



Reluctant Press presents:

Hands Down

Anne Warren



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTA HAIGHT

A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Hands Down

By Annie Warren

Waking up is always the same for me... I come to consciousness and then have this desire to go back into *unconsciousness*. It was Saturday; I knew it, but also knew that the coach was using the scrubs, myself included, to try out some new plays before giving them to the varsity — if they worked out. We, the scrubs, were expendable. I think I was 8th string or something.

I don't really know what I'm doing in with that set of elephants. They told me I had speed and agility; I certainly don't have size or mass... I lay there mulling this over, my eyes still shut, knowing I had to get up but avoiding it until I could rationalise it no more. I was not going to be able to go back to sleep. *Sigh!* I got up.

I staggered into the bathroom, did my morning ablutions, then walked back out, opened my underwear drawer, and stared into its emptiness for a few seconds before calling on the great mitigator. "Mommm!"

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Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Mom and Maggie were drinking coffee and talking when my next call came through, this time a bit louder. "Mooooommmmm!"

Mom looked at Maggie and asked simply, "What did you do this time?"

Maggie smiled and then let out a little giggle. "Me? I would do anything to my little brother?"

"Come off it, I know that call."

"Ok, so I lifted his underpants, leaving him an extra lacy, pink pair of mine in their place. They're all in the wash, right? I want a twin sister and he's all I got to work with." She giggled again.

"You are going to be the death of me yet," said Mom. Then her eyes seemed to unfocus a bit as she thought for a couple of seconds. Then she too smiled, more to herself than to Maggie, before continuing. "I suppose you want me to back you up?"

"Would you? He does look awfully cute in my knickers."

Before she could answer, I wandered into the kitchen in my robe, the offending knickers held between the index and middle finger of my hand like I was about to be burned by them. "Mom, she took all of my shorts and left *these*." I held them up.

"What are you going to do with those?"

"My shorts are missing and this is what was left." I looked pointedly at Maggie who was smiling what I think she thought was a look of sweet innocence. "Holy Cow, Maggie, why did you do it? Where are my shorts?"

"I think your shorts must be in the dirty laundry, Dean." Mom's statement brought me back to her. "Those must have been under the last clean pair. How did they get there?"

"How'd they get there? How'd they get there? Ask Maggie. She must have put them there." Suddenly I was on the *defensive*.

"All right, however they got there, it looks like that is all you have."

"I can't wear these, Mom! We have a scrimmage today. I'd be booted over the goal posts if they catch me in these."

"Well, 'Fraidy Cat', you can always change in the bathroom," Maggie piped up.

"Ok, Dean, go up and get dressed and we'll have breakfast." Mom had spoken with a known degree of finality, and I knew that the case was closed. Maggie, of course, now had a smug grin on her face without any trace of her earlier attempt at innocence as I retreated to my room.

"I'd almost like to see him in those knickers," Mom said, more to herself than to Maggie, after I had left. As she arose to get breakfast started, Maggie added, "I hope his team doesn't see them. He's right; he would end up *being* a field goal instead of *making* one."

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I went up and obeyed Mom's command. I had no choice unless I wanted to go without any underpants at all. That would be worse than wearing knickers if Mom caught me. However, lacy knickers could have their own deadlines. I wavered but knew what the final outcome would be.

I had to get dressed, so I pulled off my robe and tossed it on my bed. I did not want to run around naked so I bit the bullet and pulled on those knickers. They were bright pink and full of lace at all the critical points as well as having a waistband that seemed to be made from a semi-elastic lace. They were smooth going up my legs, not like my shorts, but I did not want them and so I suppressed the feelings that they evoked. To cover them, I quickly pulled up my pants, noting, however, that over the very top of my pants, the top of the lacy waistband poked out, almost daring me to wear them. I quickly put on a tee

and tucked it in, thus hiding the offending lace. Maggie was right, I would have to change out-of-sight of all of the others. It would be tricky, but would have to be done. *Damn her!*

Of course, part of the problem was that I was just about her size. She was fuller in the hip, meaning that, on me, the knickers billowed out a bit there. She was also much fuller at the chest, looking much like Mom's chest, but not as quite as much. Mom had said that she would probably grow more and match her before all was said and done. Beyond that, we had the same size almost all over. She had often borrowed some of my shirts when the desire had hit her, not always asking first.

She was older than I was, but due to our birthdays and school years, we were in the same class at school, another sore point with me. I had long bright red hair, long by desire, as she did too, but hers was full of curls so that it didn't look longer than mine. Hers was definitely feminine while mine had a natural waviness (*no, NOT naturally curly!! Don't even think that!!*). At this point I had no idea of the plot she was hatching, apparently with Mom's help.

I put on socks and my tennis, then a plaid wool shirt. It was a bit cool out, and I didn't want to get cold. I was dressed and I headed down to breakfast. I wanted to eat and run in order to get to the field as early as possible to avail myself of whatever possibilities for changing I could before it got too crowded.

At breakfast, Maggie looked over at me, grinned and giggled. I returned these with my best glare. If Mom noticed this interchange she did not say anything or do anything. She did admonish me not to gobble my food to which I replied that I had to get to the locker room as soon as possible. She just smiled and went on. When I finally left, Maggie did have the "decency" to tell me to be careful, followed by yet another giggle. She knew quite well the position she had put me in.

If I could have, I would have stayed home, but the scrubs were short on quarterbacks, especially quarterbacks who could read! Also, Coach Peters seemed to actually listen to what I said about the plays, sort of relying on my "insider's" view. Thus, even 8th string quarterbacks like me were needed. If they could catch me, I was easily wiped out since I was so small, but I was fast; at least I figured that was why I had even made it to the scrub squad. It definitely was not because of my massive size nor unstoppable momentum. It was more like having my sister on the team.

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That wasn't the first time Maggie had "done me in" on underwear. I had managed to win out, sort of, before. This time, however, Mom seemed to be backing her, so I knew I was in trouble. At least it looked like she was backing her. Whatever the case, I ended up on my bike with my boy clothes covering that pair of shamefully lacy, pink knickers. As I rode, I also noted—couldn't help it, as it was a first time I had worn such while riding my bike—how they seemed to slither and slide. It was a tantalising feeling that was pleasant on one hand and quite shameful on the other. It had me in a quandary.

I managed to get there early enough to do as Maggie had suggested. I took my padded football pants into the bathroom and changed. I was early enough that I could possibly

have changed in the locker room, but the chance of someone walking in when my pants were down was just too great. I was grateful that my football pants came up higher than my jeans. I wished they came up even higher, like maybe to my armpits, but at least none of the lacy waistband was peeking out.

Back in the locker room, I doffed my shirt and put on the rest of my uniform. Here again I wished that the jersey came down lower. It tended to pull out whenever I raised my arms since the shoulder pads were so large they used a lot of the jersey cloth. I was fully dressed by the time the last of the late scrubs had come in to quickly strip and get suited up. There was male nudity all about me, but I had found Coach Peters and was looking over the new plays. None seemed to be all that bad, but I knew that they would tax some of the slower team members.

When we were ready, we went out to the playing field. I put on my helmet, ignoring how much of my long hair lay about my shoulders, looking like my helmet had sprayed it there. Actually, my helmet helped to keep my hair out of my eyes, a necessary action when calling plays and evaluating them.

All was going well to begin with. We did a number of plays and the coach was pleased. Well, we didn't wipe out too badly, and he figured the "real" players, the first and second strings, would be able to pick them up and perfect them. Then came a double end around (or some such; I don't remember). It was complicated with multiple pass offs. *No problem there, as long as all goes well.*

Suddenly it all went terribly bad.

The play started out and I passed it off. I was supposed to get it back, however. Then, as I was about to get it passed back to me, I slipped in a fast turn and fell while reaching for the ball. Not bad in itself, but in reaching I had fallen and missed the ball as my hands slapped empty air. What was so bad about that? Well, for the first part, just as my hands came together, Moose Wilkins, the 300-pound plus back, also went for the ball and with all of his weight, landed with an audible crunch on both of my almost clasped hands. The pain was excruciating.

That was the first of my long-term problems. The second one was that I rolled in a ball in my pain. The result was that the top of my pants came down as my knees came up and my jersey left its confines, baring my lower back and, along with it, a healthy amount of my lacy knickers. All action on the field came to a sudden halt and Coach Peters came out to see what had happened.

He immediately saw both of my problems, as did most of the team. I think they were too stunned to say or do much. Coach Peters, however, came over and pulled me up to my feet in spite of my muffled screams of pain. He told the team to take a break and took me, none too gently, off the field and over to his office. By then I was beginning to go numb with shock but was nevertheless crying with tear streaked cheeks.

After carefully looking at my hands, he first called my mother to find out what hospital I should be taken to, saying simply that I had injured my hands and would need to go to an emergency centre. He then called St. Mary's Hospital, informing them that he had a football player who had badly injured hands and that he was going to bring me right over.

We went to his car after he talked to the alternate quarterback and got him to try and work on the plays. He said that he would be back as soon as possible.

He drove me to the hospital. By the time we got there, Mom was there with our family doctor, D.C. Walthers, who was actually her gynaecologist but doubled as our family doctor. Mom answered all the questions about who I was, who was going to pay, and such. The ER interns x-rayed my hands and said that my injuries would require surgery. So, Coach Peters, with great care, helped to remove my uniform. Momentary smiles appeared on the interns' and nurses' faces when my knickers came into view, but it was all business. Coach then collected every bit of my football gear, leaving me naked except for those lacy, pink knickers. I was relatively quickly covered with a hospital gown, if you can call that a cover, and momentarily, at least, the offending knickers disappeared from view as I was wheeled off to see what could be done. However, the (visual) damage had been done. I don't remember shots, drugs or who did what.

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While I went off to surgery, Mom and Doctor Walthers went into a huddle with a copy of my x-rays to discuss what my hands looked like and what the likely treatment would be. In the course of the discussion, the subject of my panties came up, how I came to be wearing them, and why. Somehow, Mom found in the doctor a very sympathetic ear, especially in light of the "irrefutable" evidence of the lacy knickers I had been wearing. I'm sure Mom could not have planned all that happened to me that day, much less have it come out as it did. She did take advantage of it, however, and requested the assistance of the doctor, who then went out, found the consent forms needed, filled them out and had Mom sign them. Thus, D.C. was given a sort of *carte blanche* over my future, with Mom's blessings, but she gave Mom some guidance and counselling in return.

They discussed methods, aims, ends, and so forth for my future even as I was going under the knife. I would find out what was going on and what was plotted and planned only much, much later. At the time of their discussion, I was totally out of it, in more ways than one. As a result, however, I was later given some additional shots, a hormonal implant, and pills to take, both pain pills and other pills that in reality were strong estrogenic hormones and androgens (testosterone suppressants). But again, I would not learn of them or their effects for a long, long time.

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As I was wheeled into the recovery room, still cutting drug-induced Z's, two student interns who had seen me in the ER came in behind me and looked at my chart. It may have been curiosity but when they saw my name, "Dean," they looked at each other, nodded and one of them made changes in three letters. Following my name, he added a "ne" and for "sex" he substituted an "F" for the "M." They chuckled to themselves, remembering my knickers as they left me as "Deanne," a girl.

The nurses monitoring the recovery room never knew the difference since I had barely arrived. By the time they came to my chart, needs, etc. they just followed the chart as written, barely noticing my sex, much less my name.

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When I came to, I was naturally quite confused. I had an IV in my arm, and my hands were aching with deep throbbing pulses. There were no sharp pains, but the deep pains hurt tremendously and were most uncomfortable. When I tried to look at them, I found I was in a mild restraint that would keep me from rolling over. The sides of the bed were up, and my hands felt like they weighed a ton.

When I finally managed to see them, I found large flat plaster “disks” with just my fingernails showing. The cast ran from there almost up to my elbows. They were heavy. The only “free” finger was the thumb of my right hand; it was only partially inhibited. All the rest were immobilised. My first action, however, was to fall back to sleep.

I was apparently kept in the recovery room until after dinnertime. All was going very well, although I did not know it at the time. The next time I came to, all seemed to be the same as at my first awakening, except that I now saw nurses who asked me questions, making notes of my replies as they did. I found out from them where I was, what had happened to me since my arrival, and what was going to happen. I was going to be put in a ward and then probably go home tomorrow evening. The injuries were not minor but were not major enough for an extended stay.

After dinner, spoon-fed, I was visited by Doctor Walthers. She discussed my injuries, initiated me into the use of a bedpan, and then gave me a sedative. It was sort of welcome to get away from the aches and pains in my hands. While I was out, they moved me to a room with two others in it. After I was moved to my new bed and the orderlies had gone away, she rolled me over and gave me several implants in the back of my hips, strong implants designed for long-lasting effects. I’m sure she smiled as she pulled my knickers back up before rolling me onto my back and reaffixing my “anti-roll” restraints.

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In the morning, I was still woozy from the drugs used on me in the OR, so I just sort of accepted my environment. It seemed strange to me that I was in a room with two women, but maybe they had space problems? I knew I could do nothing to them and they couldn’t do much to me. We all had various casts on legs or arms. They looked at me, but we didn’t really speak.

Breakfast and lunch were repeat feedings by the nurses. I was embarrassed by that and looked away when the other patients looked my way, and smiled.

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In the morning, one of the nurses, before going off duty, made a routine call to the high school. She called the school nurse.

"This is Nurse Whittaker, the duty nurse at Saint Mary's Hospital. I am calling to inform you that one of your students has suffered a somewhat debilitating accident and will probably not be in school for a while. Her name is Deanne March."

The nurse wrote down the name. It was not familiar. "Yes, and what is the nature of the accident?"

"She seems to have suffered multiple fractures of the metacarpals, carpals and a large number of phalanges of both hands. Both of her hands are in casts. She is going to have very limited ability to write."

"I see." She was writing this down, still not yet knowing whom the caller was describing.

"This is just a routine call so you can update your records and notify whoever has to be notified."

"Thank you, Nurse Whittaker. I'll see that this is done. Bye."

She then went to the files and looked up March, but did not find a Deanne. When she found "Dean," she put two and two together and wondered if any other surgery had gone on at the hospital. "That nurse sounded tired and may have given only the parts that she felt would affect the school," she thought. Smiling to herself, she made copies of Dean's records, then made the entries in the new set of records, changing the name and sex for the new "Miss" March. If that is what "he" wanted; so be it.

She then called the school's administrative office, passed on the report, then added her opinions. The head office had been informed of the accident but not of this side issue. They knew of Dean's accident as the coach had notified them. However, to be safe, they pulled the records of Dean March and flagged them as "transsexual," noting the new name and sex. If he showed up in this guise, they would change the permanent records to "F." Collecting all of "his" records that indicated "his" sex, they clipped them together to be "ready" – just in case. They would have to wait and see.

With the injuries and disabilities, it was clear to them what he would probably require. If he was to continue in the program, he would definitely have to have a tutor and the tutor would have to have copies of the records. To test the veracity of Nurse Whittaker's conjectures, they would simply require that he present himself and sign for them or, if need be, have someone come with him to sign. In any case, he would have to present himself and then the judgement would be made.

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That afternoon, one of the nurses, in lining up my release, noted that all I had for clothing was one pair of knickers. She called my house. Maggie answered.

“Hello, this is Nurse Carter at Saint Mary’s. I am calling in respect to Deanne March. She is a patient here and is to be released this evening.”

“Deanne?” Maggie was stopped for just a second and then with a wide grin realised what this meant. “Is she ready to come home so soon?”

“Yes, I thought you knew that. Well, what I am calling about is that she appears to have misplaced her clothing, having only a pair of knickers. If she is to be released, she will need a set of clothes to travel in.”

“Oh, yes, of course! I’ll see that we bring some. What time will she be released?”

“7:30, after some final tests and examinations. Be sure that her blouse is not constrictive in the arms, as the casts must fit through. They are about 10 inches wide.”

“Thank you, I’ll see what we have or can adjust.”

“Very good. Be there at 7:30 and thank you.”

“You’re welcome, bye.”

Maggie was beside herself. She went to her closet and chose a black A-line skirt and a blouse that was a bit filmy with fluttering sleeves that would accommodate the casts. She then got a half-slip, bra, pantyhose and a pair of two-inch high heels to complete the outfit. She went to my room and measured to be sure the clothes would fit. Then she put them into an overnight bag along with a bit of makeup and jewellery and some stuffing for the bra. Calling Mom, she said that she had some clothes for me to wear; the hospital said they were to pick me up at 7:30. Dad had gotten a call from a very angry coach that day and had called to say he would be late anyway. The pickup of Maggie’s “sister” was set, her *twin* sister, no less.

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Neither Mom nor Maggie had been to visit, as it was a sure thing that I’d be sprung. Also, neither had thought of clothes. Mom had noted that I had come in wearing the football uniform and that the coach had left with it but she had not put two and two together, being distracted by other concerns. For my part, I had been told all day that I was going to be picked up at seven thirty, so I was “primed”.

In that afternoon I was put into a wheel chair and wheeled off so that my casts and hands could be x-rayed. The x-rays were read; there were no apparent complications so I was okayed for release.

When 7:30 came, I was very happy to see my mother and sister come in. Mom was led off by a doctor to talk about my care (and feeding) while Maggie was left to prepare me to leave. She drew the curtains around my bed, shielding me from the other patients in my room. When she opened the overnight bag and started drawing out the blouse, skirt and lingerie, I about had an attack.

She, quickly silenced any shouting before it started by adding simply and succinctly that I was in no place to argue, especially while being in a *woman’s* ward. I refused to get dressed in her clothing, and that was all there was to it.