

Becoming Bambi

Emily Sinclair

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Waking to pain in his face and chest it took Jordan several minutes to force his eyes open. When his vision cleared enough for him to realize he was still in the hospital he breathed a sigh of relief. But that ended when he saw the source of the pain in his chest. Slight of build. Athletic. Due to high levels of estrogen Jordan came to accept his feminine features, including perky b-cups and small waist which had him often mistaken for a woman as a part of who he was. Gently pulling the thin light blue hospital blanket back he stared at a wrapped up set of D's. Immediately freaking out, he hit the nurse call button. When a light skinned black woman he did not recognize entered a moment later he began shouting.

"W-What the hell is going on? Why do I have breasts?" It was then he realized that while raspy his voice was much higher than normal which is saying something as he could already pass as female in that department as well. His trembling fingers found their way to his bandaged face. "What the hell did you people do to me? Don't just stand there looking stupid! Answer me! I swear to god if..."

"Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to..."

"Ma'am? I'm a man!" Throwing the blanket and sheet off the bed, Jordan yanked the flimsy hospital gown up. "Oh thank god," he sighed as he saw he still had at least that part of his manhood remaining. "Where's Doctor Marley? Why did he do this to me?"

"Doctor Marley is in surgery right now." Walking to the foot of the bed the nurse grabbed the clipboard with all of Jordan's medical records. "Your physician is Doctor Kent."

"No, Doctor Marley was supposed to remove my tonsils, not...this!"

"Your chart indicates breast augmentation, facial and voice feminization surgery. Speaking of which, if you continue screaming at me you'll risk causing permanent damage to your voice."

"I swear to god I'm going to sue you incompetent fuckers into bankruptcy for what you've done to me."

"Your name is Jordan Ambrose, correct?"

Jordan just lay there glaring at the poor confused and now scared woman. "Yes."

Walking to the side of the bed she flipped through the charts until finding a form with a signature. "And this is your signature?"

It took Jordan's brain less than a second to answer. "No, that is most definitely *not* my signature. Are you telling me someone forged my name to do this to me?"

"I'm not saying anything but I promise I'll get to the bottom of it. Please give me a few moments to check our records."

"You better make it fucking quick because as soon as I'm able to get out of this bed I'm calling my attorney."

"I'll be back as soon as possible." Nurse Lilian Frazier said. Leaving the room she took a deep breath to calm her nerves. This was not the first screw up like this at Metro General. It is not even the second, third or even fourth. She had been with the hospital for nine years and if Jordan's claims were true then he was the fifteenth such case she had heard of in that time. Going to her desk, she gave the pretty young blonde nurse to her right a nervous smile and then got to work trying to figure out how such a glaring mistake could have been made. It took her all of ten seconds.

The name Jordan Ambrose returned two results. Both ere twenty years old. One was due to have his tonsils removed. The other, listed as female was scheduled to have breast

augmentation surgery as well as facial and voice feminization surgery. Odd for a woman to have such procedures but as she looked deeper into the records revealed the woman known as Jordan Ambrose had very masculine features and a deeper than normal voice. Lilian's shoulders slumped.

"Everything okay?" Nurse Myla Phillips asked.

"No, no it is not." Shutting everything down, Lilian got up, returned to Jordan's room and closed the door behind her. "I am so sorry. Something like this should never have happened but there's been a horrible mistake. There's actually another Jordan Ambrose here today, a female Jordan Ambrose currently receiving a tonsillectomy. I honestly don't know how this happened but you have my sincerest apologies and should you decide to sue I'm on your side."

"So, all of this is a case of mistaken identity?"

"Something like that, yeah. I mean no offense but from the pictures I saw on file you looked very much feminine before the procedure so I can see how it happened but that still doesn't excuse such a horrible mistake."

"Reverse it!"

"I'm afraid that's not something I'm authorized to do. You'll have to talk to Doctor Kent who I'll go call right now. What I can tell you is that he'll recommend waiting until you're completely healed before attempting to reverse the procedure. I know it's going to be hard but please try to rest while I contact Doctor Kent."

"I have no idea what you monsters will do to me next so you'll understand if I'd rather stay awake. Actually, I'd like to go home now."

"I'm sorry, but you have at least two days in the hospital."

"Then transfer me somewhere else."

"I'll look into that for you but until then please try to relax."

Closing his eye, Jordan exhaled. "Please leave so I can contact my attorney."

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A lot happened in a very short time. After calling his attorney and telling her what had happened he was assured he had a strong case for malpractice. Doctor Amanda Kent arrived about an hour later and was just as confused as his young patient and extremely apologetic for the mix-up. Like Nurse Frazier he was at a complete loss to explain how this could happen, but internally he knew it was not the first and as long as she remained a board certified plastic surgeon it would not be the last. After speaking to Doctor Kent, Jordan was transferred to another hospital eighteen miles away where he spent three days recovering before having his tonsils removed as originally scheduled.

Settling out of court for seven and a half million dollars and full payment of all medical bills related to the procedures, Jordan had a life-altering decision to make. Wait until fully healed and have everything reversed, or accept it as a part of who he was and make do with his even more feminine appearance. Everyone had an opinion on the matter but the only one that counted was his girlfriend Zoe's and he knew the moment she visited him in the hospital that she loved everything she was seeing.

Returning home, Jordan spent the next five months doing absolutely nothing but relaxing and letting his girlfriend cater to his every need. As days turned to weeks and the swelling in his face and chest reduces and eventually went away altogether she stood in front of a full length mirror and for the first time since it happened took in his new body. His facial features were definitely softer and more feminine and his breasts settled into a surprisingly natural looking D cup that he had to admit looked really good on his small athletic frame. Friends and family

teased him quite a bit about his new appearance but it was his girlfriend that had the most profound effect on his state of mind.

Starting almost immediately after her first visit in the hospital she encouraged him to keep his new body. But beyond that she encouraged him to stop resisting the inevitable and embrace his femininity. When he got home he found all of his clothes had been boxed up and donated and in place of jeans, khakis, suits and various shirts were dresses, skirts and blouses. His raised brow was met with a grin from his girlfriend who told him if he was going to look like a woman then he should at least dress the part. Going to his dresser, Jordan opened the top left drawer expecting to see boxers but instead he saw dozens of pairs of sexy panties. Another drawer was filled with bras.

“You seriously expect me to dress as a woman?”

“Why not?” Zoe replied. “I mean, it’s not as if you can wear your old clothes anyway so why not start fresh? Besides, you were mistaken for a woman more often than not before the surgery so how do you think people are going to react now that you look even more the part? Come on, just give it a try around the house while you’re healing and if you don’t like it I’ll buy you whatever you want.”

Five days later Jordan slipped into his first pair of panties and his cock immediately grew to attention. The addition of a bra, skirt and blouse or a sexy dress and pair of heels only intensified the feeling and so he decided to keep his new clothes and in a move that shocked virtually no one he switched to using she/her pronouns. Three months after that he took the biggest leap of his life and had his sex officially and legally changed to female.