

Jacob Amber

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This was just a story I made to try something new. Jacob Ambers "condition" is purly made up. If I find insperation i'll update this but dont hold your breath. genera is probubly humor/romance/friendship/whatever.

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Chapter 0 - Prolog

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My parents died shortly after my 5th birthday. I never knew them very well. My mom had me when she was fourteen. She had been into drugs and met my dad at a party. One thing led to another and after only a month she was pregnant.

She didn't have money for an abortion and she tried to hide it but eventually she had to tell the truth. My dad wanted to back out but amazingly he didn't. They eventually got a cheap two-room apartment and I was born shortly after. The drugs my dad had been taking caused a condition, which they took great care to hide, even from me. I learned how to dress and bathe my self at an early age and they told me never to let anyone see me like that.

They avoided taking me to the doctors and getting me sick. Because of this my dad had to take an extra job selling drugs to so they could afford medicine I would need and my mom took on three jobs when I was three. I stayed at the neighbor's house when they were gone. I barley ever saw them except for maybe a holiday. Then the worst happened.

My dad died of an over dose. My mom was so upset she started drinking and when she didn't come home one day the police found her dead in the woods. She was only nineteen. I didn't have godparents so I was sent to an orphanage for boys. By age eleven I was top in my class and at age twelve I was sent to boarding school.

That changed my life forever. I made friends easy and was passing my classes. My life was good, until health class. They made us watch a health video: explaining development, anatomy, and sex. That was when I learned what I was.

My anatomy was different. For the next two hours I was in the library researching. I spent the first half hour in my grades section before I realized that they probably didn't want kids to be studying this kind of stuff. So I ditched that and snuck into the high school levels. I found a book called The Four Genders. Typically, it explained the most common two. Then it explained the rare third. Because it emerged in so many different forms the chapters on it were huge. I eventually found a form of hermaphroditeism that fit. It was a mix of the two chromosomes x and y caused by excessive drug use by the male partner, in this case my father.

It some how manipulates them in a way that, instead of causing downs syndrome, (which as far as I know is genetic) they converge and become one chromosome in his seed. That causes my mothers body to read the baby as a hermaphrodite and the fetus forms on that information. The anatomy matched my so that had to be it. It said that if the body produces more testosterone then it would lean more towards male then female and vise versa for estrogen. I figured that since I hadn't really started puberty yet then I might have been able to counteract the female parts of me from developing. But since everyone knew me as a boy I had to keep this a secret or I'd be kicked out of school for falsifying my gender. Then I would be in trouble with the orphanage. Not to mention the media would be all over me. The science community would want to study me too. So I decided to work out every other week to raise my levels but not burn them out.

It didn't work. By the time I was thirteen I was already growing breasts so I started to wrap them to keep them flat and from growing to big to hide. I switched to wearing baggier cloths too. It was easier to hide at first. When swimming all I had to do was wear a shirt and say something like I had a nasty bruise from falling down the stairs, or rash, or sunburn.

Eventually my teachers began to ask questions and I had to avoid them. For now they thought I was just shy but I was in a real jam. It I made up an embarrassing secret like I had three nipples or something

they would want proof. And if I told them the truth everyone would know. The school isn't big on secrets. During year twelve of my life there was a girl who refused to use the locker room. She eventually had to confess that she was a lesbian and that the locker room was just too awkward for her. She had asked them to keep this confidential but the school made an announcement telling everyone that it was okay to be that way. She had to transfer to a new school because she was being harassed constantly. Her friends never heard from her again.

So you can see the problem. Oddly enough this girl in my class Karen took a liking to me. I tried avoiding her but the more I got to know her the more I liked her and by the time I was fourteen we were already a couple. I had a girlfriend who had no idea what I was. My grades started to slip because it was getting harder to hide it.

Not to mention the dates, wired feelings, and everything else that goes along with a relationship. I tried to drop small hints but she always misinterpreted them. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't just blurt it out; she'd get upset because I lied to her. Then she would talk to someone because she needed advice and all kinds of crap would happen.

Then shortly after I turned 15 the unthinkable happened. I got my period. I guess it was bound to happen eventually, but why in chemistry? My chem. teacher doesn't let students sit down when working with chemicals (So we can dodge explosions without tripping over chairs) and lo! and behold it was chem. day. So basically some dripped down my thigh to my knee and since it was laundry day I was wearing shorts.

Talk about bad luck. But the most embarrassing part was that I didn't realize it. My Chem. teacher pointed it out in class. C.R.A.P. I just sort of blurted that I got a nasty wound on my thigh from gym class and booked it.

I ended up hiding in a shower stall. What the heck was I going to do? Why didn't I prepare for this? Why now? Why him? Why was I freaking out so much!?!

My guise was that all of my hormones were battling it out with each other. (Including eye gouging and other explicit violence.) Anyway, what the heck could I do? It's not like I could have asked my girlfriend or the nurse for help.

I couldn't ask one of my female friends and there was no way in hell I was asking my guy friends. I ended up just rolling up a sock and switching to tight underwear. There goes yesterday's paycheck. Creative right? Eventually my friends got suspicious, not to mention all of the teachers, which was understandable.

I was overly emotional, had mood swings that could only be explained "like a fat guy flipping through channels", and I avoided people and skipped gym. (The cramps were killing me) Plus I got a little depressed from all of the stress and lack of social contact after it was all over. My chem. teacher thought I was hurt, my other teachers thought I was on drugs, the nurse thought I was having sex (with a guy) and everyone knew I was hiding something.

(Not to mention I was randomly bursting into tears for God only knows why during the last week. I think it was just too many conflicting hormones.)

I eventually broke it off with Karen. (Which only added to the nurses' suspicion) Things were just getting too complicated and serious with her and although I cared about her, it just didn't feel right to be in a relationship that was built off of a lie. Especially since it was my lie. That was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do.

I would have told her but I had kept this a secret for so long that it would have been a huge blow to her self-esteem. Especially since she could be overly self-conscious. It was horrible; she was depressed, I was depressed, and everyone around us was (you guessed it) depressed. Eventually I got new friends because I couldn't stand to be around her. First was Tory.

You see some one had dared her to sneak into one of the boys' dorms and steal something and I was

adjusting my wraps. (They hurt like crazy) needless to say she saw something she shouldn't have. I tried to catch her but she's fast, and that's when I met Trent. I had run past him back to my room in a thin hoodie and he got a glimpse. I didn't know what to do.

I hid it all so well and now the secret would be out. Every inch of me felt sick and depressed at the thought of it all. I tried to go about the next day as normal but it was like everyone was staring at me. Eventually in Chem. the teacher pulled me aside.

(Mr.Goom) Tory had told him what she saw and they thought I was on steroids. So I had to tell them before anyone else got involved. Mr.Goom then did something unexpected. He decided to keep it a secret even though he was obligated to tell his boss. After awhile Tory became my new best friend and that's how our adventures started.