



*Reluctant Press*

# Hit & 'Miss' ...Again

Deena Gomersall



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# Hit... & 'Miss', Again

By Deena Gomersall

One month ago my name was Hank Reynard. I used to be a professional boxer and I was engaged to be married to a beautiful, sexy girl. I say “was” because a month ago I was involved in a road accident that also involved a fourteen year-old girl. Don't ask me how, but when I regained consciousness, laid out in the middle of the road, I had somehow entered the girl's body and, presumably, she into mine.

I say “presumably” because from then until now, my own body lay in a comatose state in hospital. Also from the date of the accident to now, I was left with no other option but to try and learn the girl's—Lucy's—life and to try and learn how to act and live as a teenage girl.

The fact that Lucy was only fourteen and was still at the early stages of puberty made things a little easier for me to deal with. For instance, she did not have the full breasts of an adult woman and she dressed like all teenage girls dress these days, in a boyish style.

Things began to get complicated however when I discovered that a boy from Lucy's school had a fancy for her; the feminine body I was occupying was responding to his advances and starting to cause changes in my way of thinking.

I was actually on my way to meet him; Scott, just a few minutes ago but my mind had become further confused when I learned, just before leaving home, that my own body, still laying in hospital, had started to come around. I had begun to think I was trapped in this body for the rest of my life but now I wondered if what I had been told may be the magic trigger to transport me back inside my own body and give me my own life back.

I had been crossing over a road and, in spite of being in the body of a fourteen year-old girl, I had been admiring an attractive, very busty, femininely-dressed colored girl who was walking towards me, crossing from the opposite side. Sud-

denly, it was if someone had pressed the rewind button of a VCR, followed by “play,” as a car rounded a corner and came speeding towards us both.

I staggered on my heeled shoes and the colored girl tried to push me out of the way of the oncoming car. We were both hit.

I began to have the same weightless, bodiless floating sensation I had experienced a month before and I found myself looking at the world from an elevated position. I could see the scenes of an accident below me from a height level with some of the tallest buildings of the city. I could clearly see my, or rather, Lucy’s, body and that of the attractive black girl being attended to by paramedics. Then came the strange tugging sensation I’d had before and the sense of suddenly plummeting with a “whoosh”.

It became immediately obvious that I had not, as hoped, reentered my own male body laying in the hospital. Once I was able to flicker my eyes open, I could see one of the paramedics leaning over me, studying me. It also became chillingly clear that I had not returned to Lucy's body, either, by way of the conversation I could hear.

“What is the condition of the young girl, Jake?”

“It seems she has slipped into a coma. Get her into the ambulance and off to hospital.”

“How about the black woman, Greg?”

The paramedic that was leaning over me replied to the question. “She has regained consciousness, there is no dilation of the eyes,” he said, looking directly at me.

It was quite clear to me now that now I was occupying the body of the colored girl ... and that did not bode well for me at all.

I groaned audibly, not from pain but from the realization of just what this meant, what it entailed. It had been a terrible, psychological shock to find myself suddenly inhabiting the body of a girl that first time, especially seeing as how I was formerly 6’2”, thirty years old and male with a strong muscular body. I was a professional boxer. But at least that girl was only in the primary stages of puberty. This was much different, as my mind recalled mental pictures of the very shapely, very sexy-looking, busty, long-legged girl I had seen, or rather, ogled at. And now, I was in her body!

“Oh, God no!” I sighed in devastation, hearing a soft, feminine rhythmic voice emitting from the lips I had just acquired.

The paramedic took it to be groans of pain or discomfiture. “Just lay still, honey. You have been involved in an accident, you have one or two cuts and bruises but don’t try to move until we know if you have any spinal injury,” he instructed.

Lay still! I wanted to get up and run away as fast as I could, screaming! I was filled with dread, wondering how I could possibly cope, mentally, with this new, fully-developed, very sexy female body.

When I had entered Lucy's body, although I had been laid out, prostrate on the road, I was able to sense that I was now a lot smaller than when in my own body. I also picked up messages from my brain that the body I was in was young; I *felt* younger.

Now though, it was wholly different. I could tell I was taller than I had been as Lucy and there was this really strange feeling going on, a very strong vibrant sense that was totally unknown to me. I would learn later that it was the sense of being a woman, womanly feelings emitting from the large sensitive breasts that I now had and from the area of the groin. My senses were picking up the signals of having very active female hormones flooding through this entire body. At the moment, they were just very powerful feelings that I had never experienced before nor knew the cause of.

What now? I had been unable to escape from Lucy's body, trapped as it were; I was now equally as trapped in this new body.

I wondered what had happened to Lucy. I presumed her conscience was still in my body and that now; this colored girl was in the body of Lucy. I hoped beyond hope that she didn't die; she was such a lovely person and I had become very fond of her family in such a short space of time. They had become *my* family.

I felt tears trickling down the cheeks of my new face as I imagined the anguish of Lucy's parents, Christine and Frank and her sister and brother, Wendy and Craig. I mean, they had only just got over their beloved daughter being involved in one accident and now she had been knocked down again ... maybe more seriously. I could only hope that the girl whose body I was now in, if she regained consciousness, would do like I had and pretend to be Lucy rather than revolt at having become her.

Thinking of Christine and Frank being informed that their daughter had been involved in yet another road accident and was now in a coma soon had me crying heavily. I had become very affectionate towards them, though I was surprised by the level of emotion I was expressing; not realizing it was all being caused by the chemistry of the new body I was in.

"There there, sweetheart," I heard Greg the paramedic consoling me, "I know it hurts but we will soon have you nice and comfortable in hospital. Is there anyone you would like me to contact?"

Poor Greg had misunderstood my tears but his question gave me a jolt of realization. Damn! Obviously I didn't have a clue who I was or who I knew. I was going to have to learn someone else's life and friends again.

"No. I can't remember anything," I answered truthfully, again hearing that soft feminine, sexy voice that had a distinct Jamaican "twang" to it.

On the first occasion of this kind I had passed out through shock and woke up in hospital. On this occasion, it wasn't as much of a shock and I remained conscious and focused. I had a brace fit around my neck and felt my—her—body being lifted up onto a trolley by strong hands. As I was wheeled over to an awaiting ambulance, I could see that Lucy was still being attended to. I also saw Scott, the

boy I had been on my way to meet, anxiously standing nearby. It seemed obvious that he had seen what had happened from the restaurant where we were to meet. That set me off sobbing all over again.

Once the ambulance reached the hospital, a porter wheeled me on the trolley to a hospital ward. Nurses came to attend to me and drew curtains around the bed before gently peeling off the clothes the girl had been wearing, replacing them with a white cotton gown.

There was no injury to my back. Along with the bruises and small lacerations I'd received I had sustained some slight ligament damage to my neck. This resulted in another neck brace being fitted under my chin, which for the time being at least, masked me from seeing the womanly breasts I now had. I sure knew they were there, though, by their roll, movement and weight.

Having been down this particular path before, very recently, I again feigned amnesia so as to explain not knowing who I was or anything about myself, which wasn't far from the truth.

From the shoulder bag the girl had been carrying, the nurses established that the girl—me now—was called Alesha Richens, age 22. They didn't find anything to ascertain where she lived. The cell phone they found in her bag had no number for her Mom or Dad and a nurse was given the duty to ring some of the numbers to try finding out her home address. Meanwhile, I was sedated and went into a deep sleep full of weird dreams involving bright lights and scantily-clad girls dancing provocatively.

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I awoke the following morning, immediately realizing I needed to relieve myself. As I began to wake properly from the sedation, there was a degree of confusion. My mind was telling me that I was still Hank Reynard until the memory of my accident flooded back into my conscious. Then I remembered that I had become a fourteen year-old girl called Lucy, which made me sit up in shock realization.

That action brought me to see in front of my eyes my now long, slender arms. I'd formerly had thick, strong, muscular, hairy arms. My arms now being a rich chocolate brown color ending with small slender hands and long fingers tipped with long, oval, pale colored finger nails came as quite a shock. Then I began to remember everything else. I was now a full-grown woman ... a *black* woman!

Then I received a reminder from "my" bladder that I still needed to pee. It had been very difficult for me to relieve myself on the first occasion, discovering that instead of my having my familiar penis, I now had a vagina. The new vagina I now had was going to be a whole lot different from that. Even though I would now be better able to cope with it mentally, this would be an adult woman's vagina.

I clambered out of bed, taking in my brown feet and my smooth chocolate brown legs, then stood up. I planned on going to look where the toilets were by

myself or maybe find a nurse and ask, but from somewhere, one suddenly came running over to me.

“Alesha!” she called out, “What on earth are you trying to do getting out of bed? You shouldn't be up, you are not strong enough.”

“I'm okay nurse, really. But I do need to use the toilet,” I replied. The voice I could hear coming from my lips was very soft, feminine and sexy-sounding. The words again came out with a definite Jamaican or West Indian twang.

“Okay, if you are sure. The toilets are just down the corridor, but I'll accompany you,” she told me.

Whoa! How much difference I was suddenly aware of as I began to walk, so much difference between this girl and Lucy and one gigantic difference between this and my normal sturdy, muscular gait. My whole body moved differently, my poise was smooth, almost elegant, my posture straight, my hips rolled with each step and I automatically walked heel to toe. Although I couldn't see anything because of the surgical collar I was wearing, the sway, bounce and heft of the girl's breasts were alarming.

Once in the toilets, I pulled up the nightdress I was wearing and sat down, immediately releasing a stream of hot urine. This time there was no trying to work out what triggered the flow, it was automatic.

I shouldn't have, I supposed, but I couldn't help it. I began wondering about this girl's sex life. I mean, Lucy, at fourteen, had been a virgin. This girl, it seemed a certainty, must have had sex with men. This very vagina that I was peeing through would have had a man's penis inside of it—probably many men—maybe as recently as yesterday. That thought gave me a really weird feeling.

Once I finished and blotted, I dropped down the nightdress and exited the stall. I stood in front of a mirror and studied my new face. God, I was beautiful. My dark chocolate complexion was flawless; I had full pouting lips, long, thick eye-lashes and narrow, shaped eyebrows. My eyes were hazel surrounded with dazzling white. My nose was quite large, narrowing out towards the tip yet still very attractive.

The girl's hair was rather short, about collar length but was straight rather than frizzy, a glossy black color with long bangs. Looking closer, I saw that the girl's small ears had been multiply-pierced. She was wearing two small pearl studs at the base of each lobe but there was a further five punctures in each ear all the way up the outer edges. I also discovered, rather alarmingly, her tongue was pierced!

Out of pure curiosity I had checked out Lucy's young body but I hardly dared to look at the form I was now occupying and I walked off towards the door. Two minutes later I returned back in front of the mirror, curiosity having gotten the better of me. Slowly, very slowly, I hitched up the nightdress until it was as high up as I could get it.

“Oh, for crying out loud!” I gasped as I looked. Alesha's long, smooth, shapely legs seemed to go on forever, her hips were wide and round. Where her legs met

were the feminine folds of black and pinkish skin of her sex, capped with a thick mat of black pubic hair, trimmed cleanly along the top to form a "V". Her waist was slender; her stomach was flat and firm. In her navel she had another piercing, a belly stud that held a real ruby. Then there were her breasts! They had to be a C cup, possibly D, round, full, slightly upturned and tipped with dark brown aureoles and long thick, rubbery nipples.

I almost swooned as my mind tried to take in all that I saw and I asked myself just how the hell was I going to be able to exist and accept a body like this? For a 6'2", muscular boxer, living in the body of a fourteen year-old girl had been difficult enough, but this...

I had coped well so far and not encountered too many difficulties; Lucy didn't have a boyfriend for a start. Okay, so she had been interested in a boy called Scott, but I hadn't so much as had to kiss him. I had managed to retain my mental masculinity and heterosexuality ... but this girl; she just *had* to have a whole string of male admirers.

"Are you okay in there, Alesha?" I heard the nurse calling me. I quickly dropped my gown down and replied, "Yes," then left the bathroom to return back to my bed.

Nobody visited me that day or night so I had no opportunity to learn anything new about who I was. As well as being bored, I couldn't help wondering why nobody had visited the girl; I couldn't believe she wasn't popular. She must have had a whole host of friends. Were her family members in another country? Could her parents be dead? It seemed strange not to have a number for them stored in her cell phone. Did her friends know she'd had an accident?

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A doctor came in and checked me after I'd had my breakfast the following day. He seemed quite happy with me and informed me that my neck wasn't too badly damaged, though I should continue to wear the collar for a few days. They wanted to keep me in as a matter of caution, seeing as I had been knocked unconscious. They were concerned about possible delayed concussion, especially as I seemed to have total memory loss.

Speaking of breakfast, it was very hard to get used to placing mouthfuls of food into my mouth and trying to swallow, in the usual way, with the constant feel of a metal ball in the middle of my tongue. I'd have taken it out ... if I had any idea how!

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I went to the bathroom again, unaided and, after I had done my business, I released the collar around my neck, stepped out of my nightdress and again looked at my naked body, in full. Alesha's dark brown body was so perfectly shaped. I



couldn't have become more of a female. Even just looking at the reflection caused my nipples to tingle and give me a warm glow, almost sexual, in the area of my groin. I'd had an almost constant feeling down there, almost like I was permanently horny, which was most disconcerting. I quickly redressed and returned to my bed, desperately hoping that I wouldn't be trapped in this body anywhere near as long as I had been in Lucy's.

Just after twelve o'clock I saw two very attractive, long-legged and provocatively dressed white girls come through the doors of the ward and look around. One saw me and she smiled and waved before pointing in my direction to the other girl. Both girls then tripped quickly on their high heels over to my bed.

"Alesha, honey! Oh my God! What have you been doing?" The long blonde-haired one asked me, planting a kiss on my cheek.

"We heard about your accident early yesterday evening but we couldn't get away to come and see you," the other girl, who had a mass of long wavy chestnut hair told me, also giving me a kiss and a hug.

I really had no idea what to say or how to reply until my nurse approached my bed and came to my aid.

"I'm afraid your friend has received a nasty knock and she is suffering a temporary loss of memory," she informed them. Both girls had a look of shock and disbelief on their faces and both gasped, simultaneously, "Oh no!"

The blonde girl looked at me as if for verification and asked, "Don't you know who we are then? Our names or anything?"

"Well, your faces are familiar," I lied, "but I really can't recall your names."

"They looked at each other with wide eyes and open mouths. "Oh my God!" Chestnut exclaimed again. "What do you remember?"

"Hardly anything. I only know who I am because of the contents of my purse. I don't know where I live, what I do for a living, if I have a job, or anything."

"Christ! You poor sweetheart. Well, I'm Gabriella. Does that ring any bells? No? Oh well! And this is Lainy," the blonde informed me whilst Chestnut just nodded in agreement and smiled. "You share an apartment with me, Jilly and Niomi. God, it's so weird that you don't remember us."

Through the course of their visit, the two girls proceeded to tell me quite a bit about Alesha's life. I worked with them in a nightclub called "@T-tude"; I had lived in the city for three years, having come from a small place near Baltimore. I didn't have any contact at all with my parents, I had no special man in my life, which was good news, but Alesha did play the field a lot with several guys on the go ... which was definitely bad news.

Lainy told me that Alen, who apparently was my boss at the club, had sent his love and a girl called Jilly had sent me her love and warm kisses.

The girls all worked at the club from early evening until about 2.00 in the morning so I knew, after they had gone, not to expect any further visitors that day.

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The remainder of the day was boring for me. I spoke to some of the other patients in the ward ... those who would, that is, as not all seemed to want to know me for some reason, and I made friends with the nurses. The patients and nurses I spoke to all paid compliments to my looks and figure. Maybe the other women were jealous.

I'd had to endure several tests, blood and heart as well as my vision to ensure there were no problems. Alesha had a small amount of money in her purse and so I bought a magazine to read, a woman's one. I didn't feel like I was stealing Alesha's money and I felt pretty sure I would soon be doing her job and so would soon be able to replace it anyway.

At midday of my third day in hospital, I received two more visitors, a white guy with thick, combed back hair and designer stubble and another very attractive blonde-haired girl with the most sexy eyes and pouting lips I had ever seen. The man, who wore expensive labeled clothing, was carrying a huge bunch of flowers.

He leaned over to kiss me on my cheek, handing the flowers to a nurse for her to take care of before sitting in a chair at the side of my bed. "Well, you aren't looking anything near as bad as I expected," he told me, "Once you have your makeup on, you will be looking as gorgeous as ever. Lainy told me something about you having lost your memory? Does that mean I need to tell you who I am? That's rather weird. Well anyway, I'm Alen, manager of Club @T-tude, where you work."

The girl then took her turn to lean over and kiss me, saying, "I'll bet you haven't forgotten me though, have you sugar?" I was waiting for a kiss on my cheek but the girl directed her mouth straight to my lips, then, after quickly looking to see if anyone was noticing, she pushed her tongue right inside my mouth and quickly waggled it about before breaking off and giving me a big smile.

I was stunned. I certainly hadn't expected that. I felt immediate warmth welling up in my groin and my breasts tingled maddeningly. Her tongue had also toyed with my tongue stud, which had felt ... strangely erotic. "She can't remember anything, Jilly," Alen stated. Then, to me, he said, "As you may now be aware, this is Jilly."

Jilly sat and took my hand, holding it in hers almost for the rest of their visit. "Of course she remembers me," she stated indignantly.

Both Alen and Jilly smelt gorgeous. Alen was wearing Calvin Klein while Jilly smelt of Shalimar. I was amazed at how much better I could now detect smells and odors since coming into this body.

I was to discover some more facts to add to my growing knowledge of Alesha; some were good, some not so good. It turned out that Jilly and Alesha were sex partners who had an open relationship. That certainly sounded intriguing; she was gorgeous and her lips were so soft and sweet, though she wasn't the brightest person in the crowd. Dumb blonde was probably a good description for her.

The most shocking news to me was that Alesha worked as a lap dancer at the club. Now, the first thing was, I knew very little about how to lap dance. The second thing was, what I *did* know was there was no way on this earth that I could bring myself to do anything like THAT.

“I can’t remember anything about my job Alen, I can’t remember anything about lap dancing,” I pleaded.

Alen looked concerned, then his expression mellowed. “Hmm, I feared something like this when I heard you lost your memory. With any luck, you’ll regain full memory but if not we can retrain you and things may fall into place anyway. Either way, I can’t afford to lose you. You and Jilly are my best, most popular girls.” I felt Jilly squeeze my hand proudly as he said that.

“You can’t go back to work immediately anyway. According to the doc, you’ll need at least a week off work because of the jolt to your neck. But keep that body of yours in trim, you are also my fittest girl.

“I can go through all our routines with you during the afternoons when the club is closed,” Jilly told me with a bright smile. She then giggled before adding, “That’ll be funny. I’ll be teaching you to dance and it was you that taught *me*. Remember?”

“No Jilly, I don’t remember anything,” I reminded her.

“Well you remember my name. You’ve just called me by it. I knew you wouldn’t forget me,” she told me, leaning to me to insert her tongue back into my mouth. I was a bit embarrassed by it but I wasn’t trying to stop her.

Meanwhile, Alen was having a word with the doctor. It was obvious he wanted me back working for him as soon as it was possible. But there was no way I could do something like that, degrade myself that much, even if it wasn’t my own body. In fact, having a body like this just made the idea even more horrifying.

“The doctor believes that you can be released tomorrow, Alesha,” Alen informed me on his return, “I doubt you can remember how to get back to your pad so I’ll come and pick you up and take you there. Okay sweetheart? Anyway, we better be on our way now. I have lots to do.”

Alen bent to kiss me again, this time on the side of my lips. Jilly again kissed me on the lips and thrust her tongue into my mouth. She sucked on my tongue before breaking off. Wow! I was definitely interested in exploring this. She was hot and my femininity was feeling decidedly damp. This was really good; if the worst-case scenario happened and I remained in this body for some time, at least I had a female lover and could avoid men.

That reminded me of something. “Alen, before you go, can you do me one or two favors?”

“If I can, babe. What are they?”

“Would you check on that girl who was involved in the accident with me and find out how she is? Also, I have a friend, Hank Reynard, who has been critically

ill, up on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor. Last I heard he was making improvement. Would you try seeing how he is? It's really important to me."

Alen looked a bit put out. "I can't promise anything, babe. You know me, always on the go, but I'll see if I can find anything out."

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The next day was going to be a big, difficult one for me. I was being discharged, released into a world of femininity and a life I knew nothing about. I knew this was going to be five times harder to leave the sanctity of hospital than it had been as Lucy. It was far more complicated and a hell of a lot more concerning.

I was told that Alen would be coming for me at about 2 PM, so, after I'd had my dinner, I was expected to get myself dressed and ready to leave.

One of the nurses brought me a plastic sack that contained the clothes Alesha had been wearing on the day of the accident, all washed and ironed. She then drew the curtains around my bed to give me privacy while I dressed, which I was grateful for. Fortunately I now knew a good deal more about dressing in feminine attire than I had done just five weeks previously. But Alesha's clothing was to prove to be much different than anything I'd worn as Lucy. This new body was much different, too.

I began by slipping her white silky panties up my long slender, ebony legs and letting them snuggle into place around my derriere. Then came the difficult bit; I had to remove my collar to see what I was doing in order to put on the matching brassiere. There, as if bursting out from my chest, were these large rounded orbs, firm and so heavy. It was almost impossible to accept them as being a part of the body I was in.

As Lucy had only just begun to develop, I'd had no difficulty in fastening her bras in front, then pulling the whole thing 'round, slipping the straps over my shoulders and allowing the cups to easily cover over the little bit of prominence that she had. That was not the case now.

Oh sure, I could fasten the chest straps in front and then pull the bra around, but the straps were fastened too firmly around my chest to allow me to then get my breasts into the cups without the need to push and squash them. I was trying to avoid the need to touch them at all, whether from embarrassment or maybe from a sense of chivalry. I mean, they weren't really my breasts and it didn't seem right to squeeze and manipulate them.

Having almost squeezed "my" breasts into the cups, I then encountered difficulty in trying to get my arms through the straps, let alone pull them over my shoulders. In the end, I tried the "proper" way. I discovered that, with my long willowy arms, I could easily reach around to close the clasps from the back. After a few false starts, I learned to put my arms through the shoulder straps, let my breasts fall naturally into the bra cups, then fasten the chest straps. Success!! I'd done it. Now it was turn for the net tights she had been wearing!!

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Obviously, in my short time as a female ... a young teenager at that, I had never encountered anything like these. It took me a while just to separate the legs and to straighten them out. I then had trouble gathering the first leg down to the toe so that I could insert my foot, only to have my toes get caught up in the wide netting. I decided that the tights served no real purpose other than to make legs look sexy, which I did not particularly want to do, so I just decided to keep them off.

Next was the top, which was made of a smooth, stretchy material that clung to my arms and body. I had forgotten just how low-cut this garment was when I had seen the girl wearing it; it left exposed a very deep cleavage that was sure to catch the eye of everyone I encountered. Similarly was the ultra-short skirt that left Alesha's smooth, black-skinned legs almost fully on show. I fastened the wide bronze buckle of the attached belt, then finished off by stepping into the high stiletto heeled ankle boots, zipping them up the sides.

I felt very exposed in these scanty clothes, but, as embarrassed as I was to wear them, I simply had nothing else in which to travel "home" in. I just knew I was going to be attracting attention from every hot-blooded guy that saw me.

I sat by the side of my bed until it was near time for Alen to pick me up, chatting to Margaret, a patient in the next bed to me. She was okay but some of the patient that had largely ignored me during my stay gave me looks of disapproval and, I'm sure, talked about me to each other.

Eventually I decided to leave my ward and go downstairs to sit in the waiting area. That turned out to be even worse as I could literally feel lusty eyes ogling me. I overheard an elderly woman suggesting to her husband that I must be on the game and that kind of thing shouldn't be allowed. Where was Alen to get me out of here?

Eventually, it reached 2.30 PM. Still no Alen. I felt like I would die of embarrassment. I may have been in the body of a stunningly sexy girl, but I still had the mind of a thirty year-old, six foot two inch boxer. It was mental anguish for me, sitting there in a micro miniskirt with a large expanse of long shapely leg exposed and a low-cut top that did nothing to hide large firm breasts. Where was he?

Just when I felt I could endure no more, he arrived. I was up off my seat in a flash and racing towards him in my 3" spiked heels. "Sorry about that, babe. I had a bit of work to take care of. Are you ready to go?" he asked as I was exiting rapidly through the automatic doors and out into the open.

I wasn't too sure if colored people actually blushed with embarrassment; if they did, then my face must have been glowing.

Alen's car was parked a reasonable walk away from the hospital; just about everyone that I passed stared at my breasts. Those who didn't were looking down and admiring my exposed legs. I felt very annoyed about it but how hypocritical did that make me? When I had first set eyes on Alesha, even though I was in the

body of a fourteen year-old girl, I had done exactly the same thing. I had the feeling, though, that the real Alesha probably loved all the attention. I, on the other hand, certainly didn't.

The apartment that Alesha shared with Jilly, Gabriella and another girl I hadn't yet met was part of a block of apartments and was reasonably large and clean. Gabriella was home and she greeted me with a hug. Alen took his leave.

There was a large living space and a kitchen on the ground floor. Upstairs were two bedrooms and two bathrooms. I shared a room with Jilly and, when Gabriella showed me my room, I discovered that there was just the one king-sized bed. I obviously shared the bed with Jilly, too.

Gabriella pointed out a set of drawers and a closet that contained my things, Jilly had similar on the opposite side of the room. Clothes were strewn on the floor and over a chair and the bed.

"You have your own set of keys to the apartment in your purse, Alesha," Gabriella, who told me everyone just called her Gabby, informed me. "I'm going down to the salon for a wax. Make yourself at home. After all, it *is* your home. Get whatever you want, we all put in to buy groceries and we share everything."

Once Gabby was gone, I was on my own to explore and familiarize myself. Out of curiosity, I peeked into the other bedroom; another double bed was in there. Back in the kitchen, I poured myself a glass of milk and put on some music before going back upstairs to see what was in "my" drawers and closet.

Alesha owned a lot of clothes and practically all of them were skimpy, lacy and revealing. I did find a white with green and blue print shift dress that had a collar and was sleeveless. This was about the only garment that would conceal my breasts but, dropping only to mid-thigh, it still left my legs on show.

Nevertheless, I was eager to get out of the revealing clothing I was wearing and I placed this dress on the bed along with a pair of two-inch heeled ankle strap sandals.

I hadn't had a proper wash since my accident so I took the advantage of being alone by stripping off the clothes I wore and getting into the shower. The hot spray of water that hit my body had an immediate effect on me. I felt aroused. I began soaping my body from my feet upwards and, by the time that I reached my breasts, I was feeling highly turned-on. I couldn't help but fondle my breasts; rubbing them and squeezing them, they just felt so sensuous.

As if by remote control, my right hand stroked down my new body and settled at my groin, my fingers exploring the cleft of Alesha's vagina.

Almost without realizing it, as the hot water sprayed over my face and trickled over my breasts, my fingers dipped into my pussy. I began panting and then groaning as my fingers explored deeper and deeper. I had never experienced a feeling anything quite like this before and, suddenly, I gave a violent jerk as I felt the shuddering spasms of a climax. Not one but three orgasms in succession left me totally drained and I sank to the floor gasping as a highly sensual feeling continued to emanate from my groin.

It took me over ten minutes to recover. I was so overcome by the feeling that I decided I needed a walk, I needed fresh air.

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Drying off in the bathroom, I put the sandals on and fastened the strap around my ankles, as I didn't know if Alesha had any bedroom slippers. I then went into the bedroom and began to dress in fresh panties and bra, having much more success in fastening the bra now that I had worked out the best method. I pulled the dress I had selected over my head, then brushed out my hair, I couldn't be bothered with makeup; I was still no expert and Alesha was naturally beautiful enough not to need any anyway.

With a slightly beating heart, I opened the door and stepped outside. I would probably still receive some glances but at least they wouldn't be from the revealing sexy clothes I was wearing this time. It was still an unacquainted feeling and experience walking around in female clothing, but at least I felt more properly dressed this time and not as nearly embarrassed.

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I walked down the high street and yes; I did attract a lot of admiring glances. Alesha had a stunning figure, even if it was now more covered, and she was very attractive. I found I also got some dirty looks, too. I couldn't really work out why until I heard a comment made by two people who passed me by and I distinctly heard a reference to "nigger". Although it seemed ridiculous, it suddenly dawned on me that some people were giving me distasteful looks simply because I was black. I wondered if that was why some of the women in the hospital ward didn't want to know me ... because of my color?

This was definitely a new experience for me; I had never been subjected to racial hatred. I never would have suspected that it could be used against an innocent and very attractive black girl. As a boxer, I had fought many black fighters but I had never once thought anything different about them because of the color of their skin; they were just opponents. I had lots of colored friends. Could it really be that people disliked me, without knowing me, simply because of my skin color?

The thought made me feel uneasy. I didn't like not being liked; I always preferred to get on with people and have friends rather than enemies. Not everyone took exception to my (now) being black, though. I received a number of wolf whistles, too, as I walked and, on a street corner where there were open market traders, it was obvious that I was well-known and liked here. Everyone shouted hello to me.

One guy with short-cropped blonde hair rushed out to greet me. "Alesha honey. How are you? Someone told me you got knocked down?"

"Nothing too serious, but I am suffering with amnesia," I replied.

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That didn't seem to mean anything to him. "I've missed you at the club for the last few nights. Here you go. You take these, sweetheart, and I hope I'll see you real soon." The man placed two shiny red apples into my hands, then, before I knew it, planted a kiss on my lips. Nothing long or sexual, but it was the first time I'd ever had another man's lips on mine and it made me feel embarrassed."

"Yeah, hope so. See you around," I said, rather flustered as I moved quickly on.

I munched on an apple as I made my way back home. I hadn't walked too far and could remember my way. It was now late afternoon and all the girls I shared the apartment with were in.

Jilly came tripping up to me and gave me a big French kiss. "Whoo, it's so good to have you back home. You do remember Niomi, don't you? Oh, maybe not," she asked and answered. She turned to a petite but busty, colored girl with straight long blonde hair. This girl was probably five inches smaller than Alesha but just as shapely.

"Niomi, you know Alesha, and that she was hit by a car? She got ambrosia and can't remember names, Honey, so I'll introduce you again. Niomi, this is Alesha and Alesha, this is Niomi."

The girl, Niomi, rolled her eyes in exasperation, which made me smile. Then she came and give me a big hug. "Sorry I couldn't get down to the hospital while you were there. Has anything changed, are you getting any of your memory back?"

I shook my head. "I'm having to learn everything anew," I told her.

"And I'm going to show her how to dance again," Jilly piped in merrily.

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The girls were in the process of fixing something to eat that would do for all of us and each was helping in the preparation, I was not allowed to be included in helping so, as the television set was on, I just sat and watched it and answered whatever anyone asked me.

This was going to be a very strange existence for me. I was sharing an apartment with three strikingly beautiful, sexy young girls and *I* was a strikingly beautiful, sexy young girl myself now.

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The girls were all working that evening and, although they would dress when they arrived at the club where they worked, of course, they had to get all dressed and dolled up just to go there. With nothing else to do, I sat in my white shift



dress, hooking my arms around my slim brown knees and watched them prepare. This was more an observation than anything lustful.

“You coming down with us?” Niomi suddenly asked.

That question took me quite by surprise; I hadn’t thought about doing so for one moment. In fact, I was preparing myself for a rather lonely night in.

“I, er, I haven’t thought about it.”

“So, what else you got to do for yourself tonight?” Gabriella asked me.

“Yes, you simply ought to come. I thought that you were. I mean, I know you can’t work or anything but that doesn’t stop you going,” Jilly then added.

“Jilly is right,” Gabriella told me. “And if you can’t remember anything about it, then it’s your chance to see where you work and watch what we do. You never know, going there may trigger something in your memory.”

The girls were right, though I really didn’t want to see what I was supposed to do. I was still trying to figure out a way of not ever going at all, not in this body. “But, I mean I’ve got to wear this lousy collar and stuff, I’ll look dreadful,” I replied in excuse.

Gabriella, who was probably the most intelligent of the three girls, looked me up and down in a scrutinizing kind of way. “We can conceal that to an extent. Okay, you may not be dressed sexy, but you can still be dressed well. Wear your denims and that long curly wig that you have will cover most of the collar.”

What long curly wig? What denims? I found out the answer when Jilly took me upstairs to get me ready, though we were going to have to be quick as a cab always called to pick them up at 7.30 PM on the evenings they worked.

I discovered that Alesha had a lot more things than I thought she had, such as two large cases under her side of the bed and a large trunk on top of the closet. She had jeans! Lots of pairs of jeans, mostly all very feminine. I could have worn a pair when I had taken a walk outside. She also had over a dozen wigs; the one that Gabriella had mentioned was large, a thick mass of wavy glossy black hair that would fall past my breasts.

Jilly insisted on helping me with makeup and I’m glad she did. I had only worn makeup on a few occasions as Lucy; once when she had been made up by her friends, once by her older sister and then, in the last week, I had applied cosmetics myself. But there was a big difference to what Lucy wore and the more elaborate, far more expensive makeup these girls wore. Also, there was a whole different range of colors for people with dark skin.

Jilly applied a gray and a dark brown shadow around my lower lids with a reddish color on the outer edges below my eyebrow. Blush and just a touch of translucent powder, then painting my lips with a glossy deep pink edged with brown liner. She also took out the studs from my ears and inserted a single pair of large thick golden hoops.

I stepped into the deep blue, narrow-legged denim jeans and fastened a black leather belt around my waist. She embarrassed me by having me remove my bra

and replace it with a black leather one, which she fastened in the back for me. Then she handed me a denim collar-less jacket that had the sleeves cut off.

“What am I wearing underneath this jacket?” I asked.

Jilly giggled. “Nothing. You never wear anything under that. It gets really warm in the club, if you did put anything on, you would be peeling it back off again in no time,” she told me as she fit the wig over the top of my head and brushed it out. It didn’t just *look* like there was lots of hair, there *was* lots of hair ... and it felt heavy. Most of the body of hair was swept over to my right with masses falling over my right shoulder. Gabriella was correct, though, it did conceal a lot of the collar.

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I felt very exposed in just the sleeveless jacket which I had to wear open, revealing my black leather bra and protruding breasts as well as, of course, my long slender arms. Once Jilly had placed a black leather cap on top of my head and I stepped into a pair of high-heeled, pointed toe, black leather ankle boots, I really did look like one hot, very trendy chick.

Misting me in “Joop,” Jilly finished just in time for the cab to arrive to take us off to “@T-tude”. I clambered into the cab, the only one of us not wearing a very short skirt and revealing lots of leg. The air was thick with fragrance and perfume.

The nightclub was actually quite glitzy. I had imagined a dismal dive down some dark back street but it was well-lit with neon lighting and flashing lights. Outside the club were frames that showed photographs of the lap dancers, and there was I, or rather Alesha, in several. It was hard to make too much out, though, because of the glare of spotlights that had been captured.

The place didn’t open to the public until 10.00 PM but staff let us in and the girls led me to where the dressing rooms were. There were three levels inside the club; the top floor was cabaret and disco, and the second floor had no middle area so that people on that floor could look down over guardrails to see the dancers and the large dance floor below. It looked very exorbitant and majestic inside, nothing like what I had imagined it would be.

I went to buy myself a drink while the girls re-readied themselves in even skimpier costumes and heavier makeup because of the lights. There was no charge for the drink; I worked there and all the bar staff knew me even if I didn’t know them.

I learned and remembered a few of the names of the bar staff and the security team. Everyone came and gave me a kiss, some to the side of my face, some aimed directly onto my lips, making me feel awkward again. All of them asked how I was and told me they had missed me.

After a while, I walked back to the dressing room; there was actually twenty girls employed as dancers. Most worked the ground floor, some the second floor. Then there were the scantily-clad waitresses (including a few guys dressed in

drag). Hell, here I was with no choice but to dress and live as a woman in a woman's body while guys dressed themselves as women as a matter of choice.

Once the crowds started flocking in, the floors started filling with people and the music had begun beating out, my "new" friends and others came out to start doing their thing. I had kept away from places like this as my male self, being totally professional as a boxer. To say my eyes were opened that night would be the understatement of the century. Hell, there was no way at all that I could do what Alesha's friends were doing.

Wrapping themselves and gyrating around large chrome poles was probably the simplest thing, even though it was a definite art and looked like it took a lot of practice. Peeling off your clothes in front of slobbering, lusting men and wiggling your breasts and fanny in their face as they tucked dollar bills wherever they could put them was something else entirely. It did not appease me one bit when Jilly told me that they never come in contact with the audience and that it was "house rules" that the girls must not be molested. The security staff was ever watchful to implement these rules and would immediately eject any offenders.

How humiliating would that be? Okay, this was not my body and not my breasts, but I could not imagine myself leaning over some disgusting slobbering guy, almost naked and gyrating my breasts in front of his face. No, no, no! This I could not — would not — do.

The girls all put on several changes of skimpy outfit during the night. By 1.30 AM, they were finished with their dancing and went to shower and get changed for the trip home. I sat talking to the bar staff or security guys until Alesha's friends came back down and had a drink while waiting for the cab to take them home. The club was now empty and the staff was just straightening things.

The girls were comparing their takings for that night. They were allowed to keep whatever money was stuffed into their thongs or bras in addition to their salary. I was absolutely amazed how much each of them had earned; I used to get my face punched in for money like that.

It was almost daylight before the four of us went upstairs to bed. This part was going to be awkward, seeing as I slept with Jilly.

I selected my nightwear and began taking off my clothes, doing my best not to be embarrassed by it. After all, Jilly would have seen Alesha undress for bed countless times. The nightie I chose was a full-length, sheer black nylon thing with a low neckline decorated with white frill. Jilly had got herself into a short pink babydoll and matching panties.

Suddenly she had her arms around me and was kissing my neck. "Oh, I've missed being able to cuddle you at night," she told me. "Do you fancy being naughty?"

Before I could reply, her mouth found mine and she began French kissing me while her right hand found my right breast. My breasts began to tingle with excitement, almost unbearably so, and I found myself responding to the kiss. A

fleeting thought that I was cheating on Anne, my fiancée, soon passed as, in a way, I wasn't.

Jilly applied slight pressure on my shoulder so as to have me lay on my back. She then laid over me, her mouth still locked to mine and her left hand now stroking my crotch. Jilly was very beautiful and very sexy; I desperately wanted to make love to her. My hands went to her breasts; the contrast of my black skinned hands on her lily white breasts was profound. I was turned-on; my whole body tingled with lust. But there was something wrong, something not quite right.

I felt Alesha's pussy becoming very moist, it almost ached in a very erotic way ... but that was it! I felt like I needed to release but my mind wanted to penetrate Jilly, to fuck her. I had nothing to fuck her with, though. I no longer had a penis.

I pulled away in agitation. "I'm sorry, I can't do this Jilly," I apologized. Then, to try and answer her quizzical look, I continued, "I'm not ready to do anything like that so soon after my accident. I'm sorry."

The look of rejection turned to a look of sympathy. "Oh, I'm sorry honey, I didn't realize. Doh! I'm so stupid sometimes. Do you still hurt? Okay, let's just cuddle up together and go to sleep."

Jilly gave me a last tender kiss on my lips, then wrapped her arms around me before closing her eyes. She was soon asleep but, for me, sleep was going to be very difficult. I felt aroused from the close, warm contact of this beautiful sexy girl, my whole body was aroused in a way that I had never experienced before ... so intense, yet I was left feeling very frustrated and lost.

We slept in until midday; this was quite normal for the girls, who lived in a twilight world. After something to eat, Jilly suggested we first go down to the local gym and then onto the club for me to learn a little about lap dancing. I didn't really want to learn.

Both Jilly and I wore only light make-up; neither of us needed many cosmetics to make us look attractive. She and Alesha were already naturally very beautiful. I wore a low-cut black dress but managed to get away with covering over my cleavage by wearing a red and blue-checkered lightweight jacket over the top.

Jilly showed me where "I" kept "my" leotards and sports shoes for the gym. All the girls used this gym, it was vital for them to keep trim and flexible for what they did, and this was one part of Alesha's life I certainly felt at home with. As a boxer, I had trained for hours every day.

Yes, I was certainly at home with working out in a gym, not so much with the exercises I was supposed to do now and certainly not with working with weights when I had large breasts upon my chest. Obviously, the weights I now used were lighter and intended more for toning the body and building stamina than for power and muscle, but I did rather enjoy the workout.