

heteroD



Another medical malpractice

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Dedicated to my patron Ender Works. Thank you, Ender!

My name's Mike Johnson, I am software designer. I'm just 25 and I live a relatively simple life; coding by day, loving my beautiful wife Anna by night. We have no kids yet. Life was running smoothly, pretty much by my preferred script, until I was struck down by a nasty bout of stomach flu.

My family doctor, Dr. Peterson, was a cautious man. As a preventative measure, he recommended a thorough stomach examination in the hospital. The very idea of it gave me more chills than the flu itself, but he assured me it was necessary. The call ended with him making an appointment for me.

Arriving at the hospital was like stepping into a hurricane of chaos. The reception area was packed, people shuffling in and out, nurses running around with stacks of paperwork, the phones ringing non-stop. It was a stark contrast to the organized sterility I had expected.

When I finally reached the front of the queue, the receptionist was frazzled. She bit her lip as she sifted through the cluttered mess of her appointment book, her eyes skimming rapidly over the pages. The name Johnson, as it turned out, was quite common in the states. She apologized, then kept on searching. My name, my appointment, buried somewhere in that whirlwind of paper chaos.

After what had felt like an eternity, her expression lightened as she exclaimed, "Ah, found it!" Relief washed over me. But then she furrowed her brow and said, "It seems there has been a mistake, Mr. Johnson. Your procedure is scheduled for tomorrow."

I hesitated, torn between going home and coming back or trying to get this over with now. I opted for the latter. "Is there any way we can reschedule it for today?" I asked. I meant, I was already there, might as well get this ordeal done and over with.

She gave me a skeptical look but picked up the phone and dialed an internal number. She relayed my request, nodding and humming in response to the voice on the other end. After a brief chat, she hung up and smiled at me, the kind of smile you would expect from a concierge who had just managed to score you the best room in the hotel. "The doctor is available now. He can perform the procedure right away."

My heart sank a little at the idea of the impending procedure, but I thanked her nonetheless. A friendly nurse, her eyes kind beneath her mask, ushered me to a changing room. I mechanically peeled off my clothes and slipped into an impersonal, sterile gown, my thoughts solely focused on getting this over with as quickly as possible so that I could finally go home.

Following the kind-eyed nurse, I tread down the eerily silent corridor, my feet shuffling uneasily against the pristine, gleaming floor. As she opens a door, a rush of cold air greets me. The room before me is like something out of a sci-fi movie, full of gleaming chrome and state-of-the-art medical equipment. High-tech screens and devices blink with a rhythmic pattern of lights. It's a far cry from the chaotic reception I first encountered.

"Lie down here, Mr. Johnson," the nurse instructed softly, motioning to a high-tech medical bed positioned at the center of the room. The bed, all smooth lines and precise angles, looked as intimidating as the rest of the room.

As I lay down, trying to make myself comfortable on the unyielding surface, I saw a woman approaching me. She wore a crisp, blue uniform, her face partially obscured by a surgical mask, but her eyes were kind and reassuring. In her gloved hand, she held a jet injector, its polished metal surface glinting menacingly under the bright lights.

"Mr. Johnson, I'm Dr. Roberts, the anesthesiologist. You're going to feel a slight sting," she warned, her voice professional, yet gentle. I barely had time to react before she pressed the injector against my arm. The sharp hiss of the device was accompanied by a pinch, and I winced slightly.

"Now, start counting backward from ten for me," she suggested, patting my hand comfortingly. I nodded, starting the count.

"Ten...nine...eight..." My words began to slur, my eyelids started to feel heavy. The world around me turned blurry, and a wave of drowsiness washed over me.

By the time I reached five, I was already sinking into the black ocean of oblivion. My last thought was a frantic realization, a question unanswered – why did a simple stomach examination require anesthesia? Then everything faded away, leaving me in the calm void of unconsciousness.

Waking up was like swimming through a sea of fog. My body felt heavy, burdened, and a peculiar discomfort lurked in my lower abdomen. My eyes fluttered open, greeted by the gleaming sterility of the hospital room.

There was a face leaning over me, a doctor's face. His eyes were twinkling behind his glasses, a satisfied smile plastered across his face. He looked like a man who had just successfully completed a difficult jigsaw puzzle.

"The operation went well," he began, his voice an excited chatter, "No sign of organ rejection. The cell-wise nanotechnology worked beautifully." His words floated around me like bubbles, popping before I could make any sense of them. Operation? Organ rejection? Nanotechnology?

He carried on, seemingly oblivious to my growing confusion. "You'll find no scars. The nanotech takes care of that. You can head home now." Home? I was still trying to understand why I was in a hospital bed feeling as though I'd been run over by a truck.

Then he dropped the bombshell, a news so outlandish, so utterly unbelievable, it stopped my racing thoughts dead in their tracks. He informed me that my male genitals had been removed and a complete set of female genital organs had been transplanted. My mind went blank, the words echoed in my ears, creating a discordant cacophony.

He was proud, he said, of the intricacies of the procedure. The female reproductive organs were fully functional, ready to grant me the full spectrum of female sexual pleasure, and even allow me to bear children. I barely heard him over the roaring confusion in my head.

"But..." My voice croaked, my throat felt parched. I swallowed hard, trying to get my racing thoughts into words. "This can't be... I came here for... I..."

He interrupted me then, mentioning a sum of 25 million dollars, saying it hadn't gone to waste. The absurdity of it all was too much. I felt like laughing and crying all at once. I was trapped in a nightmare, one that made no sense.

"I didn't pay..." I began weakly, my words barely above a whisper, "I came here for a stomach examination." My voice trailed off, and I stared at him, a plea in my eyes. This was a mistake. It had to be.

The doctor's face fell then, his satisfied smile replaced by a frown. I felt a wave of nausea rolling over me, the room spun, and my mind was a whirlpool of terror, confusion, and disbelief. This was a catastrophe beyond any realm of comprehension, an irreversible nightmare come true.

In that moment, reality felt like a mirage, a dreadful dream from which I wanted nothing more than to wake. The frantic whispers of the medical staff echoed outside the room. They'd left me alone, likely discussing their unexpected revelation. Their confusion mirrored my own, an inexplicable alteration of my identity, my very being.

With a sense of trepidation, I pulled the thin hospital sheet aside. My heart pounded in my chest, its rhythm like the frenzied beating of a trapped bird. I glanced down, a gasp catching in my throat. Instead of the familiar masculinity I had been born with and grown up with, I now saw a different form of nature's design, the divine sculpture of femininity.

Where my dick used to stand proudly, I found a well-crafted valley of femininity; perfectly formed, pristine. I could see the outer folds of the labia, protecting the secret and sacred inner parts. My fingers trembled as I gingerly touched the new contours of my body. The pubic area was clean-shaven, the skin smooth to the touch, devoid of any scars or marks of surgical intervention.

I traced the edges of the labia, its softness surprising me. I could feel the ridges, the delicate folds of skin, the nuanced textural variance. Higher up, a small bud hid, a perfectly placed clitoris. The contact of my fingers against it generated a heightened sensitivity, an uncanny sensation that was slightly discomforting, due to the dry touch. It felt a part of me, like an organ I had had since birth, with its sensitivities and responses familiar, and yet I was acutely aware that this was not a body part I had woken up with yesterday.

The medical miracle they had seemingly performed had been designed with meticulous precision. It wasn't just a mere imitation, it was a real vagina, transplanted onto me. The implemented nanotechnology was so advanced that it seamlessly integrated into my body, appearing and feeling natural. I traced the opening, the gateway to an inner sanctum that now was a part of my own body. It all felt disturbingly natural, the part and I sharing the same body, the same blood, the same nervous system.

As I sat there, staring blankly at my newly bestowed femininity, a sense of detachment took over. The initial shock gradually morphed into a trance-like state

The opening of the door jolted me out of my stupor. A nurse entered, her expression carefully neutral, her gaze guarded. "Mr. Johnson," she began, her voice laced with a hint of apprehension. "The chief physician would like to see you now if you're ready." The reality of the situation crashed back into me, pulling me abruptly from my spellbound state.

I sat across from the Dr. Allen, head physician of the hospital, the man who was supposedly in charge of this entire circus. His office was neat, unlike the chaos I'd encountered at the reception. There was a stark contrast between the doctor's calm demeanor and the storm brewing within me.

"What happened here is unthinkable!" I blurted out, unable to contain my outrage any longer. It was more than just a medical error, it was a colossal screw-up, a nightmare beyond comprehension.

Rather than offering an apology, the head physician leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest. "Mr. Johnson, you're the one who confused our receptionist, leading to a \$25 million blow to our hospital," he argued. I couldn't believe my ears. Was he blaming me for their mistake?

In the midst of this heated exchange, he nonchalantly mentioned that my original male genitalia were preserved after the surgery, which meant they could be re-attached. A tiny ray of hope broke through my despair, but my anger was far from dissipated.

After what felt like an eternity of arguing and negotiating, we finally arrived at a compromise. There would be no legal battles, no media scandal, no courtrooms. I would be admitted again the following week for a reverse operation, to restore my original

anatomy. The procedure would be performed free of charge, a minor concession in light of the monumental mix-up.

As I walked out of the hospital, I felt a strange sense of numbness. The reality of my situation still hung over me like a dark cloud. I hailed a cab and sunk into the back seat, my thoughts a whirlwind of confusion and fear.

What was I going to say to Anna? How would I explain this absurd, unbelievable mess? As our house came into view, my heart pounded in my chest, the impending conversation looming over me like a storm.

I took a deep breath, straightened my shoulders, and prepared to face the next challenge. I hoped, with everything in me, that the love we shared would be enough to weather this unexpected storm.

I sat down on our couch, taking in the familiar surroundings, my heart pounding in my chest. As Anna entered the room, a soft smile on her face, my palms began to sweat. "We need to talk, Anna," I began, my voice barely a whisper.

Her eyebrows furrowed in concern, and she took a seat next to me, her hand reaching out to hold mine. "Mike, you're scaring me. What's wrong?"

And so I began. I told her about the mix-up at the hospital, about the operation that should've been a simple stomach examination. I explained the irreversible mistake, the removal of my male genitals, and the transplantation of female reproductive organs. I told her about the \$25 million dollar error, the heated discussion with the head physician, and the promise of a reversal operation in a week.

Anna sat in stunned silence, her eyes wide, her mouth slightly agape. When I finished speaking, the silence hung heavy in the room. "So...you have a pussy now?" she asked, her tone a mixture of surprise and curiosity. Her straightforward language, as always, cut through the tension.

I nodded, swallowing hard, unsure of her reaction. Then, to my absolute surprise, Anna burst out laughing. Her laughter echoed through the room, a sound I had not expected to hear.

"Mike," she began, her laughter subsiding into a wide grin, "do you realize what this means?"

She started speaking rapidly, her excitement tangible. "You've been given this unique chance to know what it's like for a woman during sex. You're a man with a pussy, Mike! Think about it - you can experience something most people can only dream of understanding. You can feel what we feel, and not just hypothetically, but in the most real, visceral way possible."

As she continued talking, an unfamiliar heat started to build up within me. The thought of this new perspective, this unheard-of experience was... intriguing. I glanced at Anna, her eyes sparkling with curiosity and a newfound desire.

"You know," she continued, her voice dropping an octave, "this kind of turns me on. The thought of you... with a pussy. I'm excited to explore this new territory, to understand what makes you feel good now."

At her words, I felt a twinge of arousal, a pleasant heaviness in my new female genitalia. It was all so surreal, yet undeniably tantalizing. This was uncharted territory, a detour in my life I'd never imagined, but with Anna by my side, I started to view it as less of a catastrophic error and more of a brief, unexpected adventure.

"Can I see it?" Anna's voice was laced with curiosity, her eyes burning with an intensity that was both daunting and exciting. I nodded, my pulse quickening at the prospect of her touch, the prospect of the unknown.

With a gentle coaxing, I laid back on the bed, my eyes following Anna as she moved around. She was exploring new territory, her fingers reaching out with a tender curiosity that sent shivers of anticipation up my spine.

Her fingers traced the outlines of my new anatomy, an awed hush enveloping her as she delicately examined every nook and cranny. I felt the strange sensation of her touch, unfamiliar but surprisingly pleasurable. A quiet moan escaped my lips, a sudden testament to the unexpected pleasure that was building within me.

"Mike," she whispered, her eyes never leaving the sight before her. "Your pussy is getting wet."

Her words hung in the air, punctuating the reality of the bizarre, arousing situation. An unfamiliar warmth spread across my lower body, the dampness intensifying with each word she spoke, each touch she bestowed.

"It's a good sign," she continued, her voice dropping to an almost husky whisper. "Means your body's responding, getting ready for more."

The implications of her words sparked a surge of excitement within me, my new organs reacting instinctively to her touches, her words. This was an odd, unsettling pleasure, something I had never felt before, yet something undeniably powerful.

"Can I... continue?" she asked, her boldness once again cutting through the tension. Her fingers hovered over me, waiting for my permission, her eyes filled with curiosity and a hint of desire.

I nodded, giving into the strange allure of the situation.

An odd, electric anticipation hung in the air as Anna's fingers continued their exploratory journey. Her touch was deliberate and slow, a quiet intensity that sent ripples of pleasure coursing through my body.

Her fingers found their rhythm, a rhythm that mirrored the beating of my heart. My body felt strangely receptive to her touch, my mind spinning with the unfamiliarity of these sensations, yet I couldn't deny the raw pleasure building within me.

The warmth in my lower abdomen blossomed into a full-blown heat. I felt my body reacting in ways I'd never experienced, a pulsating energy spreading through my nerves, stoking the growing fire within. I could feel the wetness intensifying, a physical testament to my arousal.

Anna's voice punctuated the intense silence, her words a mix of curiosity and amazement, "Mike, your pussy... it's throbbing."

My breath hitched, my fingers clutching the bedsheets as the pressure continued to build. It felt different, but not in a bad way, just unfamiliar and... intense.

The warmth continued to spread, becoming more concentrated, reaching a tipping point that had my body arching off the bed. My breath became ragged, a silent cry escaping my lips as the pleasure overwhelmed me. I could feel the throbbing intensify, a tidal wave of release washing over me. My world became a blur of sensation and emotion, a powerful orgasm that seized control of my body.

As the waves of pleasure subsided, I collapsed onto the bed, my body feeling spent and sated. I could feel a certain dampness against my thighs, the remnants of my first orgasm as a woman.

"Wow," Anna's voice broke the silence, a hint of awe in her tone. I could only nod, my mind still trying to wrap itself around the foreign yet powerful experience I had just had.

As the strange warmth gradually ebbed away, I was left with a feeling of odd satisfaction, a sense of completion. The new sensations were still unfamiliar, still a bit frightening, but there was no denying the unique pleasure they brought. For the first time since the mix-up, I felt a strange sense of acceptance, a quiet understanding that this was, after all, a part of me - however temporary.

As the week unfolded, Anna and I delved into a world that was entirely new to me. We explored every aspect of lesbian intimacy, each moment brimming with unexplored sensations and shared laughter. From the delicate dance of cunnilingus to the assertive rhythm of a strapon, I felt my understanding of feminine pleasure growing with each experience.

Anna, ever adventurous, seemed to relish our strange situation. We discovered new sides of each other, our bond deepening in the face of this unforeseen journey. As we experimented, using vibrators, dildos, and various other tools, my body learned to dance to a different rhythm, to respond to unfamiliar sensations.

This bizarre detour in our lives had morphed into an intense exploration of female pleasure, an exploration I found surprisingly fulfilling. I even began to familiarize myself with the subtle intricacies of feminine hygiene, thanks to Anna's patient guidance. A curious sense of acceptance filled me, a strange comfort with my temporary female form. I found myself wondering what life would be like if I had been born a woman, my pussy becoming less alien each day.

As the day of my reversal surgery approached, I found myself more at peace with the situation than I had expected. Stepping into the hospital, I was met by a new face behind the reception desk. She radiated an air of competence that was reassuringly different from my previous visit.

As I announced my name, her fingers flew across the keyboard, the screen in front of her revealing the correct appointment details. "M. Johnson, right? Your appointment is scheduled for today. Please follow the nurse," she instructed, gesturing towards a woman in scrubs waiting nearby.

I was led to the same operating room, a stark reminder of the upcoming surgery. I sat down on the bed, my thoughts whirling in my head. This was it, the end of my unexpected journey into womanhood. As I waited for the surgery, a flurry of emotions washed over me – fear, relief, anticipation, but above all, a profound sense of gratitude for this unexpected, enlightening detour in my life.

I came to, the sterile scent of the hospital room filling my nostrils. My body felt oddly light, a dream-like weightlessness enveloping me. As my eyes fluttered open, I was met with the fuming glare of Dr. Allen.

"Johnson!" His voice echoed in the stark room, laced with an undisguised fury that made my heart pound. "I can't believe you've done this again!"

His words hung in the air, a grim specter of confusion and dread. I felt my heartbeat quicken, my mind racing to comprehend the situation. Again? My voice came out in a small croak, "I don't understand... what happened?"

The doctor's scowl deepened, his eyes cold and unforgiving. "Your body... it's....," he stuttered, evidently struggling to find the right words. "You've been put through a rejuvenation process. A process that costs fifty million dollars!"

A chill ran down my spine at his words. Rejuvenation? My mind raced back to the last thing I remembered - the injection of anesthesia, the familiar coldness of the hospital bed...

"You've been de-aged," the doctor spat out. "Your biological age has decreased from 22 years to 12 years. You've been placed in a special nanochamber, where nanobots have rebuilt your body at the cellular level."

His words crashed over me like a torrential wave, leaving me dazed. I was 12 again? My hand instinctively shot down to my lower abdomen, hoping against hope that the reversal surgery had at least been successful.

A sad shake of the doctor's head confirmed my fears. "You still have your female genitals, Johnson. Your body is that of a 12-year-old boy with a fully functional female reproductive system."

My mind reeled at his words, the reality of the situation sinking in. I was now a 12-year-old boy with a female anatomy, thanks to another catastrophic hospital mix-up. As I struggled to process this bombshell, one thing became clear - my unexpected journey was far from over.

Pleading with the head doctor yielded no results. His irate words echoed in my head as I finally left the hospital, "We won't perform any more operations for you, Johnson. You have caused enough damage."

Feeling defeated and disoriented, I found my way to the bus stop. The world seemed gargantuan around me.

As the city passed by in a blur, I mustered the strength to rehearse the conversation I would have with Anna. How do you tell your wife that you're now a preteen with female anatomy?

I entered our home, the familiar surroundings appearing strangely foreign to my younger self. As soon as Anna saw me, her eyes widened in shock. "Mike?" She whispered, her voice barely audible.

I nodded, the words tumbling out of me in a rush. "I... I've been de-aged. The hospital messed up again. I'm twelve, Anna. And I still... I still have the female anatomy."

Anna's initial shock quickly turned into fury. "They did what?!" She exclaimed, her hands balling into fists. "This is unacceptable, Mike! We need to fight this."

I nodded, relief washing over me at her words. Despite the bizarre situation, I felt comforted knowing that I wasn't alone in this fight. "Yes," I agreed, my voice sounding eerily high. "We need to get a lawyer, Anna. We can't let them get away with this."

We sat across the table from the hospital's representatives. Anna, now my legal guardian due to my regressed age, held my hand under the table, her grip steady and reassuring. To my left, our lawyer looked unyieldingly at the head physician and the hospital's attorney, his demeanor as stern as his gaze.

"We're here because my client," he pointed at me, his voice steady, "has been subjected to unwarranted, highly invasive medical procedures due to the negligence of your hospital's staff. This is gross malpractice, and we're prepared to fight this in court."

His threat of lawsuits sent a wave of tension through the room. I could see the hospital's attorney shifting uncomfortably in his chair. He glanced at the head physician, his brow furrowed.

"Dr. Allen," he began, addressing the head physician, "It's apparent that we've landed ourselves in a precarious situation. We need to think about a resolution...one that is fair to Mr. Johnson."

I watched as Dr. Allen's stern facade softened slightly. He let out a sigh, running a hand over his face before looking back at me.

"Fine," he conceded. "We'll perform the necessary procedures to rectify our mistakes. We'll first conduct an operation to restore Mr. Johnson's age to 22 years, and then proceed with the transplantation of his male genitalia."

Anna squeezed my hand, her eyes meeting mine with an assuring look. As my guardian, she was the one who would have to sign any legal agreements on my behalf.

I felt a rush of relief. There was a long way to go, but this was a start. It would take time, and it would not erase what had happened, but it was a small victory, a step in the right direction. This time, I was going home with some hope, a sense that I would eventually get my old life back, that the strange journey I'd been forced onto was coming to a close.

Anna and I decided to celebrate our small victory with a trip to our favorite cafe. I had to look up to see her, a sight that felt oddly alien and strangely amusing. It was a bizarre feeling, being a boy again but with the mind and memories of a 22-year-old man.

The silver lining, however, was my child-like sense of taste. I savored the sweet creaminess of the ice cream, each spoonful bursting with flavors that were far more vivid than I remembered. The fizziness of Coca-Cola, too, was something to relish. Each bubble popping in my mouth felt like a small, delightful explosion.

As we were finishing our desserts, a young man approached our table. His gaze blatantly ignored me as he introduced himself. "Hi, I'm Jack."

"Oh, hi," Anna responded, a touch of surprise in her voice.

"I couldn't help but notice you from across the room," the stranger continued, his confidence unwavering. "Mind if I join you?"

Anna, clearly entertained, decided to play along. "Mike, this is Jack. He wants to join us. What do you think?", she asked, an impish grin on her face.

Taking my cue, I put on the most petulant expression I could muster. "No," I pouted, crossing my arms over my chest. "I don't like him."

Jack's face reddened, clearly taken aback by my capricious response. Anna and I broke into laughter, unable to keep up the act. We might have been in an unprecedented situation, but it was moments like these that reminded me of the bond we shared. No matter the physical changes I was going through, our relationship remained resilient, a beacon of stability amidst the chaos.

The following week was a monotonous drag. I spent most of my time at home, lounging in the most comfortable clothes I had. A simple pair of girly white cotton panties, shorts, and a T-shirt became my daily uniform. Anna and I decided it was best for us to sleep in separate beds, given the circumstances. Despite the strangeness of the situation, there was an odd comfort in the simplicity of it all.

"Mike, you should really consider doing something more productive," Anna suggested one day, her eyes flickering over the umpteenth episode of Tom and Jerry playing on the TV.

"I am being productive," I replied, my eyes not leaving the screen. "I'm revisiting my childhood, reliving the cartoons I used to love."

She let out a soft laugh at that, shaking her head as she went back to her book.

The most peculiar part of this experience, perhaps, was the complete absence of any sexual sensation. My body felt distinctly asexual - a sharp contrast to the intense pleasure I'd experienced just a few weeks prior. It was strange, feeling so disconnected from something that had once been such an integral part of my life. But at the same time, it was also a relief. My body and mind were at rest, untroubled by the usual needs and desires.

As the days passed, I found myself increasingly looking forward to the upcoming operation. The prospect of regaining my age, of rejoining the adult world was like a beacon, a light at the end of this bizarre tunnel.

I clutched Anna's hand tightly as we stepped into the familiar clinical hallways of the hospital. This time, there was a newfound determination in our strides. We weren't going to leave any room for error.

At the reception, we were greeted by yet another receptionist. She looked younger than the previous ones, her uniform immaculately ironed, her hair pulled into a neat bun. I hoped her competence matched her professionalism.

"We are here for Mr. Johnson's surgery," Anna started, her voice firm. "He is to be aged from 12 to 22."

"Yes, Mrs. Johnson," the receptionist replied with a nod, her fingers flying over the keyboard as she pulled up my records. "Everything is in order."

"Are you sure?" Anna pressed, her gaze unyielding. "We don't want any mistakes this time."

The receptionist offered us a reassuring smile. "Absolutely, Mrs. Johnson. The appointment is correctly marked. Mr. Johnson is scheduled for an age-advancement procedure today."

Despite the comforting words, I could still feel a knot of anxiety in my stomach as we were led to the operating room. The cool, sterile walls of the hospital were beginning to feel like a nightmarish maze.

As I laid down on the operation table, an anesthesiologist preparing my arm for the anesthesia injection, Anna gave my hand a final squeeze. Her face was the last thing I saw before my eyes closed, a warm smile gracing her lips. A silent promise that everything would be okay.

With the comforting image of Anna's face etched in my mind, I drifted off to sleep.

When my eyes fluttered open, I was greeted by the sight of Anna's face, her expression a mixture of relief and...confusion?

"What...what happened?" My own voice startled me. It was softer, higher-pitched than I remembered.

"Mike..." Anna's voice wavered, her gaze skimming over my body. I followed her gaze and was met with a sight that sent a shockwave through me.

My chest was bare, revealing a pair of small, round breasts. I touched them, feeling their firmness. I couldn't deny their reality. And there were other changes as well. My waist was slimmer, my hips wider. My body had a softness and a delicacy to it that was entirely unfamiliar. Even my arms lacked their usual muscle tone, and my hands looked fragile, their bones thin.

Looking at my reflection in a nearby mirror, I was confronted with my own face. Only, it wasn't the face I remembered. My features were softer, more feminine. My jawline was less prominent, my eyes seemed larger somehow, and my lips fuller.

My heart pounded in my chest as I took it all in. I felt... different. I felt softer, lighter. I ran a hand through my hair, finding it thicker, more voluminous. My skin felt smoother under my touch. Everything was so different, so... feminine. I felt an odd sensation, a mix of fear, confusion, and, if I were honest, a hint of intrigue.

"Anna..." My voice quivered, the reality of the situation hitting me. I was a 22-year-old woman now.

Anna reached for my hand, giving it a comforting squeeze. "Mike," she said softly, "We'll figure this out. We always do."

Her words offered some comfort, but they couldn't mask the overwhelming uncertainty I felt about this new reality. It felt like I was trapped in a dream, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't wake up. Yet there I was, living a reality I could have never imagined.

When Dr. Allen walked into the room, his expression was one of firm resolve. "Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson," he began, his gaze flickering between us.

"Doctor," Anna responded tersely, her grip on my hand tightening.

"You must understand," Dr. Allen continued, "when Mr. Johnson signed the agreement, we explicitly explained that the age-advancement procedure would take into account his current physiological condition."

I tried to cut in, "But I wasn't expecting—"

"Mr. Johnson," Dr. Allen interrupted, "we can't predict with absolute certainty the results of these procedures. They're based on advanced cellular restructuring technology. You had female reproductive organs, and that affected the hormones during the procedure."

I felt a chill run down my spine. I had signed the documents, yes, but I hadn't understood the full implications. The reality of the situation was beginning to settle in.

"But what about these changes?" I asked, gesturing towards my body, "I can't live like this."

"Mr. Johnson," Dr. Allen offered a sympathetic smile, "the hospital is prepared to fulfill its obligations. We can perform the second surgery as planned, to transplant your male genitals back. As a token of goodwill, we are also willing to perform additional surgeries to make you feel more comfortable. We can remove the breasts and correct your vocal cords."

His offer echoed in the room, leaving me dumbfounded. It felt like an eternity before Anna managed to murmur a thank you, leading me out of the hospital.

The moment we arrived home, I was hit with an intense need to assess the changes that had taken place in my body. Tentatively, I led Anna to our bedroom. I gingerly undressed, the air suddenly feeling cooler against my skin. Once I was down to my bare skin, I paused, drawing in a shaky breath before finally turning to face my reflection. Anna stood quietly by my side, her hand gently resting on my back for support.

My new body stared back at me - smaller, softer, unquestionably female. My once 6 foot 1 inch frame was now diminished to 5 foot 10, making me appear more petite than Anna. The mirror didn't lie; my body had taken on a distinctly feminine form with an hourglass figure, my proportions shifting to 34A-27-40. In contrast, Anna's 36B-26-37 figure suddenly seemed more athletic.

My chest was adorned with a pair of small breasts, not overly large but undeniably feminine. My face too had changed. I wasn't excessively feminine; after all, the hormonal changes had only taken effect when I was twelve. But it was a far cry from the masculine face I had seen in this mirror for years.

Suddenly, an overwhelming wave of emotion crashed over me. I felt an intense surge of vulnerability, my newfound sensitivity betraying me. The reality of my situation, the magnitude of the changes that had occurred, it all seemed too much to handle. Tears welled up in my eyes and spilled over, rolling down my cheeks.

As I began to sob, Anna wrapped her arms around me, pulling me close. Her arms felt warm and reassuring against my sensitive skin, her soft words of consolation filling my ears. As she gently kissed my tears away, something in me eased. I wasn't alone. I had Anna.

The tension eased slightly, and I found myself calming down, my sobs subsiding. The intimate proximity of our bodies sparked something within me. In spite of everything, I found myself yearning for her. Our lips met in a passionate kiss, the first since my transformation. The sensation was somehow more intense, more powerful than before. My body seemed to have a heightened awareness of her touch, a side effect of the female hormones coursing through my veins. A rush of warmth flooded through me, and I found myself blushing at the new experience. The night was far from over, and we had much to discover.

Our kisses turned deeper, more passionate, and before I knew it, we found ourselves tangled in the sheets of our bed. I was completely exposed, my new body bare under

the gentle, soothing touch of Anna. Her hands were everywhere, exploring the curves of my feminized body with a gentle curiosity that felt almost reverent. Her lips found my breasts, sucking gently on the nipple. The sensation was incredible, a sweet, relaxing pleasure spreading out from the spot, reaching straight to my core.

My body tingled as her hand moved lower, her fingers finding their way between my legs. I gasped, the sudden sensation causing my body to jolt. Anna's fingers traced a careful path along the delicate folds of my female anatomy, eventually landing on the small, sensitive nub that was my clitoris.

Every touch on this little point of sensitivity sent a jolt of pleasure through my body, making me squirm under Anna's steady hand. Each gentle circular motion she applied was perfectly calibrated, the pleasure gradually building, making me feel light-headed.

The intensity of the pleasure only grew as Anna, with a kind of knowing instinct, applied more pressure, her fingers skillfully stimulating my clitoris. The pleasure surged through me, my breath hitching, my heart pounding. The world narrowed down to this room, to this bed, to the woman who was discovering my body as though it was a map, and to the unexpected climax that seized me, leaving me breathless.

As the powerful waves of orgasm slowly subsided, reality returned. The reflection of my changed body in the mirror, the different sensations, the loss of my familiar self, it all came rushing back. The rollercoaster of emotions, enhanced by my newly female hormonal profile, left me feeling vulnerable. Tears welled up in my eyes, blurring my vision. I sobbed, my higher pitched voice filled with distress, "I need... I need my old body back, Anna. This... this isn't me."

She pulled me closer, her hand gently stroking my hair. "We'll fix this, Mike," she promised. Her voice was soft, soothing - a balm to my tumultuous emotions. "Whatever it takes, we'll get through this."

As I woke up the following morning, the reality of my transformation was still disconcertingly present. My female breasts, the feminine curves of my body, it all felt oddly unfamiliar. Yet, there was one change I felt was particularly irksome. My hair, which had grown out considerably during my transformation, hung in long, luscious waves around my shoulders.

"Let's get you a haircut," Anna suggested over breakfast. Her tone was light, yet I could see the concern in her eyes. She was trying to make this situation as bearable as possible for me.

"Come on, Mike. It'll be good for you," Anna urged, holding up a neatly tailored women's trouser suit she'd bought me earlier. It was smart, chic, and, most importantly, not a dress. I could handle that.

Sighing, I agreed, "Alright, I'll go with you. But I'm not wearing any makeup."

She gave me a knowing smile, "We'll see."

The beauty salon was brightly lit, filled with the hum of hair dryers and chatter. It smelled of hair products and a touch of perfume. In that bustling space, I felt distinctly out of place, like an alien visiting a foreign planet.

A friendly hairdresser named Trisha led me to a chair. Her eyes widened slightly when she saw my reflection. "You've got lovely hair. Let's give you a smart and elegant cut, shall we?"

Before I knew it, my long hair was cut short, swept back in an elegant updo that highlighted my newly feminized face. My head felt lighter, and I had to admit, it suited me.

"I'll just add a touch of makeup," Trisha said, and before I could protest, she was brushing a light powder over my face. She worked deftly, adding a bit of mascara to my lashes, some blush to my cheeks, and a soft shade of lipstick to my lips. My heart pounded as she traced the eyeliner along my eyelid, the sensation ticklish and unfamiliar.

She selected a bold, red lipstick, the color standing out against the palette of more muted shades. "Trust me," she assured, noticing my uncertain gaze, "this will look amazing with your dark eyes and hair."

Finally, she finished with a sweep of blush, giving me a warm, healthy glow.

The result left me speechless. The face in the mirror was still mine, but softer, more refined. My newly short hair framed my face, drawing attention to my large eyes and full lips. My dark eyes looked larger, more vibrant, the makeup subtly enhancing their deep color. My lips were a vivid red, the bold color surprisingly harmonious with my dark features. The blush highlighted my cheekbones, giving my face an elegant structure.

I looked... beautiful. It was a strange realization. I looked at Anna, who was grinning broadly. "You're beautiful, Mike," she said, echoing my thoughts.

We left the salon with Anna beaming and me feeling somewhat out of sorts. The suit I was wearing, the new hairstyle, the subtle makeup, they all contributed to a reality I was still coming to terms with. I was a woman now, not just any woman, but an attractive one.

This newly-formed awareness intensified as two young men who looked to be in their mid-twenties sauntered over to us on our way home. They were both casually dressed, one in a black leather jacket over a white tee, his hair styled in a disheveled look, the other in a blue button-up shirt with a pair of slim-fit jeans, his hair slicked back. Their smiles were confident, and their eyes held an unmistakable spark of interest.

"Hey, ladies," the one in the leather jacket said, his voice smooth as he gave us what I guessed was his most charming smile. It was a classic move, one that I'd used myself in my previous life. "I'm Jake, and this is Ethan."

Anna responded warmly, "It's nice to meet you both, I'm Anna", a gracious smile playing on her lips. Following her lead, I found myself saying, "And I'm Mary." It was an impulsive decision, the name naturally rolling off my tongue.

Their beaming smiles broadened upon hearing our introductions. "The pleasure's all ours," Ethan said, his eyes darting between Anna and me. He then offered a compliment, addressing both of us, "You ladies light up this sidewalk more than any street lamp could."

Anna, caught off guard, chuckled lightly, her cheeks taking on a soft blush. "Well, that's a new one," she responded, her tone filled with gentle amusement. "Thank you, Ethan."

"We were just heading to this new bar down the street," Ethan suggested, directing the conversation to me. "Maybe you two would like to join us?" His eyes shone with hope and a hint of eagerness that was hard to ignore.

I was about to instinctively decline the invitation when Anna chimed in, "That does sound nice, maybe some other time. We've had quite a day." Her voice was decisive, yet courteous, leaving room for a possible acceptance in the future.

"Of course, we understand," Ethan replied, not seeming disappointed. "Hopefully, we'll run into each other again."

As we walked away, I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. I was still adjusting to my new reality, still figuring out who 'Mary' was. It was overwhelming, but oddly enough, there was a part of me that was starting to enjoy the ride.

In the ensuing days before my scheduled operation, I found myself slowly adapting to this foreign, feminine body that I now inhabited. The sound of Anna's voice calling me 'Mary', a name I'd impulsively chosen, filled the house more frequently. I could see the glint of amusement in her eyes every time she addressed me as such, and I had to admit, there was something endearingly whimsical about it.

Taking walks alone became my daily routine. It was during those times that I began experiencing the world from a different perspective. People saw me as just another woman, not knowing the truth that lay beneath the surface. It was a bizarre feeling, but it allowed me to move unremarkably among them.

An idea struck me as I passed by a bustling shopping mall. Perhaps it was the sight of women coming out, their arms laden with shopping bags, their faces glowing with satisfaction, or maybe it was my own curiosity. Either way, I found myself drawn inside.

The women's clothing section was a world unto itself - dresses, tops, skirts, jeans, and all the accessories you could imagine. I was mesmerized, the colors and patterns drawing me in like a moth to a flame.

I spent the next few hours trying on a myriad of outfits, each more feminine than the last. I had to admit, I was surprised. My new body had an hourglass figure that filled out the dresses quite nicely. I was particularly drawn to one dress, a simple white one adorned with a cute panda head pattern. There was something innocent, something playful about it that I found incredibly appealing.

With a thrill of fear and excitement, I bought the dress. As I made my way back home, I clutched the bag tightly, the simple act of purchasing a dress filling me with an unexpected sense of accomplishment.

Back home, I hid the dress in the back of my closet, my cheeks flushing at the thought of Anna discovering my little secret. Despite everything, despite the overwhelming fear and uncertainty, there was a part of me that was adapting, a part of me that was beginning to embrace 'Mary'.

The hospital walls seemed all too familiar as Anna and I walked in. I could feel a bubble of anxiety growing in my stomach, but Anna's reassuring grip on my hand kept me grounded. I wasn't alone in this. Anna was with me, a sturdy rock amidst the turbulent sea of my emotions.

We were ushered into a sterile hospital room by an orderly. The place was immaculate and held the distinct smell of antiseptic. My heart pounded in my chest, a wild rhythm echoing the tense anticipation that hung in the air.

A man walked in, his white coat crisply ironed, the badge on his chest reading 'Dr. Edwards - Anesthesiologist'. He was carrying a modern-looking device that I recognized as a jet injector, its metal surface gleaming under the harsh hospital lights.

"Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson," he said, his voice chipper and professional. His eyes were warm as he explained, "We'll be doing both the genital transplant and the cosmetic surgery today. You'll be put under anesthesia for the duration."

With practiced ease, he pressed the jet injector against my arm, his touch firm and confident. "Here's your anesthesia injection, Mr. Johnson," he stated, his tone factual. I barely felt the quick pressure against my skin, a brief sting before nothingness took over.

And then, to my shock, he turned to Anna. "And this is your injection, Mrs. Johnson," he said in the same business-like tone, pressing the injector against her arm before she could protest.

"What? Wait, there's been a..." but my voice trailed off as I saw her eyes flutter, the anesthesia taking effect swiftly. Our eyes met, hers widening with shock mirroring my

own. Had they assumed one surgery was for each of us? I tried to voice my concerns, but the anesthesia was working its magic too quickly.

Everything started to blur around me, the room spinning gently as my consciousness slipped away. Anna's alarmed face was the last thing I saw before darkness claimed me, leaving me in its peaceful abyss.

I awoke to the sterile brightness of the hospital room, a dull throbbing ache pulsating under the bandages wrapped around my face. My mind was foggy, my body heavy and unwieldy as if still floating in the depths of anesthesia-induced sleep.

I did a quick mental check of my body. The familiar swell of breasts under the hospital gown. The absence of the weight between my legs. I was still female. But then why was my face all wrapped up? A surge of panic washed over me. What had they done?

Just then, the door swung open, and in walked Anna. The moment our eyes met, I saw a mix of emotions flicker across her face - shock, confusion, and a hint of outrage.

"Mike," she blurted out, "these stupid doctors who confuse everything, they transplanted your penis to me! But why... why is your face bandaged?" Her voice had a slight tremor, the edges tinged with disbelief and anger.

The room fell into a deafening silence, her words hanging in the air like an absurd, nightmarish joke. I was too stunned to speak, my mind struggling to process her words.

As if on cue, the door creaked open again, revealing a nurse I hadn't seen before. She held a clipboard in her hands and her eyes scanned the room before landing on me. "Mr. Johnson, according to the records," she began, her voice professional yet indifferent, "you underwent complex cosmetic facial surgery. Rhinoplasty, cheekbone implants, brow lift, chin reduction, and lip augmentation injection to be specific."

My mind whirled. Cosmetic facial surgery? My heart pounded in my chest as I slowly lifted a hand to my bandaged face. The reality of the situation crashed down on me, a jumbled mess of confusion and fear. How could this have happened? How did we end up here? I took a deep breath, attempting to stifle the rising panic. I had to stay calm, for Anna and for myself. Whatever this was, we would figure it out... together.

We sat in the sterile hospital room, the mood heavy with the weight of our predicament. Across from us, Dr. Allen's face was a livid storm. He was glaring at us like we were a pair of malignant tumors that had invaded his pristine hospital.

"Johnson," he began, his tone as icy as his stare, "you and your wife have cost us another \$40 million. I've never seen anything like this in my entire career! No patient has

ever caused so many blunders, so many... catastrophic mistakes!" His voice echoed in the silent room. It was as if he were suggesting that I was some kind of misfortune magnet, drawing chaos and confusion wherever I went. The thought was ludicrous, and yet...

Reluctantly, Allen promised to correct the surgeries, to give me back my male parts and restore Anna's femininity. I felt a knot loosen in my chest. At least there was that. But the thought of waiting another week, living in this confusing body, it made my stomach churn.

The ride home was quiet. We drove through the city, the buildings and people passing by like faded background characters in a movie. The hospital, the city, the entire world felt like it was moving in slow motion, like we were stuck in some strange dream. I felt Anna's hand find mine, her fingers giving mine a reassuring squeeze. I squeezed back, trying to draw strength from her touch.

When we returned home, I made my way to the bathroom, the place of many self-revelations in the past few weeks. The bandages wrapped tightly around my face were begging to be removed. I had been spared the sight of my own reflection thus far, my mind still struggling to come to terms with the doctor's words.

The mirror greeted me with its cold, glassy surface, an honest yet silent observer. I stared at the bandages wrapping my face, a tangible barrier between me and the truth. With a deep breath, I began to unwind the gauze, revealing the newly sculpted face underneath.

Before this operation, my face features were unmistakably feminine, albeit still retaining a bit of masculine ruggedness. My nose, although not a prominent feature, had been on the larger side, adding a slight virile quality to my otherwise delicate face.

With the bandages completely off, I hesitated, my heart pounding wildly in my chest. I raised my eyes to the mirror and gasped. The reflection that stared back was mesmerizing, almost alien in its beauty.

Where once my nose was slightly large, now it was small and perfectly proportioned. My cheekbones were high and pronounced, lending a sophisticated air to my visage. My lips, once thin and ordinary, were now full, their plumpness enhanced with a hint of natural rose. My chin was softer, more rounded, giving my face a youthful, feminine look.

The transformation was startling. I looked at my reflection in awe, reaching out to touch the mirror, half expecting the image to disappear. But it was real. I was real. My face was so much more feminine now, incredibly sexy even. And strangely, against all logic, I liked it.

But my reflection faded from my focus as I thought of Anna. She had been uncharacteristically quiet since we left the hospital, her vibrant energy muted by the shock of our predicament.

Turning from the mirror, I found her sitting on the edge of our bed, a faraway look in her eyes. I sat down next to her, taking her hand in mine. "Anna," I began, trying to find the right words, "Remember what you said to me after my first mix-up? About this... situation being a unique opportunity?"

She looked at me, her eyes slightly wide as she took in the changes to my face. "Mike..." she started, her voice trailing off as she examined my new features.

"Look," I said, gently squeezing her hand, "You always told me to embrace the changes, to enjoy the new experiences. Now, it's your turn." I paused, my heart pounding in my chest. "You have... well, a part of me now. A part of me that allows you to experience something completely new. Why not... why not give it a try? To understand what it's like for men?"

Her eyes met mine, a spark of her usual fire dancing in their depths. I could see her mind working, mulling over my words. There was no hiding from this situation - we had to face it head-on. And if we could find a silver lining, some way to enjoy the absurdity of it all, maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

Our room glowed in the soft amber of the setting sun, creating a setting that was intimate and mellow. Anna, right in the center, was a study in contrast as she revealed her new, masculine acquisition - my old cock, which now looked shockingly large on her petite frame. A surreal view, it was once my cock, but now it pulsed with life and warmth as Anna's. The reality was clear and undeniable - she was the one in control, feeling every sensation of that cock. As for me, I was now just a woman, ready and eager to play with her man's cock, a full turnabout in our roles.

Anna settled herself comfortably on the bed, her gaze heavy with anticipation. "You ready?" she asked me, her voice steady despite the hint of blush on her cheeks. Her question was met with my eager nod, my hands reaching out to touch her newly acquired male anatomy.

I was careful, my touch gentle as I began to explore. The skin was warm and smooth, stiffening under my strokes. Her breath hitched, her eyes going wide as an unfamiliar wave of pleasure surged through her.

"Wow," she murmured, her voice shaky with the sensation. "It... it's such a different feeling. It's like... like a pleasurable tension, building up."

The straightforwardness of her words was jarring and yet oddly stimulating. I continued my ministrations, watching as her body responded, her arousal evident in the growing hardness of her cock.

Guided by my own memories of pleasure, I brought my mouth closer. The first contact made Anna shudder, her hand moving instinctively to run through my hair. "Mike... oh, fuck..." she groaned, her voice thick with pleasure.

I reveled in her reactions, fueled by her pleasure. The minutes melted away, consumed by the heated exchanges and passionate exploration. Anna's breathy moans and curse-laden exclamations filled the room, culminating in a potent climax that left her trembling.

As the waves of pleasure subsided, she caught her breath, her eyes glinting with satisfaction. "That... that was one hell of an orgasm," she admitted, her voice laced with amusement. "Guess having a cock isn't so bad after all." Her words were bold and shameless, the echo of her orgasmic pleasure still lingering in the air.

As we lay there in the afterglow, her chest still heaving, I began to envision a further step. Her experimentation had opened my eyes to the pleasures that my transformed body could experience, and now it was my turn to offer her a new way to understand her temporary transformation.

"Anna," I began, my voice steady despite the simmering heat between us. "Are you up for a bit more... exploration?" She turned her head to look at me, her eyebrows raised. I took a breath, steadying myself before I continued. "There's... there's another way you can experience... the full potential of your current... situation."

The room was silent for a moment, and then Anna laughed. "You're suggesting we..." she started, her words tapering off into a mischievous smirk. She was bold and straightforward as ever, understanding the implications of my words.

"Yes," I confirmed, feeling a blush creep onto my face. But I didn't shy away. I wanted her to experience this, the way I had. The way she had helped me.

And so we found ourselves entwined again. The anticipation made my skin tingle, my heart pounding in my chest. Anna was gentle and attentive, her movements slow and deliberate as if savoring every moment. I welcomed her in, my body responding with an eagerness that surprised me.

"Oh, Mike..." Anna murmured, her voice trembling with excitement. "This... this is... damn, I can't even find the words..."

I could barely formulate a response as waves of pleasure coursed through my body, more intense and focused than anything I had felt before. My world narrowed down to her, to the rhythm we were setting, to the intimate dance we were sharing.

My climax came as a rush, consuming me in a blinding heat that left me breathless and spent. As the waves of pleasure subsided, I felt Anna pull me closer, her arms wrapping around me. I could hear her chuckle softly, her breath warm against my ear.

"Well, Mike," she murmured, her voice filled with satisfaction. "I think we can safely say that this... has been quite an experience." I couldn't help but chuckle at her understatement, my body still tingling from the aftereffects of our intimate connection.

After a breather, with Anna's virility recharged, she turned to me, a new question shining in her eyes. "Mike, would you mind... can I try..." she gestured towards her cock, then towards me, the intention behind her words clear. My mind reeled at her proposition, but I found myself nodding. I wanted to be there for Anna, help her navigate this foreign landscape of masculine pleasure. I knew I had to support her, to help her make sense of this new, unexpected reality.

Plus, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little excited by the prospect - the earlier activities had left me in a heightened state, my newly formed pussy already wet with anticipation. "Alright," I said, giving her a reassuring smile, "Let's do it."

"Okay," I breathed, more to myself than to her.

She guided me onto the bed, my body positioned in the familiar doggy style. Familiar, yet so alien. I was usually the one doing the taking, but now, I was the one being taken. It felt strange, almost unreal.

"Remember," I told her, my voice steady despite the situation, "Don't cum inside me." She nodded, her gaze focused on my lower back, my pussy. I was no longer her husband in this moment, just a body, a tool to satisfy her new-found masculine lust. The thought was a bit intimidating, yet surprisingly exciting.

Anna was gentle as she entered me, her movements careful and slow. Her cock, which was once mine, now penetrated me, an alien sensation that was both foreign and intense. I was not Mike anymore, but Mary - the receiver, the object of Anna's desire.

Anna's rhythm was slow at first, then gradually picked up the pace. Every thrust was filled with raw, masculine energy. It was so very different, so very foreign, yet there was a certain thrill to it, a thrill that only added to the growing heat in my body.

Finally, after a series of deep, fervent thrusts, Anna pulled out, her breath hitching as she released her load onto my back. The warm sensation was an odd comfort, a reminder of the surreal journey we'd embarked upon.

Afterwards, I collapsed onto the bed, a strange mix of satisfaction and curiosity coursing through my veins. This was not how I imagined my day would end.

The following morning, the phone rang with a distinct, unyielding tone, pulling me from the remnants of a dream. It was the hospital, offering a free session with a highly qualified psychologist. A godsend, considering my current predicament. I agreed, more out of necessity than desire.

At the psychologist's office, I was greeted by a young woman, professional yet with an undercurrent of warmth. She introduced herself as Dr. Lauren, ushering me into a room with a comfortable chair and soft lighting, creating a soothing atmosphere.

Our conversation started off rather normal. I found myself narrating my extraordinary tale, telling her about how I transitioned from Mike, a fully male individual, to an unequivocally female form. I even mentioned the name Mary, which I had started using to cope with the transition.

Midway through the session, Dr. Lauren suggested an injection that she said would help me relax and become more aware of my problems.

Given the situation, I was willing to try anything. I nodded, watching as she administered the injection, a gentle prick barely registering on my skin.

In the aftermath of the injection, a calmness washed over me. The psychologist's words started to feel profoundly convincing, as if they were echoing my deepest thoughts, my own desires and beliefs.

Dr. Lauren's voice was a gentle, rhythmic lullaby, coaxing me into a trance-like state. "You love your female face and body, Mary. You are 'she', not 'he'," she said, her voice confident and soothing. "You love the name 'Mary.' It suits you better than 'Mike.' You're also attracted to men now, their strong physique, their... presence."

I could only nod, my mind lapping up her words like a parched desert. She continued, her voice never wavering, "You enjoy pampering yourself, visiting beauty salons, getting massages. It's a part of your identity now, Mary."

Then, she started talking about Anna, how I wanted to give Anna pleasure, to make her fall in love with her new appendage, to dissuade her from the transplant. I didn't question it. I didn't resist. I simply accepted, my mind seemingly in perfect agreement with the ideas she was planting.

Eventually, Dr. Lauren concluded the session, her voice returning to its original calm, composed tone. "So, Mary," she began, her eyes meeting mine, "Why did you come here today?"

Without missing a beat, I answered, "I'm Mary. I... I want to stay in this female body."

Her smile widened, a glint of satisfaction in her eyes. "That's perfectly normal, Mary," she assured me, "Anyone in your position would want to stay as beautiful as you are now."

Stepping into our apartment, a feeling of homecoming washed over me. Anna was perched on the couch, her eyes flicking to the door as I entered.

"Hey, Mike... how was it?" she began, using my old name. I found it odd. Mike didn't seem to fit me anymore.

"Actually, Anna," I replied, a soft smile playing on my lips, "I think I prefer Mary now."

Anna's eyes widened, a mix of surprise and confusion flickering in their depths. "Mary? Are you sure... I mean...what happened at the session?"

In that moment, I realized that my transition wasn't just about me. It was about Anna too. It was about us. And I needed to guide her through this as delicately as possible.

"The session was... enlightening, Anna. Dr. Lauren helped me understand my feelings, my desires. She helped me find harmony with my new self."

I paused, giving her a moment to digest my words. "So, tell me Anna, who do you see when you look at me? Your husband, Mike? Or a woman?"

She looked at me, her gaze slowly moving over my features. "I... I see a woman. You're...you're very beautiful."

Her words, her acceptance filled me with a sense of joy, of relief. And with that, a surge of desire, a primal urge coursed through me. An urge to seduce her, to pleasure her...to make her see me as a woman. I felt an undeniable need to have her, to feel her within me.

"Anna," I began, my voice dropping to a sensual murmur as I leaned in close, pressing my lips to hers. As our lips met, my hand drifted down to the waistband of her shorts, fingers trailing over the fabric. I could feel the growing bulge underneath, a tangible testament to her arousal.

I broke away from the kiss, my eyes locked onto hers, full of intent. "Anna," I purred, the words flowing with an inherent seductiveness, "I want to feel you...inside me. I crave the sensation of your...cock filling my pussy."

Anna's reaction was instantaneous. Her eyes flared with desire, matching the hardening length under my touch. Her lips curled into a broad smile as she reached out for me, her arms pulling me closer into her embrace. The sight filled me with a profound satisfaction; it was an unequivocal acceptance of the woman I'd become, of the transformation we were navigating together.

I slid down Anna's body, tracing a path with my lips until I came face to face with her impressive cock. Her masculine appendage was warm, pulsing with life as it filled my mouth. Each stroke of my tongue, each suction of my lips, was met with a growl from her, a twitch of her cock.

"I love how your mouth feels on my cock, Mary," she breathed out, her voice laced with the raw sexuality of the moment.

My sole focus was to stoke the flame of her desire. I played with her throbbing cock expertly, my mouth taking her to the edge before backing off, leaving her writhing with need. The sweet taste of pre-cum, a tangy, salty hint of the pleasure I was causing her, only fuelled my determination.

This dance of seduction continued, each cycle pushing Anna closer to her limit, her groans growing desperate, her hands gripping my hair tighter.

"Oh, fuck Mary, don't stop. Your mouth... it's fucking perfect," she gasped out, her breath hitching as I once again backed off just as she was on the verge of succumbing to the pleasure.

Finally, the tables turned. In a swift move, she flipped me over on the bed, her eyes alight with a carnal hunger. Without a word, she positioned herself between my legs, her cock teasing at the entrance of my pussy.

"Do you want this cock, Mary? Do you want me to fuck that tight pussy of yours?" Her words were explicit, leaving no room for ambiguity.

"Yes, Anna," I breathed out, my words laced with anticipation, "Fuck me. But remember, don't cum inside."

Anna needed no further prompting. She plunged her cock into me with a single, swift thrust, filling me completely. My back arched off the bed, my fingers clenching into the sheets as she set a fast, hard pace. The pleasure was indescribable, each thrust from her cock lighting up my senses.

With a final thrust, Anna pulled out, her cock throbbing in the air before hot cum sprayed onto my face. The sight of her, flushed and panting with her release, brought a swell of satisfaction to my heart. I was happy to see Anna enjoying these new sensations, these male pleasures.

I looked over at Anna, her naked form sprawled across the bed, looking utterly spent. I let out a soft chuckle, "You're getting pretty good at handling that cock of yours."

Anna let out a hearty laugh, her eyes twinkling with mischief, "I'm not going to lie, this cock is incredible. The pleasure... it's intense."

Her words stirred something within me, a bold thought. Gathering my courage, I decided to voice it out, "You know, Anna, I don't mind you keeping it. I... I kind of like you with a cock. And if that means our roles are switched... well, I'm okay with that."

Anna looked at me, her eyebrows shooting up in surprise, before a smile tugged at her lips, "You want to be my wife, Mary?"

Her words made my heart flutter, "Yes, Anna, I do."

I watched as she lay back, her cock standing at attention. I reached for the bedside drawer, pulling out a condom, asking her to put it on.

Positioning myself over her, I slowly lowered myself onto her cock, feeling her fill me up. Anna let out a guttural groan, her hands coming up to rest on my hips. I started moving, my movements rhythmic as I took control. Anna's words, dirty and raw, echoed in the room, fueling my desire.

"Faster, Mary," she growled, her eyes burning with desire, "Fuck that cock, babe."

With each thrust, pleasure coursed through me. I matched her pace, our bodies moving in a primal rhythm. The room was filled with our moans, the wet sounds of our lovemaking creating a symphony of lust. We climaxed together, our bodies shaking with the intensity of our orgasms.

Spent and thoroughly satisfied, I collapsed onto Anna, the feel of our breasts pressing against each other adding to the intimate moment. I felt her fingers gently stroking my hair, her lips pressing a soft kiss on my forehead. "I love you, Mary," she whispered, her voice filled with genuine affection.

As I closed my eyes, a satisfied smile playing on my lips, I knew I was exactly where I was supposed to be.

Walking into the hospital, the cold antiseptic smell hung heavy in the air. The bustling energy of the hospital staff was palpable, but Anna and I were calm. We were guided towards the operating room, but we had a different destination in mind - Dr. Allen's office.

Dr. Allen looked up as we entered, his face stern, his eyes guarded. He asked us, with a frown marring his forehead, "What do you want this time?"

I glanced at Anna, feeling a surge of confidence. I said, "We have decided to forego the surgeries. We're happy with who we are now."

Dr. Allen's frown slowly lifted, a mixture of surprise and relief replacing it. His voice echoed in the quiet office, "That's... very good to hear." The savings were considerable, but I think he was more relieved for us.

Exiting the hospital, a sense of peace washed over us. We had made the right decision. We were content.

As we walked away, I glanced back at the hospital one last time. I saw Dr. Allen standing in the window of his office, a contented smile gracing his face. Just then, an anesthesiologist walked into his office, a jet injector in his hand.

"Here's your anesthesia injection, Mrs. Johnson." The anesthesiologist's words echoed faintly through the open window.

Dr. Allen seemed taken aback, but before he could protest, the anesthesiologist had already injected him. As his body slumped against his chair, I heard the anesthesiologist's parting words, "Don't worry, Mrs., you'll get your vagina back soon."

Anna and I shared a look of shock, then burst into laughter. As we walked away from the hospital, arm in arm, I couldn't help but think about the strange turns life could take. But for us, at that moment, everything was perfect just the way it was.

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