Exaggro

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I can remember being angry. I think that it was most of the time. What made me even more mad was when this whole “men are the problem” thing became mainstream in the 2030s. It seemed to me that it was championed by radical lesbians and hand-wringing metrosexual men. But I now understand that their views were not wrong. It seemed trite to say the men cause wars between nations and violent crime within nations, but since Exaggro it looks like they have been proven right. Since women have been in charge the world has been at peace and crime figures have dropped to record lows.

The fact is that women think differently from men. I know that now from experience. I think that way now. It is not that women are not competitive, but women enjoy discussing issues whereas men seem to hold fast to their grievances until they become obsessions … and obsessions easily explode into violence. Women tend to be able to talk and to concede. It works.

But there was a time, not so long ago, when I was one of those men – angry and violent. I look back now with understanding, brought about by the changes forced on me. It makes me smile to think about how I was then. It was all for nothing, all that sound and fury.

It seemed like everybody was on the Exaggro bandwagon, but America had to lead the charge. Remember, guns were not the problem, it was the people holding the gun – men. It started with criminals and then it went down to potential criminals who displayed behavior “likely to be a danger to public order”. Anybody who was not approved to carry a gun became a target for the program. It was like policing thoughts – a real dystopia.

But I was a more serious problem. I exhibited violence. It seemed to be in my core. They used to say that violent homes cause violent children – “used to” because it is a thing of the past. But my home was not that violent. My family were intelligent, I had material things and so I suffered material punishments that kept me steady. But we all had crazy tempers, the men in my family.

My father had snapped, and I snapped too. He had gone to prison, and if that was the only option that would have been where I went too.

Exaggro governments did not generally support prisons, now considered as places of “cruel and unusual punishment”. America has always had a large prison population, but we all know that it rarely rehabilitates. But prisons post Exaggro became something different – like a zoo exhibiting life before women took over. Men there were like beasts that we look at and back away just to think of what they might do to us. It was an option, but not for people like me - that would be small angry men. For us, prison would be a death sentence. No matter how vicious and cunning we were, brute force would deal with us and end us.

So, my choice was between lifelong changes to me and my personality, or death. An end to anger seemed like a good idea to me, and I had confidence that the person inside me would survive. On reflection, I think that person has … or at least the better part of me.

Part of the problem that emerged in the early part of the millenium was the “sex ratio imbalance” – too many men, in particular in rising economies. More women were needed. They did not have to be fertile women, as population controls did not require more mothers. What more women would do was to ameliorate sexual frustration avoid involving men in anti-social conduct. Men without women engage in aggressive competitive conduct without access to sexual relief. Less aggression and more happy sex were both considered desirable things in the new social environment.

The solution is obvious when you think about it – turn violent men into sexually active women. All that was required was the technological and pharmacological capacity to do that. The main driver behind that was Patrick (now Patricia) Geoghan.

Pat was a brilliant scientist, and he also knew that sometimes a point is best proven by the well-worn path of self-experimentation. It was not that he was angry, but he was competitive and perhaps a little impatient. Still, the new Patricia lost none of his (now her) intellect and acquired a new charm an soft persuasiveness that was her hallmark. The other feature of her character that had been designed was a strong libido and a redirected sexual attraction – she desired men. Patricia Geoghan sold the program to both sexes. But more about her later.

Some surgery was still required, but it was robotic and quick, with low risk and very short recovery times. The resulting genital layout was pleasing to both the new woman and her partner/s – this I can confirm from personal experience.

That experience should have been jarring, but perhaps surprisingly it was not. The initial drugs induced a feeling of placidity and quiet acceptance mimicking some of the early stages of pregnancy, or so I am told. In that state the future effects of the “treatment” are outlined usually with the assistance of one or more successful transitioners who gush with white teethed grins about the joys of joining “the weaker sex – the peace givers”. Perhaps it was the drug-induced suggestive state, or the collective nature of these “enthusicons”, but I got a bit caught up it in all, which was the objective after all.

I suppose that I was a little vain as a man, but nothing like my daily obsession of checking my figure, my stance, my hem, my hair and my makeup the way I do now. As we are all often drawn to say – “whatever we are on, it is powerful stuff.”

How much of our sense of contentment was brought about by pharmacology I cannot say, but I always preferred to think of it as being the relief of no longer being associated with masculinity but instead with all the positive things that women stand for. Sure, reproduction was not available to us, but it was not necessarily needed, and not important to me.

Even in my quiet moments I was more confused that resistant. Resistance is usually a sign of anger, and that was over for us. We were ex-aggro, which is where I suppose the term came from. We could look forward to a life of happiness with our distinct role in society to keep happy and satisfied the sex that would otherwise return us to a bloodbath.

Our role now was to be desirable to men, and strangely to a one, we all wanted that. Physical attraction was something that we would need to work on, but the second stage of drug therapy would help but giving us female bodies and hair distribution fairly rapidly. Maintaining those desirable bodies was the thrust of the training program in this phase. Keep fit, develop that body and look gorgeous all the time.

For some, additional surgery was required to remove the ugliness of residual male bone structures, but in my case, I was spared that intervention. I was pleased to see that I was going to be an attractive woman, which is what all of us wanted, wherever that desire might have come from. It was not something that we thought about – not even me, who thought quite a lot.

Being beautiful can be an end in itself. The skills in maintaining attractiveness had been well instilled by the end of Phase 2 even though for many the hair on our heads had still not yet achieved the desired length despite accelerated growth of the several months to that point. Hairstyling is one of those things that seemed to benefit from a childhood in the feminine gender, but I applied myself to it and acquired an admired skill.

The physical desire to have sex with men came at the third stage, and that had all of us clamoring to lie under the robot surgeon and say goodbye to the anatomy we now disliked intently. None of this seemed in any way odd to us, but perhaps now I see that it should have been. Once again, by way of reassurance we were told continuously that we now had a purpose and a part to play in the new peaceful world – we were to turn the heads of men away from violence by giving them pleasure. The purpose of Phase 3 post surgery was to coach on how to use that anatomy and all our other new assets to do just that.

It was at our final passing out ceremony that I met Patricia Geoghan for the first time. She approached me in the swimsuit lineup that is a part of the ceremony and asked about my background. I had scored highly on some IQ tests that had seemed a little incongruous in the whole process. I told her about my family and me and our history of violence in contrast with my present ambitions and she was impressed. She asked me to come to see her after the ceremony was done. I did just that.

“I know where you will go from here,” she said. “I designed this and joined the program, so I know. You will want to enjoy your new body and your confidence, quite possibly with more than one man. I did. But look after yourself and when you are ready, contact me. Let’s tap our phones together. There is something about you that I like. You are young and you are almost a poster girl for the Exaggro program. Call me when you are looking for more than the next orgasm.”

But she was right – the next orgasm was my main interest, from the moment that I had my first as a woman. She was right too, that one man was not enough. I discovered that I was beautiful and desirable perhaps in a way that other new women like me were not – I was not 100% docile and I was smarter than most. Plenty of men wanted me and I enjoyed plenty of men because new men interested me more that the same man. I started to wonder whether I was destined to be a high class slut.

It was many months, but I do not regret the time I spent. I was learning. I was developing my femininity. I was becoming better. But I suppose I started to wonder – ‘better for what?’

I called Pat and she asked me to come around to see her at an address she sent me in the hills outside of town. I took a road transporter and I could see that it was a large old fashioned mansion with a gate well beyond the front door. Attached to the mansion was an annex with a large number of women working at stations.

“This is my husband’s home,” said Pat. “But as you can see, alongside it I have built our headquarters.”

“Headquarters for what?” I asked, although I was already impressed.

“This is the American Exaggro Party,” she said. “The AEP. We are a movement seeking to acquire power from cis-women in favor of transwomen like you and me, and I am hoping that you, just like me, will see the reasons why we should have that power.”

“I suppose I have been so busy having fun that I have not been too concerned about politics, but I am interested, simply because I crave something to stimulate my brain. But you will have to explain.”

“Quite right,” she said. “Let me arrange some herbal tea.”

We sat in the lounge of her home rather than any of the meeting rooms in the annex. Pat had decorated it with mice things and several vases full of sweet-smelling flowers. It was comfortable and relaxing and very feminine. I felt completely at ease. Even then I wanted to be with her – even before I knew what it was all about.

“I have always been interested in politics,” she began. “I like to get things done, and government will either help you or stand in your way. If you don’t like the way things are, voting is not going to change things. You have to direct the vote, and the best way to do that is to invite it in your direction. To put it simply, the population of this nation and increasingly the world, is comprised men (now largely a spent force), women (those presently in power) and the third sex, if we can call ourselves that. We are women now, but of a special kind. We are Ex-Aggro like you, male to female transgender folk, and a few volunteers like myself. We are a minority so we represent a very small voting bloc. For that reason our constituency is not ourselves. We seek votes from men and votes from women, but our purpose is to become the new power in key nations - the new rulers of this planet.

“It sounds intriguing and attractive,” I said. By why would women vote for us? Why would men?

“Let’s start with men,” she said. “I think that you are probably aware of a sense of resentment by many men. No rational man wants to go back to the bad old days, and no man wants to claim that he is women enough to stand for a position of real power. But many men would vote for somebody who used to be a man. Our polling research has told us that. Our third sex offers the rationality of the male with the attitudes of the female present and even amplified. Plus, there is the advantage of our infertility. You may be aware that problems are emerging everywhere concerning nepotism. Mothers are using corrupt practices to look after their offspring, placing them in positions where they do not belong. Our sex can bear no children. Like the eunuchs of ancient China, we are beyond being corrupted in that way.

“Interesting,” I said, following her logic. “And women would vote for us for that reason also?”

“I think they would, but women also see the advantages of the commitment that we can offer. We are largely unattached, without the draw on our time that family life can bring. We represent a group where they can place their vote knowing that we will be thinking like women but not diverted by the natural maternal instincts. Rational women also understand that the nature of female anatomy is the menstrual cycle, which can produce mood changes and bouts of pain that can compromise sound decision making. That is another reason to favor us over their own sex.”

“You have convinced me.,” I said, in part because I could see that Pat value decisiveness. “But what role would you see me playing in this movement of yours – this AEP?”

“We see you as a potential future leader,” she said.

I have to say that I was taken aback. If she had wanted me to talk to people, or even wine and dine and perhaps sleep with potential male voters I might have done that; or baked cookies, or even donated some money, but get actively involved? My first thought was that it would upset people. Even though in this new world everybody seemed aligned on the new politics of harmony, there are still differing views and some of them firmly held. Being in politics means that somebody might dislike you, and Exaggro don’t like being disliked. It is part of our gentle nature.

“I don’t think that I could do that,” I said to her. “It sounds like conflict.”

“Your reply does not surprise me,” Pat said. “If you like it is the great success of my experiment, but it does mean that you lack drive. However, I have been experimenting .. experimenting on myself again, which I how I have got this far. I have discovered a way to temper the Exaggro treatment a little to restore a little bit of vim, which I think is a better word than aggression. If I was to offer you this additional treatment, I think that you might change your mind. Would you be willing to try that?

“Your proposal makes sense to me,” I said. “I can see how it might be beneficial to our country and perhaps the whole world. Alright, I am willing to try what you have tried. It seems to have had a very positive effect on your thoughts and actions.”

“I am so glad that you have agreed, and in the hope that might I have a needle gun with me,” she said. “It is just a small shot. You won’t feel a thing.”

It seemed to be coming in a rush. One minute I had been introduced to a whole new credo and the next minute it seemed as if I thrown myself into headfirst, but I had said yes, and I am a woman who likes to say yes and stick to it.

I have to say that I was surprised at how quickly it had an effect on me. It was like I had been looking at the world through soft focus up until that point, so that everything looked a little better than it was, but with the new drug taking effect everything came into focus – all the sharp angles and the blemishes. Even as I looked at Pat I started to wonder about whether she might have other motives that she was hiding from me. I kept my Exaggro smile on my face but I started to wonder.

It was said that our third sex was so popular with men not just because our sex drive and zero risk of conception but because we were so accepting and pliant. I didn’t feel like that – not anymore.

“Is this a permanent reversal or just temporary?” I had to ask.

“It’s temporary but a slow release capsule,” she said. “You just need one per month. I am only my sixth, but I did take some weeks off it in between – my husband complained. Which is something that I also need to discuss with you. You should have a husband. Even as an Exaggro in politics you need to project normalcy. I have somebody in mind. You will like him. He is rich, intelligent and good-looking and sterile, although fully potent I understand.”

“He sounds perfect,” I said. “When can I meet him.”

“He is actually coming here this evening,” said Pat. He chairs a powerful group with influence over a large bloc of male voters. I have arranged a small soiree this evening, and there is a room upstairs for you to get ready in. I have laid out a cocktail dress and some shoes, and earrings that will draw his attention. Although they are no longer a thing in this peace loving world of ours, he has an interest in firearms. The earring are each a small revolver hanging on a chain. You know about firearms, don’t you?”

“When I was a man firearms were very important to me, but not anymore,” I said, with an air of disgust. “But I can certainly talk about them.”

“If you hit it off then take him to bed and fuck his brains out,” said Pat. “I can trust you to get a proposal out of him before the end of the year with your newfound clarity.”

That is what it was. Clarity. I only had to smile at her and she knew that I understood. Something drastic had happened, but it was now clear to me that I had something to do and I was going to do it.

She showed me to the room, and I got myself ready with purpose. The dress was perfect – in my size and showing all the features of me that I knew all men desired. I arranged my hair up but with tendrils – glamorous and yet romantic. I applied makeup in the same style, after repainting my nails to match the sexy red lipstick I had chosen.

As Exaggro I had always been concerned to look pretty and be desirable. Now with that bit extra I wanted to show that Exaggro women also had a power to them that might even scare a man if they did not adore him, and I was going to show this man that I adored him.

I descended the stairs late so ass to make an entrance and I was introduced to him by Pat almost immediately.

“This is Cameron Kirk,” she said. “The man I told you about.”

“I have been hearing about you too,” he said. “By the way I love your earrings.”

He was everything that she said he was - rich, intelligent and good-looking and as randy as all hell. Unfortunately he was also a total prick, and violent in bed. I think that he expected the usual Excaggro in bed – somebody who would lie there and take it with a whimper. Perhaps if he had fucked me the day before he would have got that, although I like to think otherwise. But anyway, that night things were clearer.

When he was done and I lay there bruised and beaten I pulled myself off the bed while he was putting his shoes back on and I ht him over the head with a heavy table lamp. And I was not done there – I hit him again until his skull was smashed and globs of brains were all over the sheets.

Looking at it now having been restored to my Exaggro state, I am horrified at what I did, but should I really be surprised?rich, intelligent and good-looking and sterile, although fully potent I understand. sterile, although fully potent I understand. Before Exaggro I was angry and violent, from a family who was angry and violent. It just to a little something to brin that all back.

I was nothing like Pat. His experimentation could never have shown him how pulling back the treatment can reveal the true nature of the pre-existing individual. That was what I told the Court. It was Pat’s fault but the mistake was understandable.

For just a moment I was ex Exaggro. That was all it took. Look at me now – serene and peace-loving. That is now my natural state. I think everybody accepts that.

Hopefully the AEP will get over the scandal of the events of that night and get into politics and make a difference. I like the idea of a world ruled by women who used to be men, for all the reasons that Pat had set out. But I won’t be one of them. I will just be happy to look good and please men. That is my happy existence.

But you never know, do you?

The End

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Author’s Note: The idea for this story comes from Erin – “In a future society, [some] males are considered the source of wars, so they are recycled into infertile females to provide mates for lower class males while the upper classes hoard the fertile females”. I added the additional power dynamic.