

Going Bust 2



Tanya Colli

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 © 2023

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.**

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

Going Bust 2

Tanya Colli

I was so pleased that I wanted to show my gratitude. I thought that Pat might decide to play around sexually. But she shook her head no, and explained. “I’m afraid that I might do something to hurt the baby. So I’m abstaining until the birth. But afterwards, look out!”

I didn’t know it, but Pat had been expecting me to come to this decision. She had felt sure that I would decide that I’d rather be a functioning woman, rather than a nonfunctioning half-man. She was rather pleased that I *had* decided to be a woman. And she secretly congratulated herself on carefully saving some of my sperm for any children that we (rather SHE) might decide to have. The sperm was now hidden in several small vials in the freezer.

The next day, Pat and I rode in the limousine down to Pueblo, for my eighth check-up. Pat was getting

quite large now and she had trouble getting in and out of the limo. As usual, we feasted on mock champagne and other delicacies on the way down. And, as usual, Gretchen was waiting for us as we drove into the staff underground parking area. Pat was wearing a cute sweatsuit outfit and I was wearing a chic little daytime dress. Gretchen was wearing her Dress For Success female executive suit.

We all hugged and caught up on things as we rode up the elevator. Dr. Timmerbum was waiting in the examination room when we arrived. As usual, the examination started with blood and urine samples, then a change into an examination gown. The doctor started his extremely thorough exam. While I was being examined, Pat and Gretchen left to go get sodas. When they were out of the room, I asked the doctor if we could talk and glanced over at the door. He nodded and went over to lock the door. Then he returned and asked, "Now, what would you like to tell me?"

I told him of my feelings and decisions regarding having my sex changed. And finally, I related to him my conversation with Pat about it. I concluded by saying, "I've decided, and I think Pat agrees, that I want to be able to have sexual satisfaction. I want to be Pat's sister and her 'housewife.' I want to have my sex changed."

Then, I looked him straight in the eye and asked, "Will you help me?"

He thought about it for a moment and then asked, "You know that a sex change is not reversible?"

I nodded yes.

“You want to go ahead anyway?”

I nodded yes again.

“All right!” he announced. “I’ll help you. I’m going to make some pre-operation adjustments, so I’m going to put you to sleep for just a little bit.”

“There’s just one thing, Doctor Timmerbum,” I started. “I’d prefer that Pat and Gretchen are not told yet that my decision has been made and that you’ve already started the steps to my changing my sex. Would you please not tell them?”

“I’ll keep your secret,” he replied.

He prepared a syringe and gave me a shot. In just a few moments, I was out cold in Dreamland.

I dreamed that he made a tiny incision in the sac that held my shrunken little testicles, my scrotum. Then, he inserted some kind of a device into me. I dreamed that after it was inserted, he spent several minutes adjusting whatever was inside of me. Finally, he seemed satisfied with what he had done. Then, I dreamed that he inserted a different tool way up inside of me and made some other adjustments. Altogether, the procedure didn’t take very long at all.

When all that was completed, he used a yellow-looking tube of glue and sealed the incision he’d made. When that step was completed, I dreamed that he filled two more hypodermic syringes. These syringes had extremely fine needles. He carefully inserted the first syringe through the skin of my scrotum over my left testicle. He pushed the syringe into

the testicle and emptied its contents into the testicle. After doing my left testicle, he did the same thing to my right one.

It was a strange dream to me because it was as if I was awake and looking down at him working. I couldn't hear anything and I couldn't feel anything. I couldn't even smell anything.

In a little bit, I woke up. Pat and Gretchen were standing by me and Pat was holding my hand. Once I was awake, Gretchen suggested that I get dressed so we could go to the cafeteria for lunch.

It took a bit for the effects of the anesthesia to completely wear off. I was rather wobbly until it had. It was handy having Pat and Gretchen right there to lace me tightly back into my corset. Gretchen commented, "You really don't need your waist whittled down now. You know?"

"Yes," I replied. "I know. But it makes me feel so much better."

Gretchen looked back with a strange look in her eyes as she acknowledged, "Oh. I didn't think of that."

We three walked together to the cafeteria. It felt good to see men's heads turn to watch us as we passed. I enjoyed looking really good. I think Gretchen and Pat enjoyed the looks as well. But Pat probably would have claimed that they were just staring at her because she was so big. I got the feeling that Gretchen was a little more interested in the women's reactions than the men's.

We went through the cafeteria line and we all selected salads, deserts, and diet drinks. We even sat in the same place as before. We chattered about pretty much the same things. I held my tongue and let Pat and Gretchen carry the conversation.

I had no intention of telling them that I'd already started on the road to having my sex changed. For right now, it was my secret. They'd find out soon enough.

When we left the cafeteria, I had the funniest feeling that Gretchen was actually interested in me as though she wanted to date me or something. I suppressed the thought, saying to myself that it couldn't be true.

Gretchen and I helped Pat into the limousine, then I climbed in after her. Getting into and out of automobiles and limousines gracefully when wearing high heels requires quite a bit of work.

As we drove back to Denver, Pat and I talked about the coming birth and my role in nursing the child. Pat suggested that I get Vickie to tutor me on breast feeding children and I agreed.

When we got home, I helped Pat ease out of the limousine and waddle into the house. I hadn't realized it but she was really getting big. Pat was tired and ready for bed. I was pretty tired myself.

The next day, when Vickie Foster, my tutor, arrived, I related to her what Pat had said about her teaching me about breast feeding.

“I can do that,” Vickie replied. “Also, the La Leche League has a lot of good information about breastfeeding babies. I’ll get in touch with them.”

“One thing you ought to know about breastfeeding,” Vickie continued, “is that they make special bras for mothers. It has an inner cup for support and an outer cup to catch drips and to augment the support when you’re moving around. I don’t know about costs but I’d guess that they cost a little more than regular bras. And they’re not really sexy-looking, but rather more like utilitarian.”

“When you start nursing,” she added. “You’ll find that the little rascal can come down pretty hard on your nipples with just his gums, so be prepared for that.”

The rest of the tutoring lesson covered advanced tricks in dressing, makeup, and social situations. We spent a lot of time on how a woman should act and react in specific situations. We also covered things to look for around men and around women. I was learning, but I felt like there was so much more for me to know.

That night, I told Pat what Vickie had said about the nursing bras. Pat said she’d take care of getting me some. She also was interested in how I felt about the prospect of nursing a child. “You’re not worried about it, are you?” she asked.

“I’m really not,” I replied. “But I am apprehensive,” I admitted. “I’m afraid that my milk won’t be right. Or that I won’t have enough milk. Or that my breasts won’t function properly.”

“I think you’ll do just fine,” Pat reassured.

I wished that I shared her confidence in me.

I noticed that my breasts had grown some more. I now was a full size larger than a D-Cup. I now was out to a full DD-Cup. And my large breasts attracted a lot of attention. Whenever I went shopping, men were always watching me and trying to pick me up. I would have resented all the attention except for the ego boost it gave me. To get rid of the suitors, I used the lessons Vickie had taught me. I was polite and VERY correctly genteel, thank you.

I really wasn’t interested in the men. But, I was interested in the other women. And I was surprised to note that one or two of them were interested in me!

This brought home to me an interesting problem. As a man, I’d always been a heterosexual. I was only interested in women. Now, with me preparing to change my sex to that of a woman, I still was attracted only to women. I was definitely going to have a sex change but my preference for women had not changed and from all the indications it probably would not change. So to be technical about it, I’d be changing into a lesbian.

I still loved Pat and wanted her sexually. Of course, I’d have to use a dildo panty or something similar. Or I’d have to orally pleasure her. The reverse was true as well. I’d enjoyed giving Pat oral sex. The taste had been different, but that was because of the Estinyl pills. Unfortunately, estrogen pills (or estrogen patches) were going to be a part of my life from now

on, which meant the taste change was probably permanent. But I didn't mind the taste, so I was okay.

I wondered, though, how Pat felt about me. Would she still want me after my sex had been changed? Would she start dating other men? Would I find myself having to date men in order to protect her political career?

There were a number of imponderables. I was more than slightly concerned.

The nursing bras arrived several days later. Vickie was quick to help me learn how to wear one and how it was used. It took only a little while before I got the hang of it.

Oddly, several of them were quite sexy. Vickie and I were both surprised by the looks of them. "Who'd have thought they'd make a sexy nursing bra?" Vickie commented.

"Maybe some nursing babes are mature enough to be visually stimulated?" I kidded back to Vickie.

We both got a good laugh out of that.

A couple of days later, the La Leche League information arrived. There was a lot of it. I learned the importance of extra careful hygiene and of using little disposable pads to catch the drips after the child had finished feeding. I also learned about getting a breast pump to empty my breasts when the child didn't fully complete the job. I even learned about saving up the extra milk in the refrigerator for when milk was needed. I was amazed that there was even a nutri-

tional breakdown of breast milk. The La Leche people had tried to cover everything that a woman would need to know before starting to breastfeed her baby.

Vickie and I went over everything together. I practiced the hygiene information we'd discovered. By the end of the week, I felt like I was as ready as I ever would be for nursing a child. In fact, I suspected that when I finally started nursing, I'd find the actual doing of it would be sort of anticlimactic.

When the time came for my ninth check-up, Pat was really large. She was quite ready, thank you, for the baby to be born. She was finding that her schedule had to be cut back almost to the bare minimum because the demands placed on her by the baby that was almost ready to be born. Pat had long since gotten tired of the baby's kicking and bumping around. She was especially tired of sitting and comfortably relaxing only to have the baby kick her right in the bladder. More than once, she had been unable to hold back the flow. She now wore sanitary diapers all the time.

On the way down, we had light snacks and fruit juice coolers. Several times we had to stop so that Pat could use the restroom facilities of a service station. I used the phone in the limousine to let Gretchen know that we'd be late arriving.

When we finally were nearing the clinic, I called Gretchen and told her we were almost there. Gretchen met us in the staff underground parking and rushed us to the examining rooms. Dr. Timmerbum was concerned that we'd been delayed

but when he found out the reason he was quite goodnatured about it.

As always, I started the exam by giving both blood and urine samples before changing into an examination gown. Then the doctor suggested that Gretchen take Pat out where she might be more comfortable and watch over her while I was being examined. Pat was grateful for the suggestion and the two of them went to a nearby staff lounge.

The doctor then asked me, “Are you still sure that you want to change your sex?”

When I nodded yes, he gave me a shot in the hip before continuing the exam. I was drowsing off as he was finishing the exam. I dreamed that he again made a small incision in my scrotum and inserted some kind of tool up into me to make some kind of adjustments. I dreamed that he told me that all the adjustments would be over and the devices inside of me would be removed when my sex was actually changed. Then I dreamed he carefully injected something into each testicle before he used a yellow tube of glue to close the tiny incision. Finally, I dreamed he said to me, “This will bring you around quite quickly.” He gave me another shot; this time in my other hip.

I came awake with a start and apologized to the doctor for drowsing off on him.

“Its quite all right,” he replied. “By the way, I think you should expect to start lactating the very day that the baby is born. Are you prepared for when your breasts start making milk?”

I said I was and told him about studying the information from the La Leche League. He was pleased with my preparations.

Then he said, “I will contact your wife’s doctor and make arrangements for you to receive a shot to start your milk flowing. Ya?”

“OK,” I agreed.

“Also, you should expect some minor abdominal cramps when you start milking. You understand, ya?”

I nodded that I did.

Then, he had me dress. As I was dressing, he said, “Do you want to have the change made before your wife gives birth, or after?”

I told him that I thought it would be best over a weekend after Pat gave birth.

“Ya!” he replied. “I think so, too. But, if you change your mind, I’ll make sure I can accommodate you. Ya?”

I thanked him for his courtesy and finished dressing. I’d skipped having my waist tightly cinched since Pat wasn’t in much condition or humor to lace me. Besides, Gretchen had been right, my figure was now good enough that I didn’t need it.

Pat was feeling rather washed out, so we all agreed to skip lunch so Pat could get back to the house and get comfortable. Gretchen gave my hand a little

squeeze as I slipped into the limousine. It was as if she were secretly propositioning me.

The drive back took even longer than the drive down because of Pat's need to stop quite often to use the restroom. The baby must have thought it was practicing to be an Olympic soccer star. Pat was just plain miserable.

As I lay on my back on the bed thinking, I realized that it was foolish to postpone the change when I had the perfect excuse to get it done the very next day. All I had to do was to tell Pat that the pains in my breasts meant that I needed to see Dr. Timmerbum, immediately.

The next morning, I told Pat about my breast pains and explained that I felt that I should see Dr. Timmerbum as soon as possible. Pat agreed and offered to help. She called the limousine on one phone, while I called Dr. Timmerbum on another phone. I told him what had happened and what I wanted to do. He agreed to handle me that day and said that he felt that I could be home in two or three days. He told me to pack for a couple to three days and to include several nursing bras, just in case. He told me that he'd have Gretchen meet me and take care of everything.

I told Pat that the doctor was expecting me and I told her what he'd told me to pack. I also said that I'd be back in two to three days. After packing a small suitcase and a makeup case, I hugged and kissed Pat goodbye. She told me how sorry she was that she couldn't come with me due to her feeling so rotten. I

hugged and kissed her again as I told her that I understood.

I had dressed in a stylishly chic yet sexy little dress. I'd selected back lace hose and stiletto-heeled pumps. I'd chosen two different sizes of gold hoops for my ears. And to go with the gold earrings, I'd selected a gold bracelet and a gold necklace. I had dressed so that I'd look magnificent. I intended to wear the same clothes back home as a sexy woman!

I put on my makeup in the limousine as we rolled down the interstate. We were able to make really good time because we didn't have to make any stops and because I'd told the driver that I wasn't well and we needed to hurry.

I called Gretchen as we neared the clinic and told her where I was. She was waiting as the limousine descended into the staff underground parking. She whisked me into the elevator and up to a private room in the clinic. On the way up, she said that her uncle had told her what I was doing, because she had to make the correct arrangements. She hugged me and told me she thought I was making the right decision.

When we got to the room, she helped me pack everything away. Then she had me remove everything except my bra and put on a hospital gown. She buzzed the nurse who came in and gave me a shot. I was getting woozy when Dr. Timmerbum walked into the room. He sat on the edge of my bed and asked me what I'd had to eat since the evening before. I told him and he made notes on his clipboard. As I drowsed off to sleep, he told me that everything was

under control and that I shouldn't worry about a thing.

I didn't wake up until late the next morning when Dr. Timmerbum came into my room and woke me up. I asked him, "Well, Doctor, when are you going to operate on me?"

He chuckled and told me, "I've already operated! In fact, unless there are problems, you can go back home tomorrow!"

I was incredulous and said, "I don't believe it! Where are the IV tubes and all the other stuff?"

He didn't answer, but instead went to the dresser and got my hand mirror. Then he came back to the bed and gently pulled back the cover from over me. He raised the hem of my hospital gown and placed the mirror between my legs so I could see my crotch.

I was shocked. He really had operated. Where my little penis and testicles had been, there now was a womanly pudendum, a female set of labia, and a little feminine clitoris. It looked as though I now had the genitalia of a woman.

Then, the doctor spoke, "As you can see, you now have the sex organs of a woman, except of course that you are unable to conceive. Otherwise you're completely functional. You'll need to wait about a week before you start getting 'athletic' with your new vagina. Other than that, you'll be able to do anything you want starting tomorrow. And, in a week, you'll be able to do anything you want to do at all!"



He reached over and pressed down rather strongly on my lower abdomen. Suddenly, I needed to urinate badly. I told him, “Whatever you just did, I now HAVE to go pee.”

As I got up off of the bed to go to the bathroom, he reminded me, “Don’t forget! You’ll have to sit down from now on.”

I’d been sitting to go pee for many months now so it was nothing new for me, but I appreciated his concern for me. I sat on the commode and started to flow. I was going!

I could feel myself flowing. And, I could feel that the flow was exiting from a different place on my body. As I finished, the doctor reminded me, “Don’t forget to blot yourself dry. You now are like all women in that you’re much more susceptible to urinary infections if you are lax in your hygiene.”

I would have forgotten to blot if he hadn’t reminded me. I blotted dry, then got up off of the toilet.

All the rest of the day, I spent discovering all the differences now that I was a woman. A nurse/therapist went over the basics of hygiene for women with me. One of the basics was to blot from the front and to wipe from the rear. Another was to always make sure no fecal matter got into my vaginal opening. I also learned to douche myself. Douching would help prevent yeast infections. I learned to insert and remove tampons and spermicidal sponges. I also learned never to leave a tampon or a sponge inside me for longer than twenty-four hours. I had a lot to learn in a hurry. I was now completely a woman. And,

I had to get the business of being a woman down quickly and correctly!

By the end of the day, I was tired and my mind felt like mush. I'd changed out of the hospital gown into one of my nighties.

I looked up to see who was standing in my doorway and it was Gretchen. Seeing her was a welcome relief from nurses and therapists. I was ready for the face of a friend. She came in and hugged and kissed me saying, "You've really done it! I'm so proud of you. You'll love being a woman. It's the best."

We chatted about the happenings of the day and what would happen the next day. Finally, I began to wilt so Gretchen got up to leave, saying, "I'll see you again tomorrow morning."

It had been good to see Gretchen. I liked her gushing enthusiasm. But I had the funniest feeling that she was interested in me romantically. I also was a little bit interested in her, too. I decided that Gretchen would have to be off limits to me since she was Pat's friend; I definitely didn't want to be untrue to Pat. I'd have to watch myself around Gretchen. She was a temptation.

I reached up to turn off the light and go to sleep. I must have been tired because I don't even remember putting my head back on the pillow.

The next morning, early, Dr. Timmerbum arrived to check on me. He examined me quite thoroughly and as he worked, he gave me a lot of little bits of fatherly advice. One thing that he said stuck in my

mind. “Don’t forget, now that you’ve changed sexes, you’re no longer the sex of the hunter. You’re now the sex of the quarry, the hunted. And you, especially with your looks, are going to be fair game to every man jack around. You could use a little plastic surgery to improve your face. But your body is already outstanding. You’ll need to watch out for yourself. Ya?”

He also gave me all sorts of details about my operation. “We used a relatively new procedure that uses a special set of plastic supports to maintain the internal shape of your vagina. This new procedure has several advantages. The most important one is that your new vagina will never grow closed. So you won’t have to mess with that daily chore of manually manipulating it to keep it open. And second, it will always come back to the shape it has now, so the internal volume won’t expand with time and use.”

“Also,” he continued, “we were able to retain all of your muscle structure from your penis to provide you with all of the control that any other woman would have. You’ll need to spend some amount of time working to gain control of these muscles but you’ll be able to contract your vaginal size to squeeze down on anything inside. And with much practice, you’ll be able to draw things into and push things out of your vagina.”

He then gave me a vial of pain pills for when I needed them. When he had finished examining me, he pronounced me fit and said, “It looks like you can go home right after lunch. Ya!”

Dr. Timmerbum was just leaving my room when Gretchen arrived.

“Hi, girl!” she greeted me.

I grinned back.

“Have you eaten any breakfast yet?”

I shook my head no.

“Well get up and get dressed! I’m here to take you for your first breakfast as a woman!” She enthused. “Let’s go, girl!”

I jumped out of bed and waltzed through a fast shower. I was careful washing between my legs. It was a new feeling. I had been in the habit of keeping myself hairless all over my body, so my new female pudendum was completely denuded. Getting out of the shower, I quickly dried myself, again being very careful about my new female equipment.

Then, I started dressing. I selected a sexy black long-line bra, a lacy little wisp of a garter belt, and some scandalously minimal little black lace panties. Putting on the panties was a whole new experience. I no longer had any testicles to push up into myself, or a penis to fold back. The panties fitted me so closely that they were almost a second skin. They felt wonderful.

I had to remind myself that I was dressing in a hurry to go out with Gretchen. Had she not been standing there watching me dress, I would have taken time to explore the new feelings my panties now gave me. But she was there, so I had to keep dressing

quickly. I rolled on a pair of black lace hose. I next put on “my face,” being very careful applying the makeup to do things just right. I was going to look my very best.

Gretchen liked the way I did my face with makeup and said, “Girl, you’re going to knock ‘em dead!”

We both giggled over that.

I combed out my hair and got it looking just so. Having a permanent really helped my hair do what I wanted it to do. After my hair was just as I wanted it, I lightly sprayed it to hold it in place. I went to the closet and got out my dress and my shoes.

Once I was into my dress, I slipped into my heels. Then, I went back to the dresser for my jewelry. I wore my watch, two pairs of gold hoop earrings, a gold necklace, and several gold bracelets. A last minute application of perfume to my pulse points, and I was ready.

Gretchen looked me over and passed sentence on me, “You VAMP!”

That was a magnificent complement. If I looked that good to Gretchen, I probably looked great to everyone else. It felt great to be a good-looking woman.

We walked down the hall to the elevator, giggling over her calling me a vamp. It felt good that we were turning the heads of everyone we passed. In our wake, young men were staring after us, losing their trains of thought and walking into fixed objects. We were devastating!

Actually, I knew that my face wasn't all that good but my body with its enormous breasts and small waist was a show stopper. Later, I'd get Dr. Timmerbum to improve my face. But, for now, having an okay face and a super body was not a bad thing to have to endure. I could live with it. I'd just use my makeup to make the best of what face I had.

At the cafeteria, I selected a rather large breakfast as I was really hungry. Gretchen wasn't nearly as hungry. We sat down at the table in the corner that I had come to think of as "ours." As we ate, we chattered back and forth. Gretchen also was sharing important information with me on how a girl has to be and act to get along. But, there was a sub-current of sexual interest emanating from her.

It was as though she wanted to have a "romance" with me. I could feel it but I was afraid to respond to it, because I wanted to remain true to Pat. After all, Pat was still my love and my wife.

Well, legally she was still my wife, except that now that I was a woman we couldn't legally be married, I didn't think. Or could we? I wasn't sure. I did know that I wanted to stay with Pat. I supposed that now I would become "her sister" instead of her husband. And she would become "my sister" instead of my wife.

But, actually, I had already become HER wife. And she was now something close to my "husband." It was all quite confusing. I'd have to sort it all out later.

Gretchen was talking about visiting Pat and me when she came up to Denver.

I tuned back in to what she was saying and replied, “Oh, Gretchen! There’s so much we can do together. I hope you’ll be coming soon; after the baby is born. We can go shopping and take in the symphony. And we can check out the galleries and things down on South Pearl Street. We’ll have a ball.”

“That’s a great idea!” Gretchen glowed. “I can bring some things with me for the baby.”

When we’d finished breakfast, we walked back to the elevator up to my room. Back at the room, I called Pat and told her, “I’m okay. Dr. Timmerbum took care of everything. I’ll be home this afternoon. I love you!”

“I love you, too!” she reciprocated. “Hurry home! I miss you.”

The rest of the morning was spent getting final information from the nurse/therapists and packing up my things. I loved the new feeling between my legs. Not having anything in the way “down there” meant that I could cross my legs so many new and exciting ways. I also had quite a different, and nicer, lap. I would make a nice place for our coming child to sit and to nurse. Which reminded me of how really full my breasts felt. I was looking forward to having a baby’s nursing to relieve the swollen pressure in my breasts.

I was in my room packing for my trip back home when Gretchen came back to my room to take me with her to lunch. The time had passed so quickly that I hadn’t realized it was already lunch time.

Our walk together back to the cafeteria was just as stimulating to my ego as the walk at breakfast had been. We still looked smashing. We still left a trail of ogling men in our wake. As we walked, I began to really feel the profound wisdom of what the doctor had told me that morning: I was no longer a member of the sex of the hunters. I was now one of the hunted.

I could almost feel myself being stalked by some of the men. It felt good to know that I looked that good but it meant that I'd have to be wary all of the time. I'd have to be aware of the situations I was in at every waking moment. Since I now was a member of the weaker sex, I'd have to use my brains instead of brawn.

When we went through the line at the cafeteria, we selected salads, deserts, and diet sodas. We naturally went to "our" table off in the corner. Gretchen asked me if there were any things that I needed to ask about as a result of my new condition.

The first thing I asked her was, "Has anyone told Pat about my change?"

"I don't think so," Gretchen answered. "I know that I haven't!"

"Well," I said politely. "I'd rather she not know until I tell her, which will have to be well after the baby's born. So, I'd appreciate it if you'd help me keep it a secret. O.K.?"

"Sure!"

She'd answered just a little too fast. I was concerned that she'd already blabbed to Pat. We'd have to see. If she had, then I knew that I would NEVER be able to trust her. If someone else had, then that would be a different problem to deal with.

I then asked her a lot of little detailed questions about how to do certain things; the kind of questions a little girl would ask her mommy.

When I finally had exhausted all the questions I could think of, we walked back to the elevator. I rounded up my stuff and we went back to the elevator for the ride down to the underground parking area. When we arrived there, the limousine was waiting. Gretchen and I hugged and kissed before I let the chauffeur assist me into the limousine.

The ride back was quick and uneventful. I spent the time thinking about how I would tell Pat that I'd had my sex changed. I also pondered what my new legal status would be. And I pondered the fact that I was still strongly attracted to women, not men.

When I got home, Pat was there waiting to greet me with open arms, hugs, and kisses. I explained my hospital stay by telling her that my breast pains were a sign that I was now ready to start producing milk for our soon-to-be-born child.

“How do you like having breasts that are so large and ready to start milking?” she asked me.

Something told me that I had to tread carefully with that question, so I answered, “Sweetheart, I'm

just glad that I could do this for you. I love you very much.”

She smothered me with a large kiss. Then, she said, “If you are serious about wanting to have your sex changed, I really think you should have it done as soon as possible. Why don’t you check with Dr. Timmerbum tomorrow?”

I hugged and kissed her with joy!

This would be my opportunity to get my face improved! Then I could be totally complete as a woman. I’d not only have a good body but a good face too. No one would ever be able to tell that I had ever been anything other than a woman.

I called Dr. Timmerbum the next morning bright and early. I explained to him what Pat had said and told him that I wanted my face improved and made more feminine.

He laughed and said, “You lucked out. You didn’t have to tell her you’d already had the operation.”

I laughed and agreed.

“Well,” he said. “You come on down this afternoon and I’ll have you back with Pat in three days. You’ll have to wear a bandage for about a week and your face will be bruised for a week after that but I guarantee you’ll be beautiful.”

I told Pat that the doctor said for me to come right on down that afternoon, and I told her that he’d be making my face more feminine as he made me more feminine “down below” too. Pat laughed and thought

that was fine. Then, she called the limousine while I started to pack, again.

All during the limousine ride back down to Pueblo, I tried to conceal how excited I was. I was going to get my face made to look feminine. And I'd be able to explain my change of sex. Everything was working out quite well.

Gretchen was waiting for me as the limousine descended into the staff's underground parking. She already knew what I was going to have done. She was grinning widely at me.

"Tell me all about it!" she demanded as she hugged and kissed me in greeting.

"Why, whatever do you mean?" I said in my best Scarlett O'Hara voice as I batted my eyelashes.

"You know good and well what I mean," she laughed as we went over to the elevator.

On the way up, I told her the gist of what had happened. "So, I'm here to have my face made to look pretty, soft, and feminine," I concluded.

"I like the part where you told Pat that you were going to have your face made feminine while you were made feminine down below," Gretchen giggled. "That's priceless!"

I was put back in the same private room. Gretchen and I were still getting me settled in when Dr. Timmerbum arrived. When Gretchen told him of my "being made feminine" remark to Pat, he chuckled and said, "Ya! That's clever."

Then he got serious. “I told you on the phone what the schedule would be: home in three days, bandages for a week after that, and bruises for an additional week after that. Now, I will tell you what we will do for you. Ya?”

He used a Polaroid to take a photo of me, then as we waited for it to be ready, he said, “We will remove any remaining traces of facial beard that you have. Next, we will remove any connective tissue that makes your face look hard. Plus, we will reduce the size of your larynx to make your throat more feminine and we’ll modify your vocal chords to make your voice sound completely feminine. Last, we will modify all of your features to feminize them. When we are done, you will look like a sister to what you looked like before we work. Ya.”

“When do we start?” I asked.

“As soon as you get into a hospital gown, sign the forms, give a blood and a urine sample, and have a pre-operation shot,” he answered as he handed me the forms to sign. Gretchen was getting me a hospital gown as he spoke.

As I signed the forms, a nurse entered to get the blood and urine samples. She also had a hypodermic syringe on her tray. When the samples had been taken, the nurse left and the doctor administered the shot in my hip. He then left me with Gretchen as he went off to see about other patients.

Gretchen and I chatted for a few minutes until I started getting drowsy. Then, she left me saying that she’d be back later. I quickly drifted off to sleep.