

I am a cross dresser. Not being one to mince words we might as well get that out in the open straight-away. I can almost say I always have been. My bike racing career started as a means to hide my full time hairless body. At first it was just an excuse, but as I got better, I spent more on my kit and then the bike and then the kit and...well, you know how those things progress.

Being “fit n trim” for racing was a great way to hide the fact that “fit n trim” for racing also allowed me to be a slender girl when the need arose. As such, this story actually starts when I was in the 5th grade. But since that’s another story we’ll get back to why we’re here.

It was a quick tuning ride. Across the park then down to the beach road to test the most recent rebalance of the wheels/tires at speed. Usually a quiet stretch of highway, it was a bit busier this afternoon. Almost too busy. I had just decided a speed run would be out of the question when a car shot past me on the left and honked.

Honking cars are just something you get used to. Same for other slurs and not so pleasant comments you get as cars blow by way to close for comfort. When “it” happens, I fully expect it to be on a roadside from getting run over. I sighed and just decided to give up and head home. What I would have never guessed was that “it” moment would happen on my own street, and by a 4 year old no less.

Tina was the neighbor’s youngest daughter and the most active of all the Davenport children. That child was always out in the front yard kicking, hitting or chasing a ball. That fateful day was not unlike any other.

Except it changed my life.

As I said, I gave up on the speed run and was two houses away from home when all of a sudden a ball and 4 year old come shooting out from behind a curbed car. I missed her but my balance now off I rolled the bike right and into the rear quarter of a parked car in the process coming down hard on the top bar and front brace. Quite effectively racking myself.

I had done similar drops before and after a few minutes of excruciating pain, as before I got up, picked up the bike (the front rim now quite bent, so much for \$40 worth of tuning and balancing) and walked the last 100 feet home. I sat quietly on the front step for about 10 minutes. In the mean time, little miss Tina came over and apologized for making me fall off my bike. I just smiled and laughed at her comments, gave her a hug and sent her on her way.

Later that evening, the black and blue bruise was bigger than it had ever been. My wife Clair suggested an ice pack down there and while the cold was almost unbearable, it did help the swelling. She got a bit kinky with it and tied my hands behind my back so I wouldn’t keep taking it off. We didn’t get kinky that night if you think it lead to anything...

Three days later it still hurt like hell. The actual pain would usually take a week or so to go away, but the “hurt to pee” pain usually went away within a few hours to maybe a day. It was when the “hurt like hell” pain lasted another 3 days and the black and blue was spreading to inches up and out on my legs that I went to see the doctor.

“Oh shit...that’s gotta hurt” was his first comment when I dropped my panties (ok...they were really plain black nylon so they didn’t look like panties but I digress). He poked and prodded as much as he could then sent me down the hall for an x-ray. He came back in the room about 10 minutes later and said he was sending me to an Endocrinologist who specialized in “these things”.

“What things” I said. He just hem-hawed around and finally said I may have done some damage down there. That scared me and the look on his face wasn’t all that reassuring either. He did recommend that if I had to wear underwear I should get panties as they would probably be a lot more comfortable for a while. Humph...get panties...I’m wearin ‘em chump.

I called Clair and told her the news so far. She met me at the Endo’s office and we went in together. After about a 15 minute wait, we finally went into his study. Forgoing all the un-pleasantries on how and why we were there, what Doc Mayfield had said/done, etc. he finally said he had already looked at my x-ray. “That little girl may have saved your life” was his next words.

Had the cancer (yeah that’s right, CANCER) continued unchecked it most likely would have killed me in another 6 months. At this point, I “just” had advanced testicular cancer. “They gotta go soon if you want to live”. Then he added “and we won’t know if we got it all till we get there”.

He went on to explain that if severely advanced, it could have affected the penal tissue as well. Great. At best I’m a Eunuch and at worst a Nullo. A fun way to spend the rest of my life. Twenty Four and there’s so much more is how the song goes right? Well, at twenty four I wasn’t sure what I had to look forward to.

He said we should go home and talk. Talk about what? Sorry sweetie, no kids for you?! Hey...my panties are as flat as your panties?! I mean, get real here, we had no choice. But we did leave. I think he just wanted us to leave and go talk, cool down, whatever just do it away from his office.

So, we talked. Then, we changed into something less comfortable and went to dinner and talked. We came home and talked. At 3 that next morning we were drunk and silly but still at it. That’s when Clair blew me away. She just casually said, “If he has to take “it” off, why not give you an “in-nie”?” My look must have been something because Clair burst out laughing. “An in-nie you dolt, a vagina”.

I think I blew my wine out my nose.

I know my eyes jumped out of their sockets because I felt 'em. "WHAT?!" I said rather loudly and slurred. "If they cut it all off, you're through with sex. But if there is enough left to give you an innie, we can still have a lot of fun". I was shocked by her comment. My wife. With that comment. Yeah, I mean I know we're sitting there in the living room wearing kinda matching baby-doll nighties (hers pink and mine peach), but to go all the way? Wow. I was floored to say the least. I really didn't know what to say OR think. So I just said I think we need to go to bed.

The next morning I had crazy thoughts in my head as well as little jack hammers running full steam. I staggered into the kitchen at about seven and Clair was already dressed and drinking coffee. I just shook my head. "Hey...I still gotta go to work. You at least have the day off". Oh yea. When all this started yesterday with the docs I called in and took an extra day sick leave. Cool...

I had another appointment with the Endo at 11am and wasn't sure I'd be able to drive myself as hard as my head was banging. But I showered and dressed and by ten was feeling quite a bit better. I drove myself to the Doc's office with no issue. It was when I got to his office I realized I had put on my dark blue girls skinny jeans, a simple white Henley top and white tennis shoes.

I took off the bra sitting there in the car but was stuck with the lace panties if he was going to have another look. Oh well...at least I hadn't put on makeup. Boy was I out of it. The receptionist kinda looked at me funny which sent me to the restroom after checking in.

Nothing looked out of place. No makeup, hair normal, earrings norm...oops...I had put on earrings when Clair and I went out last night. My pearl on one inch silver thread drops no less (well I said we put on something less comfortable didn't I?). I took them out and went back into the office.

I was finally sent back to see the Doc about 20 minutes later. I had been avoiding this conversation in my head for the last two hours. He asked had I made a decision and told him yes. But...

I spilled the beans so to speak about Clair and my conversation last night and the decision I had made was to ask if the penis could not be saved then to make it an innie. This threw him off. "Why on earth would you want to do that" he said with a cock of his head. "That makes you a woman for christ's sake" he continued.

I then outlined the thought process behind the Eunuch, Nullo or Woman ideas. Or as it came out limited sexual ability, no sexual ability or plenty of sexual ability. He then said I'd have to see a shrink first. I then asked him if I heard him right. If I wanted to be a Eunuch or Nullo those were ok, but to have a vagina I had to see a shrink. He said yes.

This was stupid.

I continued that on the outside I would still be “me” and look like a man just fill (or not fill in this case) my pants differently. He said it didn’t matter. I had to see the shrink. That a vagina made me a woman in the States’ eyes and there were certain procedures and preliminaries that had to be done prior to anything surgical being done. I couldn’t believe it.

I left his office with an appointment with a woman Doctor he knew who could see me in two days. I started to just go home and fume but ended up at the mall window shopping. It was a tough day.

Clair got home that evening and I dumped on her the events of the day. To say she was pissed would be an understatement. She made some calls and cleared her schedule for Thursday to go with me to the shrink. She was thankful it was a woman, but still upset.

Clair came up with a real crazy thought for the shrink visit, go full fem. We considered it right up till time to get ready then figured we need to present me as a guy that can be just as strong with a penis or with a vagina. I did wear the tightest pair of skinny jeans I have though. This pair makes it look like I already have nothing down there. Something that did not go unnoticed by the shrink.

We had chatted for a few minutes when she makes the comment pointing at my jeans “those have got to be painful”. I could usually tuck things away and while uncomfortable, it was acceptable in a vanity sort of way. However today, after sitting in them for the last hour plus, they had become quite uncomfortable. “Not normally, but today they are” no since in lying I figured.

“No doubt from the injury” she stated. “But they are women’s jeans, correct?” Very observant this one I thought to myself. “Yes, and usually comfortable” I replied stretching the truth. “Being smaller, I tend to buy for fit and comfort rather than gender” I added which was true but also stretching the truth a bit.

“I see” was all she said. The lines of communication were weak from that point on. She didn’t really understand what my problem was and I couldn’t get her to understand the situation. She seemed to have in her mind I wanted to become a woman and I was doing things to interfere with the normal progression of the time table.

Clair finally blurted out that this was going nowhere and we’re leaving. So we did. No sooner than we got in the car she had her phone out and was scanning the internet for another doctor. “AHH” she shouted after about 30 seconds. “She’s not real local but deals with transgender patents.” “I’m not transgender, I have cancer” was all I said in a rather flat tone.

‘Face it, all these people look at what you’re asking for and think you want to be a woman. So, why not just go talk to someone who specializes in Transgender therapy?’ I could see her point and before I could say anything she was dialing the office number.

Doctor Gail Raymond was not new to the profession and as she listened to Clair and Chris over the phone she could feel both the urgency and desperation in the young voices. She wasn't quite sure but her gut told her to move so she told the couple to be there in an hour and she'd hear them out. After hearing just a portion of their story if it was indeed true then they would need all the help she could muster.

Clair and I arrived at the non-descript building about 45 minutes later. On the drive over, Clair kept watching me squirm in my currently too-tight jeans. As we entered the building she dragged me into the first available restroom and told me to drop my pants. "Here? Now...I said with a smirk and she just gave me a raspberry. As I removed my pants Clair was removing hers and with a quick motion grabbed my jeans and thrust me her slacks.

She already knew the jeans fit her and that the slacks she had worn would fit me much more comfortably at this moment. Side zip, no pockets and no fly, but fit (and feel) much better than the jeans did. "Thank you" I said with a smile. We returned to the entry desk and asked for Dr Raymond. At first, the receptionist wouldn't send us in as she had no record of the appointment.

After several attempts, she finally reached the Doctor, and we were sent up. "Third floor, 306, left corridor to the end on the left" the strange little woman said with a nasally accent. We arrived and I opened the door to the small receiving room hearing a little jingle bell announce our arrival.

We were just sitting down when a small petite woman in probably her late 40's entered the room. "Hi...I'm Dr Ray as most people call me" sticking out her hand and grasping first mine then Clair's. We were invited into her study where I recounted the entire story up to the current moment. Dr Ray couldn't believe her ears the supposed professionals had treated me in such a manner.

After another few minutes of general conversation Dr Ray asked the young couple to leave. "Let me make some phone calls" she said rather abruptly and ushered them to the door. "Well" said Clair. "I thought we were getting somewhere and she just cuts us off". I looked at her dejectedly and we left the building.

We were about 10 minutes from the Dr's office when my phone began to ring. It was Dr. Ray and she sounded giddy as a school girl. "This is going to work out. Can you be here tomorrow at 8am?" "Umm...Ah...sure" "was all I could stumble out and with a simple "GREAT" on the other end the line went dead. Clair and I sat and stared at each other for a few seconds then at the same time shook our heads in disbelief. "She's crazy" I said with a smirk.

The next morning was full of apprehension as we prepared to drive across town. It was a cool morning, so I wore a plain, androgynous burgundy long sleeve blouse and black slacks with my penny loafers and Clair was similarly attired in a blue blouse and slacks set.

We were standing next to each other in the bath (primping) when Clair turned to me and said "if your trying to make them believe you can still be a man after all this, I suggest you look closely in the mirror". I glance up and I see Clair and me. But with a detailed look, I'm looking at two people, both possibly women; the one in burgundy appears the more feminine of the two. "I see what your saying" and went and put on a plain pair of kaki slacks and a green polo shirt.

The drive across town was eventless and quick given the distance even for a Friday morning. We arrived shortly before our scheduled time and thought about just sitting in the car till closer to 8 but ultimately neither of us could stand just sitting there. Entering the building we were greeted by the same strange little receptionist. The greeting this time was considerably different.

"Well hi there how are ya'll? Go right on up they're waiting for ya" she said with a big smile. I looked at Clair and only said one word; "They?" "Oh, but go to the 4th floor conference room. 3rd floor room wasn't big enough" she added. I almost turned around and walked out right then and there. Clair saw my change in body language and hooked my arm saying "might as well see what she's up to".

We exited the elevator on the 4th floor and directly in front of us is a conference room full of people. Dr Ray seeing us exit the box came quickly out the door to greet us. "Come on in and let me introduce you" she said with a big smile. We were introduced to a who's who if you will of specialists and their assistants.

Dr Richard Conner, head of Oncology at the Ron Hopkins Institute and his assistant. Dr Rebecca Meyer, Dean of the Psychology Dept at Emory and her two assistants, and lastly Dr Mickael Verinopf, THE foremost name in Transgender surgery in the states today.

"My insurance company is not going to like this" was all I could think to say. That got a light chuckle from around the room but was sufficient to break the ice. Dr Ray was the first to speak. "If this were a normal situation then yes I guess it would. But its not. Your comment and request depending on the outcome of your surgery has turned the head of the local medical community on its ear".

"While a concept considered in back rooms, offices and similar conference tables, it has never been given serious consideration as a viable option to testicular and penal cancer patents. Till now. What this "dream team" is here to offer you, us, is an opportunity to research the options and outcome of such a surgery".

Clair and I both must of had a "deer in the headlights look" on our faces as Dr Meyer stepped in. "What we're offering you is the opportunity to go first and at no charge so your insurance company should be very happy" she said with a smile. "But like anything free there are strings attached".

“As a part of the follow-up, we collectively (she motioned around the table), for the next five years will monitor your progress and return to life as a “normal” male. That doesn’t mean we’re going to install cameras in your house. Just that instead of meeting with only your Oncologist or maybe Dr Ray singularly once a month for a while, you will meet with groups of doctors and students to discuss what’s going on, internally, externally and emotionally”.

Dr Conner now stepped in “Testicular cancer is a lot more common than you may think. Suicide amongst men who have had everything removed is also exponentially higher than the norm just due to the loss of a sex-life. There are many men around the country, the world for that matter, that if given this treatment as an option may find an ability to return to a “normal” life including sex.”

There was a pregnant pause in the room so I finally jumped in “so why hasn’t this idea been considered before”. Dr Verinopf now joined in “Because such surgeries have in the past been considered extreme and for psychological reasons for transsexual individuals only. In essence your request, if it became mainstream, would make the equivalent of transgender surgery a viable alternative to the other current options”.

Opening my hands out I then added “so where we’re proposing this goes is you can either have what’s in this hand which is no sex life or at best a difficult one or in this hand which is a normal life and a normal sex life, just with different equipment”

“Precisely” Dr Ray now added. “So you see, while your thought was in the beginning somewhat flippant, with the people seated here today it has been considered a potential and viable option for quite some time. Till now, there has been no way to broach the subject with patients without violating our given oaths. But since the patient in this case has opened the door, then the potential for a study is at hand”.

“So, if our insurance company isn’t paying for all this, who is?” Clair asked. “We have grants and funding readily available for such a study, just in the past had no place to apply it” Dr Meyer injected. “We should be ready to go Monday morning if you can” Dr Connor added looking at Chris.

I was in shock. This had gone from a flippant comment to a full scale medical study in less than a week. The problem was, I was the lab rat. A thousand thoughts are running through my mind why this may be rushing things but for some reason my mouth pops out with “sure”.

Clair and I walked out almost unnoticed as all those in the room were busy with discussions, phone calls by assistants; and other interaction. It was almost too much and I needed to leave. Clair could sense I was disconnecting quickly and put her arm in mine and walked me out the door.

We were almost to the car when Dr Ray came running out of the building. “WAIT...WAIT” she shouted running across the parking lot. We stopped and stood

waiting for her. The look on her face as she ran up was one of consternation. That was stupid I heard her muttering to herself. I asked what was stupid and she gave me a funny look “I have this stupid phone but I ran all the way down the stairs, out the building and all the way here. Oh well, look, I didn’t want you to leave just yet as we have some details to work through in there with the group and I still need to talk with you and Clair.”

We followed Dr Ray back into the building but this time up to her office. There was a significant difference in the atmosphere between upstairs and here. Here was a peaceful respite, upstairs felt like total chaos. “It will be best if you wait for us in here” she said. “I’ll send someone down for you in the next 15-20 minutes when we’re ready.”

It was about 30 minutes later when Dr Ray walked in the door. She shared that she sensed I was overloaded with the activity in the room upstairs and apologized for not intervening quicker. She went on that the Doctors had left and I would be meeting with the assistants of each as we went back up. She offered to make it a ‘one on one’ if that would make me feel better.

I told her we’d try it as a group and if it wasn’t something I could do we’d do something else. We all sat down together, but I noticed quickly the questions came in like groups. If one asked about our sex life, the topic stayed there for a while. This went on for about an hour when I finally heard that wonderful sound; “just one last question” and it was a doozy. “So, what the first thing you’re going to do as a woman?”

To this day I have no idea where the response came from, but I said “Pee”. That broke the heaviness in the room and we ended on a light banter, shook hands or hugs and then as they all left we went back down to Dr Ray’s office.

“You did quite well up there” Dr Ray commented as we sat down in her office. “We have some final paperwork to go over and get to the attorneys so that all is clear and ready before Monday”. For about 20 minutes it felt like I was signing my life away but she did explain the forms and data pretty thoroughly. It was the last form that caught me by surprise.

A name change form.

“Now I know you plan on staying the same person, but at this time according to the State you legally have the rights, means and expectations to change your name. As a female, which is what you will be in the eyes of the State, they expect you to have a female name”. “Christina Reah Bronson” Clair blurted out. Nothing more than a feminization of my given name Christopher Ray and so I nodded to Dr Ray an acceptance of my Wife’s new name for me.

We spoke for a few more minutes then left her office and headed home. It hadn’t really hit me what I was doing till we were about half way home. In three days, I was to become a woman. Not just put on the finery, not just primping my hair to look as fem as possible,

but I'll be doing it because I was one. I will now be cross dressing to go to work or any other activity I normally do "in drab".

"Will you still love me" I asked Clair. The look I got could have stopped a semi at full speed. "That is the damn-dist question I have ever heard" she retorted. A moment later, Clair took Chris in her arms and gave him the most romantic kiss she could muster.

"That answer your question?" she said. Chris stumbled backwards a few steps and all he could get out was a "WOW". Yeah...I guess so! And with that Chris took Clair in his arms and the evening? Well, let's just say that dinner came very late that night.

The next two days were of no consequence. As it was Friday afternoon, Chris called his work and informed them that yes they were doing emergency surgery and yes he would be out of action for at least a week, possibly two depending on how things went.

Chris' boss was already aware of the accident and the other trips to the various doctors so was quite sympathetic to what was happening between his legs telling him to "take all the time you need". Saturday was pretty much a normal day as was Sunday, the latter half of the day Chris staying busy to keep his mind off Monday.

Monday AM. Chris woke hearing Clair already in the shower. It was 5 am and while Chris knew he should be getting up the shallow desire to cover his head with the sheets was strong. Clair entered the room butt-naked and jumped on him in the middle of the bed.

Clair. Chris thought about her sitting there. She was a sole-mate if there ever was one. Chris met her at a friends wedding 4 years prior. It was as they say love at first site. The interesting side was that Chris was at the friends wedding as "Christina". Few people knew about "her" and Shelly had been a best friend having first met "Christina" when they were in the 7th grade.

Chris and Clair were seated at the same table during the reception and ended up the only two people at the table so a conversation was eminent. Clair didn't realize that Chris was a "Christopher" and not a "Christina" till they're second date, when Clair tried to bed "Christina".

Clair, instead of being furious about the deception, was overjoyed that a partner could (and would) be the best of both worlds. After that night, Clair and "Christina" became an item, then engaged, then married within six months.

Admittedly it was Clair and Chris at the alter, but under Chris' white ladies tux was a virgin white trousseau of a white-satin basque, matching white lace & satin panties, white pearl on rose patterned hose attached to the basque and his shoes were actually white patent ladies block-heel pumps. His fingers were sporting a French manicure and if you looked closely you might be able to tell he was wearing just a touch of makeup.

The honeymoon was a different story. Chris and Clair left the wedding, but Clair and Christina arrived at the airport. On the way to the airport Chris stripped off the tux in the limo and changed into a white sundress with Clair doing his hair in a French braid. There was no sign of Chris for the 4 days they were on the beach at Cosumel.

Four days on the beach also had an effect on Chris...his tan anyway. There would be no outside time for him without a shirt for quite a while as the bikini tan he now sported would take months to finally fade. Clair didn't mind though. When they were naked she would almost always play with the tan lines tracing them with her fingernail.

Over the next four years if Chris wasn't at work or with family he was "Christina". Even when at work or with family he was underdressed always wearing panties, panty hose or garter/hose and usually wearing a cami or slip top under his suit shirts (usually women's blouses). Women's shoes were the best fit for his small and very narrow feet hence he wore loafers or on occasion plain flats.

Chris also wore a woman's watch as his wrists were quite small. A man's watch looked totally out of proportion on his wrist. This was the only place where he semi-exposed his lifestyle as his watches pushed way to the fem side of androgynous. All that said, after four years Chris wasn't really all that androgynous anymore. He owned no male slacks, probably 90% of his tops were blouses with two of his four suits actually women's. Plus, when worn loose, his hair was to the bottom of his shoulder blades.

Sorry...got distracted. Clair...jumping on Chris. Well, you can get the drift where Clair was trying to go with the idea but Chris' body was having nothing to do with it. There was still too much pain for things to "work" like they should. After a few minutes Clair stopped and climbed off him walking over to her dresser and opening the bottom drawer.

"The Beast" as she called it. Her strap-on. In a few moments she had wrapped it around Chris and rolling him on his side she buckled it, then rolled him back on his back and mounted him. Chris, not being one to disappoint his mate did try and make it sound like he was enjoying the effort she was putting in.

An hour later they did finally get a move on as they had about an hour to get to the private clinic where everything was going to happen. Chris had resigned himself to the idea that it didn't really matter how much cancer he had or didn't have, this group wasn't going to let this opportunity get away from them. He knew he'd be a cancer-free woman by the end of the day.

This time not worried about what someone might think, he put on the burgundy blouse and black slacks he started with last week over a black cami and panty set, as well as a pair of black 2" blocked heel pumps over a pair of patterned burgundy knee-highs.

Clair came in the bedroom as Chris was putting on his shoes. She made the comment that if he was going that far then either put on a bra or unbutton the blouse far enough so the

lace on the cami showed. He unbuttoned the blouse to mid-breast leaving no doubt what he had on under the blouse.

They arrived at the clinic at the requested time. No one made a comment on Chris' appearance or ambiguous gender presentation. All were very professional and simply took him (and Clair) to a private room where Chris changed into the obligatory hospital gown (pink) in preparation for the days "activities". Shortly after, and with one last kiss, Chris was wheeled down the hall on the gurney to the room that would change his life.

The surgery was, in the medical sense, a complete success. Chris over the next few days began the ritual of eat, sleep, dilate, or it seemed that way to him or officially now "her". On the 5th day and happy with where things were going, the doctors kicked Chris out of the clinic to go home and continue healing.

"She" convalesced for another week before going back to work. All that her fellow employees were told was just a partial truth, that "he" had surgery for testicular cancer. The women in his office were sympathetic to having surgery "down there", the guys almost stayed away from "him" like it was contagious or something. Course, Chris had never really been "one of the guys" so they considered it "his loss" and one less guy to have to fight the chicks over.

Chris was, as time went on, less and less sure of what she'd done. Oh she knew something had to be done, and that was the only point that kept her from sinking deeper into depression. It wasn't like a "true" transsexual that considered loosing ones man-hood as a correction to the correct genitalia and correct life. No hers had been in part one of fantasy to be a girl, not the reality it had become.

At four months she and Clair started to "experiment" with intercourse. Naturally, every one of the doctors wanted to know how it was going which made it that much more difficult. When you're under pressure, even to have sex, it just doesn't happen. That's when Clair got her idea.

Long about the sixth month, Clair had the idea of just treating Chris like another woman. Clair had had a "thing" with another girl in college (yes Chris knew) for almost a year. She learned a lot during that time and never considered a hetero relationship, till Chris came along.

She planned and set up her evening with great detail, including the mild date-rape drug she got from one of the doctors. She wanted Chris to be out of it but know exactly what and everything that was going on. Chris came in from work that evening to a dark house with just a few candles lighting her way through the rooms.

Clair met her in the living room with a glass of wine...a spiked glass of wine. In about 20 minutes Chris was woozy but still with it, just where Clair wanted her. She took her by the hand and led her to the bedroom, stripped her and then walked her into the shower.

Once there, she guided her into the shower where she washed her all over, and I mean all over. Oh, I forgot to mention that Chris was handcuffed to the shower rod. Didn't matter though, she was enjoying the ministrations. Once finished, Clair moved Chris out into the en-suite makeup area, where she performed a full makeover with her oohing and ahing as Clair worked. Oh...and Chris was now handcuffed to the chair.

After about fifteen minutes Clair was done and helping Chris up, moving her drugged "date" to the bed. She sat her gently down and placed handcuffs on her wrists and ankles. Chris made the comment that someone was feeling kinky tonight and Clair just smiled. Next however Chris showed a bit of concern when Claire also put a ball-gag in her "dates" mouth and a blindfold over her eyes.

Chris just took it in as she laid her down on the bed and with no resistance fastened the cuffs to the four corners. Clair immediately went to into pleasure mode and in a short time had Chris "feeling" something. The problem was, that's all that happened. Chris was definitely feeling something, but there was no progress.

After about 15 minutes Clair was getting frustrated. In kind of a last ditch effort, she rolled off the bed and went and got her trusty vibrator. Inserting it in the girls new vagina, she turned it on low to start. That got a reaction. Chris started writhing against her bonds. Seeing this, Clair turned it up to medium.

That started a steamroller as Chris started moving like she was humping the bed with the intruder. Writhing and screaming in her gag, after about another minute she collapsed on the bed quite fully sated. Clair turned off the beast but left it in place and cuddled up next to her love. After a few more minutes, she rolled over and removed the blindfold and gag from her girl but still leaving her bound.

The pair fell asleep like that. Chris woke first several hours later needing to make a trip. It took her a few minutes to wake Clair but after a few minutes of play (and Chris saying several times she had to "go") Clair began unlocking Chris from the bed, but only from the bed, leaving the cuffs dangling from her wrists and ankles.

The "accessories" made it a bit difficult to get her job done but she managed. Upon re-entering the room Clair did notice that "glow" about Chris of a woman who had just had an "experience". "Chris looked at her lover/wife and smiled. "Thank you" she said in a creaky voice. Did you enjoy it? Clair asked. Chris didn't say yes, just smiled and said "can we do it again?".

"With or without the bling" Clair asked with a smile. "Oh with please, but no gag. My jaw still hurts" and with that, Chris laid back down on the bed. Since it was difficult for Clair to snuggle her lover fastened spread eagle, she just cuffed her to the center post of the head and foot boards and began again as she had that prior evening. This time, Clair started with Chris' growing areolas, something she had noticed over the last few months. Chris might not be taking any hormones (male or female), but her body was betraying her original intent to remain a male just with a vagina.

After just a few minutes, Clair started with the trusty vibrator as well working it in and out which threw our new girl straight into the throws of a very complete climax (and quite the scream). “You make that much noise again and I’ll use the gag from now on” she would later tell Chris.

Over the next several weeks, Clair’s “trusty vibrator” was used less and less as was the handcuffs. Well, the vibrator anyway. One Thursday morning, together they put the keys to the cuffs in a drop box and mailed them to themselves. Once home that following Friday evening, they cuffed themselves to each other...naked. It was to be an interesting weekend for sure. The only thing they hadn’t considered was bathroom trips, which needless to say started out kind of awkward.

What made it more interesting was when the keys weren’t in the Saturday mail as expected. At that point, they knew they were stuck till the Monday mail, hopefully. Both called in “sick” Monday morning and sure enough when the mail dropped in the slot by the front door Monday morning there were the keys. But it wasn’t till getting ready to go out for dinner that night that they were used.

That weekend, Chris found herself. She now knew that all the effort for the last 6 months had been worth it. This wouldn’t have happened if that one “what if” had been said so many months ago. The two girls had been like bunnies all weekend. Since there were never out of each other’s site, the sexual tension between them would only last minutes or maybe an hour before they were screwing some how or some where or where ever they happened to be at that moment in the house

The other thing that “finished” shall we say the journey was when Chris’ work lost a huge contract two months later. As such, Chris was laid off. After that day, Chris never put on another item of male-looking clothing. Not that he had looked very male for the last 6 months anyway. But “Christina” became a permanent fixture in the house.

This was sealed on they’re next visit at 8 months with the group that had been monitoring how things were going for the pair since the surgery. On every prior visit, Chris’ presentation was usually at least androgynous but usually to the fem side. For the meeting after the layoff, Chris presented at the meeting in full girl mode. A very beautiful woman.

Wearing a soft pastel mauve and wine skirt/blouse combo and wine colored 3 inch stiletto pumps, her hair which had grown to lower shoulder blade length now professionally coiffed in a flowing feminine style and flawless makeup...dyed on. The group oohed and ahhed the girl in presence and presentation.

She and Clair had just come from work. Chris’ job? She’d been hired directly as the CIO of the company she had worked on they’re software for many years through the previous employer. With a 6 figure annual income this girl was going to the top and these people knew it. They finished the meeting and Dr Ray asked the couple to drop by her office. Dr Ray congratulated Christina on her presence and asked if she needed a script to begin

hormones. Clair it would appear was happier than Christina on the recommendation but both were quite elated at the request.

Not much can be said for the next few months. Christina continued to grow as a new woman. Her confidence and strength were astounding. She and Clair's relationship also continued to grow and mature. The bondage was no longer necessary for Christina to climax, but that didn't mean it had gone away.

At the one year anniversary of the surgery (and one year of cancer free living) they had a surprise party for Christina at the clinic. It was a "trail blazer's" party, as in the last six months 9 other men had undergone the same surgery to begin a new life after testicular and penial cancer with Christina having been the first to "blaze" the trail so to speak. Six of the men were settled in as where Chris had started, continuing to be a man but with a vagina.

Two had already transitioned to female much like Chris had done recently and almost at the same time in they're healing process. It was often wondered by Dr Ray if Chris hadn't lost her job would she still be living the double life of male by day and female by night. The last surgery recipient hadn't been so lucky. His was a battle as his family rejected him with his "new" plumbing and when his employer found out they fired him.

Course, the legal battles that followed is what wore the new girl down and she committed suicide a week before her case with the employer was settled, for 2.5 million dollars. Her children were at least set for a while. So all in all a new chapter had been written for the sake of cancer survivors. Now four years later over 200 men have chosen the option for SRS as opposed to death, eunuch or null status with a 97.4% success rate.

And of our heroine? Well, remember she had a sperm donation right before the surgery? Well, last month Clair gave birth to a bouncing baby boy. The girls named him "Ray". Clair is now a stay at home Mom and Christina? She was named "Up and Coming CEO" by Business E-Zine last week. Oh, and for what started it all? Christina never did fix that bent bike wheel. Instead, it hangs on the wall in her new office and has a story to tell to anyone that asks.