



Reluctant Press

Hit & 'Miss'

Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Hit... And 'Miss'

By Deena Gomersall

Well, that was it, I was going to be late. Everything that could have gone wrong for me from waking up today had done. Thirty year old me, a 6' 2" professional boxer. I had already lost a lot of time after my promoter had phoned me whilst I was trying to get ready. Once again he had hit me with the news that he had failed to fix me up with a fight. I had to have a fight, I needed the money, desperately.

And now, now I was going to be late. I was supposed to be meeting with my fiancée, at a restaurant, thirty minutes ago, in a bid to patch up our relationship. We'd had a disagreement ten days before when I told her we couldn't get married just yet as I simply didn't have the money. Why can't women listen to reason? Instead of understanding she had stormed out, I hadn't seen or heard from her till yesterday when she phoned and suggested we should talk.

We had agreed to talk over lunch at our favorite restaurant but now I was running thirty minutes late. I'd had to park my car some way off and walk on foot because of some road works. Would she wait? Would she still be there?

"Come on, damn lights!" I cursed. At last the 'Walk' signal came on and I set off across. A young girl in her mid teens was crossing from the other side, she smiled at me and then I heard the roar of a car engine.

From around the corner a car sped our way, probably doing 80mph. There was no way it was going to stop at the lights in time and it was being driven directly towards the girl. Without thinking I dived to try push her out of the way. It hit us both, hard.

I suddenly had the strangest feeling as though I was floating on air. I felt so light. I still had vision but everything was wrong. Everything I should have had to look up at, like the tops of tall buildings, were now all on an eye level.

In shock and panic I looked down ...a long way down. There was lots of activity down there. I could see the flashing lights from an ambulance and a police cruiser. People gathered around looking towards the middle of the road where several paramedics in luminous jackets were bending over two prostrate bodies. I couldn't believe it... one was the young girl, the other was me! The medics looked as though they were giving CPR in an attempt to save both of us.

Suddenly I was aware of a tugging, as if someone had a hold of me and trying to drag me back down, then an instant whoosh as I fell, then some kind of twist as though, rather than falling straight it was as if I veered off to the left. The next thing I knew was my eyes flickering open and looking up at some balding guy with a friendly smile on his otherwise concerned face.

"Okay honey, now don't try to move. You have been involved in an accident and we want to put a brace on you in case you have any spinal damage," he told me softly.

Spinal damage! I felt as though I had been cut in half, that the lower part of my body was laying somewhere else because, in spite of various aches and pains, I felt less heavy than before and nowhere near as tall. Funny how you can be aware of such things whilst laying flat out on your back.

From somewhere else I heard another two male voices talking to each other as my paramedic tried making me as comfortable as he could. "How's the guy?" one asked. "They still can't bring him around, it looks as though he has slipped into a coma."

Funny, I didn't recall seeing anyone else crossing the road. I was the only guy.

"How's the girl, Stan?" the first voice spoke again.

The paramedic attending to me looked down at me then replied. "She's doing okay, some cuts and bruising but she has regained consciousness," he said, looking at me again and giving me a reassuring smile.

He seemed to be referring to me but he had said 'she' and, in answer to being asked how the girl was. What the hell was going on here? That's when the guy's face started to blur, my vision faded and I knew no more.

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Something drastic had happened, somehow. I couldn't provide any logical answers but, what I knew was, I now had the body of that young girl who had been crossing the road with me.

Nobody could have prepared me for the shock I received when that realization dawned on me after I had regained consciousness in hospital. It all started by the way people were talking to me and treating me. The way you definitely do not talk

to anyone who is 6'2" tall with a powerful, muscular build. Maudlin comments such as "How are you feeling now, sweetheart?" "The doctor will be around to look at you in a few minutes honey?" You know the kind of thing I mean.

Not that I had too much idea at that moment as I was quite heavily bandaged and sedated, I felt too weak to talk, just listen. Probably the final clue came when the doctor arrived and asked. "Is there anywhere you are having much pain, Lucy?"

I may well have felt a bit disorientated after the accident, my brain not working too well, but I knew full well my name was Hank, definitely not Lucy.

And so my nightmare started. I had time to think; in spite of whatever else people may think about boxers, we are not all dumb ass's and I regarded myself with an above average of intelligence. From some books I had read, whether to be taken as fact or not, I had gleaned that the spirit can rise above the body, supposedly suspended on a silver thread. This was the way the 'out of the body experience' worked and what happens when we go to sleep. Could it be that, in unconsciousness, this girl and I were both floating around in the air and simultaneously revived and brought back down at the same time.

Could it be that, somehow, these supposed silver threads had tangled and we had somehow been drawn into each other's bodies? Well, that was my theory and the only logical explanation. Whatever the reason was, the facts remained that I was now in the body of a young girl... without a clue of how to get out of it.

The next major problem was when the girl's parents turned up, along with a pretty girl in her late teens and some brattish looking boy. The boy turned out to be Lucy's twin brother Craig and the girl was her older sister Wendy.

I still hadn't uttered a word, even though I was probably more able. I was a little afraid to hear the sound of my new voice and, it seemed sensible to listen and learn, after all, these people who were supposed to be my family, I knew absolutely nothing about.

Well, 'Mom' just constantly wept, holding my hand throughout whilst 'Dad' chatted to the doctor about my condition and received details about the accident. There was some amount of satisfaction to hear that 'I' was being deemed a hero for jumping to try push the girl out of the path of the car. I also learnt I was (my body that is) lying in some other ward in this same hospital, still in a coma.

I was pleased to know, although the girl had needed resuscitating and had a wound on the back of her head, that there was no major damage. There was no broken bones, just some cuts and bruising and the main concerns were centered on her having been knocked unconscious and her heart having stopped beating. The doctor's told her parents that they wanted to keep her in hospital for a few days for observations. My hope was that I might fall asleep and wake up in my own body at some point, preferably before getting out of my hospital bed.

Well that didn't happen. Some time after her parents, sexy looking sister and brother (who seemed like he'd rather have not been there, never spoke and did nothing more than eat the fruit that had been brought in for me) left the hospital, I found I really needed to relieve myself. I had several options here, I could just stay frozen where I lay and pee the bed (which would mean a nurse would have to clean me up) or I could see if I had a bed pan, but then I would be revealing myself to all the other patients in my ward, or I could ask where the toilets were and go myself. 'My' legs ached anyway and I felt I could do with stretching them.

Stealing myself I waited until a nurse was walking by. "Nurse," I called. My voice coming out soft and girlishly and sounding totally alien to me. The nurse looked my way and smiled, seeming pleased that I had spoken. "Yes, my dear?" she asked.

"I need to go to the toilet," I told her, again feeling awed by the sound of the voice being uttered from 'my' mouth.

She looked at me uncertainly. "Would you like me to put a pan in your bed?"

"No, I think I can manage to walk," I told her. *Oh, please. Stop making me have to talk to you,* I thought.

The nurse helped me out of my bed, keeping her arms around me to support me in case I stumbled. The rather cute, small feet I now had found their way to the floor and I heaved myself to a standing position. Shock time!

I had to look up at the nurse, I had never had to look upwards to any woman before. I seemed, and felt so small, everything appeared so big. The mental shock caused me to waver, the nurse taking it as a sign of the unsteadiness of weakened legs. She walked with me, her arm around me in support towards a corridor and then to a door on the left which bore the emblem of a woman.

The nurse took me into the toilets where I assured her I could manage from there and I walked into one of the stalls. This was about to be a very unusual experience for me. One thing I did realize, and nothing at all to do with the accident, was that I was walking differently. My gait, my whole equilibrium was altered, presumably because of the different structure in the lower body area I now had. My mind was still that of a man having a man's body and thinking that way, but this body knew differently.

Locking the stall door I stood for some minutes trying to get my composure before slowly hoisting the blue floral print nightgown I was wearing, up my legs to my waist. Without looking, I slowly tugged the underpants, er, well, panties, I was wearing down to my knees and quickly sat myself on the toilet seat.

What now? I didn't have a clue how to start! I tried applying pressure to different muscles, squeezing and tensing. It was just strange not having hold of my manhood and being able to direct it. What turned the taps on? It seemed that females used different muscles to males. I released the pressure and, to my delight, and relief, a jet of urine squirted from me.

I guessed I now had to mop myself and so, taking a handful of tissue I quickly dabbed around my groin, again without looking down.

Hitching my ...panties back up, I allowed the nightdress to tumble back down, the hem settling to just below my knees, and set back off to my bed. I saw several large mirrors over a set of sink basins and curiosity led me to the mirrors to see this new face of mine. It was the face of the pretty girl I had seen crossing the road and giving me the friendly smile, only now there was black bruising under each eye and a bluish bruise on the side of the nose and on the right cheek. Her long straight, light brown hair was a little unkempt.... and a little irritating, as I was not used to having so much hair around my face.

The girl had looked so sweet and friendly, such a pleasant face with large blue eyes and a small cute nose. I just hoped she hadn't died, I felt so sorry for her.

My mind became active, the sense of curiosity again enveloping me. I held my breath, feeling close to panic, then slowly stepped back several paces. Slowly, tentatively, I lifted the nightdress once again until it was above my hips and surveyed Lucy's body. This was not for anything sexual, I was just deeply curious to see what the body I now inhabited looked like.

Lucy was already quite curvy for her age and her legs were quite long and slim. They looked pale, soft and smooth with a slight glint from short, soft blonde hair; nothing like my own legs that had been both sturdy and muscular from years of training, jogging, skipping and weights. A boxer's legs needed to be strong to help absorb the punches and they were heavily matted with thick dark hair.



With baited breath I slowly drew down the panties to look at an almost flat groin. Lucy was in the process of growing pubic hair around her vagina. I resisted the temptation to curiously explore with my fingers and quickly pulled the panties back up.

Finally I hoisted the nightdress up to underneath my chin and stared at my chest. Lucy had small budding breasts, not much more than conical shaped swellings with darkened nipples and aureoles. Her skin looked so soft, so pure.

Having seen what I had wanted to inspect I again let the nightdress drop. I had confirmed the obvious but which I still felt I really needed confirming, I was in the body of a young girl, a poor innocent young girl who was probably equally trapped in my own, comatose body.

Should I tell anyone what had happened? Try get help? Could anyone help? I doubted if they would even believe me, they would think I had lost my mind from the accident. No, I couldn't tell anyone who I really was, not yet. I had to just keep things to myself for the time being and hope whatever had happened to me and the girl, would undo.

I was having all on not to panic, not to freak out. I had to try remaining sane but I felt so scared and so stressed. Steadily walking back to my bed, aided again by the nurse as I entered the ward, I climbed into bed and fell asleep. Who knows, I may even wake up to find it had all been some weird dream.

Well, six days had drifted by, six days and I was still in hospital... worse, I was still this young girl called Lucy... not waking up from a bad dream, no sudden switch back into my rightful body during the night. Now I really was getting frightened. I had faced some pretty big mean guys in the ring and they had never scared me the way this situation was scaring me now. And, I just did not know what I could do about it!

The girls family had all visited several times, I was getting to know them all by now; the girls really sexy sister, Pratt of a twin brother, the girls mother who was called Christine and father, Frank. Then there was an Aunt Beth and uncle Tom and their daughter Simone, who was a year older than Lucy and very good friends with her. Another Aunt called Shirley who had never got married and Lucy's grandparents on her mother's side; Hilda and Alfred.

Was this going to be my new family? For the rest of my life? ...complete strangers! What really worried me was, it was bad enough not having my own, adult grown up body, frightening that I didn't even have the body of my own sex. Not too bad that at least it was a young girl just starting to develop... but, if I remained like this, this young girl was going to develop into a woman... I would have full breasts, I would probably have a sexy, curvy body... a woman's body. I had no idea how I could cope with that. I was a man, I didn't want a female body... I didn't want to be a woman at all.