

Finding Love

Crimson Rose

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From the outside looking in one might come to the conclusion that I was living the American dream, but that could not have been further from the truth. Sure, I lived on a nearly three hundred acre farm that had been in my father's family since the Civil War, had all the latest toys and electronics and never wanted for anything, but as the old saying goes: money can't buy happiness. To the public eye my parents were the greatest thing since sliced bread. My father owned several tech companies worth millions and my mother was one of the most highly regarded geneticist in the world and while he was introverted and liked to keep to himself, she threw some of the most lavish parties imaginable. But when the guests were gone her true nature reared its ugly head.

As a child I thought I had two mothers due to my father's slight build and very feminine features. I had heard words tossed around it would take me years to learn the meaning of, but I did not care as he loved me more than life itself. My mother, on the other hand, was a vile woman capable of deeds that would make the devil blush and she I was the constant focus of her unending wrath.

For medical reasons she was only ever able to have one child. Never going to have the daughter she always dreamed of having, she settle for the one she could make. No one had any idea what she had done until it was too late. Instead of growing facial hair, muscles and a deepening voice at puberty I got the same feminine features as my father including breasts, hips and if I do say so myself one of the finest asses this side of the Mississippi. She called the patches she expertly hid on my body medicine and when I got old enough to talk she forbade me ever speaking of it to anyone including my father for fear it would upset him. I loved my father more than life itself and the last thing I wanted to do was make him feel bad so, like the naïve child that I was I kept it to myself. In hindsight I guess I should count my blessings she knew what she was doing.

Puberty is a particularly emotional time for everyone, but nothing compares to having your mind and body in a constant state of conflict. Am I male? I have an X chromosome and the genitals of one. Am I female? My voice and everything else about my outward appearance including the way I dressed would indicate yes. So much, in fact, that my parents were often told what a pretty daughter they had and what a beautiful woman I would grow up to be. Couple that discovering your mother had been giving you hormone replacement therapy since birth and one might get the tiniest glimpse of what it like for me growing up.

I remember one night when I was fifteen. I was alone in my room crying for the thousandth time over what my mother had done to me. There was a knock at the door but I ignored it. Another knock. Continued ignoring. After the third knock it slowly creaked open and my father slid inside. Sitting at the foot of the bed, head hung in shame he told me how my mother had slowly transformed him in much the same way she had done to me. He showed me pictures of them together at their high school prom and him on the field playing football.

According to him his transformation began when they started college and like me, by the time he realized what was happening it was too late. Unlike me, however, he had always felt more feminine than masculine and so was perfectly happy allowing the love of his life to continue turning him into a woman. He apologized at least a hundred times that night, but as far as I was concerned it was too little, too late. I told him about the patches and other so-called 'medicines' my mother forbade me to talk about and asked how it was possible that he never knew and as convoluted as the answer was, it made sense. He was never allowed to bathe or

change my diapers. Not something he was looking forward to, he did not push the issue and unfortunately for me, the rest, as they say, is history.

That night was a turning point in my life. After years of struggling with my identity and letting my abuser get away with her horrific crimes, I let a lifetime of anger, humiliation and resentment escape. I went to the police. I hired an attorney and took her to court. She claimed mental illness but that was quickly refuted. The trial lasted all of three weeks. Found guilty on all charges, she was sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole for forty years and as way of compensation I was given her half of the family fortune.

Responsible for putting the love of his life behind bars for reasons he completely understood my father began to distance himself from me. Leaving me home alone more and more, I got a call on my sixteenth birthday that he had decided to remain in Seattle and that the property was now mine free and clear. Completely devastated, I did everything in my power to convince him to come home, but he blamed me for tearing our family apart. He said he would keep in touch, but I knew from the tone of his voice that I would never hear from him again and unfortunately, I was right.

Emancipated at sixteen, I was left with growing up and learning how to take care of things on my own as the rest of the family had abandoned me and thanks to my mother I had no friends to speak of. Fortunately, my neighbors Alyssa and her husband James took pity on me and in short order taught me the most important life lesson of all. How to pay the bills. Being a child of the tech age and so that I did not have to worry about forgetting to pay I set everything up online. That out of the way, they taught me to drive and I'll never forget the day I went car shopping because it was the day all the pieced finally fell into place.

We were at the car lot and I was having trouble making up my mind when I saw a young man of maybe twenty eyeing me from several rows over. After several minutes he approached and introduced himself as Sean. I told him my name was Erin and then we spent the better part of an hour walking around the lot looking for my perfect car. I caught him checking me out on more than one occasion but instead of being creeped out as I normally was when men ogled my perky breasts and plump ass, other emotions were stirring within and I suddenly found myself extremely attracted to him. Which was lucky for him because I left the lot with three new vehicles.

Conflicted, I went home and did the only thing I could think of. Internet porn. I spent countless hours watching everything under the sun from the tamest vanilla sex to the most hardcore bdsm I could find. I watched lesbian porn. I watched gay porn. But as weird as it sounds it was not until I discovered transsexual porn that I finally felt complete. For the first time in my life I could look at myself in the mirror and call myself a woman and not cringe or feel utterly disgusted with what stared back at me.

Given my court case it took little effort to have my sex legally changed and once that was done I left home-schooling behind and enrolled myself in the local public school. Way out of my element, I never the less did my best to make the most of the two years I had remaining. The name-calling assholes were unavoidable. As were the gazillion questions about what my mother did to me and my father and whether I preferred boys, girls or both. High school was not without its problems, including all the jerks that only wanted to hang out with me because they thought I would be an easy score – bodily as well as monetarily.

Then along came a girl named Michele. Tall. Lanky. Pale freckled skin. Long red hair all the way down to her behind. It was love at first sight and while I would have given myself to her freely the moment we met, she was more interested in making a new friend and seeing as how I

was desperately lacking in that department I kept my hormones in check if only so I did not scare her away. As funny as she was beautiful, she knew just what to say to make me laugh or to lift my spirits when I was feeling down. As the weeks went by she introduced me to her family and eventually other friends but I got the feeling they were judging me with every look. Chalking it up to my lack of social grace, I let it go until one night we were in her room sitting on the bed going over our calculus homework when the door slammed open and her mother stormed in like a madwoman. Most of the words coming out of her mouth were unintelligible gibberish, but I picked up enough to tell me she thought I was the devil come to corrupt her innocent daughter. Saying nothing, I collected my things and left.

It was only after talking to her at school the next day that she told me her family was extremely religious and when they found out what I was they demanded she either bring me to the Lord, or toss me away like trash. She swore she was not like them and only told them what they wanted to hear because she had nowhere else to go. I understood where she was coming from and offered her one of the many empty rooms at my place but she politely declined if only to save me the trouble of her family constantly harassing me. I countered with farmhands and other employees that would toss them off the property like garbage and she agreed to move in.

It took Michele's parents all of a week to figure out where she was really staying and then all hell broke loose. They called the cops and told them everything from me kidnapping their daughter to holding her hostage – both claims easily disproven by the fact she was free to come and go as she pleased and I had more money than they could count in fifty lifetimes. Unfortunately, even though we were the same age only one of us was emancipated and so she was forced to return home.

Her parents forbid her having any contact with me and even though she had a driver's license and a car they were there to pick her up every day. A few weeks later she dropped out of school altogether and she told me in text that her parents had decided she would do better off at home. Rebelling, she ran away several times but the police knew where to find her and try as I might, there was nothing I could do to convince them she was better off with me so she was taken home. Rinse and repeat nine times in a five month period.

Now, if I had a child and they constantly ran away from home the first thing I would do is find out why and do everything in my power to rectify the problem. Not her parents. Their solution? Get a restraining order against me. Fortunately, the judge allowed Michele to speak on her own behalf and after hearing her side of the story not only denied the restraining order, he also granted her emancipation on the condition she stay with me and continued going to school until she turned eighteen. I guaranteed she would not miss a day unless deathly ill and by that night we were roommates.