



Reluctant Press presents:

THE ACCIDENTAL GIRL

Heather Berdrow



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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The Accidental Girl

By: Heather Berdrow

Part 1

Prom night. Every young girls dream party. This is first opportunity to show just how grown up and mature one has become, an indicator of upcoming womanhood. Stacy is just like all the other girls this evening. Anticipating the coming night causes butterflies to flit about her flat tummy. She has already taken a long, scented bath, shaved closely her lean and tanned legs, and tried to relax in the hot water. Not an easy chore today. Stacy steps out of the tub and dries herself with a fluffy towel. Another towel is wrapped around her head with practiced care.

While still in the bathroom, she smooths on a silky body lotion, to keep her skin soft and healthy. She applies a lavender powder just before she slowly walks back to her room. Once there, Stacy lays out all the clothes she has chosen for this biggest night of her young life.

She begins with a pair of silky black bikini panties, then a strapless lace demi bra, also in a rich black, with cups just large enough to contain her growing breasts. She then removes a new pair of lace top, thigh-high stockings, which will be held in place by the new garter belt her mom had suggested. The thought of such scandalous underthings brings chills and goose bumps to Stacy's tan skin.

Stacy also chose a long evening gown, in a deep royal blue satin. It hugs every curve from ankle to neck. It, too, is strapless, with a gathered bodice complete with many rhinestones. The dress features a side seam slit, up to near the top of her thigh. There will be just a hint of lace with every step. Finally, a pair of 3" satin pumps, in a matching blue, is slipped on.

After all the parts of her prom outfit are assembled, Stacy sits at her vanity. She looks deeply into her soul, as she surveys her changing body. Events of just a few years earlier flood her thoughts. Stacy thinks to herself, "I should be in a tux tonight, not an evening gown and pumps." But that fateful day at the lake has forever changed the course of Stacy's life.

It was a hot July day. The Brown family had rented a lakeside cottage for the summer vacation. Besides Stacy and her parents, her older sister Julie and a couple of girl cousins have come along. The temperature had climbed rapidly towards 90 degrees by late in the morning. Everyone was in swim suits. The girls wore skimpy two-piece bikinis; her mother had a one piece suit on, and a pair of cover shorts. Stacy and her dad were in swim trunks as they all headed for the dock.

You might ask, "Stacy is a girl. Why isn't she wearing more?" But Stacy is not a girl. Yet. That is about to change in one frightening moment. Stacy is a 13 year-old boy, just learning how to water ski. Mr. Brown was at the wheel, with Stacy's mom as the observer. Julie and the cousins were on the shore, watching and waiting for their turn behind the boat. They had just finished their second pass, when out of nowhere, a young man on a jet ski appeared. Stacy had no time to react. The jet ski ran right into him, sending him flying into the shallow water near the shore. The family could only watch in horror as Stacy's lifeless body bobbed in the water. This is the last memory Stacy had: flying through the air.

When he next woke up, Stacy was in an unfamiliar bed, and there were many tubes and wires attached to him. He was in much pain, as he saw his mother sitting in a chair next to his bed. Her hair was unkempt and she had dark circles under both eyes. With great effort, Stacy raised a hand and laid it on hers. She lifted her head and a smile spread across her tired face. He tried to speak, but no sound came out, not even a squeak. His mom placed some ice chips into his waiting dry mouth.

He tried to smile, as a weak 'Hi' came out. Mrs. Brown was openly sobbing now. Stacy desperately wanted to tell her that everything would be okay. But Stacy was too unsure of even where he was to do that. Darkness slowly crept back into his consciousness. He could tell that his eyelids were fluttering and that they soon would close. He was powerless to stop them. He could see only his mother's face and the many tubes and wires going in and out of his body.

Stacy could hear voices coming from far away as he again tried to open his eyes. He could pick out the sounds of his mom, dad, and Julie. He also heard a voice he didn't recognize. When he finally succeeded in opening his eyelids, he saw his family, the room, and a tall male figure in a long white coat. They all saw Stacy open his eyes, and they smiled and cried. The tall figure came to his bed and sat down. "I am glad that you're finally waking up, we all have been very worried about you. I am Dr. Gold, and I have been treating you," he said. Stacy remembered the Jet Ski and the sensation of flying, but nothing else after that.

He was only able to generate a tiny whisper. "I hurt all over. Am I going to die?"

The doctor smiled, and said, "Not today, Stacy. But I do need to discuss your injuries. Do you think that you are up to that?" Stacy gently shook his head yes. "Very good," the

doctor said. "This will be difficult to hear, as your injuries were quite substantial. We had to do certain procedures in order to save your life."

The words that the doctor said seemed to sober Stacy up. "What procedures?" He whispered.

"I'll start at the beginning, and tell you all the damage to your body, and what we had to do to fix it. Is that okay?" the doctor asked Stacy, with his family close by. Stacy once again agreed. "To begin with, you suffered a broken leg, pelvis, and many facial bones. There was damage to your lungs, liver, spleen, and kidneys. We nearly lost you on the operating table several times," he said. "But some of the worst damage was to your genital area." Stacy remembered the term from his health class. He could feel the blood drain from his face and could see the look of horror on the faces of his mom and dad.

"We knew that the damage would keep you from having children in the future, that there wouldn't be very much in the way of a normal sex life. We consulted your parents before we proceeded." The doctor paused, to allow everything to sink in. "We had to remove your testicles. Your penis was severely lacerated. We recommended to your parents that instead of going through life with a visibly deformed area, we would fashion a vagina out of the remaining tissue. Essentially, you are now a girl down there."

Stacy could feel his heart and breathing racing. His mom came to the bed, grabbed his hand, and tried to reassure Stacy. Then the doctor continued. "And with all the facial bones that were fractured, we had to change some things around. You'll see that your nose is smaller, as well as your mouth and jaw. Once all the bandages are off and the swelling dissipates, I think that you'll find a very cute girl looking back at you. I know that everything we had to do is shocking, but they had to be made, in order to keep you alive. I am very sorry, but our choices were very limited." The room went eerily silent.

"So I am a girl now?" Stacy said softly. His voice had a girlish tone to it.

"For all intents and purpose, yes you are. We have already started you on a female hormone regimen that will help you in becoming a functioning girl," the doctor said. He stood up and shook Stacy's hand, before he left the room.

Julie was sitting at the foot of Stacy's bed, as his mom and dad moved chairs to his bedside. Stacy could see that they all had tears in their eyes. Stacy thought as quickly as he could and said, "At least I won't have to change my name." His family smiled and began to giggle, as some of the tension began to evaporate.

The family was very supportive of Stacy. But he, now she, was very confused. She asked her mom, "I know that a lot has happened, and I have a lot of healing to do. But just how long have I been here?"

Her dad swallowed hard, and said, "You have been here for nearly 4 months. And you've had at least 6 different surgeries since the accident. The doctors told us what needed to be done and we agreed with them."

Then her mom spoke up. "You'll notice many changes. Some are very obvious, and some are just beginning," she said.

Stacy asked, "Besides having a new 'down there,' what else?"

Her mom continued. "Besides that, your face will be different, your voice is much more feminine, and the hormones have begun to change your body." Stacy gave her mom a puzzled look.

"The changes we were told to expect were that your skin would soften and your hair would grow faster and thicker. You will start to develop like any other young girl your age. You will be developing breasts, your hips will widen, and your behind will round out. Your growth will probably stop in the neighborhood of 5'6" or so," she stated.

Stacy was feeling quite overwhelmed. It was a lot to process for a boy who was just beginning to understand what being a male is all about.

The family vowed to help to make this work for the new her. Once the bandages were removed, Stacy had the chance to see all that had to be changed. She couldn't believe her own eyes. She was truly cute, with a small, upturned nose. Her cheek bones were much higher on her face and her eyes seemed to just jump out at her. Her face was so different that what she had grown to expect. It would take some getting used to.

Once she was allowed to move around and physical therapy had begun, Stacy was able to see just what differences her body had gone through. Not long after her conversation with the doctor and her family, the catheter had been removed, she realized that she had to go. The nurse assisted her to the bathroom. She reminded Stacy that she now had to sit. Her mother was there, sharing with her new daughter what would be required to keep herself clean and dry. Stacy didn't think she was quite ready for that process, either. Having the doctor examine her was difficult. It was quite a unique experience for Stacy, as she put on panties for the first time.

With Stacy finally home, the real education began. She had a lot to learn about living as a girl now. She didn't have the luxury of gradually acquiring the skills. She needed to learn in months what a genetic girl does over years. Learning feminine mannerisms took an effort. Sitting, standing, even walking, all were different than how a boy does them.

The entire family, including aunts, uncles and cousins, all helped in the remodeling of her room. It no longer contained posters of cute girls, sports celebrities, and cars. Instead, a coating of yellow and white paint now brightened the room. Her old bed and dresser had been replaced with a four-poster bed, as well as a vanity and chair, a new dresser and mirror. But not everything was going as smoothly as they had hoped.

Mrs. Brown heard Stacy sobbing in her room. She ran in to ask what the tears were about. "Oh, mom. It's just starting to sink in. I was looking through all the drawers. There is no trace of the old me anywhere. Only girly things." Mrs. Brown went to Stacy, and put a reassuring arm around her shoulders.

"We all knew that all this would be a shock for you. But we will get through this if we work together. You have to think of yourself as a girl now. The boy Stacy no longer has a place here, only the new and improved model." This made Stacy smile.

So it began. Stacy began to learn life as a girl in her early teens. Fashions were a major hurdle. No more jeans and T-shirts. Stacy found out about skirts, both long and short, dresses, and of course shoes. Stacy learned how to match an outfit to the occasion. Under Julie's tutelage, Stacy began to pick up the use of makeup. From day to night, Stacy was constantly immersed in femininity.

No one seemed to notice just how difficult the process had been on Mr. Brown. Gone was the rough and tumble son, replaced by a soft, shy daughter. He truly missed talking about sports and such with his son, who was a pretty good baseball player. He had to watch Stacy wearing short skirts and belly shirts. He watched the budding young man becoming the blossoming young lady. But Mr. Brown knew that what his wife and daughter were doing to Stacy was best for her.

"This is too complicated, mom," Stacy complained, as Mrs. Brown tried to educate her in the secrets of womanhood. "I'll never learn everything, let alone remember what goes with what," she told her mother.

"You've already come so far, honey. Just a few more things and I think you'll be ready," she shared with Stacy.

"Ready for what?" Stacy asked.

"Ready to go out and be in public, silly. Did you think you were going to stay in this house for the rest of your life?" she replied to her new daughter.

"No way am I going anywhere, if I have to be dressed this way," Stacy said with a nervous smile.

"Well see," was all Mrs. Brown said.

A difficult day lay ahead of Stacy. She didn't have a clue what was about to take place. Stacy hadn't had one visit from any of her old friends since the accident. Even Stacy's best friend, Bob, hadn't stopped by. But this was okay with Stacy. She wasn't sure how they would be with all the changes she had gone through. She didn't know her parents had kept them away until they thought she was ready. This Saturday would be that day.

Mrs. Brown came into Stacy's room to wake her. Stacy pulled back the blanket and sheet and sat on the side of the bed. She was wearing a pastel pink baby doll nightie and matching panties. Through the thin material, she could see the budding breasts, the narrowing waist, and the flaring of her hips. As she passed her on her way to the bathroom, Mrs. Brown turned to watch Stacy from behind. Her rump was rounding out quite nicely, and she had a distinctively feminine wiggle.

"Hurry and dress, Stacy. Lots to do today," Mrs. Brown said. Stacy yawned and acknowledged her mom's statement. After her mom left the room, Stacy chose a pleated mini skirt in a muted pink plaid, and a tight, sleeveless tee. She slipped off her nightie and panties, then put on a clean pair, with a new bra. She slid the skirt into place, low on her hips, and zipped it up. Her top was next, followed by a pair of cuffed anklets and tennis shoes, both in white and pink. Stacy had gotten into the habit of sleeping with a ponytail, so minimal brushing was required to get things straightened out.

Stacy checked out her image in the mirror and thought, "If I was still a guy, I would be drooling over this," as she turned this way, then that. Stacy smiled, blew herself a kiss, and headed to the kitchen for breakfast.

As Stacy entered the room, she saw two of her friends sitting at the table with her mom and dad. A deep blush spread across her face, and her heart began to race wildly. She knew there was no escape at. The boys turned, saw Stacy, and returned her blush with

their own. "Stacy?" Bob asked, meekly. Bob was his best friend as far back as kindergarten. Fred was a friend also, just not as close as Bob was.

Stacy smiled weakly, and said, "Hi Bob. Long time no see."

Both boys were tongue tied. They surveyed their friend as she stood there in a short skirt and tight shirt.

Mrs. Brown broke the chill. "Stacy, sit with your friends, while I serve breakfast." Stacy walked to the far side of the table, and sat gently as she smoothed her skirt under her. She was acutely aware that she needed to keep her knees close together. Friends or not, they weren't going to see her panties today.

"Is that really you, Stacy?" Bob again asked. "Your mom and dad told us about the lake and the surgeries. We both have been really worried for you."

Fred then piped in. "No matter what, you're still our friend."

Stacy looked up and a tear fell down her cheek. "Thanks so much, guys. That really means a lot to me," she was finally able to get out. This little exchange seemed to warm the table. The conversation was still somewhat strained, but was improving. By the end of breakfast, it was nearly normal.

After the meal was over, Stacy, Bob, and Fred all went out to the front porch. Bob said to Stacy, "We came by every day to see how you were doing. Your mom, dad, and Julie were great. They told us as much as they could. Like Freddy said, we are here to be with you, as a boy, or a girl. You're just Stacy to us." Fred was nodding his head in agreement.

"Thanks. I know it must be hard for you both to see me this way. It's hard for me. But I feel better knowing that my friends are here," Stacy said to the boys. "We won't be able to do some of the things we used to, but we can still see each other, and, you know, talk."

The three made a promise to keep their friendship alive. Bob was having a difficult time to not stare at the cute girl sitting very close to him. Bob began to feel an unfamiliar twinge in his pants. Fred then invited Stacy and Bob to the mall, for a burger and soda.

"I'll go ask my mom and dad, but it should be okay," Stacy replied. She jumped up, spun, and went in to talk to her parents. Little did she know that she had given both boys a nice view of her silky panties. Stacy excitedly asked to go to the mall with her friends. Both mom and dad thought it was a great idea, but they wanted Julie to go along, as support. Stacy went to ask Julie herself. Julie readily agreed. So the four, Stacy and Julie, and Bob and Fred headed for the bus stop, and on to the mall. This was the first time away from home for Stacy since her accident, and she was a bundle of nerves. She could feel drops of sweat form on her back and her upper lip.

Julie noticed the discomfort Stacy was feeling, and grabbed her hand. "You're doing great, don't worry. The boys and I won't let anything happen to you. Okay?" Julie whispered. Stacy nodded yes and tried to relax. It was starting to work, until the bus stopped in front of the mall entrance and they all had to leave the bus. The anxiety returned.

After leaving the bus stop, Stacy began to see people she knew when she was a boy. How was she supposed to react if someone recognized her? Julie tried to help by having Stacy look into a window, at her reflection. "Do you see any of the old Stacy?" she asked.

Julie and the boys all agreed that she looked nothing like before, and they would be the only ones that knew.

Stacy weakly smiled, and headed for the entrance door. As they made their way to the burger joint, Bob held onto Stacy's hand. He could feel the moist palm and the shaking. He whispered to her, "Look, we're all here for you, Stacy. Nobody has teased you, so stop being afraid." She took a deep breath and continued to the food court with Julie and the boys. She didn't let go of Bob's hand though.

They group finally arrived at the Burgers-R-Us. They found a table and four chairs on the far side of the joint. After getting the girls' orders, Bob and Fred went to the window. Julie sat close to Stacy. When the boys returned to the table with the order, they found that Stacy was much more comfortable, even smiling. The weeks of practice were paying off. Stacy thought she was finally beginning to act more like a girl than a boy; it was easier than she expected. It wasn't long before she even began to have fun, and forget about the old Stacy.

After the food was gone, the four continued to talk as they walked the aisles of the mall. Stacy wasn't quite ready to go shopping. She continued to hold Bob's hand. He was a security blanket for her. Julie complimented Stacy on her reactions. She did really well, once the jitters had gone.

It was getting late so the group caught the bus, and headed home. Bob and Fred walked the girls to their door, where they were thanked by Julie and Stacy, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Brown. After the boys had left, Stacy's parents wanted to know how it all went. The girls gave them a generalized version of the afternoon but failed to mention that Stacy had held Bob's hand the entire afternoon. Stacy's parents were very proud of her; she survived her first time out without them. They hoped it wouldn't be the last.

Julie followed Stacy back to her room. After shutting the door, Julie lay on the bed, and began a conversation with her little sister. Stacy couldn't thank Julie enough for her help. "That's what big sisters are for," Julie replied with a grin. "So, how did you like holding hands with Bob all day?" Julie asked.

Stacy didn't realize that she had, but after giving it some thought, she said to Julie, "Okay, I guess. He just made me feel safe. Did I do something wrong?"

Julie just shook her head and said that she had done a great job at the mall. "I was really proud of. Once we got you over the nerves, you were like any other girl at the mall. You just need to learn how to shop like a girl," Julie snickered.

Stacy plopped down next to Julie. "Thanks, Sis. If you do the teaching, I'll try to be better at it." The girls hugged, something that as brother and sister they rarely did. They truly were growing closer everyday.

Sunday afternoon, the phone rang. Mrs. Brown answered, and then called to Stacy. When Stacy picked up the extension, she heard Bob on the other end of the line. "Thanks for a fun time, Stacy," Bob said. "I really had a good time, how about you?" Stacy could feel the blush begin to spread.

"I had a good time too, thanks to you and Fred and, of course, Julie," Stacy replied. She could hear the nervousness in Bob's laugh over the phone.

There was a slight, silent pause, then, "Would you like to go to a movie or something with me?" Bob stuttered.

"I would really like that," Stacy replied. "But I'll have to ask my parents first. I'll call you back later?" Bob agreed and told Stacy he was looking forward to her call. Stacy went to her mom, who was standing nearby.

"Bob would like to take me to a movie. What do you think I should say?" she asked shakily.

"If you were older, I would say yes. But remember, you are only 13 years old. I think you should wait awhile before accepting an offer for a date," her mom said. For some reason, Stacy felt both relief and disappointment. "But if you would like to see him again, invite him over for some lemonade on our porch."

Stacy's heart did a flip-flop in her chest. "That sounds better to me, too," Stacy said to her mom.

Stacy called Bob back and shared her mom's reply with him. Bob was very understanding, and somewhat relieved. He had never asked anyone out on a date. Bob said he would be over, as some lemonade sounded good. Stacy hung up the phone, and went to the kitchen to get the drinks ready. Her mom suggested that she change. Stacy went to her room and tried to decide what to wear. She settled on a sundress, and some sandals

After changing, and fixing her ponytail, Stacy put on a little lip gloss and headed for the porch to wait for Bob to show up. Her heart continued to race. Stacy didn't quite now why. Bob was her best friend, after all. And he was a boy. No boy had ever made her feel this way before. "Why now?" she pondered.

Soon enough, Bob rode up on his bike, hopped off, and headed for the Brown's front porch, where he saw Stacy standing there, waiting for him. Bob was having the



same feelings as Stacy. He had known Stacy for so long, and they were friends. He thought "Why am I so turned on right now?"

The two sat close together, as they sipped their lemonade and had a light conversation. All too soon, the sun was setting and Bob needed to get home for dinner. He got up and headed for his bike, with Stacy close by. Bob leaned over and kissed Stacy on the cheek, before riding home. This raised many questions for both Stacy and Bob to ponder. Why did he kiss her? And why only on the cheek? She grabbed the two glasses, and went inside for dinner.

Part 2

The summer was nearly over. It was time to register the girls for school. Stacy would have to test up, in order to enter the ninth grade, as she had lost so much time from the accident. Once the test was completed, she was able to register for her freshman year of high school. Julie was a year ahead of her. There was to be a family pow-wow. There were some serious issues that needed to be resolved.

Most important was how to register Stacy, and what should be said to the school's administration. Only the week before, by court order, Stacy's birth certificate was changed from male to female. It was official now. Stacy Brown was a girl. After some discussion, it was decided to be up front and honest not only with the school's administrators and teachers, but also with Stacy's new classmates. Only a few people in town knew the whole story. The school's counselor was contacted, and a meeting was set up for just before the start of classes. Stacy wore a long, tiered skirt, loose blouse, and sandals to the meeting.

After hearing all about the accident, the counselor agreed with the parents. As the story was being told, the counselor looked directly at Stacy the entire time. Stacy was scared and a little uncomfortable. The counselor then told Stacy it was a brief test to see if she was being truthful about her acceptance of her situation. She had passed with flying colors. Later that same afternoon, Stacy was officially registered as a female, ready to begin the ninth grade.

A parent-teacher meeting was called. All of Stacy's teachers were invited, as well as the school's counselor, and a district representative. After everything was explained and the teachers that were involved given guidelines to follow, all was set for Stacy's return to school.

It was time to go shopping for school clothes and supplies for Stacy and Julie. Luckily for the Brown's, the girls were nearly identical in size. Except for their intimates, the girls would be able to share wardrobes.

Stacy still looked to Julie for fashion advice. She trusted her sister to make the proper choices. Various length skirts and dresses, as well as jeans in a rainbow of colors, were bought. After many months on strong hormones, Stacy was now well into a 'B' cup. Several bras, including sport bras, were selected. When it came time to pick out undies, Mom put her foot down on thong panties, especially for Stacy. Instead, they purchased bikini and high-cut briefs. Julie had a preference for the feel of cottons, but Stacy was still hooked on silks and satins, and nylon panties.