

The Making of Abigail



Philippa Peters

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2017

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

THE MAKING OF ABIGAIL

by **Philippa Peters**

“We’ve put up the surrender flag!” my grizzled sergeant yelled at me as I fired and toppled another of the rebels from the mobile gun they must have stolen from us.

“It’s a trick!” I yelled back at Sergeant Tobert, one of the many mercenaries we’d employed since the start of the rebellion. My heart rate was surging. I could feel it. How could I stop now? I’d never felt this alive before, killing rebels! “Keep on firing!”

A young girl with crossed gun belts was standing up on the gun now and waving her arms in the air, pigtails flying. The handkerchief tied about the barrel of her carbine was, like the smile on her face, a gleam of white directed at us. I raised my sniper rifle. I could

have picked her off easily. She wasn't even trying to fire. She was pointing at the barricaded ranch house behind me.

The bullet went astray as Tobert kicked the gun out of my hands. The girl's smile vanished as she ducked down.

"We're to stand and surrender where we are, sir," the older man said, his foot on my chest, almost in my throat. "It's all we can do now, sir. Live to fight another day!"

"Lieutenant Jeffrey Dowerson," said the old woman behind the desk, frowning at the paper in front of her before she looked up at me.

"Was firing after the surrender flag had been hoisted," said a thin man, the rebels' planetary prosecutor to their War Crimes judge. "He can't stay here, down below."

"No," said the military judge, frowning as she looked over my papers again. "Ewert Dowerson's son? Why did you fire when your father's command had surrendered?"

"Thought it was a trick to get us out in the open," I mumbled, using the words that Sergeant Tobert had told me to use. "We were beating those Squid River boys easy."

"Garmin's regiment," said the prosecutor. "Those boys and girls," he gave me a filthy look, "took sixty percent of all casualties in the assault."

"So what will you do if I send you back to your father on his ranch, Jeffrey Dowerson?" the judge asked me. "Start planning an uprising against the planetary government?"

I wanted to say, "That's what you did, didn't you?" Yes, all you squatters breeding like flies, wanting land from big ranchers like my father, a man who'd

spent a lifetime opening up and making the planet of Foreman fit for human occupation.

But in the end, there'd been too many of them, despite the mercenaries we'd hired. Oh, yes, we'd killed six, seven, eight to one in the pitched battles, hadn't we? But someone had supplied the rebs with armed shuttles and rockets. They'd taken down two great ranch houses and so peace talks had broken out.

We Dowersons had fought on but now look at us ranchers, our lands confiscated by the new government, relatives and friends dead. And the rebs hadn't been stopped by surrender flags, had they? No, they'd taken out ten more greathouses, the leading families of Foreman slaughtered or impoverished in their strikes. I'd rather have died in a glorious stand, taking all of the Squid River boys, yes and Squiddie girls, too, with us.

"Exile it is," said the judge, with a deep sigh.

Yes, she could sigh. She wasn't the one marched off with my men onto a waiting Hordan lighter, not allowed a word with my father. The Hordan sniggered at us, of course, because this was exactly what we'd paid them to do for us, earlier, in the struggle for Foreman.

My father had told me all about 'Dumping.' On the frontiers, he said, it was done all the time as one way of opening up marginal planets. The first humans on Fore had been dumped, the losing side in a fight for Congreve, one of the most powerful and civilized of the Shelter Republics along the Foxbrush Nebula.

"Are there that many marginal planets left in the Nebula?" I'd asked. My father laughed.

"Not many," he'd said. "But there are a lot of underpopulated worlds. Dumpers are lazy these days. They just find a planet with open space, like Westmore or Frank, and dump off the exiles we give them. Some of the last batch we sent from here ended up on Carmichael, if you can believe that!"

Carmichael was a 'local,' as in Nebula-wide, success story. An ally of the powerful Nebula Kingdom, it had a highly developed tech base and could even afford to buy Hammers, fighting spaceships, from the Kingdom. I'd love to command one of them.

"If I was exiled to a place like that," I'd told my father, "I'd find my way back here and make the ones who exiled me pay."

"No one ever comes back from being dumped, Jeffrey," my father had said. I heard the word as if it had a capital letter. "Not from Carmichael, ever. They've been dumped on a lot. Once they get you there, they bury you!"

The klaxon went off as we were being shoved out onto the dusty, desert surface of some barren planet. "Where the hell are we?" I shouted at the Hordan overseer, safe behind some kind of motorized robot. It turned, however, and headed back at the highest speed it could make towards the shuttle, the whine of its engine and the klaxon summoning it inside making my ears hurt.

"I thought the Hordan were slave traders," I said to Sergeant Tobert, exiled like me, and still looking out for me, son of the man who'd hired him. "I thought we were going to be sold in some market on a habitable world."

"Save your breath," said Tobert shortly beside me, using the key that had been flung in our direction. How the Hordan had laughed at us as we prisoners scrambled for possession of the one key that could release us from the shackles and chains that bound us together.

"They didn't even bother to pick up the chains," I said sourly as Tobert set me free. We went over to another group, pleading for release. They were as dirty and unshaven as the rest of us. The cream of Fore-

man's fighting men, I thought angrily, as I looked over my compatriots.

"Look!" cried one of the men who'd been screaming at the shuttle to come back. The noise of the explosion reached us after a brilliant light lit up the sky.

"Sure you want to be on the shuttle now, Parres?" asked Sergeant Tobert.

"What...?" I asked him.

"This planet's under ownership," grunted Tobert. "And the owners don't like being dumped on. We're going to meet them very soon."

So we were going to be slaves anyway, I thought. I wanted to run, get away, but the little hill beside the landing spot showed us only desert stretching out in all directions. Mountains were in the far distance. On the desert were men like me, dumped by Hordan shuttles. Most were trying to run to the mountains. It looked like thousands were already miles away.

"Save your strength," advised Tobert. "Maybe we can rush the victors when they come for the spoils of their victory."

With no water, no food, no shade, we were in no condition, after two days in the desert, to do anything but surrender. Surrender was beginning to be catching, I thought grimly. But what could we do? The thopters brought crawlers onto the flattest plain beside us. A gang of men in desert gear, armed with blasters, sauntered out.

"Do what the windbreakers tell you," said the message projected again and again from the shuttle. We let ourselves be loaded into the land crawlers that were barred to prevent us from getting out. Not that we wanted to as, inside, there was water and ration bars.

"Where are we?" Parres had the nerve to ask the nearest windbreaker, who'd herded us like sheep to the waiting wagon-crawler. "What world is this?"

“Lennox,” the shrouded man smirked. “Where’re you girls from?”

No one said anything at first, not even Parres, looking at me as if I, the only officer there, should answer the insult from this armed, dangerous-looking man.

“Foreman,” I said to the man as he poked me with a blaster. I’d seen his finger tightening as his anger rose at not being answered.

“Thirty thousand of you,” said the desert tracker, shaking his head. “Don’t reckon we c’n take that many in the labs. Ya might be the lucky ‘un if’n we’re told to leave ya out here and let the dessie have ya. Well, can’t stand jawing wit’ you girls any longer. Got my own sweetie waiting for me back home. Hope all ya girlies make it. I mean I love my Suzette but a man likes variety too, doesn’t he?”

Parres made the usual gesture to a man like that who was laughing uproariously as if he’d made a wonderful joke in taunting us prisoners, as he walked away.

“Where’d a man like that get a woman?” asked another dirty, unshaven man, a ranch hand by the look of him. “An’ all the way out here?”

“Lying to us,” grunted Parres.

“Was right about the thirty thousand,” said Tobert, surprising me. “Fifteen thou mercs and all the men in Foreman’s Free Riders would make that many.”

“What’s this Lennox?” asked Parres, slurping down a canteen of water we’d been supplied with. Our transport lurched, joining a long column of similar crawlers that curved away in front of and behind us.

“Lennox is a planet with deserts, landlocked seas and oases,” said Tobert staring at me. “The grasslands and ranches will suit some of you boys. The planet’s been taken over by Carmichael. They’ve

done the one thing for this planet the rancher lords wanted.”

“Which is?” asked Parres, whom I almost patted on the back for asking the questions that would’ve made me look like a fool.

“They’ve brought in women,” said Tobert, squinting and looking at me, checking me over and making me feel really uncomfortable. He didn’t have to remind me I was the youngest there, not shaving yet, an officer only because my father was rich. I knew I was vulnerable in a company of all men. I shivered, thinking maybe I knew why Tobert was protecting me. “Used to be you couldn’t get laid here. Women locked away. Heard from a pal of mine that the capital’s quite a lively place now. Not as great as Duncansford and the Drum Theater. But it’s getting a lot better.”

We all sniggered at that. The Drum Theater in Duncansford, the capital city of Carmichael, was notorious for the girls who performed there. We’d heard they partied after shows with guys ready and willing to pay. It was supposed to be as hot as Shalimar Station, the pleasure palace, where every spacer wanted to go, to do anything but relax.

The Lennox government, I reckoned, were going to be real peeved with thirty thousand men dumped on their world.

“Likely,” Tobert went on in a whisper to me, “we’ll just be loaded up on some outbound freighter and dropped off in some other hellhole outside the Nebula. So, if we get the chance to get away, boy, in the city, we should take it.”

We weren’t hauled into any city. Tobert made no move to escape as we were marched into a cavern opening that became a lit passageway stretching, under the cliff we had faced, for miles. It seemed that way, at least. There was nowhere to run but back to the desert. No, we were marched deep into the caverns, the walls smooth and blast-formed until we came to a huge auditorium in which were stacked

medshell upon medshell. A group of men in lab coats were waiting for us, with uniformed guards.

“Run for it!” Tobert shouted. I tried. Guys were scattering everywhere, fighting with guards, who’d started shooting. Amid the screams, I ducked under a row of medshells and ran right into a nurse, a pretty brunette, as I skittered towards the distant, open gate. I heard crashing as medshells were knocked from their trestles by running men.

“Shh!” the girl said, putting a finger with beautiful, lacquered tips across her so red, kissable lips. It had been so long. I had to kiss those lovely lips. She didn’t object, putting her arms about my neck. I felt her soft breasts against me as I kissed and rocked against her. I hardly felt the syringe going into my neck before I sagged into her arms.

“Isn’t she awake yet?” I heard a girl’s voice saying in the red, hurting distance.

“Was tranked before she was ’shelled,” I heard another female voice saying.

“Give her a shot of E,” the first girl laughed. “That’ll bring her out of it!”

“No rush,” said the other woman. “Unless you’ve got a heavy date, end of shift. Oh, that’s it, isn’t it?”

“Carter the Dream,” giggled the first girl. “He finally asked me.”

“Girl,” said the one I thought was an older woman. “You know he’s had every girl in the Lab, save for Doc Ivany herself.”

“Not *every* girl,” said the younger one, with another giggle. “Look at all the pussy that’s been brought in from Lennox! A thousand and we have ten times that many stacked up to be awakened. So come on, Jodie, let’s wake this Sleeping Beauty and have her meet the wicked witches and the handsome prince.”

I felt a prick at my neck. “Argh,” or something like that erupted from my mouth.

“See! She’s awake,” said the giggler. “I bet she’s lying there, listening to us. I was the same. If she’s like me, she’ll be stunned out of her tiny mind when she sees herself!”

“Easy,” said the older woman softly. “There, dear, don’t mind Serena’s joshing. We’re going to lift you out of your medshell now after your long space journey. You won’t be able to see for a while. You might know that. And you’ll need Serena and me to hold you up. Just removing the last of the tubing. There.”

My head had a herd of caffalo running through it, trampling me, bruising me, as I struggled against them, trying to stand as I was urged by soft hands on my naked body. I could sense that, at least.

“Whahgh,” came out of my mouth as I tried to ask them why I’d been in a medshell. I hadn’t been injured. I’d already been biosculptured into my present good looks just like everyone my age.

“Don’t try to talk, my dear,” said the older woman. “Get a wrap, Serena. We’re putting you into a shower, dearie. That straw to your mouth has fruit juice in it. Just short sips and it will help you find your voice.”

The taste of cold orange in my mouth was absolutely wonderful. “Thickens,” came out of me, a word at least close to the ‘thanks’ that I tried to say.

“Polite is this one,” said Jodie, the older woman, as my feet registered that I was on a tiled floor.

A flood of warm water covered me. I braced myself, holding onto a bar as Jodie directed me, still calling me ‘dear’ or ‘dearie.’ I felt womanly, soft hands caressing me. Oh, my hair was so long! How much time had I spent in the medshell? Where the heck was I?

More warm water ran over the front of me, soft hands tracing over my skin. My chest muscles wobbled in front of me. I gasped at what had happened to

me in space flight. I sagged forward. It felt as if I had women's breasts in front of me.

Just as I was trying to make sense of that, I felt a soft hand pushing my legs apart. I was washed in my most private parts. In a panic, I felt my manhood rising as the girls talked about the thousands who'd gone through this facility before me and how the freighter crews were loving the layovers in Duncansford.

"Making their lordships even richer," said Serena. "That's who I should marry. I should enter the bridal auctions next season."

"Then, you'd be restricted to only one man, your husband," said Jodie reasonably. "He'd want to keep you barefoot and pregnant. You know the lot of girls sold to country gentlemen."

"Did you see Nicole when she came in with her husband?" giggled Serena. "On her third pregnancy already!"

"Her husband owns mines and fisheries," said Jodie. "He can afford it! Okay, Sleeping Beauty, you've listened to us chatter enough. Now it's time to help us dry you. You want to start between your legs?"

I took the towel shakily and reached, the towel falling. I heard Serena's hiss of annoyance but it was drowned in the howl that came out of my mouth, as I reached for my aching erection, and it wasn't there. There was nothing there. My manhood, my testicles, were gone! Then, my arm brushed the wobbly mounds hanging from my chest as I felt womanly breasts. I had womanly breasts!

"I think she's just figured it out!" laughed Serena.

"Yes," murmured Jodie sympathetically. A soft hand caressed my tush. "Welcome to womanhood, sister. They didn't tell you this was going to happen to you when they shelled you, did they? Oh, it's so hard to take in. But you're just like us now. We were like you once, as well. We were soldiers when we were

shelled and women when we awoke. You'll find it so wonderful when you get used to it!"

Get used to it? I floundered away from the shower and slipped on the wet floor, crashing down. The two women covered me with towels, even as I struck out at them.

"Just like I was," said Serena gaily. "I couldn't take it in at all. I thought losing my pecker and balls was the end of the world! I didn't realize it was only the beginning of much more delightful sex and fun as a woman. Come on, sister. Stop fighting us. Let's get you into panties and a bra. You really need them!"

Panties and a bra? I'd never felt so humiliated in all my life. I had to wear panties? How often had I jeered at classmates and younger kids back on Foreman about being gay? How often had I laughed at fat Toby Stark and told him he should wear a bra if he got any fatter! Man, could that guy blubber when I teased him.

No! This wasn't happening to me! It was all a dream. I swung my arm and connected with a woman's chest. "Oh, Abigail, please," said Jodie as I kicked at Serena, I guess, who was trying to put women's panties over my feet and onto me. "Leave that, Serena. Let's get her to a chair and get some drops in her eyes. When she sees herself, she'll be calmer, won't she?"

"I think she needs a touch of E," said Serena angrily.

"Call a doctor then," said Jodie. "But that'll mean you'll miss going off shift with Doctor Feelgood when you should."

I bit my tongue and my cheek but I didn't wake up. I was led to a chair and helped to sit. I could feel myself, the appalling evidence that my male genitals had become a female vagina and whatever else a woman had, shockingly clear.

"Whattvrydunt?" I cried, as Jodie held my head still. I felt cool drops filling my eyes. The grey-white

mist wavered before reverting to what it had been since I awakened.

“Why was this done to you?” asked Jodie. “It’s what happens to anyone who’s dumped in the Carmichael sphere of influence,. You’ll find out, my girl. You lost your war on Foreman, right? We’re far too civilized for mass executions of brutal soldiers dumped on our worlds; Lennox is part of the Protectorate of Carmichael now. Lennox doesn’t have the facilities to process many prisoners. Massacres, even if they’re deserved, would probably bring reprisals from the Shelter Republics or the Kingdom, or both together. So, the losers, including you, darling Abigail, have to be made part of our worlds!”

“You’re so lucky, Abigail,” enthused Serena, as I felt her hand running through my hair, stroking all over my shoulders, down my back, between my shoulder blades. How could it be so long? I must have out for months, maybe even a year!

“You’re lucky,” Serena was going on, “because you’re on Carmichael. No more hairy men are needed here. No, there’s less than two of them now for every one of us! This is the greatest place to be for a new woman like you! You can be a dancer, an actress, a nurse, like Jodie and me...”

“Medtechs,” laughed Jodie.

“Nurses,” said Serena with one of her giggles. “They still use the old terms way out here. Don’t you love it, Abbie? I love being a nurse! A medtech sounds so stodgy...”

“And so male,” said Jodie dryly. “And sweet, demure Serena can’t be associated with anything male, can she?”

“Of course she can,” said Serena haughtily. “So long as it’s in bed beside me and is trying to please me as a male should such a willing and lovely girl as me!”

I pulled my head away from Serena’s caressing hand. A swirl of hair flooded in front of my face. I had

to flick it back as much of it seemed to be stuck to my mouth. "Imotgril," I managed to get out.

"Oh yes, you *are* a girl," said Jodie softly, "a very pretty girl, Abigail. You'll have to get used to it. Serena's admiring your lovely hair. It does need a session at the stylists but it's long enough to take one of the new styles that's fashionable 'round here. Are you ready for us to dress you now? I'm sure some of the shaking you're doing is caused by the chill of the air on your lovely skin."

My throat burned after I tried to force words out. Jodie, I think, covered my eyes and gave me another sip of juice. I felt silk touch my thighs and then my chest and shoulders.

"We need to get a robe on you, Abigail," said Serena crossly. So sorry to be holding you up from being laid, I thought angrily, and then wondered about all she and Jodie had said, about being a man like me, and now a woman. How could Serena have been any kind of man?

Serena was so happy and looking forward to going out on a date with another man! He'd treat her like a woman, even having sex with her, which she'd said to Jodie she was longing for? It had been two days since a man had had her and she was feeling lonely and unloved, she'd complained in a squeaky imitation of a little girl's voice.

The girls urged me to my feet and a soft, silky robe was drawn around me, sending chills all through me. "We really should get panties on you, Abigail," Jodie said. "When we go out of here, there'll be men and women in the halls. You're showing off everything in that robe. And we don't have anything else. This is what all of us girls, whatever stage we're at, wear for bed."

I kicked at them again furiously as they tried to put more female clothing on me than the enervating silky, feminine robe. I hated the feel of it. I couldn't think what I looked like, as blind as I was. I didn't be-

lieve them about being a pretty girl. I couldn't be, not a troll like me, who'd never been with a girl in his life.

"Let's take her to her room," said Serena in disgust. "She doesn't care about showing off her boobs or her muff. Let's just get her into recovery. Let the psyches take over!"

I tottered and trembled as the silk robe moved most sensually against me as I was pushed and prodded out a door. The advent of noise was quite daunting. A soft, female voice was talking over some announcement system, detailing several procedures that were taking place. Certain classes were invited to view the nanotechnology advancements with the permission of Dr. Ivany or Dr. Garner, whoever they were.

"What lovely hair!" said a male voice as I shivered my way down some hallway. A male hand touched me. I almost jumped out of my skin, squawking as I did so. A mouth and rough, shaven skin touched my shoulder, making me lash out in all directions in the fright I felt. I didn't hit anything. I could hear laughter, male and female, all around me. What an awful sight I must be!

"No, Douglas," said Jodie easily into the laughter that seemed to ripple down the hallway in front of us. "This one is just decanted. She's not ready for robust male attentions yet!"

And never will be, I thought wildly, realizing that the terrible headaches had receded to the back of my head, I was thinking normally. Oh, yes, I could think 'normally,' if that was possible, about the catastrophe inflicted upon me. I wasn't a slave. My fears of being Tobert's partner taunted my mind. Well, I could be, like this, couldn't I? the thought came to me, wondering what had happened to the sergeant. Was he as much a woman as I appeared to be? Oh, gods, who would rescue me from this abyss I'd fallen into?

"Help me take off the bandages," said Jodie as I was laid out gently on a soft bed. A door closed and

cut off the sound behind me. Nervously, I pulled the thin robe about me but all I felt was soft, hairless skin, on my legs, at my waist and then on the mounds that were so heavy and wobbly at my chest. Again, my nipples seemed to tighten and grow as I ran my hand, as soft as any girl's, over myself. My fingernails were long but had obviously been cut at some time, probably to stop me scratching myself in the 'shell.

"It's all you," whispered Jodie, above me, obviously seeing what I was doing. "Yes, Abigail, you have breasts like a woman, a thin waist, wide hips and lovely legs, and a vagina to receive a man's love."

"Notoo," I gasped as I thrashed on the bed. It couldn't be true! It just couldn't! I couldn't be a woman! I wasn't cut out to be a woman! I wasn't gay or strange, as Serena must have been before she was transformed. Maybe she was lying to me. Maybe Jodie was as well. This was all some kind of torture. They were really women, laughing at me.

Jodie's soft hand removed the blinders she'd put on me after she'd added more eye drops. Fuzzy shapes swam into view as Jodie gently swabbed and bathed my eyes. Colors became visible. I twisted my head and felt the mass of hair on my cheek, hair that belonged to me. There was a mirror over the bed, I realized, and the prone figure, mostly hidden by the 'nurses' ministering to me, must be me.

But the little I could see, the bare legs, and the billowing hair on the pillow made me shudder and almost scream in despair. Jodie's female face covered mine. "You see me?" she asked, a smile on her red lips. No, she wasn't old. She was very pretty and the ribbons holding her dark hair back made her look like the Squid River girl whom I might have killed if the sergeant hadn't kicked my gun away.

"I," I gasped, shivering up at this woman who kept calling me Abigail. "Sheya."

“Good,” said Jodie, using some kind of light to examine my eyes. “You want to see yourself. Can you focus up there?”

Jodie moved back as did the golden-haired Serena. I looked up at the woman lying in the bed. I couldn't prevent the howl or the shudder that went through me as I took in the beautiful girl, threshing so sexily as she looked down on me. She started screaming and throwing herself about in the bed as well, just as I was.

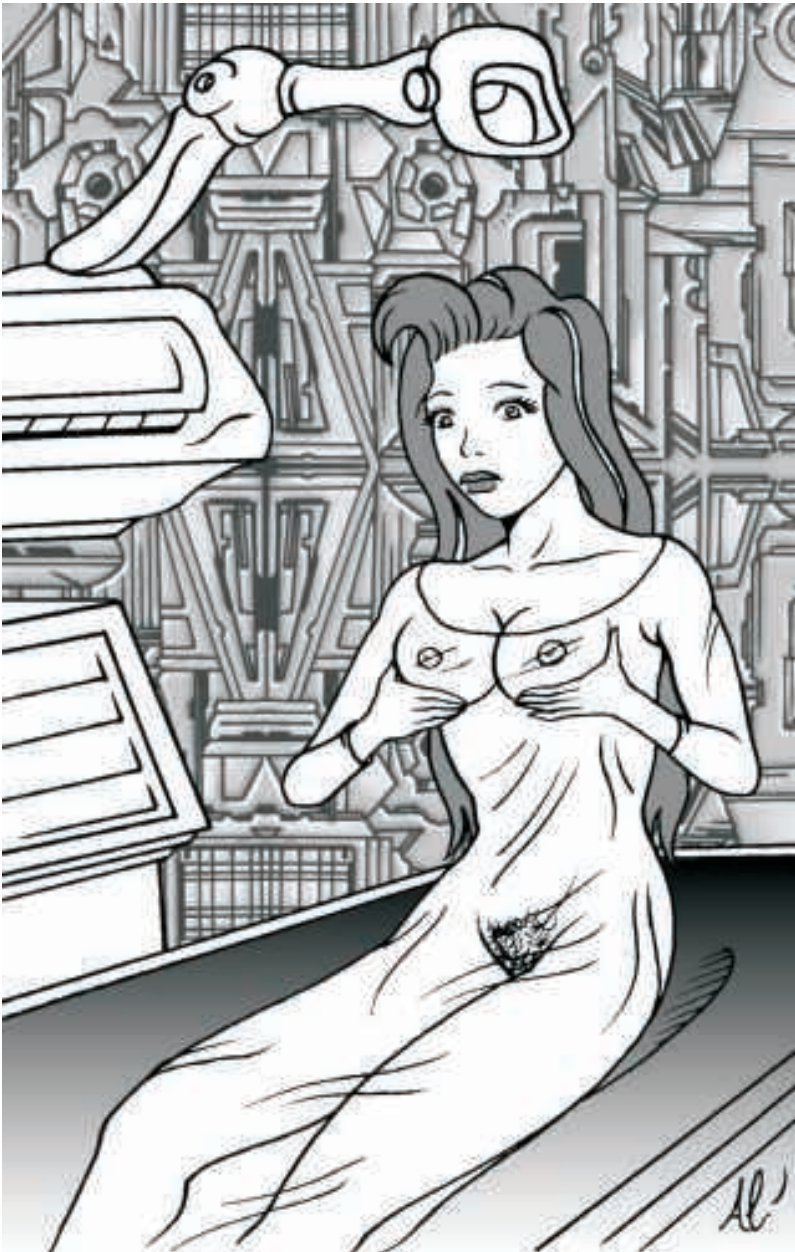
“She's seen herself,” laughed Serena. “What's so wrong, Abbie darling? Did you want golden curls like me? Well, you can. Just tell Lydia, our hair stylist, when you see her next day shift. She'll make you any kind of blonde you'd like to be!”

“Serena, don't tease,” said Jodie, looking up at the girl cringing and crying on the bed, seeing what I was seeing. Yes, I was actually crying like a girl. Well I should, for I *was* a girl. I had long, shapely legs like a girl. The muff of hair above my vagina did show through the whitish, transparent robe draped about me. I didn't have any male equipment, I could see, no matter what I seemed to feel as I rolled in agony, caressed by the silk as I wept like a woman. I did have wide hips and a narrow waist, as Jodie had said. I did have breasts!

It couldn't be my body, screamed my brain, as I stared at the girl. She had such well marked nipples, the red circles so large and, and, well, girlish. Her breasts weren't too large but they were bouncing as I moved, taut nevertheless, seemingly aroused as I frantically pulled at the robe but hid nothing at all.

“Shnotme!” I squeaked as the girls looked up at me and caressed my legs and body, holding me down, as I tried to get up. They seemed amused at my terrified screaming.

Oh, her hair was so long and thick, so shiny, red highlights gleaming through dark brown tresses. She had femininely shaped eyebrows, full, rosy, kissable lips, thick, dark eyelashes and a lovely thin nose,



slightly upturned. It wasn't my nose. None of the features were mine! This isn't me, I thought wildly. They've imprinted my mind on some girl, some beautiful, dark-haired girl. Or they've cut out my brain and transplanted my mind into a girl's body. That's what they've done! She's not me at all, this Abigail, whoever she is!

"Snoomee," I tried again, shuddering as I wondered how such a process could ever be reversed. Why would someone ever want to do this to me? The rebs, would they have done this because I had fired at a girl after the surrender was in force?

"She thinks that isn't her!" laughed Serena. Looking up, I saw a lovely, elfin face, exquisitely made-up, smiling at me. "That's what I thought the first time they took me out of my shell! I thought they'd put my brain into someone else's body! Not that anyone can do that! Well, not yet, anyway!"

"Abigail," said Jodie gently. "You recall your markers from your ID in the Foremen Riders? Three brown spots, moles, on your left thigh? A mole on the left part of your chest. There it is, on your breast. The scar on your knee, from when you fell from your wheeler when you were a little girl? It's still there, Abigail, and the markers on your back you could never see. I'll have them photographed for you. You can look on a comp console and see that your genetic markers match your records. This is you, Abigail. This is you and, some day, Abbie, you're going to make some man a wonderful wife!"

I awoke after the soma induced sleep, the girls having to fight with me and hold me down. I tried to attack them as I'd been taught as a soldier. But these girls were stronger than me! The nightmare was continuing! I looked over myself as panic returned. Yes, my chest had these breasts upon them. My penis, I could feel still, rampant as it was any morning when I

first awoke. It announced its presence where I could see that it wasn't.

Someone had put women's panties on me after I'd been sedated finally by Jodie after the girlish riot I'd gone through when I refused to accept what she was telling me. No, I wasn't Abigail. I wasn't ever going to be! I was never going to accept it. It wasn't just panties I was in, either. I was in a girl's nightie, pink and frilled, with flowers of some kind embroidered on it. I looked up to see 'myself' in the mirror but someone had occluded it. It was gray and matte above me.

I must be monitored in some way because as soon as I shifted and tried to sit up, the door opened. Serena came bouncing in, smiling over her shoulder at a sandy-haired man, several inches taller than her.

"Here she is, Dr. Carter," said Serena coyly, her made-up eyes so alluring. "This is our Abigail, whom we had so much trouble with yesterday. She was why I was late meeting you in the Classic Club."

"Ah," said the doctor. "But we more than made up for that little slip, didn't we, Serena?" He smiled at me. Serena's face instantly changed into some sort of dislike as she stared at me. Don't be jealous of me, I wanted to scream at her. I'm not a girl. I'm never going to act like one.

I shuddered and tried to sit up but Dr. Carter—"You can call me Torey"—didn't let me. He was so much stronger than me which he proved when he pushed me back. Gods, how tall must he be? I was six feet. He towered over me, as he did Serena.

The doctor pulled back the covers and examined me. He examined me as if I was a woman, his hand caressing and feeling, even inside the vagina that this body had. Of course, I objected and tried to fight him, as any man would, but he easily held me down, while Serena assisted him as he assured himself that I was one anatomical, beautiful female. He smiled at me as

he said it, laughing when I shook my long hair, trying to get him to stop saying such awful things about me.

“I’m no woman,” I said hotly, coughing as my voice didn’t sound right. It was too high. I was squealing or something.

“Your voice is kicking in, as well, Abigail,” said Torey cheerfully. “Yes, you should be on your feet, in your high heels, and being pampered as a woman should be, today. No point laying about in bed when you’re a fit, fertile female, is there? Take Abigail into rehabilitation, Serena, and get the next medshell ready for decantation. This girl can start making herself even prettier than she already is!”

A scented bath was drawn for me in the bathroom, Jodie waiting for me as Serena hustled me to her friend.

“The lovebirds want a few moments together,” said Jodie as she helped me slide out of the nightie and panties I’d worn in bed. All the mirrors around us showed only images of a long-limbed, strikingly female-figured, naked girl, her female attributes so beautiful. And that wasn’t Jodie in her nurse’s skirt and blouse.

I snarled and made a face as fragrances arose to meet me as Jodie assisted me. I was so weak, my arms so thin, where once I’d had real muscles. Jodie easily pushed me, the long-legged girl, down into the frothy bath. “You’ll learn to love this,” Jodie enthused. “It’s one of the perks of being here in Lannan, working for Dr. Ivany. She’s a geecee girl, just like us all in here, just as you are. She pampers us all so much!”

I looked up at Jodie as I sank into the warm, fragrant water, clutching at the sides of the bath as she poured warm water over my hair, then began to cover that in an equally fragrant shampoo.

“Geecee stands for gender-corrected,” laughed Jodie. “I forgot that you wouldn’t know the specialized terms we sometimes use here. Of course for the

most part, and definitely if you're ever out in Duncansford or Shannondale, you're just a girl. That's what you're called. The regular population doesn't know what terms we use or what we do in here. You'll learn more about that as you become a complete girl, Abigail. You'll love it! How you dress is what you are. And speaking of dresses..."

I had to choose the one I liked, the short, red, flirty dance dress, the long black formal gown or the dark blue, rusty-skirted cocktail dress, the neckline low and sure to show off a woman's breasts.

Of course, I wouldn't pick but a cheerful Jodie selected the dark blue for me. I had to have underwear—"We say lingerie, Abbie darling"—Jodie informed me, to match.

I tried to refuse to get out of the bath but Jodie had anticipated that. An orderly, a stolid male, who looked thirty but could have been any age, of course, was waiting in the hallway. He was another huge monster who just put his arms under mine. I was lifted out in a flash, kicking and screaming, which didn't bother him at all. If anything, Gart just smiled even more when I flailed on him with my puny fists. He smiled as if he was enjoying my 'female' tantrum. Oh, how I hated the way he looked over my naked body. He pressed a huge towel about me and stolidly dried me off as I shrieked and kicked out at him. I could do nothing to make him stop!

held me as Jodie dressed me, sliding stockings on my legs as I was held upside down by a man, my long hair draped on the floor. His face was level with what they'd done with my sex and he seemed to be studying my vagina, ugh, with clinical interest. I was dizzy and shivering as I was set on my feet, wobbling and not having the energy to fight as Jodie continued gently to dress me as a woman.

The garter belt was placed about me and my panties, Jodie's soft fingers caressing my rump as she did that.