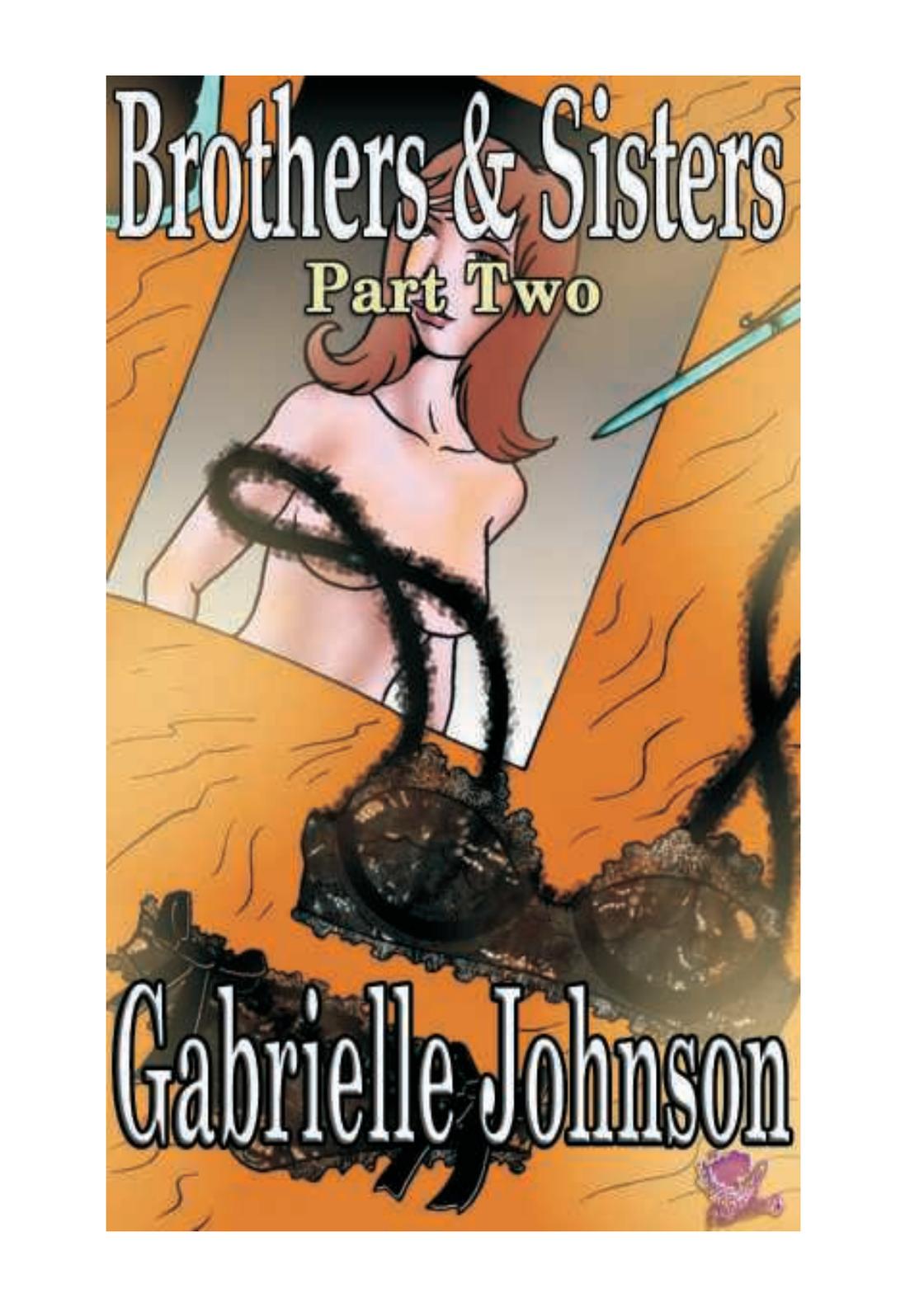


Brothers & Sisters

Part Two



Gabrielle Johnson



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BROTHERS AND SISTERS

PART 2

by Gabrielle Johnson

“Wake up, my dear,” a gentle, woman’s voice invaded the horrible dream I was having about insects feeding on me.

No, I didn’t want to. I fought for the bedsheet, pulling it back over me.

“That’s a good sign,” said a man’s voice. “Say it again, nurse. Coax. A patient who’s been comatose for so long needs to be coaxed back to consciousness sometimes. The dark is so warm and comfy, the light so terrifying.”

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“Wake up, dear,” said the gentle, woman’s voice again. “It’s time at last for you to be up and about and on the move again.”

I cracked my eyes open just a slit. I tried to say, “Where am I?” but the rasp that came out of my mouth wasn’t like speech at all. A plastic tube went into my mouth, and cold, delicious juice flooded my mouth. I tried to swallow it but it was if I couldn’t do that right. I thought I could hear someone telling me that I never could do anything right, could I?

I awoke properly, in a coughing fit, with a nurse and a doctor, I think that was who it was, helping me to sit up, both of them rubbing my back as if to ease the coughing fit. Ugh, I must be in one of those horrible, hospital nightgowns, I thought, as I could feel that I was loosely tied at my neck while the thing was open all down my back.

“There,” said the doctor, raising the straw for me and letting me have just the tiniest of sips. “We did that too quickly, didn’t we, my dear girl? Relax, and sit for a minute.” I felt cushions being pushed against my back. “Call Dr Richards and Dr Hallam, Nurse Brent, and tell them that their patient is awake at last.”

My throat was on fire. I needed more of the cold juice and gestured for it. I got another few drops. They were the most wonderful thing in the world. I had to have more and more. Oh, what was that the doctor had called me? “My dear girl,” Yes, that was it, wasn’t it? Oh, that didn’t seem right to me. No, it couldn’t be. Because I was, I was ... Gosh, who was I? I couldn’t remember at all! But I didn’t feel like a ‘dear girl’!

Another man in a white coat came in and smiled at me. He instantly dimmed the lights. Oh, that was such a relief even though he said something, like the first

guy, about making the dear girl comfortable! Gosh, he was referring to me as a girl, as well. I wanted to talk to him about who I was. I tried and was able to open my eyes a little more. Now, I could see the committee that seemed to be assembled around me.

"Welcome back," said the second man. "I'm John Richards, your primary doctor since you were moved here after your surgeries following the road accident you were in. Don't be alarmed by that. I can tell you that you are now whole, completely healed and ready to undergo a little convalescence before we release you to get on with the rest of your life. So, I will start with a few questions, and please don't panic if you don't know the answers. That's completely normal, given the time you've been in an induced. and then a natural, coma. Now, first, I have to ask you, who are you?"

I found the eyes all about the bed, staring only at me, so intimidating. I rocked a little against my pillow. Gosh, my hair was so long and so thick about my neck. Did I always wear it like that? I didn't think so as I tried to imagine what I looked like with such long hair, but no image of myself came to mind. "I'm, I'm ..." I began, my head beginning to pound. Ye gods, who was I? I couldn't say it. It was there on the tip of my tongue but it wouldn't come out.

"Let me help you," said the doctor kindly. "Do the names Tracey and Ashley Breckenridge mean anything to you?"

I tried to repeat the unfamiliar names. "Tracey ..." I began, trying to think what else the man had said.

"Oh, isn't that wonderful?" said the nurse, clapping her hands together as there seemed to be some relief in the room as well. "She knows her own name."

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"I, I'm Tracey?" I gasped, pointing to the liquid which the nurse reached and took for me.

"You sure are, Miss Breckenridge," said Dr Richards with a smile. "Welcome back to the world, Miss Tracey Breckenridge. I'll call your sister, Ashley, as soon as I can. She's the one who told us that you liked to have your name spelled with an -ey! You'll see that your name is spelled that way in here, on all the papers we use for record-keeping. It's the proper way, isn't it, and so we'll never use Trace or Tracey without an 'e', which you hate so much. I'm sure your sister, Ashley, now that we've called her and told her that you're awake, will be here soon. She'll be flying out to see you again as soon as she can, she said to my secretary!"

My name was properly Miss Tracey Breckenridge, Tracey sounding so girlish, and seeming so feminine when I imagined it like that. I tried to say that it didn't sound right, well, it was a nice name but it didn't. The nurse, however, thought that I didn't need more liquid and cut me off. The committee was ushered from the room by Dr Richards. I was left with the soft-voiced nurse to attend me, fluffing me in the bed, particularly about the frilly neck of my silky nightie.

"W-Where am I?" I gasped at her.

"This is the Farber Women's Clinic," said the nurse softly. "I know, that might seem strange to you, with all the male doctors we have here, but soon you'll be on your feet and under the care of Dr Hallam. She's female as are almost all the resident doctors here."

"But how ..." did I get here, I tried to ask.

"Your lovely sister had you admitted," said Nurse Brent, though I could call her Carla. "Ashley thought that this was the best place for you when you couldn't be revived after all the surgeries you had. I don't know

them all but I do know that you were in a coma that they couldn't bring you out of, for the longest time. I think it's been six, no it's seven months, since you were admitted here," that came after her consulting some papers on a clipboard, "but your sister wouldn't give up on you.

"Your sister, Ashley, she's so pretty, isn't she, just like you. Ashley had you moved here when your coma was prolonging itself. Whoever your other doctors were, they couldn't figure out why your coma was persisting. We do this sort of work, bringing patients around, so well. But we were all so amazed at how long you've been under, before and after you came here, seven months ago. I think you've broken all kinds of records, Tracey! Isn't that a lovely thing to know, that you're a record breaker. Well, now that you're awake, our main job in the next little while is to make sure that you don't slip away again into another coma. That can happen, you know."

Carla began to rearrange the clothing and bedsheets about me. That was when she touched my breasts as she adjusted me. I jerked as she did that, gasping at the incredibly strange sensation that her soft hands, touching me, as she straightened the hospital gown across me, brought to my skin.

"Oh, sorry, dear," said Carla with a soft, feminine smile. "I didn't mean to be so rough."

Rough! No, that wasn't rough. It was the opposite. It was very gentle but it disturbed me. I don't know what the matter was but I could look down and see my breasts now, particularly when I lifted up the nightie that was clinging to me. I looked down at what was sticking out from me, womanly breasts, my nipples looking huge and engorged. I shuddered at what I saw. That isn't me, I thought, but then had another

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thought whip through my head. Then, who could this be, I thought in distress as I stared at real, womanly breasts that I was sure I'd never seen before!

"I, I don't know what's the matter with me," I whispered. "I, I don't think I, I've ever reacted like that b-before!" I wanted to go on and explain that I seemed to recall my body as being flat, not bouncy, as the chest below my chin seemed to be behaving as I moved co-operating with Carla, anticipating how she wanted me to move.

"You've been comatose for so long, Tracey," said the friendly nurse, tucking me in. "And you're so filled with drugs that it's no wonder that you feel so strange. I know I would if I had been laying there for as long as you have. It's an hallucinogen that has helped to bring you round as well. So you're almost bound to find everything about this ward, about me and the doctors, and about yourself, strange.

"But don't worry, dear Tracey. We'll talk it all out, girl to girl. I'll help you to understand what it is that the doctors don't tell you. Now, I do have to lift your nightgown for a while and replace your catheter bag for you. I think one of the first things we should do then is put you in a prettier nightie, don't you? Your sister did leave us a selection of the prettiest nighties I've ever seen, all for you!"

I had a sister? I tried to imagine what she looked like. What was her name? Ashley! There, I could remember something. Panic receded a little as thoughts of brain injuries and losing my mind, dementia, had crowded in on me.

Dr Richards came back and smiled a lot at me. "Hello, Tracey," he said, as if he knew me, or something about me that he was about to share with me.

"Hello," I whispered back to him. "It, it doesn't s-sound like my name."

Dr Richards grinned at that. "Amnesia is to be expected in a girl like you who has suffered the kind of injuries she has," he went on, determined, I could see, to be upbeat and friendly. "But I can assure you that this is definitely who you are, who we admitted into Naurima Clinic an age ago, it seems. So will the friends who were with you and who survived the crash."

"Survived?" I gasped again. "Some people were killed in whatever happened to me?"

"Unfortunately," said Dr Richards. "The driver, who wasn't related to you, I believe, was definitely killed but all the others made it out alive. Luckily, there was a medical clinic nearby, mine, at that time. Dr Judith Domi, Ashley's psychologist, I gather, was also with you. You'll recall all this when your memories come flooding back. Well, she, Dr Domi, was travelling with you. She insisted you be treated there, in the small emergency facility, as it was the closest clinic. It certainly saved your life, Tracey. Dr Domi, who was also hurt quite badly in your crash, will be here soon so that you can thank her in person, if you want to."

I had no idea what this doctor was talking about. I tried to remember but it hurt me terribly. Dr Richards, he wasn't very old, in his mid-thirties, I thought, told me not to try but just to let it come naturally. I would see a Barbie doll, which could cause memories of me being a little girl to flood back into my mind. I would see. I really hoped he was right as I was so scared of the way my head hurt.

Carla came in then with Dr Hallam, the woman doctor. Dr Richards, his name was John, and I could

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call him that, I gathered, had to leave. I was changed and given a body bath, the women's soft hands all over my body which reacted so strangely as if it wasn't mine. Not only were my breasts sensitive to every touch, which seemed like a caress to me, but the tubes I was fastened to that took away my bodily wastes had to come out. That was when my vagina also felt so unreal and not mine. Yes, I know, 'and who else's could it have been, sitting there, part of your lap, sweet cheeks, huh?'

Carol washed me there very gently as I gasped and writhed as she did so, every touch feeling like a seduction. "We had to remove your pubic hair," Carla said sympathetically, "which is why this must feel so strange to you. We had to do that to insert the new catheters inside you. You got hurt a little bit there as well which is why we've had dressings to change a lot. And we also have to do this."

Both of the other women frowned as I had to have this glass cylinder poked into me between my legs. I couldn't help the squeal that I let loose when they did that. "It's supposed to keep the internal stitching from closing up and making it hard for you to receive penetration when you're with a man," said Andrea Hallam. She shrugged then. "We do it because it's part of the regime that you have to receive according to Dr Richards and the others who came with you from the Naurima Clinic. Do you know what that is? Do you remember why you were there, at all? Oh, it was supposed to be an emergency, wasn't it? They claimed that the saved you life, as I remember."

I shook my head and was surprised at the length of my hair.

Carla noticed. "Yes," she said. "We'll get a proper hair stylist to come in and do your hair for you. Won't

that be so wonderful! You'll really feel like a woman again when you've had your hair done ..."

"And a facial," said Andrea Hallam with a smile.

"... and a manicure and pedicure," Carla went on excitedly. "Oh, it will be such a thrill for you, won't it, to do all that again. I wish I could be going through it all with you!"

"Carla," said Dr Hallam patiently, "I've seen you and the other nurses whenever we have the beauticians in for a patient. Don't tell me that you don't get your turn in front of the makeup mirror while they're here!"

Carla had the grace to blush. Her face was almost as red as the scarlet, frilly night gown that she pulled out of a drawer and brought to me. The two women were very careful as they put it over my mass of hair, over my thin shoulders, around my breasts and down my body, over my thighs, making me shiver.

"Oh, that's so nice," gurgled Carla. "Did you wear something like this before, Tracey? Or was this a gift from your sister, completely new?"

"I, I don't remember," I had to admit as I saw Dr Hallam shake her pretty, short blonde hair at the nurse.

"Don't force it, Tracey," said the doctor sweetly. "It will come back little by little, all the good times that you've had with your sister, Ashley. You're almost the same age and, no, don't think about whether that's true or not. When she gets here, you'll be able to see that for yourself. Now, a liquid supper still, Tracey. Hmm, we'll have to get someone to look at your throat, my dear, maybe for a little therapy. Your voice has probably been affected by a procedure that you had to have done there, in Naurima. I'm sure we can

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get you back to sounding just like your sister as soon as you're signed off to convalescence."

The crash of the automobile, me getting up from the back and grabbing someone, boomed again through my mind. I jerked myself erect, still in the women's clothing that Mistress Judy had made me wear. A nurse pulled open a curtain and looked in on me.

"Lie back, Ashley," she told me. "We'll get to you in a second. We've the others who were in the car with you, a couple in life-threatening conditions. We're not used to having these kinds of emergencies here at Naurima."

Shakily, I lay back, and remembered me holding some man, it was Tommy Gonzalez about the head, shrieking at him. What was it I was saying? What could I have been saying? Wasn't he the one driving the car that I was in?

Oh, then the reason why I was in a pretty dress, my legs in stockings, my hair a pretty cloud about my head, came to me. They'd been taking me to a clinic to have me changed into a woman, weren't they? They were all in on it, my brother, Trace, his pet dominatrix, a so-called psychologist, that Mistress Judy, who controlled everything I did, making me dress as a woman, and Maria, her trainee, as well as Tommy, who was my boy friend, and lover, as he called himself. I started some memory about him, kneeling down in front of my panties, and stopped, bile filling me. No, I didn't want any more horrible memories!

I'd grabbed him, the driver, to stop him bringing me here to be changed into a woman. So, I'd made him

crash the car, had I? I felt a little satisfaction at that. I hope they were all killed, I thought, as I lay back in my dress, my breasts, always it was my breasts, thrusting forward in front of my dress, held in place by my tight bra and the taping Dr Domi had made me do.

I think I was smiling as I heard someone saying, beyond the curtain about my bed, "We don't have a morgue here. Call the city, Alex, and have them send out a hearse. I've some business here with the living."

The curtain moved some more. A doctor or nurse was pushing a wheelchair up beside my bed. The woman who sat there, eyeing me angrily, looked so much older than she had that morning when she'd made me lift my dress for her. She'd examined me carefully and made sure that I'd put on my cache-sexe properly. She, as well, checked how I had attached my garter belt to my stockings, stressing them, snapping them on my smooth thighs, just as she would, I thought, to any pretty girl, like me, so proving that I had dressed properly as a good girl should. But, she knew that I wasn't really a girl, didn't the Mistress?

"Well done," said Mistress Judy, my tormentor for months. "You managed to kill your lover in the crash you caused and have given us quite a problem with your new sister, Tracey. The crash will teach her not to play with such vicious sharp objects as her knife again, won't it?"

I first had no idea what Dr Domi, the Mistress, was talking about. Then, it dawned on me what must have happened and why all the girlish squealing I seemed to recall each time I thought about the crash. Oh, if only I'd helped in converting my brother, Trace, into my real sister, oh, wouldn't that be fun!

My voice was still croaky the next day. I still couldn't remember anything. Dr Richards, yes, would I please call him John, a young, pretty, teenaged girl like me, Tracey, should do that to her doctor. Dr Richards, John said, was his father. He kept turning around to see what his father wanted from him when I used that name. Would I please call him John, or Dr John, if I liked? I think I blushed a lot at him then. He was very nice.

Dr John wanted to know if I had dreamed the night before. I blushed almost the color of my nightie again as I made up a dream of water and swimming. I couldn't tell him that I had dreamed of Andrea Hallam and Carla Brent. No, I couldn't tell him that, as, in my dreams, I was a very rampant male! I couldn't tell my doctor that, in my nightmare of a dream, the lovely women I was making out with, had both swooned all over me as I had them both as a man has a woman, only I was the man, hmm, and with a pecker, as well.

No, I couldn't tell Dr Richards that. He showed me some pictures of a group of girls, most of them blonde, all with gorgeous figures and lovely, curvaceous, long legs and asked me if I saw myself in the group. I shuddered as the skimpy tops and little mini-skirts made all the girls seem so vivacious.

"I'm not there," I began, intending to say, "Surely", at the end. I couldn't be one of those smiling, heavily made-up beauties. I wasn't a pretty girl like that, was I? I wasn't in my dreams!

"You're not, Tracey, my girl," said Dr John Richards, "but your sister, Ashley is. She's the very pretty one ..."

"That one," I said, pointing to a pouting girl, her thin arm on her wide hip, accentuating her narrow waist as she smiled like a model for the camera.

"You're right," said Dr John, smiling even more. "She is indeed Ashley, your very pretty, glamorous, sister."

I shivered as I looked at the glamorous blonde girl. "I don't know how I did that, picking her out," I had to confess to Dr John, who was looking down at the girl in the picture as well, almost as if he wished he was with her. "What's she doing there?"

"Ashley Carson, she calls herself now," Dr John said with a smile as he studied the girls in the picture. "Do you remember her from television or in the papers? She doesn't use her real name, Ashley Breckenridge, but you would know it's her, wouldn't you? Breckenridge is quite a mouthful, isn't it? She's used 'Carson' since she won that reality show about the Next Great Model, or something like that, and used it to get parts in, what, three films in the last year. She's become quite a pinup girl, to use an old phrase, while you, Tracey, have been asleep and missing it all.

"But, still, comatose or not, you were still able to pick your sister out of a lineup of beautiful girls when that picture was taken while you were still recovering at Naurima. We're all expecting here, that with your sister quite the starlet these days, you'll be following in her footsteps now that we've awakened you, my darling girl. Are you looking forward to being a movie star or a model like your sister, Tracey?"

"Ashley Carson?" I said stupidly. "What's happened to Bracken-, Brackenrich?"

"Breckenridge," said Dr John, with a little frown. "Do you remember that that is your family name? You

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are Tracey Breckenridge of Breckenridge Enterprises, heiress to a considerable fortune which has what, quadrupled over the last year or so, with all the shrewd investments and acquisitions the company has made, or so the newspapers tell us. You were part of that, your sister tells me."

"I was part of what?" I asked him, with a shudder that set my breasts in motion.

"I'll let Ashley tell you that when she gets here," said a smiling Dr John Richards. He got up hastily as a smiling Nurse Carla and Doctor Andrea came in to see me, along with a really elegant older woman and a younger, pretty assistant. "Your beauty team is here."

I was surrounded by four women, all studying me eagerly. I drew the bedsheet up over me, flushing again as they studied me.

"I think she should bathe first," said Andrea with a quick smile at me. The use of that pronoun just jarred on me but I didn't know why. "Carla and I are going to unhook you from everything, Tracey, since you are awake and well enough to be talking to Dr Richards. I'm sure, as well, that you'd like to be looking your best when you meet your sister, after such a long time, when she arrives."

I gasped when Carla moved the bedsheet enough so that she could reach in and remove the catheter from me. It wasn't that it hurt. It was just that it felt so, so awkward. I could hardly stand her touch on my legs as she lifted up my light, filmy nightdress and freed me. Oh, gosh, I wasn't private to these strange women at all. I was showing them all that I had as a woman, the scars so red and awful, without my pubic hair, which I supposed had protected me from the prying eyes of all the nurses who had to work on me.