

The Feminisation of Michael. - Chapter 5

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Chapter 5

I found out later that I had been in a coma for two months. I was unrecognisable and unconscious but still just alive. I remember waking up and being totally lost and I didn't feel like me. Sue was there when I woke and the memory of her face returned as did the events of the run up to that fateful night. When I first woke, I couldn't feel anything from my neck down and wondered if indeed I was paralysed. I felt the lace of a nightdress and looked down at myself and saw the two bumps of my breasts under the bed clothes. My face felt numb as did my body everywhere. And I was bandaged all over. In time I started to be able to move and stayed awake longer and longer. The doctors would not tell me everything and Sue told me not to worry until I was stronger. My breasts were bandaged and they felt strange as I moved, almost like they were pulling on my rib cage. I daren't think of what had happened between my legs. A heavy bandage almost like a nappy was wrapped thickly around my waist and legs. The first time they showed me my face I was shocked. I didn't recognise me. Whilst there was much swelling and redness and a few scars my nose seemed thinner and shorter and my chin seemed smaller. My blonde hair was still there and cut into a more manageable bob style. I noticed my wrists and neck were thinner too. They, or Sue, had manicured my nails whilst I was out and they were long and styled with a French manicured square tip. I still looked very much all woman. Almost more so! I wondered how or why I was in a night dress and in an all woman's ward, when the doctors clearly knew I was a guy? I was informed that the bandages were due to come off that day. I had a visit from the senior consultant and a group of other white coats. Sue was there too. "Ok Michaela, its great to see you pretty much back with us. I think we should get these bandages off. When you came in you were pretty much in an unrecognisable shape. Your face needed complete reconstruction. And I think we built you a pretty good face there. Your ribs and chest, breast area was very bruised and there were many open wounds there. There was unfortunately an infection and we had to remove a lot of your original breast tissue. Your groin area was worse and needed complete reconstruction." The consultant referred to his notes.

"It was clear you were well on your road to womanhood before the accident." He peered over his

glasses at Sue. "We had little choice but to reconstruct in one sex or the other and as you were on female hormones as was obvious by your body shape, we understand that you had also been living as a woman full-time for some months, and with your wife's consent we selected the female route." He looked at me. I was white and stunned and my mouth had dropped. "What the fuck..." I whispered under my breath. "We continued your hormone treatment whilst you were out, intravenously so the doses have been higher than normal. This helped with healing too. If you could sit up Michaela, we will get these breast bandages off you and take a look." He unwound the bandages and I looked down with horror to see two large mounds sticking in front of me. He started to touch them cupping them gently. I felt so stupid sitting there with breasts and everyone staring. "Fantastic, you have and will continue to grow a lot of your own breast tissue back, this is why your breasts look so natural, but we also supplemented them with breast implants. You need to get Sue to bring you in some DD bras I think. For now we have such bras in the store and you need to keep them well supported for a while. Sue says you liked sexy lingerie, but take your time before wearing anything too sexy...young lady." The other consultants smiled politely. "Your nipples were also reconstructed, and you can see they are larger and more erect which is also nice." I was gobsmacked and I felt I was in some sort of nightmare! "Now the groin area was harder." He said, as he unwound the nappy bandages around my groin. I looked down and saw just a hump where my penis had been! "We were able to salvage enough skin and nerves from your penis and scrotum to build you a functioning and sensitive vagina." He went on. I was feeling dizzy and just laid down and stared at the ceiling. My breasts moved down and sat upon my arms slightly but they still poked out perkily. "We have been dilating it whilst you were asleep, and you will have to continue to do this too, and believe it to be over seven inches deep, which is great in the future when you want to have sexual relationships. You will be able to have full penetrative sex Michaela. I think once things are healed up a bit and swelling goes down you'll be a very attractive woman."

I was in a daze and I think they went. I lay there with tears in my eyes. I was all real woman now...

Sue had gone when I sat up again. I looked down the front of my night dress and looked at my massive breasts and space between my legs. Christ! The nurse helped me put on one of the bras for support. They felt better then. The first time I put on a pair of plain cotton knickers was a revelation, They fitted smoothly against my new vagina. There was a short triangle of pubic hair starting to grow back. I stroked down between my legs and felt the smooth mound where once my manhood had been.

A week or so passed and I didn't speak to Sue. She brought me the bras and some new knickers. I would walk to the TV lounge in my nightdress, and sit with some of the other women. Some were in with pregnancy, etc...

I had a surprise visit one day from my solicitor. He had known me for years, when I was Michael. I sat

in my chair in my silk night dress and gown and watched him intently as he opened his case. He fumbled nervously and didn't know where to look.

"Well Mike...sorry, Michaela...I have some news for you. Your Aunt passed away just after your accident. She has left you her fortune including three houses, as she always intended. You are now a very rich man...sorry - woman." He gulped.

I wasn't bothered about the money now, but thanked him. He also said that Sue had agreed to changing of my birth certificate to female at the time of my sex change operation. It would make travel and everything easier anyway he went on.

I sat there after his visit. I would now have to embrace this state I found myself in. I had no choice.

As the weeks passed I felt better and better. I was getting regular physiotherapy as my legs and pelvis had been badly broken. I would get up and dress in loose fitting dresses. I ordered a new wardrobe of clothes on line and got them delivered to me in hospital.

I inspected the paperwork relating to my inheritance and I was certainly incredibly wealthy! I was moved to a private hospital for the last few weeks of my recuperation. I didn't see Sue, but was told she had been splashing out on cars and holidays and was living with the guy from the party. 'Stupid woman', I thought, but I guess she will pursue her share of my money as my wife, as she still was. I felt nothing for her at all, and in a way, although she made all this happen I was not bitter.

I was discharged eventually and left the hospital alone with the porters carrying my matching luggage to a waiting taxi...