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MEDICAL MISS-PRACTICE

Story by KK • Art by Fraylim



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***MEDICAL
MISS-
PRACTICE***

Story by KK

Art by Fraylim

Cover by Fraylim and Joe Six-Pack

A Tales of Transformation story



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MEDICAL MISS-PRACTICE



Harv Hankowitz, Attorney at Law, had made a name for himself by sticking up for the little guy... more specifically, the little guys who had been victims of medical mispractice. Botched surgeries, bad diagnoses, defective drugs — heck, if the doctor so much as looked at you funny, Harv Hankowitz was there to make things right. He'd been in the game for almost two decades now, and he'd gone to war for hundreds of clients. For a fee, of course. And a percentage. Plus expenses.

But he'd never encountered anything quite like this case. And boy oh boy, did it ever smell like the biggest haul of his career. It was the kind of case he'd been waiting his whole career for, the kind where, if he played his cards right, he and his client might both walk away set for life. He checked the address one more time, then parked his Peugeot, closed his briefcase, and slicked back his hair.

“Showtime, Harv,” he muttered. “Let’s go make the big bucks.”

He strode up the steps of a somewhat dingy apartment building and rang the buzzer.

“Hello?” came a quiet, almost whispered voice.

Harv leaned in closer. “Good afternoon, Ma’am. This is Harv Hankowitz, attorney at law, here for an appointment with Mr. Jerry Schmitt to discuss some legal matters.”

“Right. Uh, come on in.”

The apartment door buzzed open, and Harv swept through, briefcase swinging. He marched down the hallway to the appropriate door, and was about to knock when it opened on its own. Harv could practically hear the trombone slide as his eyes travelled up the figure before him.

Harv considered himself to be one smooth player in all facets of life, but he was forced to swallow — twice — before he could speak. “Hello again,” he said, dragging his eyes upwards. “We spoke a moment ago over the, uh, intercom. Is Jerry home?”

The person in front of him flushed deeply, and Harv realized his mistake all at once — this person’s hair was a short, scraggly black mess, the nails were short and clearly chewed on, eyebrows were unplucked, and they weren’t wearing a hint of makeup.

“I’m Jerry,” the person said, in the same quiet voice he’d heard through the buzzer. “You done staring, pal?”

He had been caught gawking at one of the most fabulous bodies he’d ever seen. It was just attached to the wrong head. “My sincere apologies, Mister Schmitt,” Harv said, clapping a hand over his heart. “I was just taken aback. What’s happened to you is an absolute tragedy, but today we’re going to start making it right. May I come in?”

Jerry Schmitt, who looked absolutely nothing like a twenty-three-year-old male employed for the last 5 years in an auto shop, nodded sourly and led the way into the apartment.

“What we have here is a total, utter, colossal screw-up. Negligence to the nth degree. Luckily for you, I’m here to fix it and make me... and you... filthy rich in the process.”

Jerry nodded, looking slightly encouraged. “I saw your ad on TV,” he admitted. “It says you’re the best.”

“Damn straight, kid,” Harv said. “Now, how about you tell me, in your own words, exactly what happened at the hospital?”



Six Weeks Earlier...

Jerry Schmitt ambled over to his boss, wiping his hands. “All right, chief, I’m out of here,” he said. “Got that doctor’s appointment.”

His employer looked up from his clipboard distractedly. “Right, right,” he said. “They’re taking that wart off your arm, you said?”

“See if they can take that big hairy one off your shoulders, too!” came a shout from one of the mechanic’s pits.

“Screw you, Ted!” Jerry shouted back.

Ted, one of Jerry’s co-workers and also his best friend since high-school, poked his head out, grinning. “We still grabbing beers on Saturday? Or are you going to be in recovery?”

“It’s not like I’m having heart surgery, dipstick,” Jerry said. “Snip, snip and I’m out of there.” He heard a distinctive honk from outside. “Gotta run,” he said. “See ya, Ted. Just a couple more years in that pit, and then you can retire to the Bahamas, right?”

“You know it,” Ted said, rolling his eyes at their long-standing joke. “My nickel jar is almost full.”

It had been a slow day at the auto shop, and Jerry didn't mind leaving early for once. He sauntered outside to where his roommate, Justine, was idling her car. The two of them were rooming together by sheer coincidence, ever since he had responded to her rental ad in the newspaper six months ago, but so far, they got along pretty well.

Justine was a waitress at some upscale bar, where she made more in tips than Jerry did at the auto shop, but she was saving up money and had ambitions of opening a fashion boutique of some sort. Jerry, on the other hand, had always been a bit of a layabout, and his spendthrift ways had resulted in him being a little light on rent money on occasion.

Justine made up the difference, and in exchange, Jerry kept her old, beat-up Buick running free of charge. In his opinion, it was a perfect system. And he was pretty sure she secretly had a thing for him, even if she'd rebuffed his advances so far. Why else would she go out of her way to drive him to the hospital for wart removal?

“Hey, Justine,” he said, sliding into the passenger's seat. “Looking good.”

It was the truth: his roommate was a leggy redhead who often made the most of her beauty with short skirts and heels, and Jerry had made more than one attempt to woo her. No luck as of yet, but Jerry was a pretty confident guy. He wasn't the tallest or most muscled man in the world, but he was handsome, easy-going, and good with his hands, too. She had to come around eventually.

“Nice to see you, too, Jerry,” Justine said dryly. “Ready to say goodbye to your little friend?”

“I'll try not to tear up,” Jerry said.



Justine laughed as they pulled out of the parking lot and into traffic. The drive to the hospital wasn't a long one, but the non-emergency drop-off zone was a nightmare: for some reason there was a whole swarm of news vans taking up space, meaning Jerry was forced to get out and hoof it the final stretch to the main entrance.

"Somebody must have had quintuplets, or something," he quipped. "Thanks for the lift, Justine."

"No problem," she said, flashing a smile that made his heart beat a little faster than usual. "You're okay taking the bus back to the apartment, right? You won't be woozy or anything?"

"It's not heart surgery," Jerry said again. "See you at home."

He waved goodbye and made his way to the entrance. Some guy in a suit was being interviewed right outside the hospital doors — Jerry only heard a few snatches of it, something about a "groundbreaking operation" and "revolutionary techniques." Nothing too interesting, in other words. He walked past and made a bee-line for the check-in desk, and that was where everything, absolutely everything, started to go wrong.



"Jerry Schmitt!" The woman behind the desk seemed oddly relieved. "Fantastic. The surgical team is waiting for you."

"There's a whole team?" Jerry asked. "I thought this was a one-man operation?"

The woman blinked. "Well, obviously Dr. Cortez is running the show," she said. "I'm sure he makes it sound like he's the only one in the operating room, but that's just his ego showing. He is the best, after all."

"Glad I've got the best, at least," Jerry muttered.

The woman smiled, snapping an identification bracelet onto his wrist, and a moment later a nurse arrived to lead him down the hallway. She was a statuesque blonde, and Jerry couldn't help but admire her beauty — here he'd thought nurses were only beautiful on television.

"Right this way, please," she said. "We'll get you into your gown, then it's time to see the anesthesiologist."

Jerry balked. "I have to wear one of those stupid gowns?" he demanded.

The nurse laughed. "I know they're not very fashionable," she said. "But it's hospital policy." She pointed him inside the room. "Let me know if you need

help getting changed.”

Jerry was momentarily tempted to request just that, but he decided not to push his luck. Instead he shucked off his regular clothes, and was just about to replace them with the flimsy hospital gown when a man in surgical scrubs arrived. The hot blonde nurse was trailing behind him with a clipboard — Jerry covered his privates instinctively, but she seemed totally nonplussed by his nakedness.



“Jerry Schmitt?” the man asked.

“That’s me,” Jerry said, quickly pulling the gown on. “You the doctor?”

“I’m *a* doctor,” the man corrected, motioning him to sit down on the bed. “More specifically, I’m an anesthesiologist. I’m here to put you to sleep.”

“I really have to be sedated for a surgery this small?” Jerry frowned, as the doctor swabbed his arm and jabbed him with a needle in the space just below the offending wart.

The doctor stared at him for a second, then burst into laughter. “Oh, man,” he said. “That’s a good one. Cortez warned me you had a dry sense of humor. Guys love a woman who can joke around, I tell you what. You’re going to be in high demand.”

At this point, Jerry was completely flummoxed. “I want to make sure we’re on the same page, here,” he said. “I’m Jerry Schmitt, and my appointment is for...” The sedative hit him all at once, and suddenly Jerry felt like he was floating on a warm cloud up in heaven. The hot blonde nurse, bending over to pick up his

discarded clothes, was his angel. “Beautiful woman,” Jerry slurred, grinning slightly.

“Same page, Jerry,” the doctor assured him. “Now, can you count backwards from ten for me?”

Jerry blinked his increasingly heavy eyelids. “Sure, doc,” he said. “Ten...”
He was out like a light.



Whoever the woman was in the bed next to Jerry, she was definitely getting a number done on her. He was still totally loopy, but he had regained consciousness enough to hear the voice of a doctor prattling on and on about it.

“This is the canvas for our masterpiece, gentlemen,” said the Spanish-accented voice. “But first we must prepare her. Epilation below the neck will be followed by targeted application of the Cortez technique, to break down her excess muscle mass and then redistribute her fat cells to the appropriate areas.”

Jerry, still drifting in and out, tried to follow what the doctor was saying. He wasn’t sure why anyone would want to break down muscle mass, as he himself had personally always wished it was a little easier to put on muscle at the gym, but the fat stuff had to be liposuction of some kind, and he knew women went in for that all the time.

“From there we will divide and conquer,” the voice continued. “Banderas, you will be tasked with removal of the floating rib and insertion of the rapid-release hormone implant. Johnson, you will be tasked with the breasts. The delicate work of the face and neck will, of course, be my own responsibility. We are creating a goddess, gentlemen, and she must be perfect.”

Jerry tried to imagine what kind of woman would be willing to undergo such a crazy procedure for vanity’s sake, or have the hundreds of thousands of dollars it would no doubt be costing. Maybe some spoiled heiress somewhere who wanted to be a movie starlet? Or maybe he was mishearing things. His head was pretty fuzzy, after all...



When Jerry regained consciousness again, it was to the sound of a furiously whispered conversation occurring somewhere above him. He couldn’t quite make sense of it, and vaguely wished they would shut up and let him keep sleeping.

“What do you mean, this is not Jerry Schmitt?” the Spanish-accented voice demanded. “Look at her file!”

“It’s the *wrong* Jerry Schmitt,” the other voice, American and more than a little panicked, replied. “The actual Jerry Schmitt never made it to the hospital. There was a snowstorm and his ... *her* ... limousine went off the road. Phone lines were down, no cell, and she ended up stranded in a lodge with no way to contact us.”

“So this patient is not the reclusive billionaire heir to the Schmitt Aviation fortune, who long dreamed of being a beautiful heiress instead?”

“This patient is a car mechanic who was scheduled to have a goddamn *wart* removed!”

“My God. This is a disaster. This is an utter disaster.”

“You’re the one with all the revolutionary techniques, Cortez. Can’t you just... undo it?”

“Undo it? *Undo* it? Are you a complete imbecile?”

“Hey, look, pal, I’m an administrator, not a surgeon! What about the stem cell thing? If he’s already healed up this much, why can’t he handle reversing it?”

“Because this surgery took an enormous toll on her body! *His* body. And even if I could perform the necessary procedures without endangering his life, who would be footing the bill? Those stem cells alone cost millions!”

“The press is already salivating over this. Somebody leaked the mistake.”

“Then my reputation will be forever tarred. The greatest surgeon the world has ever seen, performing the most ambitious surgery the world has ever seen... On the wrong. Damned. Patient! I’ll be a laughing stock for the rest of my career!”

“And my hospital is going to be sued into the ground. When Jerry Schmitt here wakes up looking like this... He’s going to have the shirt off my back. This is a multimillion dollar settlement in the making. I’m finished, Cortez. My hospital is finished. Unless...”

Jerry had only caught about ten percent of the strange soap opera going on above him, just enough to remind him he was at the hospital. He wondered vaguely if they’d gotten that damn wart off yet. He had plans this weekend, after all.



The third time Jerry regained consciousness, his head was finally clear — but his body felt like he'd been hit by a truck. By the looks of things, he was in a hospital bed, and his whole upper body was swathed in bandages. Confusion flashed through Jerry's mind.

The last thing he remembered was being sedated. He was no medical expert, but that was definitely not normal procedure for wart removal. Had the doctor found some other problem besides the wart, and done some kind of emergency surgery? Why hadn't he been advised on what was going on?

Jerry took a deep breath to steady his nerves, and that was when he made an extremely disturbing discovery. Or rather, two of them. The unfamiliar weights bobbing on his chest felt an awful lot like...

His high-pitched shriek of alarm — since when had he been able to hit that kind of high note? — brought the nurse running. It was the blonde he remembered from before the anesthesiologist put him under. He stared at her chest, then down at his chest, then back to hers. It was all the confirmation he needed: he, Jerry Schmitt, had tits.

"I see you're awake!" the nurse said, with an extremely pained smile. "I'll get the director right away, he's been waiting to talk with you..."

"Wait!" Jerry gasped. "What the hell is going on?"

"It's better if the director explains," the nurse said, not meeting his eyes. "Uh, there was kind of a mix-up..."

"Do I have boobs?" Jerry demanded. His voice was still hoarse and breathy for some reason.

The nurse grimaced, then slowly nodded. "The mix-up was with a transsexual patient," she said, in a near whisper.

Jerry's eyes went wide with terror, then he reached under the blanket. He heaved a huge sigh of relief to feel his manhood was still intact, but that same sigh sent an unmistakable jiggle through his new assets, which set off his panic all over again. Flashing back to a strange, half-dreamed speech by some Spanish-sounding doctor, he tore back his blankets to inspect the damage, not caring if the nurse was there or not. Epilation below the neck... Breakdown of excess muscle mass...

His breasts were hidden by bandages, but the rest of the surgeons' work was exposed. Jerry stared down at his body in utter bewilderment, forced to crane his neck in order to peer over his new rack. It was a far cry from the body he remembered.

Where he had once been lean, hairy and muscular, with narrow hips and an average-sized waist, he was now soft, slender, and totally denuded of any body



hair, with a dainty waist and curvy hips. His hairless legs were sleek and toned, but the muscle he'd worked so hard in the gym to build was totally gone: his arms were pipe-stems, his shoulders felt puny, and while his chest had certainly gotten bigger, it clearly wasn't thanks to his pecs.

More bits and pieces of the doctor's speech came back to him. Removal of the rib... Hormone implant... Face and neck...

"I need a mirror," Jerry said flatly. "Get me a mirror."

"I don't know if that's a good idea," the nurse said.

"Now!" Jerry shrieked, almost hyperventilating.

"Just a second," the nurse sighed. She rummaged in the supply cabinet, then returned with a small hand-held mirror.

Bracing himself for the worst, Jerry took it. His face had definitely changed: his cheekbones seemed more pronounced, and his lips were thicker. The biggest difference was his nose, which had been straightened and shaped into a dainty little ski-slope. It was a little like staring at his long-lost sister, but at least he still recognized himself. He touched his neck, where it seemed like his Adam's apple had been shaved down. Did that explain his voice?

"Mr. Schmitt! So glad to see you awake!"

Still dazed, Jerry looked up from the mirror to see a man in a suit and tie, hands clasped nervously behind himself. His voice seemed familiar, for some reason, but he didn't recognize him.

"I'm Stuart Harrelson, director of this hospital," the man said. "As you can see, things went a little bit awry last week."

"Last *week*?" Jerry echoed faintly.

"You've been in recovery for the past seven days, yes," the director said, wiping some sweat off his brow. "But there were no complications, and the procedure was, in nearly every sense of the word, a perfect success. You'll notice that your wart was also removed in the process."

Jerry stared stupidly down at his arm, particularly at the space where the wart had once been.

"I promise you, Mr. Schmitt, my team and I are going to do everything in our power to straighten this out as soon as possible," the director continued. "I hope we can count on your cooperation, and, er, good will?"

"You want my good will?" Jerry demanded, dumbfounded. "You turned me into a woman!"

"Mr. Schmitt, please," the director said, wincingly. "You aren't the only one who's been negatively affected by all this. For instance, the real Jerry Schmitt..."

"Real Jerry Schmitt? I'm the real Jerry Schmitt!" Jerry screeched.

"A poor choice of words," the director said hastily. "I mean, the Jerry Schmitt who is heir to the Schmitt Avionics fortune, who engaged Doctor Cortez to perform a gender confirmation surgery unprecedented in scope and speed... *She* is just as devastated as you are, I assure you."

"You want me to feel sorry for some freak who wanted a sex change when I'm stuck with these things?" Jerry shouted. "The only way you're getting my 'good will' is if you wheel me right back into that operating room this instant!"

"I'm afraid that's just not possible," the director said. "The surgery took an enormous toll on your body, and the costs... Prohibitively expensive, stem cell supplies... Difficult to obtain....." He trailed off, sweating profusely, and his words triggered another strange, half-formed memory in Jerry's head. He didn't have much in the way of legal experience, but he knew the way forward was clear. This was America, after all.

"Mister Director," he said, as calmly as possible given the circumstances. "I am going to sue you, the surgeons, the nurses, everyone in this entire hospital into the goddamned ground." The director's face turned a satisfying shade of white. "That's right," Jerry continued, full of righteous anger. "And I'm not

spending another second in this loony bin, so someone better get me my pants. That means *now*.”

The director gulped. “Right away, Ms. Schmitt.”

“Mister!” Jerry tried to shout. But his new voice made it sound like the mew of a kitten.

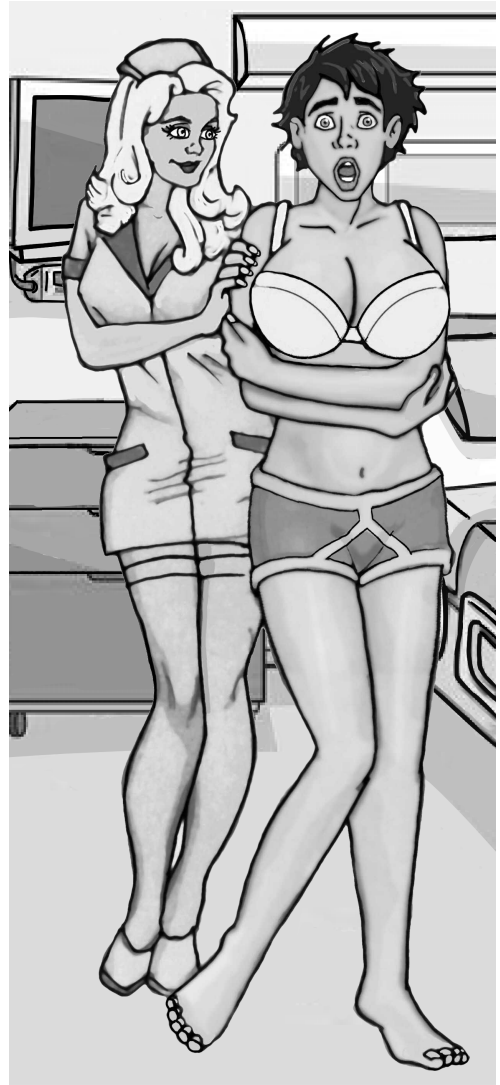
They had honored his request for his clothes to be returned, and while pulling his shirt on over his new boobs had strained the fabric to the limit, at least it had been wearable. His pants were another story.

The nurse had watched him wriggling awkwardly around on the bed, trying to fit them over his newly pronounced rump, then quietly disappeared and reappeared with an alternative: and a pair of women’s shorts. She had also, to his horror, brought a bra. She’d had the decency to be apologetic about it, saying it was a “compression garment necessary for all breast augmentation patients,” and insisted his breasts needed the support while they finished healing.

Jerry had stood there flushing to the roots while she hooked him into the feminine contraption. He got one good look in the mirror, and only at that moment did it fully dawn on him how big his new breasts were. They were massive, bigger than he’d ever seen on a woman, and his jaw was agape in shock. Eventually, he got his wits about himself, pulled his shirt back on and marched outside to wait for Justine, trying his best to ignore all the stares.



“So that’s pretty much it,” Jerry finished, back in the present day. He leaned back to gauge his new



lawyer's reaction. "My roommate picked me up from the hospital. She'd already heard the news, of course." He flushed, remembering the look on her face when she saw him. "I've been holed up here ever since," he continued. "You know, ignoring the hospital's phone calls, plus the reporters. Haven't gone into work yet, obviously."

"Perfectly understandable," Harv said. He had a gleam in his eye that Jerry hoped was a positive sign. "Look, I won't lie to you, kid, you're in for a battle. I bet you dimes to dollars that the hospital is going to do everything they can to weasel out of the settlement you deserve. They'll try to bog down the proceedings, make it too expensive for you to hang in there. But the good news for you is, I'm making this case my number one priority."

Jerry felt an instant wave of relief. "Great," he said. "I just want to get the surgery reversed as soon as possible."

"Of course you do," Harv said, nodding. "But if I understand correctly, going back under the knife is out of the question for at least three months, right?"

"I've been calling around, but yeah, that's what every surgeon so far has told me," Jerry said sourly. "And a lot of them aren't even willing to attempt it. I went to one consultation in person and it was a nightmare. Bunch of old quacks feeling me up, gushing about how Dr. Cortez is an unparalleled genius..."

The memory brought a scowl to his face. Justine had not only driven him to the appointment, but lent him an old tank top and a pair of shorts to wear — none of his usual clothes fit his new, feminine dimensions properly. He'd been hoping for good news, but instead the asshole doctor had made him into a main attraction, bringing his colleagues in to "admire" the work Dr. Cortez had done on him, before assuring him he was nowhere near ready to go back under the knife.

"That's who I really need," Jerry continued. "I need to get Dr. Cortez — the guy who did this to me in the first place. But he went AWOL. Like, he flew back to Cuba, or something."

"We can make his involvement a condition of your demands," Harv said, scribbling furiously on a notepad. "The hospital's got a team of top-notch lawyers on their side, but I'm confident we can make the judge see reason." He paused. "Kid, I'm willing to offer you a discount on my services, but I can't afford to work for free, either. And like I said, this could get drawn out. If you don't have savings, I suggest you get back in the work force."

Jerry flushed. "No way!" he protested. "I don't want people seeing me like this!"



“Look, kid, your own mother wouldn’t recognize you right now,” Harv said. “And if you stay holed up in here for three months, you’ll go crazy before the court date.”

Jerry grimaced at the idea of going outside like this — so far he’d barely left his room, never mind the building. But if he was going to pay Harv *and* pay rent, he was going to have to make money somehow.

“Stay incognito for now,” Harv advised. “Let the buzz build up. That way your court appearance will really make a splash. People are going to see a hard-working all-American boy, grievously wronged by a foreign surgeon and an incompetent hospital run by slimy bigwigs, and eat it up.” Harv held out a form. “Sign here, and I’m your man, Jerry.”

Nodding, Jerry took the offered pen and scribbled his name on the dotted line.

“Great,” Harv said. “Time for Harv Hankowitz, Esquire, to go to war. I’ll call the hospital’s legal team right away.”

Jerry shook the lawyer’s hand, then showed him to the door. As soon as Harv was gone, he shut the door, locked it, and walked over to the couch to flop down with a sigh. The past couple weeks had been one long nightmare he couldn’t wake up from, right from the time he left the hospital.

Restless, Jerry got up off the couch and walked to the bathroom. Even walking was different now: the added mass to his chest and backside had changed his center of gravity, making his hips swivel slightly with each step, and he was definitely never going to get used to the jiggling.

Glancing around guiltily, as if someone might be watching, Jerry undid the sash of his housecoat and let it slip down his shoulders. He was still wearing the support bra the nurse had given him at the hospital and the plain cotton panties he was using in lieu of his briefs, which no longer fit over his butt.

Jerry looked himself over with a grimace. Despite his short haircut, there was no way the person in the mirror would ever be taken for male. Not with a body like this one. The worst part about it was, he couldn’t deny that he made one absolute smoke-show of a woman. Dr. Cortez was clearly the best for a reason: rather than looking like some kind of plastic surgery nightmare, Jerry looked like a very attractive, well-endowed young lady who had come by her looks naturally.



“Hey, Jerry, I’m home!” Justine’s voice called, accompanied by the sound of the door opening. “I saw some guy with a briefcase leaving, was that your new lawyer?”

Jerry hastily yanked his housecoat shut again, fumbling to re-tie the sash. “Uh, yeah,” he called, still not accustomed to how high-pitched his new voice was. “Harv Hankowitz. I heard he’s the man for this kind of thing, so...”

“So that means your settlement is incoming, right?” Justine demanded, poking her head around the corner. “Because it’s the first of the month, and I know this whole thing has been traumatic for you, but I still need to pay the rent.”

“Aw, shit,” Jerry groaned. “It’s the first already?” He rubbed his forehead. He knew that his bank account was pretty much at zero. Maybe he could get Ted to lend him some money — his friend had called him a dozen times already, but Jerry hadn’t had the heart to return any of his calls. He knew Ted would probably bust a gut laughing at the sound of his soprano voice.

“I can’t keep covering for you, Jerry,” Justine said. “I’m a little tight on money myself, you know?”

Jerry sighed, staring again at his reflection. There was only one way he knew how to make money, and that was by fixing cars at the auto shop. And his lawyer was right: he couldn’t stay cooped up in here forever without totally losing his mind. Jerry was dreading seeing his boss and co-workers, but he had never been a coward, either. Maybe the sooner he ripped that



bandaid off, the better.

“Okay,” he said. “I’ll go talk to my boss.”

“You mean you’re going to emerge from the cave?” Justine asked. “I’m impressed.”

“Had to happen eventually,” Jerry said, with a shrug. His felt his face turn red. “Uh, do you think I could borrow some clothes, again?”

“Not until you shower,” Justine said plainly. “You were lying in a hospital bed for a week, then moping around in here for three days. I’m being completely honest, here, Jerry. You stink.”

“I know,” Jerry said hotly. “I’ve just been avoiding it, because, well...”

“Because it means getting up close and personal with the new merchandise,” Justine surmised. “I get it, but like you said, it has to happen eventually. Think of it as... You’re getting the chance to shower with a really stacked lady?”

“Not helping,” Jerry grumbled, but he stepped back into the bathroom and shut the door behind him.



As predicted, showering was a whole new experience for Jerry. He’d shared a shower stall with female company before, of course, but he had to admit he’d never been up close and personal with bare breasts quite as big as his own. He washed himself very gingerly at first, but most of the lingering pain from the surgeries was gone, and it was actually a relief to get clean again.

Before long he was happily scrubbing away with soap and one of Justine’s loofahs, though he was still a little tentative with the new additions to his chest. He couldn’t help but marvel at the firmness and size of them, and his nipples were a lot perkier, and more sensitive, than they had been previously.

Less noticeable, but no less disturbing, was the fact that his body hair had yet to grow back, and according to doctors, it never would. His skin was perfectly smooth all over. He felt somewhat morose about losing his leg, armpit and chest hair, since it was a symbol of masculinity, but he had never been particularly hairy in the first place. Besides, plenty of body-builders and other manly men kept their bodies smooth, too.

After shampooing and rinsing his hair, Jerry climbed out of the shower and wrapped his towel around himself, awkwardly trying to secure it under his armpits the way he’d seen girls do. The towel was short enough that he was flashing both legs and cleavage no matter what he did, but at least he wasn’t exposing himself.

Just to prove he was taking things in stride, he wrapped a second towel around his head as a joke before he exited the bathroom.

“All I need is a face mask and cucumber slices,” he announced. “Right?”

“Good idea,” Justine said, clapping her hands together with a grin. “We should definitely have a spa night. But for now, let’s get you into some new undies.” She gestured around at the bags sent by the hospital. “I guess they’re trying to make it up to you by sending you the good stuff,” she said. “Sets like this do *not* come cheap.”

“Well, I’m not exactly on my knees thanking them for their generosity,” Jerry said, eyeing the feminine stuff suspiciously. “What’s first?”

“I’m assuming the surgeon knows your measurements pretty well, so everything should fit,” Justine said. “Let’s just find whatever feels most comfortable.”

The next half hour was spent doing just that. At first Jerry made Justine turn around whenever he tried something on, but it wasn’t practical — he usually needed help doing up the clasps — and Justine was quick to assure him she’d seen plenty of boobs in her time. The weirdest thing was that he kept catching her giving his new “girls” admiring glances. He’d never asked about her preferences, so he couldn’t tell if she was just jealous, or actually attracted.

Normally the prospect would have given him some kind of thrill, but ever since he’d gotten back from the hospital his attraction to his roommate had almost...disappeared. She was still hot, of course, but all the stress of what was going on seemed to have reduced his sex drive. Having her touching and teasing him as she helped him find a bra and panty to wear felt surreal, but not particularly arousing.



Justine bullied him into trying on a few lacy and skimpy sets, but the one Jerry settled on was pretty plain, and he couldn't deny it was more comfortable than the support bra he'd been wearing earlier. Wearing lingerie was still bizarre, but his new body wasn't built for much else.

The next challenge was finding clothing that would fit: Justine had a nice figure, but definitely didn't have as much going on in the chest department as he now did. Everything seemed way too tight, and tops she swore were modest on her suddenly became downright lascivious on his busty frame, exposing cleavage or else clinging to every curve.

He tried using a tight tank top to "tame" his assets, then cover them up with a button-up wool shirt — which worked okay until the top button went flying across the room, freeing his cleavage once more. Justine couldn't restrain her laughter, and Jerry, once he'd recovered from his mortification, had to laugh a bit, too.

"So many girls would kill to be in your position," his roommate pointed out. "And hey, there's one silver lining. Nobody is going to be looking at your face very long, so your chances of getting recognized are slim. People will automatically think you're a woman. Just maybe a bit of a tomboy."

"Well, my boss and co-workers are going to know who I am," Jerry grumbled, putting on a pair of straight-leg women's trousers that fit him okay. He looked at his reflection in the mirror again. It was true: he looked like a tomboy who was fighting a losing battle with an extremely feminine figure, but he definitely didn't look like a man.

"They should admire you for having the balls to get on with your life!" Justine said. "And once you get that settlement money, you can *buy* the auto shop."

"Interesting choice of words with the balls metaphor," Jerry said, wincing. "Alright, I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be. Uh, one more favor?"

"You need a ride?" Justine guessed.

"Bingo," Jerry said. "At least that hasn't changed, right?"





The auto shop had always been a place where Jerry felt at home, but when Justine let him out at the back entrance, he instead felt more uncomfortable than he ever had in his life. The whole ride over he had been imagining possible scenarios, each one worse than the last. Maybe all his co-workers were waiting with cameras, or maybe his boss would burst into laughter at the sight of him...

“Can I help you, miss?” came a familiar voice. It was Ted, wiping his hands as he strolled out of the garage. Ted, his best friend from high school. Ted, who completely, one-hundred percent, did not recognize him.

Jerry blinked. In all his possible scenarios, he had not been expecting to not even be recognized. “It’s me!” he said. “It’s Jerry!”

Ted stared at him for a second, then burst into laughter. “Oh, man,” he gasped. “Jerry put you up to this, right? I know they botched the surgery, but you don’t really expect me to believe... I mean, a babe like you...”

His eyes went to Jerry’s exposed cleavage, and that was the last straw. Mustering up all the strength he had in his muscle-zapped arm, Jerry punched his friend square in the jaw. Ted stumbled backward, surprised, then a look of realization spread across his face.

“Holy crap,” he said. “It really is you!”

“That’s what I told you, dipstick,” Jerry snapped, blushing to the tops of his new breasts. “You see why I haven’t been returning your calls?”

“Uh.” Ted stared him up and down, his expression a mixture of bewilderment and lust. “Yeah. Holy crap, Jerry, they really did a number on you.”

“Tell me something I don’t know,” Jerry said. “Is the boss in? I need to get my hours straight.”

“Right,” Ted said, still sounding dazed. “I mean, yeah, he’s here. Come on.”

Jerry followed his friend into the auto shop. Several heads popped out of the car pits at the sight of what they assumed was a female customer, and one co-worker even had the audacity to wolf-whistle at him. These clowns didn’t recognize him, either! Blushing furiously, Jerry kept his head down and went straight to his boss’s office.

“Hey, look, man,” Ted said, pausing outside the door. “I know this must be weird...”

“That’s an understatement,” Jerry muttered.

“But I’m here for you, okay?” Ted said. “I wasn’t calling you to bust your balls about what happened, I was calling because I was worried!”

“I know,” Jerry sighed. “Thanks, man.”

“Okay, cool,” Ted said, clearly relieved. “I gotta get back to work. See you in the pit!”

Jerry nodded grimly, then walked inside his boss’s small, cramped office. “Hey, boss, it’s me,” he said, cutting to the chase to avoid any additional embarrassment. “Jerry. I’m ready to get back to work again.”

His boss’s eyes almost bulged out of his head. “Jerry?” he echoed dimly.

“Jerry,” Jerry repeated firmly.

The confusion cleared from his boss’s face, replaced by a definite nervousness. “Glad to see you’re, uh, out of the hospital,” he said. “I read about what happened in the paper.”

“Yeah, I’m a big celebrity now,” Jerry said dryly. “World’s biggest medical mix-up. Can you put me back on the schedule? I need the dough.”

His boss winced. “Jerry, come on,” he said. “You can’t work here looking like... Like that!”

Jerry’s mouth fell open. “What do you mean?” he demanded. “They didn’t do a lobotomy, boss, I still know cars!”

“Look, son, I’ve had reporters calling me about you all week,” his boss said. “If you come back to work here, it’s going to be a circus. It’s going to be a huge distraction to your co-workers. People are going to be coming in just to gawk at you. Now, I know that might be good for business, but it’s not an environment I want for you, or for any of my employees.”

Jerry blinked, stunned. He had avoided the media so far, mostly because they didn’t know his address, but if reporters had been calling his workplace





already... He shuddered, imagining trying to do his job while a bunch of paparazzi snapped pictures of his curvy new backside.

“Now, what happened to you was a tragedy,” his boss said. “And I might be able to help you out.” He paused bracingly. “My cousin’s got a car dealership across town, and he’s looking to hire. The pay is good, and the job is easy. It’s just a little different from your job here.”

“What kind of job is it?” Jerry asked suspiciously.

"It's an administration position," his boss said. "But, uh, entry-level. Right at the entry to the office, in fact."

"So I'd be, what, a car salesman?" Jerry asked.

"Are you going to make me spell it out, Jerry?" his boss demanded, flushed in the face. "It's a reception job. They just need someone to answer the phones and, well, look pretty. I know it's not your first choice, but I can pull some strings and get you the position by Monday. Just say the word."

"Wait a second," Jerry frowned. "Look pretty? You mean I'd be working as..."

"A woman," his boss confirmed. "Here, everybody knows who you are. There, you can be left in peace, at least. My cousin will know, but that's it."

Jerry had never considered punching his boss before, but he was on a roll today. He managed to restrain himself. "No way," he said. "I'm a mechanic, damn it! There is absolutely no way in hell that I'm going to be some bimbo receptionist. No way! Not a chance!"



"I can't believe I'm doing this," Jerry grumbled, stepping out of the shower at an ungodly hour the following Monday morning.

"Rent is rent," Justine said, covering her yawn. "And hey, look at it as an opportunity to see things from the other side of the gender gap. Now, let's get you pretty." Jerry shuddered at the word, but before he could form a reply, Justine grabbed his hand. "First thing's first, I'm going to buff your nails. You are *not* treating these right."

"Come on, who's going to be looking at my nails?" Jerry asked as his roommate set to work with the nail file.

"Other women,



for one,” Justine said.

“What do you mean, ‘other?’”

“You know what I mean. The little things are important. Jerry the mechanic might be able to get away with having terrible nails, but “Julie” the receptionist? No chance.”

“I guess in movies they always do have those long fancy nails,” Jerry admitted grudgingly.

“Great idea!” Justine grinned. “I think I still have some press-ons...”

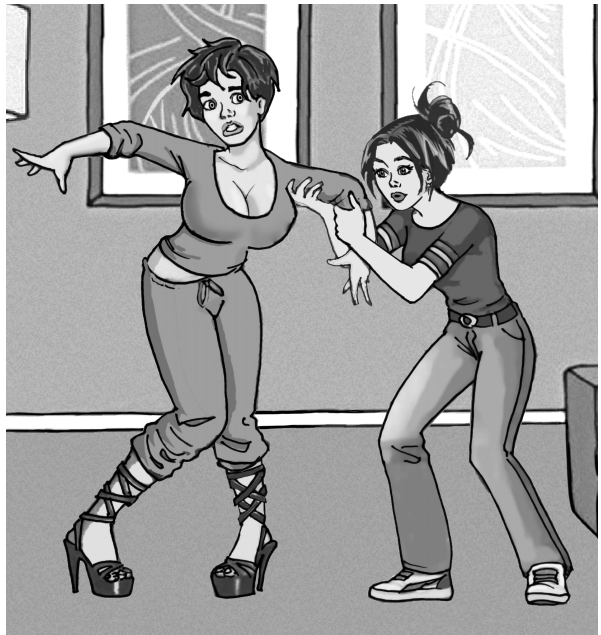
Jerry resolved to keep his mouth shut for the rest of “girlifying” process, which seemed to suit his roommate just fine. She was the one who had persuaded him to reconsider his boss’s offer, pleading, cajoling, and finally telling it to him straight: if he couldn’t come up with money for next month’s rent, he was getting kicked out of the house.

Once he’d grudgingly agreed to give the reception job a shot, Justine had vowed to make sure nobody could possibly “read” him as a guy — although he certainly looked the part of a woman, she’d assured looks were only half the battle. Equally important were posture, body language, and mannerisms, all of which she’d had him drilling non-stop in lieu of playing video games on the couch. Much to his chagrin, she’d even given him a crash course on walking in high-heels, since the dress code was likely to require them.

Jerry had learned more about what went into being a woman than he’d ever wanted to know, and his education was far from over.

Justine was now finishing off his manicure, shaping the quarter-inch false nails on his fingers. Jerry gave them an experimental wiggle. This was definitely going to take some getting used to.

With that first task out of the way, Justine sat him on a stool in front of the bathroom mirror. The counter space beside the sink was absolutely loaded with cosmetics of every kind, even more so than usual





since his roommate had brought out some “emergency supplies” from her closet. Jerry stared glumly at his reflection, even as Justine had an excited smile on her face, her mind clearly racing with possibilities for “Julie’s” look. She held up a few different tops and dresses she’d brought from her room, draping them against him, then gave a satisfied nod.

“Okay, let’s get some rollers in your hair while it’s still damp,” she said. “Believe me, a little volume will go a long way.”

“You’re the boss,” Jerry said.

“I like the sound of that,” Justine replied, with a wink. She went to work “wet-setting” his raven black hair, pulling it tightly into several curlers. It was a little shaggier than usual, since he’d been due for a haircut when he went to the hospital, and it now had just enough length to be “workable,” in Justine’s terms. The process was less than comfortable, but Jerry did his best to keep his wincing to a minimum.

Not so with the eyebrow tweezing, however. “Youch!” he yelped. “It feels like you’re ripping my face off!”

“I most definitely am not,” Justine said, affronted. “Come on, it’s just a few hairs. I need to give your brows a little shape, that’s all.”

Jerry gritted his teeth, and a few minutes later she gave him a bag of ice to hold against his stinging brows. Makeup was the next step. She spent some time inspecting his face, cooing over his cute new nose and perfect lips, then

opened up her makeup case and started testing out various color palettes against his skin. Once she was satisfied with her choices, she started powdering and blending and painting like there was no tomorrow.

Jerry mostly just kept his eyes shut and let her do her thing, except for when she needed him to flutter his lashes against the mascara brush or rub his lips together to spread the lipstick around.



It felt totally bizarre having all this feminine gunk on his face, almost like wearing some kind of mask, but he figured that was a good thing. The less he looked like his old

self, the better, in this case. His boss at the auto shop had promised that only his cousin would know the particulars of Jerry's situation. Everybody else was expecting "Julie," and Jerry wanted to keep it that way.



With his makeup completed, Justine removed the rollers at last. Jerry was surprised at the sensation as his hair seemed much springier than usual. His roommate set to brushing it out and styling it with a comb and liberal amounts of hair spray, occasionally checking it against a photo on her phone. Once that was finished, it was finally time to get dressed: and for the first time in Jerry's life, that was a literal statement, because Justine had picked out an actual dress for him to wear along with a strapless bra and pair of panties.



She gave him a bit of privacy while he wriggled the panties up his hips, carefully tucking himself away as per his roommate's instructions — not comfortable, but better than "Julie" walking around with a suspicious bulge. The strapless bra had a front-closing clasp, which made it a little easier to figure out. Justine had to help him into the spaghetti-strap dress, since it felt about two sizes too tight.



“Not my fault you went and got busty on me,” she grunted, tugging at the zipper. “We are definitely going to have to buy you some of your own things. On me, this was *loose* up top. On you, it’s, uh...”

Jerry caught sight of himself in the mirror and his eyes widened. “Indecent?” he suggested.

“Hey, if you’ve got it, flaunt it,” Justine said. “Honestly, I’m a little jealous. You’re hot, girlfriend.”

Jerry flushed, but couldn’t argue. If he had looked like an attractive woman *without* any hair or makeup trickery, he now looked like a stone cold fox. His black hair had more body to it than he’d thought possible, set in a sassy but somewhat glamorous style. His shaped brows made his eyes seem much wider and more expressive, as did the mascara, liner, and carefully-blended eye shadow. His cheekbones were now expertly highlighted, and his surgically-enhanced lips looked downright sinful.

And the main reason for Justine’s jealousy, or rather, the main *reasons*, were obvious, cradled together by the tight fit of his dress to create an absolutely heart-stopping display of cleavage. His roommate had already assured him that anything in her closet would create the same effect, and proved it by having him try on several different options the prior night. He was “gifted,” and there was no getting around it.

