

THE TRANSPLANT

By Desiree Davis



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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THE TRANSPLANT

By Desiree Davis

BRIIIIIING!

I hit the snooze alarm one more time but I know that I have to actually get out of bed this time. I'm really not a morning person but when you have to spend forty five minutes riding a bike to work, and then change clothes when you get there, you have to get up early.

Fortunately, it doesn't take me long to get ready, except for dealing with my long hair, which takes about twenty minutes, getting showered, dressed and eating 'breakfast'(as it were) only takes about an additional half hour.

It's that stupid bike ride. It's kind of embarrassing, a 26 year old male without a car. Makes going on dates rather difficult if not downright impossible. Can't really pick up a girl on a mountain bike now, can I? Not like I could afford it anyway. Hell I can't afford a car, why should I think I could afford to take someone out on a date? A girl wouldn't have this problem. Someone else asks her out, provides transportation and then pays for everything. Sounds like a nice setup to me. I'd like for roles to be reversed and have some girl ask me out!

I grab my walkman, gloves and sunglasses and prepare to head to my job. It's a long, boring ride and the only way to make it go by at all is to tune out the world, listen to music and mindlessly pedal. Yes, I know that wearing headphones is illegal but if I couldn't I think I'd go insane. I've only received one ticket so far and I'm willing to pay another one if I have to before giving up the practice. The third ticket can get very expensive. Granted, I'd rather not get any more. Fortunately, most cops have better things to do than stop me on my bike. Even though I tend to ride mindlessly, I still try to keep true to my motto of riding invisibly, that is, I assume that no one can see me and I ride accordingly.

Sometimes, however, that isn't always good enough as I find out tonight. A van that doesn't seem to see me or anything else for that matter comes barreling through an intersection against the light and hits me square on the side. Pain shoots through my hip. The last thing I remember is flying through the air and landing on my back with my arm pinned unnaturally underneath me. I try to get up but I can't even catch my breath. Another car that doesn't have time to swerve drives right over my legs increasing my pain beyond my tolerance threshold. I pass out, missing the sound of the car that just crushed my legs hitting another car trying to avoid the accident, which sends glass flying everywhere.

I am vaguely aware of being in an ambulance (or 'ecnalubma' as I was always fond of calling them because of the way the word is written across the front so people can read it in their rear view mirrors.) I can hear the siren above me. My body is immobi-

lized and I sense a couple of paramedics hovering over me. I can't move anything. They are assisting my breathing but I can't see who they are because I can't open my eyes. In the ambulance, I regain some amount of consciousness. I manage to ask "Am I dead?"

"No. We have stabilized your vital signs. You're not leaving us yet."

With that reassurance I drift back to sleep, blissfully unaware of my condition until I reach the hospital. I am awakened by a loud alarm going off next to me. I still can't see anything but I can sense someone there.

"What's happening? Am I dying?"

"Mr. Douglas, I am Dr. Robinik. You're at Mercy Hospital. We have been unable to stabilize your heartbeat and breathing. Your injuries are beyond our means to repair. You will die... unless...if you agree to an experiment that may save you. It is still in testing stages and we are not quite sure of the outcome, but you might live. As it is now, you have lost both legs, your left arm, your left lung and your eyes."

It's hard to speak but somehow I manage to choke out the words, "I agree."

My agreement is videotaped since I can't write. I pass out again and am unaware of the experiment that is about to change my life...

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I am dreaming. My dreams are twisted and I can't seem to get a grip on any of them.

Suddenly, they are ripped away, like a vacuum is sucking them out.

My entire consciousness follows. All my memories from when I was two and picked out my first pet cat, to my first grade teacher, to my high school prom, to college graduation. Every moment I've ever experienced.

Even though I've never experienced it before, I get the sense that this isn't like when people say their life flashed before their eyes when they thought they were going to die.

This was my life, but without time. Everything seemed to be instantaneous. And as soon as it was there, it was gone. It feels like my brain is being ripped from my skull. My thoughts are in a tornado, spinning around. I would throw up except this is a dream. I feel like a subway car going through a tunnel.

With a crash, my thoughts land. All the various parts of my consciousness return to their rightful place in my head. I am slowly coming out of my dream state. I am aware of my body. I can sense my legs and my arms. I don't know what this experiment was but I have my body back. They must have given me some kind of weird drugs though because I have never felt like this before.

I sleepily open my eyes, only once they are open realizing that they told me I was blind! Was this experiment some kind of new transplant? Did they transplant new eyes into my head? I don't have time to ponder the answer to that question as my now working eyes gaze down at the sheet covering my body in what is obviously a recovery room.

The outline is all wrong. I'm a thin guy but not this thin and I look a lot shorter. I would worry about my apparent height except that I'm distracted by the way the sheet covers my chest, which does not look natural at all.

I could easily pull the sheet off, but I'm too scared to look. The doctor told me I had lost a lung. Was this lump some kind of machine or something? Were they trying to transplant a new lung like they did with my eyes? Now that I think about it, I can feel some kind of weight on my chest. It's not like something on top of me, more like something inside my skin.

As I continue to shake off the effects of whatever drugs they used to put me out, my curiosity builds. I have to see what they did. I pull my arm up and I'm about to lift the sheet when my hand brushes against my chest. I can feel skin, soft and fleshy. A brief chill runs through my chest. Carefully, as if it would explode if I wasn't, I pull my arm out from under the light blue hospital sheet. I gaze in amazement.

That's not my hand! I think. *Not my hand at all.*

In fact, it's much too small to be my hand, and soft. The skin is too smooth looking. It looks like a girl's hand. Did they transplant a girl's hand on me?! The instant I think that thought, complete awareness of my body (or whatever body they gave me) rushes into me. I am suddenly aware of what the odd mound on my chest is, and of a different, empty feeling in my crotch. I hesitate, not wanting it to be real, not believing it possible but then without a chance to change my mind, like diving into a cold pool, I pull the covers off me and throw them on the floor.

I look but I don't believe what I see. I must still be dreaming. My body (if this is my body) is naked but I don't recognize it. There's no machine on my chest, no artificial lung or transplanted organ. No. The thing I felt is a breast. One of two now resting on my chest. Large female breasts with big pink nipples.

I should be shocked but I can't even manage that reaction.

I drop my gaze down a little, past my flat, tight stomach, down to the patch of curly pubic hair between my strangely hairless legs. Instead of seeing my usual male equipment I can only see hair. Tentatively, I reach down to the former sight of my masculinity, hoping to find it somehow tucked away between my thighs. Instead, the only thing my fingers find buried there is flap of skin that hides a moist slit, a vagina.

I nearly pass out, but force myself awake and sit up. The weight on my chest shifts uncomfortably. I get out of the bed and head over to the full length mirror on the bathroom door. My breasts sway as I walk. I look at the reflection. A beautiful girl stares back, and that girl is me. This is one hell of a transplant!

"I'm a woman. This can't be real," I say as I cup my breasts in my new, dainty hands, but even my voice is feminine.

"Yes it is. If you'll please sit down."

I hadn't noticed that while I was gaping at my female form, a doctor had entered the room. Still in some kind of shock, I comply and return to the hospital bed. Two more doctors arrive in my room.

“Dave, I am Dr. Robinik. I don't know if you remember me. We met when you came in.”

“I remember you.”

I suddenly realize that I'm sitting here nude with a bunch of people standing around. I grab the sheet off the floor and use it to cover my breasts, letting it hang down to hide the rest of me.

The doctor offers a slight smile at my modesty. I realize, of course, that he has already seen this body naked. He must have, how else did it get here?

“I was the person who performed the procedure.” Answering my unvoiced question. “As far as we can tell, right now the experiment was successful. We are monitoring your vital signs and reading full brain activity. Congratulations. You are the first person to undergo a brainwave transplant.”

“Huh? What are you talking about?”

The doctor looks at me patronizingly but with sympathy, like a parent trying to explain how Grandma has gone to that big nursing home in the sky.

“Please remember, you were dying. We couldn't stabilize you after amputating your legs and without immediate implementation of this process you would have died. And even if we had stabilized you, you would be without your legs, your right arm, and your eyes. You now have a complete body. Yes, as you are probably aware, you are not in your own body. We transferred the essence of your brain into a receptive body. We had to use the first available body that fit our needs, that being a person who was brain dead but whose body was still functioning. This was the first body available and this may take some getting used to but you are in a female body.”

A female doctor comes over to me and introduces herself.

“Hi. I am Dr. Jeannie Snyder.” She drops her gaze to the breasts I am trying so hard to keep concealed and smiles. “I am going to help you become acquainted with your new body. I hope you realize how amazing this is. You are the first person to ever be transplanted into another body.”

“But I'm a girl!”

My voice sounds so foreign. I can't believe that's me speaking.

“You were dying. This girl was brought in with a brain hemorrhage from a drug overdose. There was nothing we could do to save her, she was brain dead. She had no reliable ID on her and the best we can determine, she was a prostitute, probably a runaway, about 16 years of age.”

“I'm in the body of a sixteen year old?!” I loose my grip on the sheet and it falls around my feet. I hastily scramble to retrieve it.

“Your body is sixteen, but of course you are 26. We are going to create a new identity for you, you can choose any name, and any age you would like.” Dr. Snyder motions for the other doctors to leave and they do.

She reaches over to me and pulls down the sheet. With her other hand she helps me off the bed and walks me back over to the mirror on the door.

Again, I get a good look at myself. I have long, blond hair, blue eyes, a very attractive face, small shoulders, large breasts, a small waist, nice shapely legs and a vagina! I stare for what seems like hours in the mirror. This is a very attractive body I can see why she was a hooker, I would have fucked her. That is, if I was the kind of guy who slept with hookers. Although it looks like now I'm not any kind of guy at all. I touch my new female plumbing. I can feel it just like I can feel the breasts.

Dr. Snyder seems somewhat amused by my tentative exploration of my new equipment, but doesn't comment.

“What do I do now? What kind of life will I have?”

“We are working that out. We do want to perform some cosmetic surgery to change your appearance in case the girl's pimp comes looking for you, or in case she was in trouble with the law.”

“I'm not quite used to this yet. Right now I'm thinking about how I would like to fuck myself.”

“Uh-hum. We are aware that this change may cause some sexual confusion but that is why I am here. My job is to get you accustomed to being a woman. You may have the body of a female, but you don't have the mind. I'm going to help you reconcile that. But first off, we are going to remove those tattoos on your leg. We would like to recommend a change of hair and eye color as well.”

“Umm, you can do that?”

She nods. This is all happening so fast I don't know what to say. I just think of what I like to see in other women. “O.K. Can I have red hair and green eyes. Get rid of any other birthmarks as well as long as we're trying to avoid being discovered.”

“OK., come with me and we'll begin.”

“What? Now?”

“No time like the present. Besides, we don't want you getting too accustomed to this form and then go changing it.”

It makes sense, I guess. Not having anything better to do, I head back to an operating room and go under. This time seems positively peaceful compared to last time when, somehow, through the miracle of modern medicine, these doctors were able to take the essence of me out of my head and put it in someone else's almost dead body. I feel like Frankenstein's monster. Or maybe that's the bride of Frankenstein now.

0-0-0

Again I awake in my private recovery room eager to see what the doctors have done this time. I step into the bathroom to see the results. My hair is red right down to the roots and my eyes are green. This body is really strange.

One of the first things I realized is that the bathroom counter is higher than it used to be. No, the counter's the same. It's me. I'm shorter. A lot shorter. I'm not used to that. As a guy, I was 6'1". Now, I'm so...I was going to say small but then I see my chest...short, maybe 5'3" or 5'4" but no more. I'm not used to being this close to the ground.

Moving on, I begin to inventory all the other differences. My skin is smoother and a creamy white color. I have sleek, sexy legs and a tight ass. I have a small waistline and dainty hands. My face is captivating. I have a great smile. Whoever this girl was she was quite a looker (as the British would put it).

I return to my bed and look for some clothes. Over on the dresser is one outfit. First, I put on the black lace panties. These are much different from guys' underwear. They come up over my hips and are generally smaller both in front where they only have a little triangle shaped patch of red pubic hair (wow, they changed that too!) to cover, and in back. I grab the matching lace bra and look to see what size it is. 34D. I put the bra on which makes my breasts look even bigger. Next I put on the black halter top. It is tight and hugs my breasts. They push against the fabric and there is no mistaking their size. A black skirt is last. I struggle in. It is awfully tight and short. The tag says 24 inch waist. I manage to pull it up. It is a pull-on cotton/lycra skirt that shows off my hips and then becomes smaller at the bottom which is only about two inches below my ass. I attempt to walk around the room, but find myself constantly pulling the skirt down because it feels like my butt is exposed.

Dr. Snyder comes back in.

"I'm glad to see you got dressed yourself."

"Please, I'm not an invalid."

"You may be surprised at how different female clothing is."

"Yeah, I'm becoming aware of that right now. Is this all you have?"

"It is what the girl was wearing when she came in."

Wanting to do anything but continue in this ridiculous outfit I proclaim, "I want to begin my new life now. So, uh, whadda we do?"

"Well, first, we will create a new identity for you. We'll start by filling out this form." She hands me a clipboard with a paper on it.

NAME: Hmmm, I get to pick my own name this time. I have two favorite female names. If I'm going to be a woman, I might as well like my name. I put down Katherine Dominique.

"What about a last name?"

"Anything you want."

"Can I use Douglas?"

"I wouldn't recommend it."

"OK. Katherine Dominique McTaggart. I love the name Dominique but I want to be known as Kitty."

"Kitty?"

"Yes. You said I could pick anything."

"Yes, I guess I did."

She doesn't look too happy with my choice. Tough. They put me in this ridiculous body, they'd better understand that I'm not exactly thrilled and may not make the best career decisions right now.

"For age you know that your body is 16 but could probably pass for a few years older. I would recommend that you do a year of high school to learn the social skills necessary for you to function as a woman in society."

"High school?"

"It's a safe place where we can keep track of you. We can set you up as an 18 year old senior. You'd be in honors classes obviously and we will help you in recalling anything you may have forgotten from back then."

"What about all my college work? My student films? I don't want to take all those classes over."

"Hmmm. We'll see what we can do. Maybe you can change the credits. Of course that might risk exposing who you really are."

"You mean someone might find out I'm really Dave? Great. I don't really want to go back to high school either but you're probably right. I'd rather make a fool of myself there than at college."

I put down 17 for my age but with the same birthday only 8 years later, 2-16-77. I fill out the rest of the form with my hair and eye color, height (5'4") weight (102 lbs) and sex (female!).

"Where do I live now? I obviously can't live where I was."

"We will set you up in an apartment near me. Now come with me and will get your paperwork underway."

I follow her out of my room. I feel very strange walking around a hospital wearing what I am. I'm wearing a skirt in public! How weird.

We meet a man named Dan who inputs all my info into a computer and after a while he spits out a Driver's License with the new me on it, a Social Security card, and my own American Express card. He gets into school records and creates a complete school record for me.

I have taken 3 years of honors English, Honors Biology, Chemistry and AP Biology and Anatomy, Geometry, Algebra II, and Trig, 2 1/2 years of Drama, Driver's Ed, World Regional Studies, International Relations, AP U.S. History, a year of Photography, a year of Pep Squad and a year of Cheerleading. The last stuff was to throw off anyone who suspects me of not being a girl. My grades are all A's and B's.

"How did you know that I had taken honors classes and was in drama?"

"We've done a complete review of you, high school, college, work, everything."

"How long was I out?"

"Eight days."

"Eight days?!"

“We learned everything we need to know.” She tells me that they will have people review all the material with me so I will be ready for a senior year of high school. Obviously after 6 years of college and two years in the business world I have forgotten most of the math and science I took. I guess I will also have to learn cheerleading.

“That's easy. I was a cheerleader in high school,” Jeannie cheerfully informs me. Jeannie happens to live in the town I grew up in and since I'll be moving in near her, I'll be returning to my old high school for my senior year.

Dan signs me up for AP English, AP Physics, AP Calculus, Advanced Drama, Political Science and Varsity Cheerleading.

“Let's leave Dan to create the rest of your identity while we get you some clothes.”

“Do I get to use my new credit card?”

“Oh no. The hospital is paying for this. It's because of us you are going to need a whole new wardrobe.”

We head out to the local women's clothing store.

For the first time, I appear in public with my new body. I am amazingly self-conscious about the way this body moves and the way people look at me. I would swear that they all know I'm a guy except that there is no mistaking these breasts. I mean cleavage is showing — no guy can fake that.

The other thing I notice is how much bigger everybody is. I was at the upper end of average height for a guy, which meant I was taller than most guys and nearly all the girls. Now, I'm short, even for a woman. Not only short but slight, too. Meaning that I have a small frame. Of course I had small bones as a guy but my height offset any thoughts of me being “small”. I'm going to have to get used to looking up to people now. What a pain.

Speaking of pains... I have never bought women's clothes before but I know what I like to see on girls, so that is what I go with. I get a number of miniskirts and some longer ones as well at Jeannie's urging, some dresses of all different sorts; short, long, tight, loose, strapless, backless, whatever. I get some jeans and pants. I get plenty of underwear including a teddy and a garter belt and stockings. I have trouble finding bras big enough for me. For that matter, most of the dresses and shirts I try on are too tight because of my chest. I get some blouses, shirts and sweaters as well, plus socks and pantyhose.

Jeannie tells me that learning how to wear and accessorize all these outfits is going to be of paramount importance if I am to pass as a girl.

I'm going to have to learn the difference between a pleated skirt and a frilled one, what earrings go with what dress, and what seems like a hundred and one new rules on clothing and behavior before school starts next month.

Jeannie has been quite impressed with how well I have been taking the whole situation and how quickly I have acclimated to my new body.

I do make some minor mistakes though. At one point I start to head into the men's room until I hear a voice shout out “Kitty!” Having a fondness for the name I look

around to see the girl it belongs to. The only person I see is Dr. Snyder and then I realize Kitty is me, I'm the girl. With a sheepish grin I instead enter the ladies room.

The whole shopping experience is rather strange. I mean, as a guy, I had worn women's clothes before—once for a play, once for Halloween and once 'cause I lost a bet, but I was always a guy in women's clothes. They fit differently. Even with a padded chest, I couldn't wear halter tops or bikinis. Of course, I had no hips so dresses didn't hang properly on me at all. There are guys out there who spend their entire lives wearing female clothing but even they couldn't wear it the same way I am now. I have breasts that shape my tops, and that can be seen in low cut outfits unlike the guys who just dress like women. They can't show any of their chest. I have wider hips and a smooth crotch which changes the way pants look and allow dresses and skirts to hang the way they are designed to.

All in all, a very weird experience.

Before, my wardrobe consisted of about a dozen pairs of jeans, some nice shirts and a whole slew of black T-shirts. I had one pair of dress shoes and one pair of sneakers. I had enough socks and underwear to get me to next week's wash and that was about it. Simple. Nothing to accessorize, no great debates over which shoes to wear or which earrings go with which pair of socks or some other ridiculous color coordinating nonsense. That just changed- big time.

The total cost is something like \$3200 but Jeannie happily charges it.

We go next to get some shoes. This'll be a chore. I have never walked in heels before. Fortunately, we only get a couple pairs of those, plus some pumps, sandals, and sneakers. Lastly we get a good supply of make-up and jewelry. I am going to have to get used to putting things in my ears. At least these ears are already pierced.

For the whole day I have felt my chest bouncing up and down as I walk. There seems to be no way to stop it. All that weight just getting tossed about. Sometimes, I feel like I'm just going to tip over. My walk is really different now as well. My ass moves back and forth because of my wide hips and my legs are closer together because I don't have to allow for a penis between them. This is going to be weird.

The look of a skirt is very different as well, just smooth in front—no lump. No, the lumps are now a little higher on my body and a lot bigger.

We finish shopping and head back to the hospital with about ten bags in tow. Once there Dan presents me with all I need for my new life. My Driver's License, school ID, social security card, complete school transcript, even a birth certificate.

I put all the stuff in a purse which I must now get used to carrying.

“We would like for you to stay here another night for observation before we send you to your new home. Of course we will still be observing you then as well but for this first day we would like you here.”

“What, am I going to be under surveillance the rest of my life?”

“Da...Kitty, you should be glad to be alive at all. Obviously, we are going to want to collect information on how well this process works. We will keep an eye on you for

some time until we are sure you are comfortable in your body and we know that there are no side effects.”

“Great.”

I return to my room and look at myself again. I have been looking at myself all day while buying clothes but I am still amazed. I go into the bathroom where I know I'm not being spied on and undress. I run my hand over my breasts. The feeling is so good. I put my hand on my pussy. I reach in and feel for my clitoris. I can feel a little flap. I tickle it and experience a very pleasurable feeling. Being a girl is going to be a trip. I almost wish I wasn't so attractive, all that means is that many more guys are going to hit on me. Another thing I'm going to have to get used to. I mean, I still like women. I don't know how many lesbians there are in high school but I hope I can find out.

I put on panties and a tank top to sleep in. This should be an interesting experience-sleeping with these things on my chest. I manage to fall asleep although I do wake myself up a number of times by squashing my new breasts uncomfortably. I'm going to have to relearn how to sleep.

In the morning I get dressed in some of the new clothes I have. First panties and a bra. I want to get used to wearing skirts so I grab one of them. A not so tight denim miniskirt and then a light blue cotton sleeveless sweater.

By noon, all my stuff has been packed and is being moved to my new apartment. All my stuff from my old place has been retrieved and is also being brought over. With this many people helping, I am moved into my apartment by the end of the day.

I spend the next few hours organizing all my stuff; furniture, dishes, stereo, etc. For the first time in my life I have new furniture because my old stuff was too masculine, so more appropriate furniture was brought over. As it is, my style of decorating isn't and never will be very feminine. I mean, you'll never find posters of Brad Pitt on the walls or anything.

Eventually I get tired. I lie down on my bed and begin to run my hands over my body. I am still amazed at this body. I remove my top and skirt. Then I slip out of my panties and bra. I place my hand between my legs and explore my new sex. It feels so good I can't stand it. Soon I'm wet. I work my fingers over my clitoris and in and out of the hole. I continue until I reach orgasm. Pleasure shoots through my pussy. I am totally out of breath and amazed. For the first time, I think I could like being a girl.

Although my kitchen is fully stocked, I want to try going out in public so I think I'll go to the store. I still don't have a car so I'll have to walk. I put the same clothes back on and head out. I still can't believe I'm out in public in a skirt but of course now it's perfectly acceptable as it wasn't when I was a man (which was all of two days ago).

As I walk through the store, I notice some of the guys watching me, otherwise no one suspects that just a few days ago I was a man.

I grab some ice cream and milk and a few other things and go to the register. I instinctively reach for my wallet in my back pocket and succeed in hitting myself on the ass. I realize I have to get money out of my purse. I pay for the food and go home.

That night, I sleep in a teddy. It comes between my legs rather snugly. I tell myself that I'll get used to it...eventually. But that doesn't really help me get to sleep tonight. Right now, I can't contemplate ever 'getting used to' this body. Sleeping with breasts is still hard, even when they are being held down. I still can't figure out what to do with all this hair either. It's even longer than the pony tail I had as a guy.

In the morning I get up and shower. I can feel the water run down my breasts and through my crotch. I look in the mirror and am amazed at the person who stares back. Several times I look behind me, thinking that the girl I see in the mirror is someone else. I wrap the towel around me, only now I have to put it over my breasts. It barely comes down far enough to cover my cunt.

I probably shouldn't use that word. I doubt many women refer to it as a cunt, or a twat or a bush or hole or box or snatch or beaver. As a guy, those were just the terms we (guys) used. Now as a woman, I guess I should be a little more considerate. Pussy seems the least offensive but I guess I'll find out once I start spending some time with women who think I'm a girl as well.

(I am a girl! I remind myself).

For the third time (*pretty soon I'll lose count*) I get dressed as a woman (*and why not, I am one?*).. I start with bikini-style panties. I put on a bra. The style is a woman's name, I can't keep all the different ones straight yet. Gonna have to work with Jeannie on that one. Basically, it cups my breasts and holds them up. I didn't really see much difference between them anyway, but Jeannie assured that there was.

Dr. Snyder is coming over in about an hour to help me adjust to female life. She indicated lessons in make up and my first attempt at cheerleading.

For now, I'll just dress casually until I find out what we're doing. I put on a pair of jeans and a white short sleeve blouse. *What idiot decided that women's buttons would be backwards?!* I fumble with the buttons, training my hands to do in reverse what they have done for years the other way. Well, not these hands per se but you know what I mean.

In fact, one thing I do realize is that I can move my left hand fingers. I couldn't bend a couple of fingers because of a childhood accident but with this body I can. For a moment my change in gender is forgotten as I happily bend fingers that I haven't been able to in over 16 years. Anyone watching me would have thought I'd gone insane; a girl standing in her bathroom staring at her fingers while she makes a fist over and over. Just another little reminder of how different this body is.

I put on ankle socks and sneakers and then eat breakfast while waiting for Jeannie.

She arrives right on time and I am ready. She takes me to the bathroom, where I have a vanity mirror and a little chair set up. Jeannie carefully shows me how to put on make-up. She explains what colors are good for my face and how to apply them. I put on lipstick and blush. She shows me how to apply eye liner, eye shadow and for when I think I may need it, mascara. I can't honestly say that I have one of those faces that doesn't need make-up. I think with small amounts I look much more attractive. I can't stop thinking about how I'd like to have sex with myself. Jeannie

leaves me a color chart to refer to and tells me to practice as often as possible, at least twice a day.

“Make-up must become second nature to you,” she proclaims.

I can't say I never realized how much work was involved for a woman to look good, but that still doesn't compare to actually having to do it all.

Now, we are going to start my cheerleading lessons. I have to have some idea what I'm doing when I start school, which is in only two weeks.

“How did you get me on the squad? Don't I have to audition?”

“It was part of the deal we made to get you to transfer to Washington High. They think you are the number one ranked student at a private school in San Diego that doesn't exist. If they ever check up, they will get someone from the hospital involved in your case who will keep your cover. To get you to transfer and presumably help them in countywide academic competitions such as the Science Olympiad, which I understand you excelled in, they had to agree to accept you to on the cheerleading squad even though you missed auditions. Of course, if you can't keep up, they will drop you, but I don't think that will happen. I recommend that you change into something you can workout in.”

I remove the jeans and put on a pair of sweat pants. Instead of the blouse and bra I put on a racer back sports bra which keeps my breasts firm against my chest so they don't bounce too ridiculously, and a sleeveless T-shirt.

We start by limbering up and stretching.

I am amazed at how much more flexible this body is. I stretch as I never have before. In fact, for the first time in my life I touch my toes without bending my knees.

Jeannie shows me some basic moves, which I practice until I've gotten them down.

Even with this bra, my breasts bounce awkwardly, well at least it's awkward for me; maybe a real girl won't have a problem. I do have to wonder how it's going to be when I'm wearing a cheerleader's outfit though.

Jeannie explains to me that I'm lucky to have received such an attractive body. Genetically, it is unlikely I'll ever become really fat but I could easily get out of shape. I'm going to have to start taking better care of myself than I did as a man. Especially since women have more hygiene problems than men do anyway, (at least that's how it seems to me).

The lessons continue each day as do further instructions on how to act female, such as the weird sensation of shaving my legs. Like I said, getting dressed and ready as a woman takes a lot more effort. I've even found myself actually paying attention to all the commercials on TV aimed at women. Shampoo, make-up, lipstick, perfume, eye liner, mascara, bras, panties, tampons, pads; a total bombardment of stuff that before I just tuned out. It didn't apply to me so I ignored it. Things are a little different now.

In the two weeks between moving in and the beginning of school, I have become much more comfortable wearing women's clothing and even know what most of it is called too. The one thing that I was not expecting at all, which happens the weekend before school starts, is cramps. I realize that I'm going to have my period.

Jeannie is as helpful as can be but having never experienced one before I just have to grin and bear it. Jeannie shows me how to use pads and for the first time since leaving the hospital I wish I had just died. By Sunday night, though, the pain is gone replaced by the nervousness of going back to high school but this time as a woman.

Monday morning, I get up early and take a long shower. I wash my hair and carefully wrap it in a towel to dry. What I wear today is very important, first impressions ya know. After putting on a bra, I realize that even in conservative clothing, I'm going to look very attractive. So I fight the urge to show off and decide it would be better to not look too slutty on the first day.

I do put on flesh colored pantyhose and then a pair of nice black slacks. I'm still not quite used to wearing a bra. With it on, it almost makes my breasts look like two separate, individual mounds of flesh that are being held up against my chest as opposed to something that grows on me. The bra defines their shape and makes them look bigger. If I wanted to, I could show a lot of cleavage because I have it. But instead I put on a white short sleeved blouse. The size of my breasts is quite apparent anyway. I mean I could wear a potato sack and 34-24-34 measurements are going to be noticed. I wear my red hair long, flowing down over my shoulders. I put on make up and earrings. Earrings are weird. I've become very adept at taking them out and putting them in but it still doesn't feel right. Of course, little of this body feels right. The pantyhose clinging to my legs, they press against my crotch, the underwire of the bra gently presses against my chest. Women put up with a lot of shit. I wear half inch heels even though I have been practicing in higher ones. No need for them at school though.

Overall I look almost professional, or at least like a relaxed professional. I am now ready to face the public as a woman, heaven help me.

One of the advantages of my change of identity is that my driving record is clean. The hospital helped me finance a car and even got me very inexpensive insurance. (Probably not a good idea on their part. I didn't have a car because I had totaled my two previous ones and my insurance company finally said "enough!" but the hospital was being so generous I wasn't about to tell them that.)

My car was just delivered to me yesterday, a brand new, soft-top, beige Jeep Renegade, just like I requested. I take the old familiar route to Washington and park. I get out of the car and grab my purse and a bag to carry my books and stuff in. Before I just used a backpack but it didn't seem appropriate with what I was wearing today. Now there's something that would have made me cringe as a guy. I never worried whether I matched or not.

As I walk to class I become aware for the first time of other people watching me walk. My gait is of course different and I had already become used to the way my hips move and how my legs seem closer together.