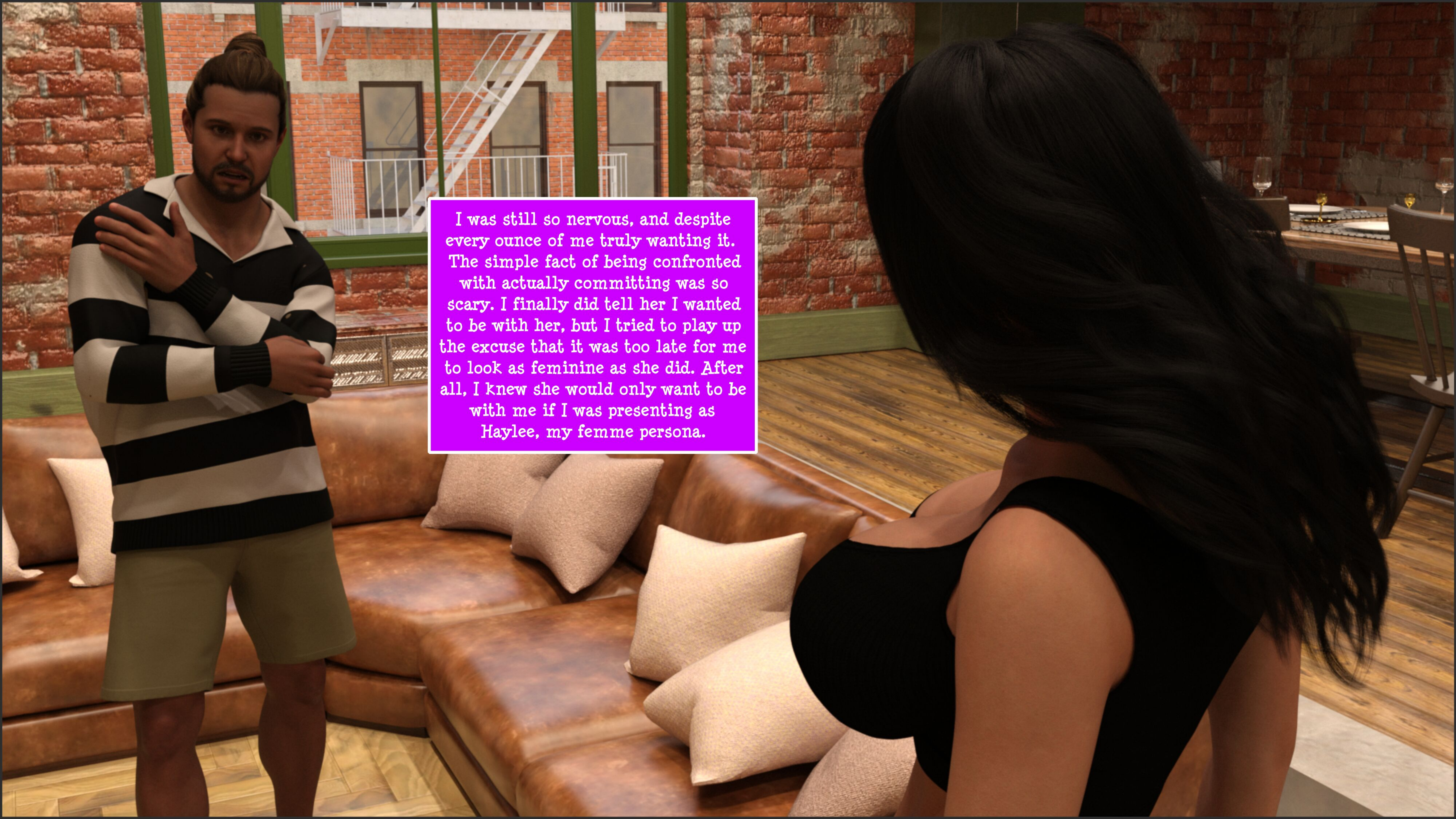
With all this, though, it hit me that the other big piece of Serena's dream was to be with a girl as a girl. Looking like that, I could only have assumed that she had no issue and already landed some hot redhead like she always said she desired. I asked her about her conquests, but she did not bite as she was too determined to stay focused on talking about me.




Trying to bait me, Serena did it with another well-placed insult about how insane I was to throw away my marriage, and even joked about how she should take a pass at her now that she was available. I fell into her well-laid trap, which allowed her to proceed with her plan.




With me a bit off balance, metaphorically speaking, Serena proceeded to reiterate the question about our dream of being together. She wanted to know if I meant it all those times, and now that all the barriers we said were preventing it were gone, if we could make it a reality, being a couple.



I was still so nervous, and despite every ounce of me truly wanting it. The simple fact of being confronted with actually committing was so scary. I finally did tell her I wanted to be with her, but I tried to play up the excuse that it was too late for me to look as feminine as she did. After all, I knew she would only want to be with me if I was presenting as Haylee, my femme persona.



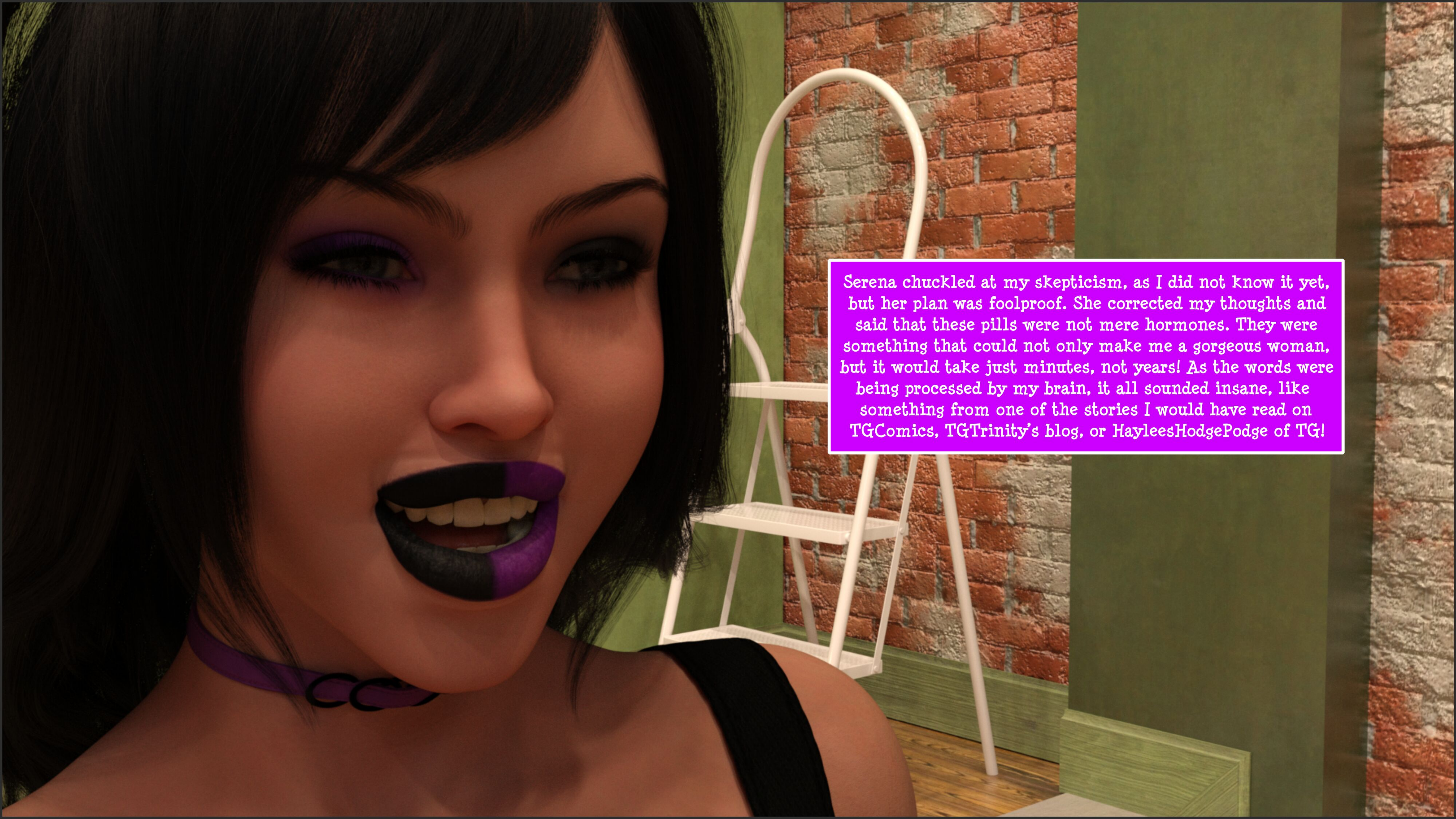
I should have known better by now that Serena knew something I did not know. Before revealing any reason why, she simply told me to forget my concerns and simply tell her if I truly wanted to be with her, like I always said.




I reaffirm to Serena that I wanted to be with her and with more conviction this time, but my narrow mind still would not allow me to move beyond the pragmatic problem that I did not think there was any way to get me looking cute and feminine anytime soon.



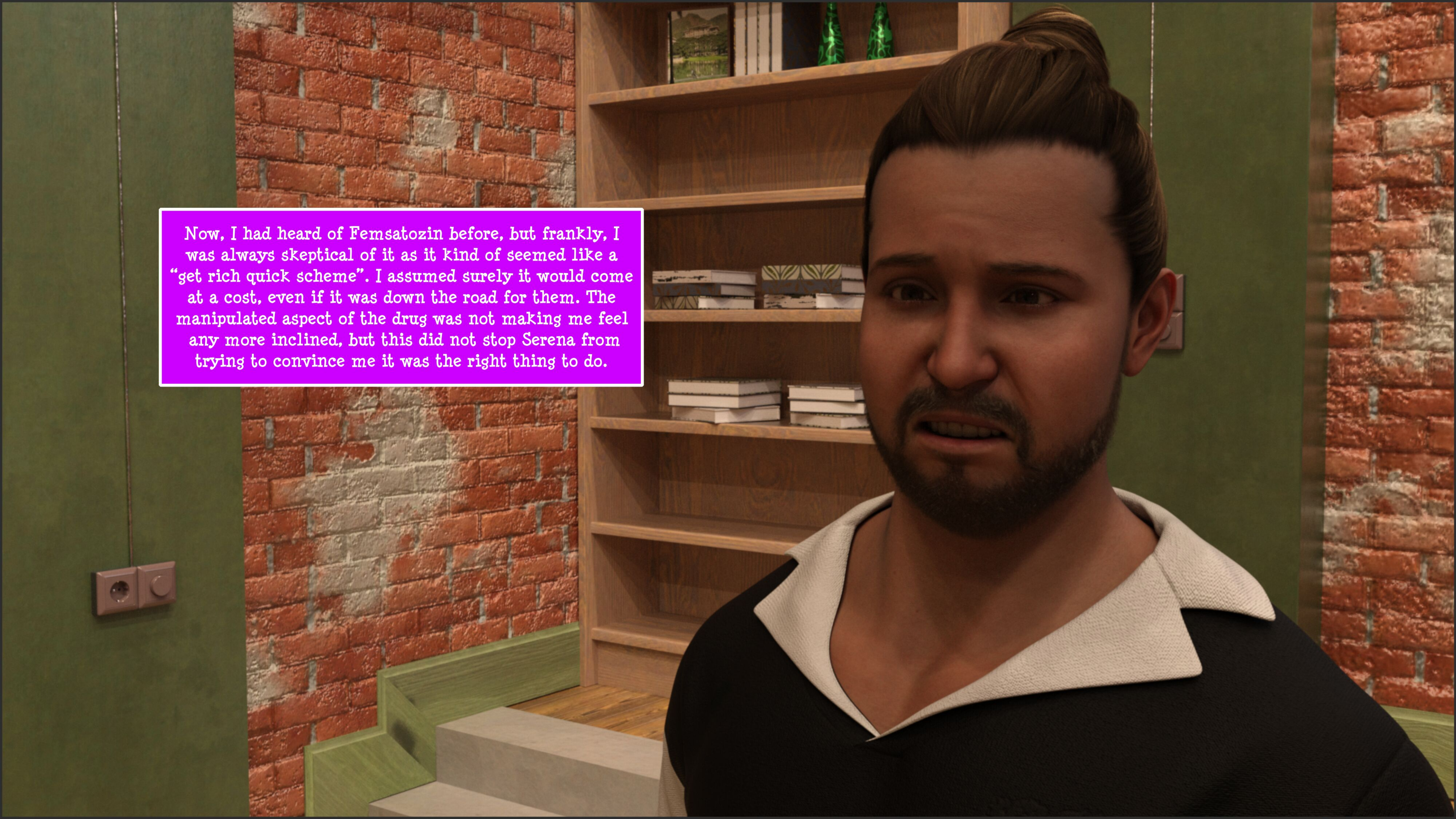
Serena insisted that she had something that could make me into a girl, and when she said it was a tablet, I jumped to the conclusion that her answer was hormones. I thank her for the offer, but I figured at my age of early 30s, the effects would not be as substantial as hers, after all, she had been on it for practically 7 years now.



Serena chuckled at my skepticism, as I did not know it yet, but her plan was foolproof. She corrected my thoughts and said that these pills were not mere hormones. They were something that could not only make me a gorgeous woman, but it would take just minutes, not years! As the words were being processed by my brain, it all sounded insane, like something from one of the stories I would have read on TGComics, TGTrinity's blog, or HayleesHodgePodge of TG!



As I was still trying to mentally comprehend what she was saying, Serena went on to explain how there was this modified, designer version of Femsatozin. She explained how this version would specifically make me into a redheaded firecracker, Serena's ideal girl.



Now, I had heard of Femsatozin before, but frankly, I was always skeptical of it as it kind of seemed like a “get rich quick scheme”. I assumed surely it would come at a cost, even if it was down the road for them. The manipulated aspect of the drug was not making me feel any more inclined, but this did not stop Serena from trying to convince me it was the right thing to do.



In an attempt to sell me on the idea, Serena made up a story about knowing someone close who used it and how they had no issues and even changed back after 24 hours. That piece of information was new to me, as I had thought it always would yield permanent changes.