

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"METAMORPHOSIS"

A TRANSFORMED WOMAN BEFRIENDS
OTHER YOUNG MEN IN FEMININE DISTRESS!



Volume 39

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CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 39

“METAMORPHOSIS”

**THE PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION OF A
YOUNG MAN INTO A BEAUTIFUL AND
SOCIAL YOUNG WOMAN.**

by WENDY WILSON

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"The most famous hairdressers, dress
designers and make-up artists are all men.
So behind every sexy woman, there's a man
taking responsibility!"

“METAMORPHOSIS”

**NOW TRANSFORMED INTO A YOUNG
WOMAN, JASON/VANESSA BEFRIENDS
OTHER YOUNG MEN IN FEMININE DISTRESS,
AND EAGERLY SEEKS THE ULTIMATE
CHALLENGE AS A FEMALE**

by WENDY WILSON

Reaching to turn off the alarm clock, the sensual sway of my large, heavy breasts gave me an entrancing reminder that I was no longer much of a guy. My large pink nipples firmed rapidly, their nubs stimulated from brushing against the deliciously delicate fabric of the sheer nightie.

Looking down over my firm and full girlish hemispheres, I gave an instinctive gentle gasp of delight as I gazed upon the soft, hairless and womanly curves that flowed so seductively into my taut narrow waist, and that flared into my broad hips and long sexy legs—body parts that had so aroused Jeff’s manly instincts the other night.

Jeff was so much bigger than I, and now that my muscles had become so girlish—so softened by female hormones—Jeff was just so much more powerful. Still, his hands were very gentle, and he knew just how and where to touch me as a girl. A pleasant chill shuddered through my feminine being as I envisioned his firm, muscular body pressing against my soft, trembling unmasculine flesh. I began feeling a womanly tingling between my thighs as I yearned again for his special contact, to feel him once more pulsing deep inside my abdomen.

It still was hard to believe that as Jason, a nondescript teenage boy, I had been able to develop such full and pretty breasts, to turn myself so completely into a girl. I was almost fully “Vanessa,” now, and memories of living as a boy, of ever being male, seemed increasingly irrelevant.

Instead of eyeing me as a guy, girls now looked at me jealously as a potential competitor for the attentions of their

boyfriends. Many girls also were envious of my pretty face, my exquisite figure, my large breasts, narrow waist and my beautiful long and wavy blond hair.

Instead of looking to play a game of touch football with me, guys now wanted to touch and play with my breasts, to explore passionately the wonders of my soft curvaceous body with both their lips and hands, and to try, somehow, to get into my dainty silk panties.

How strange and wonderful it all was. I had always wanted to be a girl and to have the body of a girl, but I'd been born with the body of a boy. As recently as six months ago, I'd had a flat masculine chest with normal male equipment protruding between my thighs. Now, the protrusions were on my chest and all that remained between my thighs was an arousable girlish-looking void.

Heavy doses of female hormones had altered my chest, causing functional mammary glands—able to produce milk for a baby—to swell into beautifully full orbs that rivaled those of a centerfold girl. My nipples, once small and useless, had grown to the size of large silver dollars with thick, protruding nubs as big as the tip of my index finger.

I still was getting used to the new weight distribution of my body and the feminine flatness between my legs. With large breasts, expanded hips and enlarged fanny, I had to thrust my pelvis forward girlishly just to maintain proper balance. Even walking required a natural feminine sway to my hips, which I found really caught the eye of any guy who happened to be near when I strolled by.

Throughout my childhood and early teens, I frequently pretended to be a girl, in private, often dressing up as one. Many times I shared my feminine experiences with my friend Sally. She had known for years that I wanted to change physically from a boy into a girl. One day, shortly before I began my hormonal transformation, Sally helped emasculate my body by waxing away all my male body hair. She also had removed the hair from under my arms and trimmed my pubic hair to a delicate feminine patch.

That same day, Sally let me wear one of her bikinis out to her pool as we sunned and swam. I had mastered caching my boyish parts back in my body and back between my legs, so my bikini bottom was femininely flat in the front. The bikini bra was underwire with padded cups that helped shape my boyish flesh into a form more suggestive of girlhood.

My face was pretty—it always had been innately soft and

feminine—and I had been letting my hair grow luxuriously for a couple of years. Long brown hair hanging below my shoulders soon would bleach to blond in the sun, and such—combined with my soft hairless body and big fanny, that were not too masculine to begin with—left me looking as though I was simply a teenage girl sunning with her friend.

That day also left me with noticeable bikini tan lines that pushed my appearance one more notch away from being a guy. Oh, I just couldn't wait for my flat boyish chest to begin developing gentle feminine swells, to grow beautiful breasts that would truly fill-out my bikini top! I didn't realize then that by the end of the summer I would be able to pass topless as a mature woman!

I knew I had to take female hormones when I first began to show signs of maturing as a normal male. I figured that a reversal in my sex-hormone balance could be enough to reverse the masculine maturing of my body, allowing for a feminine outcome. So I sought out an estrogen supply and was able to get a regular extra prescription for my mother's estrogen-replacement therapy. With hormone pills in hand, I began altering my physique.

Indeed, the physical turning point for me was starting on hormones. I remember the thrill and excitement of taking my first pill. When that purple tablet entered my system, my whole body tensed in erotic anticipation as I realized that never again would I fully be a boy.

With each pill I took, I knew that I increasingly was becoming a girl. I hoped that I soon would grow breasts and have to wear a bra. No one could expect me to continue living as a boy then! I also dreamed that somehow my boyish parts would shrink and become dysfunctional, so that a surgeon would have to remove them and give me functional female genitals!

Every cell and organ in my body began receiving chemical and hormonal signals that I was now a female, not a male, that my body was that of a girl entering puberty. I made sure that those signals were sent continuously and with greater intensity as time went by.

All I had to do then was watch for the first signs of feminine development. As soon as those female hormones were coursing throughout my system, I began checking my body several times a day, looking for the slightest signal that I was beginning to change.

Although my nipples seemed to firm a little bit almost immediately, nothing much seemed to happen for about a week, when suddenly I got very sick to my stomach. I got back on

my feet after some days in bed, but I still felt weak, softer than before, and I found that my small nipples all of a sudden were sporting very hard enlarged nubs, were unusually rosy in color and were highly sensitive and itchy. My feminine metamorphosis had begun, finally!

Other subtle changes began taking shape in my physique, but my sprouting nipples and breasts showed the most obvious and immediate changes.

Since my body chemistry had become that of a girl, my body shifted gears appropriately. As a girl, my body had to be able to handle pregnancy and to feed a baby. Such required that I develop functional breasts and nipples. Accordingly, the nipple and milk-duct work—usually dormant in a guy's chest—was chemically told by my new hormonal flow that it was part of the body of a maturing young woman and to develop so, while the rest of my body was chemically directed to change in ways normal for any girl at puberty.

My nipples not only remained firm, but they enlarged rapidly. Soon, they poked out sharply from my otherwise flat chest, much too much to be normal for a boy.

The expanding nipples were quite noticeable and very sensitive by the end of the first month, and the supporting flesh behind them had begun to swell girlishly, too.

Also, my skin became softer and more sensitive to the touch. My voice started losing its early deepening, as my vocal chords slowly were emasculated, rewired to mature in a normal womanly fashion.

After six weeks, I clearly was in the early stages of normal female breast development. What a thrill to look down at the blossoming orbs of firm feminine flesh on my chest and to see the soft girlish swells that were so natural for a young woman. Enlarged veins in my breasts became partially visible through the pale soft skin, as increased blood flow carried the necessary nutrients and hormones to feed my growing breast tissue at an accelerating pace.

I was a heavily feminized boy rapidly losing his masculine characteristics, evolving into a young woman. By the end of the summer, my body was more girl than boy, just as I had long dreamed.

After four months of relentless hormonal feminization, my mammary glands were so well developed that I had to hide them from a world so far unaware of my ongoing boy-to-girl transformation. With a too-tight training bra and loose fitting clothes, my feminine figure was camouflaged and able to further develop in privacy.

Equally exciting had been the metamorphosis of my boyish parts into more feminine-appearing counterparts. While my breasts swelled in response to the new hormonal messages, chemical signals to my reproductive organs tried to prepare my body for ovulation and pregnancy. Where these signals were met by accommodative organs and flesh, my body responded in normal girlish fashion. Where these signals were received by less-accommodative boyish organs, my body responded by regressing those unnecessary and unwanted parts into a state of androgyny.

The larger and more sensitive my breasts became, the softer, smaller and more girl-like my boyish appendage became. My waist also narrowed in conjunction with special exercises, but my tummy became femininely rounded and my skin and muscles continued to soften and smooth out as I developed a feminine layer of fat under my skin. My hips broadened and I added girlish fat to my rounding fanny as my body continued taking on an increasingly girlish form and function.

The hormonal shift, my changing body and the related blossoming of unmasculine physical sensations in my chest and deep in my body soon began affecting my mind. I found my interests becoming more sedate and my attraction to girls more passive but still observing. Yet, at the same time, I was taking a more active, almost girlish interest in good-looking guys.

Although I retained a physical interest in girls, the sight of a handsome, muscular man began causing my nipples to firm and my tummy to tingle with a vulnerable weakness I'd never felt as a guy. While my body was developing curves that caught the eyes of young men, I was beginning to enjoy eyeing the guys back and displaying my new girlish assets as seductively as possible.

I found my thoughts turning increasingly towards young men—attractive and exciting creatures for whom I was now so beautifully and rapidly turning into a member of the opposite sex. As my girlish body development intensified, so, too, did my social interests.

By the time a boy first kissed me as a girl—first softly on my lipsticked lips, then with his tongue thrusting deeply into my receptive mouth—my breasts already had grown to normal size for a mature teen, while my hormone-confused boyish parts felt as though they just wanted to pull into my body and disappear. I wished they would, as I found myself wanting to respond as though I were fully a female.

My wish came true, much to my surprise. I became femininely flat between my thighs after taking super-hormones

given to me by Sally. My already effeminized boyish organs actually shrunk and withdrew into my body and began to mimic their female counterparts.

Although I still was technically a male, my remnant male organ was so reduced in size and performance that the super hormones had left me looking like and able to function very much like a natural female. Oh, I so loved having such a girlish a body!

Now as I lay lazily in bed, daydreaming and reminiscing, I wished I had one of my boyfriends lying next to me, with his warm hard body snuggling up against my soft girlish curves. Jeff, who'd known me since we were kids, knew that I was a boy. He was all the more turned-on by that knowledge when his fingers first excitedly explored and then masterfully aroused my new feminine hot-spots.

We even spent a wonderful night together at a motel, registered as husband and wife. That night I functionally and emotionally crossed the line into womanhood, as Jeff's impressive manhood repeatedly satisfied my girlish longings as only a man can satisfy a woman. The next morning, I woke in the arms of my strong, protective boyfriend, my lover. With my soft naked feminine curves snuggled so comfortably against his strong masculine body, I knew then for sure that I never again was going to be a boy. I so loved being like a girl!

Brad, on the other hand, had fallen in love with me one day at his cousin Sally's pool. He thought I was a natural girl. I hoped to be one when I saw him next. We'd been corresponding since the summer, and he promised to see me in the fall, after he started classes at a nearby college.

Exploring the pleasures of my newly-developed feminine features and fantasizing about my boyfriends, I had trouble bringing my attention back to the reality at hand. I couldn't dawdle and daydream too much, for I had to get up and shower for a very special day. I was due to check into Dr. Wilson's clinic, and there, with a little luck, I would complete the physical transformation of my body—once a natural boy—into that of a full and natural girl.

Shortly, my senior year at high school would begin, and I would be attending classes as a girl. There was so much new and exciting in my immediate future that I just kept pinching my large puffy pink nipples to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

THE CLINIC

The Wilson Transgender Clinic was associated with a small

private women's college about twenty miles from my home. Dr. Wilson also had a private gynecological and endocrinological practice. My mother was one of his patients, and she had taken me to him for an examination and consultation just the week before, since she was so deeply concerned about the extensive feminization of my once masculine body.

After a careful physical examination, Dr. Wilson had concluded that I was healthy and had sexual characteristics of both sexes. Although I had appeared to be and had lived and functioned as a normal male all my life, the female hormones I had taken activated my dormant female organs, and my body had begun a true feminine metamorphosis.

The clinic stay was planned to complete the process of my physical change from being a boy to becoming a real girl.

When I checked in, Dr. Wilson came up to greet me.

"Hello, Vanessa," he grinned, as he gave me a hug, "How goes life as a young woman? As good as you hoped?"

"Oh, I'm so happy, Dr. Wilson," I smiled and blushed, admitting, "Why I even have a boyfriend, now!"

"We'll talk about that later," he cautioned. "Today, the nurse will check you in, and then we're going to run you through a battery of tests, including one which enables us to image your internal organs.

"Tomorrow, I'll sit with you and we'll assess just where your feminization stands and discuss what further steps need to be taken."

I've never been so poked, jabbed or had so many needles stuck into me. At the end of a grueling day, I went to bed early in my private room, which seemed more like a college dormitory room than a hospital room. I had seen a couple of other girls passing in the hall and began to realize that they were really guys, like me. Each looked so pretty and naturally feminine, though.

Dr. Wilson saw me early the next morning, and I had to brace for still another examination.

He carefully explored every inch of my body and spent a great deal of time feeling and examining my breasts and nipples and in closely studying my effeminized genitals.

"I have great news for you, Vanessa," he began, at last. "You indeed are going to become fully female! Your soft skin, softened muscles and lack of male body hair show how far your secondary female sexual characteristics already have developed. Your breasts are fully mature, well shaped and your large nipples and areola show functional ability to nurse an infant.

"Your broad hips and pelvis also are highly feminine in their

appearance and structure. Quite frankly, you're built well for child bearing.

"Your voice is maturely feminine, and your appearance is totally convincing as a beautiful, natural woman.

"Our examinations and internal imaging have shown, as I suspected, that even though you were raised as a boy and were male in all outward appearances, you also were born with the internal organs of a female. They remained dormant until activated by your taking those regular doses of female hormones.

"Your circumstances are not as rare as you might think. Almost one in twenty of boys like you, who come to me wanting to become girls, have some level of internal feminine development. They have lived and functioned as fully normal males all their lives, never realizing that their feminine instincts were mirroring a deeper physical reality.

"You have a uterus, fallopian tubes and cervix. Your vagina has begun to open to the outside, but all is not fully connected yet. We need to perform minor corrective and plastic surgery to complete your transformation from a male into a female.

"Those powerful doses of female super-hormones you took physically altered your penis, causing substantial loss of erectile tissue and a great reduction in its size. It has evolved into a close imitation of a clitoris. It will be a normal clitoris when we finish with it.

"Specifically, we need to rearrange your plumbing. We also have to remove your testes, which have withdrawn into your body and are shrunken, but they still are producing too much testosterone for a girl. We also will complete your vaginal opening and tighten up the folds of your vulva.

"When our 'touch-ups' are completed, your body will be indistinguishable from that of any other young woman. With the changes we will be making, your body even will produce its own female hormones, naturally."

"Oh, Dr. Wilson," I squealed with uncontrolled excitement, "My dream is coming true!" Tears of joy began to run down my cheeks.

My surgery was scheduled for the next day, but I was allowed visitors that evening, before I was given preliminary sedatives.

Both my mother and Sally were so thrilled with the news, along with me, one was gaining a real daughter, the other a girlfriend. We exchanged tears and hugs for an hour or so.

My last and most exciting visitor, however, was Jeff. He closed and locked the door behind him, with an impish grin on his face.

"I'm going to become a real woman tomorrow," I cooed as my handsome boyfriend walked into my room with a dozen yellow roses. "Oh, those are so beautiful!" I cried. I seemed to be getting so much more emotional recently.

"And you are so beautiful!" he countered, as he planted a deep and passionate kiss on my soft, yearning lips. "I came to say good-bye to Jason," he smiled, as he sat down next to me on the bed.

His hands moved to untie my hospital gown. Then one hand slipped gently over my soft girlish curves to my breast. My nipples already were erect anticipating Jeff's masterful caressing. We kissed deeply, as Jeff lay down on my bed, pulling our bodies into a sensual embrace.

"You know," he began, "it wasn't that long ago that you were a guy like me! Why, I remember when you had the flat muscular chest of a boy, but look at you now!" he gasped as my breasts overflowed his hands as he tried to cup my girlish orbs. His lips moved to kiss and suckle my large nipples.

I let out a soft girlish moan as the tingling in my body moved towards an early and intense crescendo.

"And your body is so soft and hairless and curvy, just like a real girl," he sighed as his lips moved down my body, over my soft but taut tummy. His hand slipped into my feminine moistness and was playing with my shriveled male nub.

"Tomorrow, it'll be gone! That's going to be a clitoris," I gasped as my last vestigial male arousal blended into my increasingly overwhelming feminine sensations.

"I'm going to love that," Jeff sighed as his lips moved to encompass my lost manhood. He succeeded in creating an arousal I hadn't felt for months.

I screamed with delight as my last sensations of maleness disappeared into the new and more powerful urges and sensations of my breasts and nascent vagina.

We were interrupted by a knock on the door. We both scrambled to freshen up and then let in the nurse. I could see in the mirror that my cheeks were still flushed, but, then, I was still very girlishly aroused.

The nurse gave me sedative and told Jeff it was time for him to go.

He gave me a parting passionate kiss and embrace. "Good-bye, Jason," he sighed softly, "I love you."

"Good-bye, Jeff," I giggled with almost uncontrolled excitement, "Just think! Tomorrow, I'll be kissing and loving you as Vanessa!"

After awakening from what turned out to be a lengthy operation, I felt somehow quite different than before, much more so than I expected. If anything, my whole being seemed more feminine, softer. Memories that I once was a boy seemed so distant, so irrelevant. I was a full girl now, physically and mentally, and everything seemed just so perfect with the world.

I reached for my groin, but found it was heavily bandaged. I was going to be stuck in bed for a while, but Jeff, Sally and Mother visited me frequently, and they provided me with plenty of reading material, including the latest fashion and teenage-girl magazines and some hot romance novels.

Finally, the day came for the removal of my bandages. Once they were removed and Dr. Wilson slowly extracted a form used to help shape my vagina. It was so long and thick, and it felt so wonderful as it slid out of my body! I closed my eyes and let out a girlish gasp of pleasure.

Dr. Wilson examined me and grinned.

"Why don't you take a look, young lady," he suggested.

I gasped as I explored my new genitals. They looked and felt just like a girls'! I was a girl! My fingers were feeling feminine features that now were identical to Sally's. My heart was racing a mile-a-minute as I searched for—then found—then touched my new clitoris. It was dwarfish, barely a bubble but what ecstasy! I found myself getting aroused as never before. It was so much more sensitive than when it was just a remnant male mass, but then all those excitable nerve endings had been concentrated into a much smaller, but highly sensual nub. "O-o-oh!" I moaned, uncontrollably. Then I flushed with terrible embarrassment as I realized that Dr. Wilson was watching me.

He laughed. "That happens a lot! I'll leave you alone now," he smiled. "We'll check you out tomorrow, but you must refrain from any sexual activity for a while, you're still healing inside.

At my discharge physical, Dr. Wilson asked if I had been sexually active when I was a girl-like guy. I told him I had been.

"You need to be careful, Vanessa," he cautioned. "You now have the natural body of a woman. Already you may have found that you feel a little unusual every month or so, and I know that you had some spotting last week. Soon you will begin having a regular menstrual cycle. You will be ovulating, and there will be no reason why you won't be able to get pregnant like any other woman your age.

"Therefore, I'm putting you on birth control pills. They may make your nipples unusually sensitive for a brief time and cause

a slight swelling in your breasts, but I imagine you can live with those side effects?"

"You bet!" I giggled, girlishly.

My mind was distracted by new tinglings and urges arising inside me. Getting pregnant and having a baby would be the ultimate challenge to my new fully-feminine body.

First would be the thrill and fun of trying to get pregnant. I could just imagine getting married to Jeff or Brad—actually my mind kept shifting to Brad, who knew me only as girl. On our wedding night, I could see my strong and handsome husband engulfing my senses with the ultimate passion, pressing and holding himself deep in my abdomen as his seed pulsed into my waiting body.

I could almost feel my womb growing with new life, while my breasts gained new sensitivity, eventually swelling and getting heavy with milk. I knew childbirth was supposed to be terribly painful, but I'd also heard that it was the ultimate female orgasm as the baby was pushed out through the vagina.

Then of course, I would nurse my baby with the natural milk from my breasts.

I would want to have more babies—maybe three in total—a happy mother, raising my children and being wife to Brad.

Interrupting my reverie, Dr. Wilson brought me back to Earth.

"I want you back here in four weeks so that I can check your internal healing. You must remain sexually inactive at least until then," he reemphasized, "until I give you clearance. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Dr. Wilson," I blushed.

"Thereafter, I will want to see you every three months or so. Oh, by the way, Vanessa, are you looking to go to college?"

"I hope to, but I haven't decided where to apply yet," I smiled, curious as to why he was asking.

"I wish you would consider coming here to the Wilson College for Women," he began. "Wilson is a small private school, but it has a top-notch liberal arts program, very pleasant facilities—as you've seen, and a social atmosphere that is particularly active, given that State University is just a town away. After graduation, opportunities are plentiful. Wilson girls traditionally have moved within the highest echelons of society and the business world.

"My great-grandmother founded Wilson, and I'm on both the board of governors and the board of admissions. In fact, I am able to offer you early admission right now, if you're interested. If you agree to my conditions, we will offer you a

full four-year scholarship.

"Wilson has a special program, where we admit two or three young men into each freshman class of 150 women. I would like you to be the student counselor to that program, helping the boys adapt to life at school."

"But, I thought Wilson only had female students?" I interrupted in some puzzlement.

"That is correct, Vanessa, but that is where you and I come in. The boys who are accepted into the program agree to live as women and attend classes as women for the four years. They spend their first semester here in the clinic, using our facilities as a both classroom and dormitory. Their first-term classes are aimed at reorienting their lives and behavior so that they easily can blend in with the other girls in their class. You would counsel each freshman group for the four years that you are here."

"But what happens to the guys at the end of the four years?" I asked with deep interest.

"They can go back to living as men, if they choose to. In the fifteen years I've been running the program, however, every young man, except one, has eagerly undergone surgery to become a woman, usually by the end of his freshman year. She has then gone on and entered society as a normal woman. The lone exception, I'm sad to say, dropped out of school and, last I heard, he was a topless dancer at a New Orleans cabaret."

"So, if I agree to counsel these guys as they learn to live as girls, you'll give me a full scholarship to Wilson?" I repeated what I thought sounded too good to be true.

"That's the deal, Vanessa."

"Then you've got yourself a Wilson girl!" I giggled with excitement, as I grabbed the good doctor and gave him an excited hug. I felt so warm inside as his strong body pressed against my soft flesh. My internal tingling intensified as he hugged me back.

"One other very important issue, young lady," he went on as I stepped back. "You now are physically a female. You could say that I have done nothing more than correct a birth defect with surgery. Our attorney is already processing the paperwork to have your birth certificate corrected to show your sex as 'female' and your legal name as 'Vanessa.' Such will be set this week, so you can register at high school accordingly. Since you will be legally female, you also will be able to marry. Soon your memories of ever being a male will fade."

"They already have," I admitted.

"If you would like, our staff hypnotherapist, through a series

of hypnosis sessions, can alter your male memories. You would remember yourself as always having been a girl."

"But, I always have been a girl, Dr. Wilson," I smiled. "I'm happy with my memories as they are, thank you."

"Very well," he concluded. "Oh, also, Vanessa, have your guidance department forward your transcript and SAT scores to me. Such is just a formality, though. Welcome to next year's freshman class at Wilson!"

A GIRL AT SCHOOL

My mother was naturally as excited as I was about my deal with Dr. Wilson. What a relief that we didn't have to worry anymore about how to pay for college! But I still had to get through my senior year at high school, and I would be doing so as a young woman.

As soon as I could, I went over to the high school with a letter from Dr. Wilson and documents that showed my legal change in sex to "female" and my name change to "Vanessa." The high school registrar couldn't have been nicer, as she corrected my records and switched my courses around so that I would have girl's gym and home economics.

The latter course was one that I thought might be of some practical use to me as I reoriented my thinking towards eventually marrying a guy and getting pregnant. I was not interested in a career other than as a housewife and mother. Oh, how exciting it was to have that real possibility now!

Next I went to the guidance office and set up the necessary paperwork to assure my enrollment at Wilson. That done, I was ready to relax for a few a days and to begin enjoying and experiencing life as a full female.

Indeed, that last week of summer vacation was the time I found myself getting used to being a real woman. My nipples had gotten unusually sensitive and I could tell that I was different in inside. In the after-effects of the operation that would stretch out over months, my breasts would continue to grow, while I would quickly lose another inch in the waist and add another inch to my hips, eventually rounding my figure out to a strikingly feminine and sexy 38-19-37. My muscles would continue to soften and my thoughts would become 100% feminine.

No sooner had I gotten home from arranging my affairs at the high school than the door bell rang, and there was Jeff.

"Hi beautiful!" he grinned from ear to ear.

We immediately flew into each other's arms as our lips locked in the kiss I had awaited all my life. The strong passion

of this handsome guy was being naturally aroused by the body of a beautiful young woman—me! Jeff's big arms enveloped me, pulling my soft girlish body against his solid, powerful muscles. My large breasts and aroused nipples felt so good and natural as they flattened against his taut pectoral muscles, tingling like never before.

Rapidly, I felt Jeff's manhood swell and press against my abdomen in his mounting excitement. I felt similar urges in the warm moistness between my thighs. Oh, I so loved being a girl between my thighs. I wanted to have Jeff in me, to function as a real woman with my man. As his hands gently grabbed my fanny, pulling my girlish void into firm contact with his aroused manhood, I experienced a new level of excitement and desire that I'd never had as a guy.

"Easy, Honey!" I gasped as softly as I could, catching myself and my breath, "Mom's in the other room, and we can't do anything anyway for a month or so until I get clearance from the doctor."

Jeff was visibly let down, but then we again embraced and kissed for what seemed to be an eternity. We both calmed down, but with tensions still high, we agreed that a drive-in movie was in store for later.

That afternoon, I took a long, hot perfumed bath and worked for hours on my hair and nails so they would be perfect for my first date as a true girl. My soft blond hair fell well below my shoulders in lustrous waves, and I carefully matched my nail color to the light-pink lipstick I was going to wear. After strategically dabbing a delicate perfume around key points of my anatomy, I was ready for my make-up.

I didn't need much, except for light eyeshadow highlights, mascara and, of course, my light-pink lipstick. I wore simple pearl studs in my ears.

I selected the briefest of bikini panties, which slid so smoothly and excitingly up my long-stemmed legs, snugging

ARE YOU
A
WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.

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so comfortably into place over my new femininity. I still couldn't get over how flat I was between my thighs and how natural it felt. My hips just swung so femininely now without a second thought on my part.

I then selected a matching low-cut bra that would help maximize my visible cleavage. The soft cups allowed my large firm nipples to protrude noticeably under the fabric of my blouse.

My pink blouse accordingly was low cut and hugged my body, not only showing off my ample cleavage and the protruding shapes of my large breasts and nipples, but also highlighting my slender waist.

A black mini-skirt also enhanced my narrow waist as it flared into my broad girlish hips and fanny. Since, I didn't want to be restricted by pantyhose, and my long tanned legs looked great without them, I just slipped on a pair of low-heeled black sandals that showed off that same light-pink color on my polished toe nails.

When Jeff picked me up, he was almost speechless, but he did get off his now-standard "Wow!" while his eyes took in my unbelievably sexy body.

Walking out to his car, I noticed that he kept staring at my chest, eying my cleavage even as we talked. My nipples tingled in response, welcoming his steady gaze.

We parked again at an isolated slot at the drive-in, and my excited boyfriend quickly put the seats back, converting the car's interior into something like a large bed. Within minutes the windows were fogged from the heat of our passion, while Jeff's tongue plunged into my receptive mouth and his busy hands moved quickly to remove my blouse and bra.

As he gently fondled and then kissed and suckled my nipples and full girlish orbs, I felt a new awakening of feminine sensuality. The intense arousal and excitement flowing through my body overwhelmed my feelings, and I found myself moaning and gasping, involuntarily beginning to thrust and rub my pelvis against Jeff's body.

Jeff's large hand moved down my body and slid into my panties, touching the real Vanessa for the first time. As a jolt of added stimulation shot through my being, my whole body trembled from the shock of that first delicate encounter of my girlhood with a guy's probing finger.

"Oh, Vanessa!" Jeff panted, "You really are a girl! Why you feel just like Sally does!"

Although that was not a particularly tactful comment on Jeff's part, I let it pass—thrilled that he recognized me as a girl.

I so wanted to have Jeff enter me, but I couldn't let him, yet. I had to wait until the doctor said it was O.K., so I quickly pulled Jeff's hand back up to my breast.

"We can't, yet, Honey," I whispered in shortened breaths into his ear, as I slid my hand into his pants and quickly relieved the tremendous tensions that had built up in him.

Nevertheless, as the evening progressed, his hands kept sliding seductively into my panties. I soon found myself so uncontrollably excited, that all my inhibitions disappeared. Despite the doctor's warnings, I just couldn't resist letting Jeff enter me.

I screamed in pleasure as his massive warmth pushed steadily into me. I could feel my tummy expand, my body accommodating his great size. As Jeff began to thrust back and forth in passion, his firm hairy chest rocking against my highly aroused breasts, my body shifted into automatic overdrive and entered a state of uncontrolled passion and ecstasy.

I never wanted the sensations to end, but they reached an incredible culmination when I felt a strong, boiling sensation pulsing deep inside my belly. I'm sure I screamed.

We both began to come back down to earth. "Please stay in me!" I begged as I held his body close. "Do you realize what you just did to me?"

"I guess?" he said as we hugged and kissed. Wonderful feelings lingered about in my body. I could feel Jeff's live whirlpool of sperm creating a commotion in my belly. I would be it's home for days until it died—or created a new life.

Within a couple of minutes, though, I could feel a new swelling inside me, and the whole wonderful process was repeated.

After that, we snuggled, necked and petted for the balance of the movie. Sore, I again used alternate methods to satisfy Jeff's voracious male needs—afraid of pushing my luck in overusing my new body features.

As we parted that evening, Jeff explained that he was starting football practice the next day, and his rigorous training schedule would provide a damper to our social contacts for a while.

"I understand Jeff. I'm so excited to have such a popular football player as my boyfriend, I just can't believe it! I'm very proud of you." I cooed in his ear, while my body rested in his powerful embrace.

"Boy, are the other guys going to be jealous of me when they get to see you!" Jeff laughed. "Hey, I have an idea," he continued. "Why don't you try out for the cheerleading squad?"

That would mean a lot to me.”

“Do you really think I could be a cheerleader?” I questioned.

“You’d be wonderful as a cheerleader, Vanessa,” he assured. “Why, you have the perfect build for it, and you’re the prettiest girl in school! Please give it a try!”

“O.K.!” I giggled, in concession, as his lips once again pressed against mine. A twinge in my belly made me lose myself—dreaming of becoming a wife and mother.

On that last weekend before high school started, I went over to Sally’s to get in a final day of sunning and swimming before we had to settle down to the grind of classes.

As we stripped to put on our bikinis, Sally pleaded, “Oh, please let me see the results of your operation, Vanessa.”

I eagerly went over to her, in front of the mirror. We gleefully compared our bodies to each other’s. My breasts were somewhat larger than Sally’s, and my waist was smaller. Our hips were about the same size, and our femininely rounded tummies both flowed down to a taut, natural flatness between our legs, and to dainty patches of pubic hair covering our girlish assets. My tummy turned in excitement as I saw how much alike we really looked between our thighs.

I invited Sally in for a closer inspection. She carefully explored me and gasped, “Why you are a girl!” When her fingers slipped into my feminine moistness, she continued, squealing, “And you feel just like I do!”

Funny, I thought to myself, with a certain self-satisfaction, that’s just what Jeff said.

Sally’s soft touch began to arouse me in a way I hadn’t experienced before, she was touching me in a manner I imagined she must touch herself. I found that I was instinctively moving myself against her fingers, while I began softly stroking around my own nipples.

“Oh, Sally!” I moaned, “That feels so-o-o good! Please keep doing whatever you’re doing!”

We spent some time in bed with each other, exploring and arousing each other as only two girls could do. We both had the same body features and I was learning first-hand what would make another girl feel so special. I particularly enjoyed letting our large nipples brush against each other, while our soft hairless bodies entwined in ways that boys could not do. Oh, if only guys knew what they were missing, they all would want to have breasts and soft, sensuous bodies!

Later, at the pool, I still couldn’t get over how great we both looked in bikinis. I was a girl now. Still, I found myself

appreciating the feminine form somewhat as I had when I was a guy. But now, I had more immediate and practical girlish concerns.

"Sally, I've been spotting," I mentioned with trepidation. "Dr. Wilson says I can expect to begin having regular periods any time now. What I'm going to do?"

In our first true girl-to-girl talk, Sally explained to me some of the options I had. She showed me the tampons she used and how to use them. She even gave me a pack to always carry in my purse, just in case.

For my first day of school, an early-morning visit to the beauty parlor assured that my hair, nails and make-up would be just perfect. My long wavy blonde hair softly and beautifully fell over my shoulders and down my back.

I deliberately wore my skimpiest panties and went braless with a blouse that was partially translucent. Anyone who looked could see the unmistakable shape of my large full breasts and protruding nipples, and the taut narrowness of my girlish waist. Although somewhat out of style for school, I also wore a very short mini-skirt that showed my shapely thighs to maximum advantage. With sheer-to-the-toe pantyhose and low-heeled sandals, my long girlish legs and pretty, painted toenails were prominently displayed.

I couldn't help my breasts jiggling and swaying the way they did as I walked, I really quite enjoyed it in fact, and my hips just moved with their natural girlish rhythm as I moved through the school's corridors. I knew my attire might draw criticism from the school administration, but I wanted to eliminate any doubt of my gender in the minds of anyone who saw me on that first day.

Word of my sex change seemed to spread faster than I could walk down the halls at school. No one could believe that I was the meek mild-mannered Jason from the year before. The story that both Jeff and Sally were spreading was that I had really been a girl all along, and that I had suffered from some unfortunate birth defects that had been surgically corrected over the summer.

I was so pretty and feminine, that despite the initial gawking and rumors, almost everyone seemed to accept me as a girl. I talked to a couple of guys I'd known the year before, asking in my softest, sexiest voice how their summers had been. They blushed and hemmed and hawed as they called me "Vanessa." Neither guy could take his eyes off my breasts. One even asked me if I'd like to go to the movies with him!

Right after school, both Jeff and Sally pulled me aside and gleefully told me how well I had done.

Catching me away from the crowds of students, Jeff embraced me, giving me a deep, passionate kiss and hug. Still holding me tight in his arms, he whispered into my ear, "You're so beautiful and naturally feminine, Vanessa!" He started to nibble on my earlobe as his hand began to cup one of my breasts. Sally was looking on with mounting jealousy.

"Stop that, Jeff!" I giggled. He just couldn't keep his hands off me. "We're still in public," I insisted. "Now just calm down and tell me what your friends said, please!" I begged.

"You passed as a girl with flying colors. Not only are all the guys convinced that you are a real girl, but a number of them mentioned how they thought you were the hottest looking girl at school today. Boy, did I get dirty looks when I told them 'hands off,' that you were my girl."

Jeff's girl! I thought, "I had been nurturing his seed." I blushed at the notion.

"And the girls thought you were a girl, too," Sally added. "Quite, frankly, many of them were quite catty about you, suggesting that you were showing off your feminine assets too much, attracting too much attention among the guys. I squelched rumors that your breasts had been surgically enhanced. I assured everyone that I knew for a fact that those gorgeous orbs were your own!

"Some of the girls, who knew you as Jason, were easily convinced that you'd always really been a girl. One told me she remembered last year, how pretty you had been with your long hair. She said that she'd never been too sure if you were really a boy or a girl."

"Well, Gorgeous, I've got football practice. So I'll see you later," Jeff broke in. He smiled as he gave me a caressing pat on my fanny and headed off.

"Come on, Vanessa," Sally urged. "We have cheerleader tryouts."

Sally seemed upset, almost teary.

"What's wrong, Sally?" I asked.

"Jeff has always been my boyfriend!" she glared at me. "Now that you've changed sex and become a pretty girl instead of a boy, he seems more interested in you!"

"I can't help that," I pleaded. "You and I are best of friends. Don't be upset, don't let this hurt our friendship! Let's just see what happens, O.K.?" I pressed my breasts against hers and gave her a tender and loving kiss on the lips.

"O.K.!" Sally sighed, with a reluctant smile.

"Besides," I teased, "you know Tony, that hunk of a tight end?"

"Of course!" she smiled.

"Well, he sure was eyeing you at lunch today."

"You're kidding!" she giggled. I just giggled along with her.

We dressed in our gym suits, which consisted of light sleeveless sweatshirts and tight short-shorts. Both Sally and I went braless as we ran through a number of exercises and poses, and as we practiced cheers along with about twenty other girls and ten or so guys.

While a number of kids were watching the football workout on the adjacent field, a lot of guys came over to watch us workout. They'd give us a round of hoots and cheers whenever we went through a routine that caused our breasts to bounce around or our rear ends to stick up in the air. I couldn't help blushing when that happened.

I worked hard at the tryout, and I felt special inside, noticing that I probably had the biggest breasts and narrowest waist of any of the girls at the practice. My hips were nicely proportioned with the rest of my body, but far from the biggest among the girls there.

I screamed the cheers, and they came out at an attractive girlish pitch, and boy did my breasts bob up and down and swing all over the place with all that jumping and tumbling. I just loved it!

After the tryouts, I hit the showers with the other girls. I'd never seen so many beautiful naked female bodies. I was distracted by all those pretty bouncing breasts, trim figures and those inviting naked girlish crotches. If I were still a boy, how thrilling it would have been, it still was very sensual in a strange new way. I still couldn't believe that I had real bouncing breasts and an inviting girlish crotch myself!

How weird it felt now to be just one of the girls, as we washed, lathering up our girlish orbs and giggling about the different boys we'd seen watching us. Although I received some initial stares—some girls even hid their bodies from my view—my natural breasts, my general girlish form, appropriate feminine anatomy between my legs and my soft womanly voice eventually eliminated any lingering doubts as to my true sex. By the time I was casually toweling off my firm bobbing mammaries, I was being accepted as just another girl.

I got home late that night and was exhausted. After a quick run through light first-day homework, I fell into a deep sleep.

The next day, I dressed more conservatively, with a bra, full blouse and a skirt that came to just above my knees. My legs were so well tanned that I opted not to wear stockings. How strange and wonderful it felt as the cool autumn air blew against my naked, soft hairless legs, to feel the swish of a skirt against my firm thighs.

At the end of the day, the cheerleading squad was announced. There were six girls and six guys who were selected, including Sally and me. We practiced that afternoon as a squad, and I was matched up with Jerry, who also was a senior.

Jerry occasionally had to put me on his shoulders or boost me in the air, holding my narrow waist in his strong hands.

Although body contact with him was just part of the show, he acted the part of a perfect gentlemen when he occasionally came into contact with areas of my body I normally wouldn't let a boy touch, unless, of course, we were very intimate.

Jerry was a little taller than me and quite skinny. He had pretty-boyish good looks and was a natural blond. I began feeling tingly inside when we came into close contact. Like I had done myself in recent years, Jerry wore his long hair tied back in a pony tail. Although he was a senior, his face looked so soft and young, probably because he had no noticeable facial-hair growth.

Jeff was long gone with his guy pals when Sally and I started walking home after our practice. I looked around when I heard a car horn, and there was Jerry. He offered us a ride, which we gratefully accepted. The ride, however, turned out to be the beginning of a most unusual relationship. After dropping Sally at her house, we stopped in front of mine.

Jerry, seemed very embarrassed and was hemming and hawing about asking me something.

"What are you trying to say, Jerry?" I finally asked.

"Is it true that you were once a boy?" he blurted out, as he stared at the swell of my large breasts, and gazed down at my long shapely legs.

"Yes, I was," I responded softly, with a nervous smile, "but now I am fully a girl, I'm physically and legally a female."

"Well, . . .er. . .I don't know how to say this, but. . .I. . .er want to become a. . .a girl, too!" he exclaimed as he lowered his eyes and his face turned scarlet. He also seemed to be breathing more heavily and rapidly. "I thought that maybe you might be willing to. . .you know. . .maybe, help me?"

"Why, Jerry," I reassured him, though I was still in initial shock, "of course I'd be happy to help you. Why, I think you'd be a beautiful girl!"

Clearly breathing easier, Jerry smiled.

"Have you discussed your feelings about this with anyone else?" I asked.

"You're the first person, Vanessa," he began. "I've always wanted to be a girl but I never had the courage to talk to anyone or to do anything about it. Both my parents were killed in an auto accident some years ago and I was raised by a maiden aunt, who recently passed away. Now that her estate is settled, I've moved into my own apartment. I have enough inherited wealth so that I can do almost anything I want to, and to become a girl is my great and all-consuming desire!"

"Well, I know the best doctor around, who can help to change your body, but we need to get you looking a little more girl-like first. I have a friend—you know her—Sally on the cheerleading squad? She helped me and I'm sure she'd be happy to help you, too. Is it O.K. if I bring her into this?" I asked.

"I don't want to see a doctor, yet, Vanessa," Jerry responded, "and I'd prefer to keep this just between us at the moment, if you don't mind. I'm not quite ready to advertise my desires to the world."

"I understand," I reassured him.

"Vanessa, could you help me get some. . .you know. . .uh. . .female hormones?" he asked sheepishly. "I do so want to start changing my body. I hope to be able to begin living as a girl right after I graduate in June. Can you help me?" he pleaded.

I told him to wait a minute, while I went into the house and returned with two bottles of pills. I handed them to Jerry and suggested, "Why don't you take one of each of these, morning and evening, and drink lots of orange juice with them. They'll begin to soften some of the masculine edges to your body."

"Hormones?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," I giggled, "these are extra pills I've been keeping, but I don't need them any more, and I can get you whatever you need."

Jerry accepted the bottles from me and took a pill from each. "I want you to be with me as I take my first hormones. I want you to know how serious I am about physically changing into a girl," he smiled. He swallowed the pills and then leaned over and gave me a soft kiss on my lips.

"Thanks, Vanessa," he said softly with tears of joy in his in his eyes.

I found the moment to be emotional, too. This strong, good-looking guy had just taken his first step towards physically changing himself into a girl, and I was excited about

helping him see the process through.

Thinking ahead, I told him, "Set Saturday and Sunday aside for me, after the football game. I'll get certain basic necessities we'll need, and then we'll assess what has to be done."

"Thank you so much, Vanessa," Jerry smiled. Again, he kissed me on the lips. This time his contact lingered and I kissed him back softly, beginning to feel an excitement rising in my tummy. A girlish tingling began to overtake my senses, as I sat so physically close to my new femininely-distressed boyfriend.

At the next couple of cheerleading practices, and at the game on Saturday. My body again came into regular sensitive contact with Jerry's hands and his body. His hands seemed to linger a little on those occasions, and I found myself enjoying that.

We won the game, and Jeff wanted to take me out to celebrate. He'd made new friends over at State University and had been invited over to a fraternity party. It all sounded quite exciting, but I told him that I had to help a friend for the weekend, that I couldn't go out until late, at best.

"Are you seeing another guy?" he asked, with obvious disappointment.

"I'm helping a guy, but it's nothing like you think," I tried to reassure my big husky lover.

"You're not going out with me because you're going to be with another guy? Who is it?" He asked testily.

"I can't explain now, Honey," I soothed, "but why don't we meet at Avery's Diner at nine tonight, and I'll do what I can to explain everything then."

"I can tell you now that it better be a pretty good explanation," he huffed.

Jeff was acting so irrationally. I was noting the first signs of jealousy and possessiveness in my boyfriend. Jeff really was hooked on me! I began to tingle so girlishly inside, I found myself having to suppress a giggle.

"Don't worry, Honey," I soothed, as I put my arms around him and gave him my most sensual kiss. "I'm yours."

Jeff looked longingly at me. Although he was disappointed, he accepted my story with a forced smile. As I headed off with Jerry, though, I felt a twinge of jealousy as I saw Jeff grab Sally and walk off with her, his hand resting very suggestively on her big giggling fanny.

I had a bag full of special items that I'd stuck in Jerry's car before the game. As we drove over to his apartment, I could sense his tremendous excitement, and I was beginning to get turned-on, too.

Jerry's place was quite luxurious and well furnished. The atmosphere was very feminine, with a lot of light pastel colors used in decoration. I would have figured that the apartment belonged to a single girl. The color scheme in his bedroom was primarily pink, and I was duly impressed with the color-coordinated patterns on his king-sized bed's puffy down comforter and large frilly pillows.

Next to his bathroom, which had a full shower with see-through glass doors plus a sizable whirlpool bath, he had a large dressing room with a wall-long make-up table and well lighted mirror on one side, and on the opposing wall were floor-to-ceiling mirrors that also acted as sliding doors to a deep clothes-closet.

I noticed several styles of girl's nightgowns, robes and slippers in there, along with a number of dresses, blouses and skirts, as well as some girl's sandals and low heels. My friend Jerry seemed to be no stranger to feminine clothing.

When we finished the tour of the apartment, ending up in his full kitchen, Jerry pulled out a chilled bottled of white wine and fixed us both spritzers.

"Tell me what you have done so far to become more like a girl," I asked as we sat back and relaxed on a sofa in his living room.

"Well," he blushed, "of course, I've started to take those female hormones you gave me, but you know that. I've also let my blond hair grow for the last year or so and have washed it, conditioned it and brushed it regularly."

Jerry took his hair out of the pony tail and let his luxuriously thick blond mane hang down over his shoulders.

"And, I've practiced talking like a girl," he smiled as his voice softened and its pitch rose to naturally feminine levels. With obvious girlish intonations in his voice, suddenly I thought I was talking with a young woman!

"Oh, Jerry!" I gasped, "You do sound so sweet—like a young girl! You must talk like that all the time when you're in private, or with me. You must get so it is just second nature to you."

"Thanks! I'm so thrilled that you think I have possibilities. You really never know how you sound to other people. Talking like this almost is second nature to me now," he giggled girlishly.

I noted with some relief that Jerry also did not have a noticeable adam's apple.

"Further," he grinned, "I ordered a home electrolysis kit by mail some time ago, and I've been continuously killing stray

hairs as they sprouted on my face—not that there have been too many of them—but, as you can feel, my face now is free of whiskers and as soft and smooth as a girl's!"

I ran my hand over Jerry's smooth and feminized face and couldn't help but notice the somewhat girlish roundness and softness that cushioned his high cheeks bones. He really had a very pretty face and was going to be a very striking young woman.

"And," he added as he began to disrobe, "I've succeeded in clearing my body of the light male hair growth it had. Have you ever noticed how guys like me, who are natural blonds, often have such light body hair?"

Jerry stripped down to what turned out to be panties he had been wearing under his male clothes. He had a lanky, but masculine build, although he was not broad in the shoulders. His shoulders actually were quite delicate, but his body generally was wiry, muscular with little fat. His well-formed pectoral muscles gave him an attractive chest for a guy, with small nipples, and he had a taut, almost ripply stomach and a firm but somewhat rounded rear.

Still, Jerry's pelvis was unusually wide for a man, almost like he had been destined to bear children at some point. His legs were long and skinny, not heavily muscled. In general, the skin on his body was hairless and flawless. With his beautiful long hair and pretty face, Jerry was androgynous looking.

While his hands were strong, they also were delicate for a guy, and they were bashfully being held over what clearly was a large masculine swell in his panties.

"Jerry," I sighed, "you have to show me everything if I'm going to help you. Why don't you take off your panties, too."

With a big blush, he slowly pulled his panties down his legs, revealing a very substantial masculine endowment.

"Oh, Jerry! That's not very girlish! You're so large!" I gasped, even though I had not meant to show any reaction. My tummy flip-flopped and I could feel my nipples involuntarily firming as my body took note of this pretty male creature in front of me.

Regaining control of myself, I continued, "Oh, Jerry...that's okay. We can still make you into a beautiful girl!"

"Really?" he smiled hopefully.

"Really!" I confirmed. "After several months of heavy doses of female hormones, your body is going to start to smooth out in soft feminine curves, adding a little healthy fat where a girl normally has a little fat. Your chest will sprout small pert breasts, and you will begin to soften up enough to excite the

guys!"

That thought seemed to excite Jerry, as I saw a reaction in his boyish parts. "Why don't you go take a long hot shower and shampoo your hair, then dry off, put on a robe so I can begin to work on you," I suggested with shortened breath.

I gave Jerry a special perfumed, skin-moisturizing body gel to wash with, along with a new shampoo and conditioner. I fixed myself a couple of spritzers while Jerry took his time enjoying his shower. With his hair wrapped in a towel, and wearing a silken robe, Jerry reappeared in the living room. We grabbed my packages and headed back to the dressing room.

After combing out his wet tangles, I trimmed the edges of his golden mane to make them more even, and then rolled his hair in a series of curlers and applied a setting gel. His hair was so beautifully and naturally blond, I was a little jealous.

"Do you mind if I feel your skin, Jerry," I asked.

"Please do!" he smiled girlishly.

As my hand felt his softened skin, he already felt more like a girl than a guy. "Oh, I can't wait to see your breasts beginning to fill out," I sighed. "It's such an exciting stage."

"Me, too," he gulped. I noticed that that thought again started to arouse Jerry's masculine feelings.

"The next thing we have to do is take care of that," I nodded, indicating his groin.

Jerry blushed and asked, "What can I do?"

I'd gotten a special control device from Dr. Wilson that I had Jerry slip halfway up his legs, and then we had to wait until he calmed down. I showed him how he could push his testes back up in the body cavities from which they had descended. That hurt a little the first time, but it also kept him flaccid. With his testicles out of the way, I helped him put his appendage in the control device which fit tightly back between his legs.

I tightened the cache-sex device, and Jerry gasped as his body was molded to an unmanly form. With all signs of his masculinity out of the way, he suddenly looked like a girl between his thighs.

"You must wear that all the time," I advised him.

"But it hurts me, it's so tight!" he squeaked.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to it in a day or two," I assured him.

"But what do I do when I have to, you know?"

"Relax, Jerry! It's designed so that you can relieve yourself like a girl. BUT you'll have to squat or sit down," I giggled.

"At school too?" he complained.

"You did say you wanted to live as a girl, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, but I didn't know it would begin so soon!"

"Once you're on hormones for a while, you won't want to be whipping it out with the other guys anyway. Better that you find a nice quiet stall to squat in."

I gave him a pair of silk panties to put on, and they eased so naturally and comfortably into place over his new feminine void.

"Walk around, Jerry and see how it feels," I suggested.

His fanny looked more well-rounded with the constraining device in place, and he was looking very feminine as he found it so easy and natural to introduce a girlish sway to his hips.

"I feel so weird, so free with nothing between my legs! Oh, I'm so flat there! This is so thrilling. Vanessa, my hips feel so unrestrained. . . I feel so feminine!" he squealed like a teenage girl.

"Well, your hips are going to get bigger, Jerry," I began, "and I'm not talking just about the effects of the hormones. Put these on!" I requested, as I handed him sheer-toe panty hose that made his legs look tan and shaped his calves a little more femininely—making them look softer.

Then, as he struggled to slip on a padded girdle with a tight, high waist, I asked, "Jerry, we've got to give you a girl's name. With the broad roundness on your rear and the narrowed waist that that girdle gives you, you now do not look like a 'Jerry' from the waist down. What do you want to be called?"

"My new name is 'Beverley,' " he gasped as he sucked in his waist, "but you can call me 'Bev.' Gee, this is awfully tight!" he griped.

"Well, Bev, you need to get used to that. Those hormones are going to start adding fat all over your body, and you're going to have to do special exercises, not only to keep weight off your waist, but to get it even slimmer than it is now!

"You know, from the waist down and from the rear you're really beginning to look like a shapely girl," I gushed, giving him a gentle pat on his rounded fanny.

Jerry blushed in response.

"Now, into the bedroom! I want you to lie down on the bed, on your back, and close your eyes and relax," I directed. "I have a surprise for you, but you have to keep your eyes closed until I tell you to open them, O.K.?"

"O.K.," he grinned in anticipation.

I removed two large breast prostheses from my bag. They were latex breast forms filled with silicone and were flesh colored with realistic-looking nipples. I quickly painted the backs of the forms with rubber cement and similarly painted

cement in large circles around Jerry's two nipples.

"Ooh, that feels so cold!" Jerry sighed as the glue's solvent evaporated.

"Trust me, and keep your eyes closed!" I urged.

When the glue was dry, I carefully fitted the feminine forms over Jerry's real nipples, and the forms adhered solidly to his flesh as though they were part of his body. With a little make up and powder I blended the forms' edges so that they merged flawlessly into the body of this girl-to-be.

Stepping back, I admired the life-like look of Jerry's swollen feminized chest as his new "breasts" appeared naturally flattened by the pull of gravity while he lay on his back.

"O.K.," I giggled with anticipation, "you can open your eyes now."

"Oh my!" Jerry gasped as he looked at his chest. "I look like I have real breasts!"

As he stood up, his eyes widened in amazement as his full girlish orbs shifted and moved like real breasts on top of his underlying pectoral muscles. His chest now swayed and bounced and jiggled much like mine.

"Oh they're so big, and they're so heavy," he squealed, as his hands gently touched his convincing orbs. "Oh this is so wonderful, Vanessa!"

"I thought you might like to have a preview of what your breasts are going to look and feel like in about nine months," I smiled.

"But they're so big, and they feel so heavy on my chest," he repeated.

"You'll get used to it as your own breasts slowly swell to those dimensions and gradually take on the extra weight. Not only will they affect your body balance, as you feel them sway now, but they will be highly sensual and become a center of pleasure for you," I assured him.

"You can attach those breast forms using glue, as I have, for special effect, or you can use them to fill out your bras until your own breasts do the job. In any event, those fake breasts will look and feel natural for whenever you want to have a fully feminine chest," I explained.

I couldn't help but admire the pretty, girlish body standing in front of me. Although still a little wiry, Jerry's body was hairless, his male parts were camouflaged femininely and his chest sported two full and well-formed orbs. When we combed out his long girlish blond hair into loose feminine curls around his pretty face, this young man looked like a passable, beautiful young woman, rather than the handsome guy he had been a

couple of hours before.

We spent the balance of the afternoon applying makeup and other finishing touches. With eyeliner, eyeshadow and mascara, Jerry's beautiful baby blues would catch any guy's attention.

After silhouetting his lips with liner, we used a glossy ruby red lipstick to highlight his sensuous mouth. We applied fake fingers nails and used a nail polish that matched the color of his lipstick.

With a little blush and strategically placed perfume, we were ready to dress the new girl.

Jerry indicated he wanted to go braless, given the substantial natural-looking breasts he now had. Perfectly complementing his light blond hair, we selected a royal-blue sleeveless ribbed turtle neck as his top. It hugged his body, showing every curve.

Through the sleeves, you could see the flow of the soft skin from his hairless underarms to the blossoming swell of his full "breasts." Large prominent nipples could be seen in silhouette protruding from his apparent large bouncing and naturally-swaying girlish mounds.

A simple knee-length skirt and low heels finished off his dressing. I then allowed Jerry to look at himself in the mirror. His squeals and giggles told me he was pleased.

"I'm a girl!" he finally vocalized. "Oh, I can't get over how sexy I look! Thank you so much, Vanessa!"

Jerry stood in front of the mirror for ten minutes or so, as his hands explored his new breasts his narrow waist, his big fanny. "Bev" was a knockout, if I did say so myself.

I still couldn't get over how natural his chest looked when he moved about.

I suggested to Jerry that he should spend as much time as possible dressed as a girl, to practice with his make-up and to keep talking in his girlish voice.

As excited as I was for Jerry, I realized that I couldn't spend as much time with him as I would like, without some kind of good explanation to Jeff. So, I pulled Jerry aside and had a heart-to-heart talk with him.

"Look, Bev, if I am going to keep helping you on the weekends, I'm going to have to explain what's going on to my boyfriend, Jeff, or he's going to begin to get very jealous," I began.

Jerry froze up as a look of terror overwhelmed his face.

"Trust me, Jerry," I pleaded, "Jeff will be very discreet. I know, because he saw me go through my sex change and was very supportive."

"You're sure," he questioned, looking very doubtful.

"I'm sure! I promise this will cause you no problems or embarrassment," I continued.

"Well, O.K. then, if you promise," he gave in. Then, with sort of twinkle in his eyes, Jerry added, "You know, it could be rather interesting and exciting to see a guy's reaction to me as I turn into a girl."

"Besides," I added, "you look so good, I'm tempted to take you out with Jeff and me tonight to the frat party. It's over at State University, and there will be no one there you'd know. This would be a perfect opportunity for you to get exposed to going out in public as a girl."

"But, I've never been out as a girl before!" Jerry protested.

"There's a lot of 'first times' coming your way," I reassured him. "You are so beautiful and natural as a young woman—you will have no problems. Trust me!"

I left a tall blond seductress practicing his walking as I rushed over to Avery's Diner and to my frustrated and hopefully understanding boyfriend, Jeff.

I explained the situation concerning Jerry and, somewhat to my surprise, not only was Jeff very understanding, but his interest seemed much stronger than I would have expected. He eagerly led me out to the car, and we headed over to pick up "Bev."

"Jerry?" Jeff gasped in shock as a tall, pretty girl opened the apartment door.

The tall "girl" was just a little shorter than Jeff, but slender, with a nearly perfect figure. Her pretty face and long blond hair caught Jeff's immediate attention.

Jeff knew Jerry from the cheerleading squad, and they shook hands.

"I love the way you throw that football," Jerry offered shyly in his sweet and naturally sounding girlish voice.

"You've got some pretty good moves, yourself, with all those complicated cheering routines," Jeff smiled back, while his eyes roved over the body of what appeared to be a well-endowed, beautiful blonde woman. His eyes kept coming back to the full breasts and nipples that were so obviously braless under the ribbed turtleneck.

"I discussed with Jeff that you want to become a girl and have just started the feminization process," I confirmed to Jerry.

Both boys eyed each other up and down, carefully. Jerry smiled at Jeff and lowered his eyes as he asked in a somewhat softened voice, "How long have you known Vanessa?"

"Ever since we played together as little boys," Jeff explained, "but he only became my girlfriend recently after he revealed himself to me as a girl."

"Still, Vanessa was a prettyish, soft boy, and I'd always felt a need to be protective of him. Then, earlier this year, he waxed his legs one weekend. I couldn't help but notice how soft and femininely shaped they were. He looked like he had the legs of a sexy girl, and I ran my hand up his thigh, jokingly. It felt just like I was touching my girlfriend!"

"Vanessa had been letting his hair grow for a couple of years, so it already was long and girlish."

"In the months that followed, he just seemed to become more like a girl. His face became more feminine and his muscle tone softened as his body became rounder, more curvaceous. His fanny put on some weight, while his waist got thinner."

"He began wearing real baggy sweatshirts, but I could tell that he was growing breasts. In the days before he showed these changes to me openly, I had already concluded that he somehow was turning into a girl."

"Then, one night, Jason revealed 'Vanessa' to me. He showed me that he had developed the body of a centerfold girl, and our lives have not been the same since," Jeff grinned, his hand resting possessively on my fanny.

"It doesn't bother you then that your girlfriend was once a guy?" Jerry confirmed.

"Not at all," Jeff blushed a little, "it actually makes our relationship more exciting, in a special, certain way. In fact," he said boastfully, "I feel responsible. I sure Vanessa turned into a girl just for ME!"

I slugged him playfully in the arm.

"Gee, you sure are a knockout, Jerry!" Jeff began anew. "Obviously you can pass as a very attractive and feminine girl," he added, gazing again at Jerry's pretty face and long girlish blond hair.

"And, your hair sure is pretty! Is that all yours, or a wig?" Jeff continued.

"Please call, me 'Beverley,' or 'Bev,'" Jerry began. "And yes, this is all my own hair," he blushed with obvious pride at Jerry's compliment, while he instinctively checked his hair like a girl.

"What about your fantastic figure, you pretty breasts?" Jeff asked with shortened breath.

Blushing, he admitted, "My figure is enhanced at the moment with all sorts of shaping devices, but give me six to nine months. I'm on hormones, now, and shortly my own real

breasts will begin to blossom. I'm going to look like this, without any props, by the time I graduate from school," Jerry declared now proudly.

"Well, Bev," Jeff offered, "I have to agree with Vanessa. You're gorgeous as a female and will pass easily as a pretty girl in public. Why don't you come with us to the fraternity party over at State? Only, I think it's best you go as my date, since that would limit the risks of someone discovering your secret on your first outing.

"Don't you agree, Vanessa?" Jeff asked me.

"I guess you're right, Honey," I agreed.

With that, Jeff grabbed Jerry's hand and led him to the door. As we headed out to the car, Jeff's hand slipped to Jerry's waist.

"Gee, you smell nice," Jeff offered as he moved closer to Jerry. "I love your perfume! And your lips are so pretty!"

Jeff opened the passenger-side front door and helped the pretty "girl" into the car. I had to open the door for myself to the back seat.

The party was in the fraternity's basement, where there was a bar with a keg and a number of booths where people could sit. Jeff had Jerry sit on the inside of a booth, next to him, while I sat across from the happy "couple."

A number of guys gathered around us, eyeing both me and the feminized Jerry, but Jeff was quite protective of his harem and kept the others at bay.

Jeff ignored me, talking and laughing with Jerry almost exclusively. He got up and poured us some beers, and one for himself.

"I thought you were in training," I chided him.

Jeff just gave me a dirty look.

I was all tense and uncomfortable as I watched my boyfriend and my femininely-distressed charge sitting so snugly together. What was Jerry's hand doing under the table?

"Would you like to dance?" were the welcome words I heard, interrupting my frustrated speculations. I turned my head, somewhat startled. It was Brad, my long-lost love from the summer!

"Brad!" I gushed. "I was hoping to hear from you!"

My big blond boyfriend, with whom I'd spent an afternoon at Sally's pool, still had his infectious grin.

"Hi!" he said in his deep, powerful voice. "I was just about to contact you. I was able to get into State at the last moment, instead of the Community College, and I was hoping we could get together. I'd really like to start dating you."

I noticed a look of distress on Jeff's face, and I quickly made

the introductions. Brad and I then moved out onto the dance floor.

Someone put on a couple of slow records, and suddenly I was swept into Brad's strong arms. He held me close, my breasts flattened submissively against his powerful chest, my head resting on his shoulder, as our bodies swayed gently to the romantic music.

I quickly began reliving the strong feminine desires I'd felt the last time we were together. Brad was in his bathing trunks, showing off his powerful, well-sculpted body. I was in my bikini, proud of my new feminine curves, but still very much a guy between my legs, but with my maleness well concealed.

We had kissed in almost all-consuming passion, my first kiss from a boy. Brad had explored my new breasts, triggering sensations I had just begun to enjoy. Lost in feelings of my new femininity, I'd let Brad's hands slip between my thighs, but I'd pulled his hand back up to my breasts, just before he would have discovered that I was really a guy. Oh how I wished then that I was really a girl.

I remembered how well endowed I'd figured Brad was, based on what I'd felt pushing against my body from under his swim trunks, how I'd wished I could have taken him as a woman could.

Now, happily, I was a woman. Oh, what fun and excitement lay ahead!

I pressed my body against Brad's, rubbing my pelvis invitingly against his. I felt a substantial swelling pushing back.

As my eyes, somewhat glazed by the feminine excitement that was coursing through my body, swept the dance floor, I saw that Jeff and "Bev" were dancing, if you could call their actions that. Their bodies were joined in a passionate embrace. Jeff's hands rested on Jerry's ersatz girlish rear, pulling their bodies tightly together, while Jerry's arms were around Jeff's shoulders, their lips locked in an ongoing kiss.

Their bodies were swaying together, but they seemed oblivious to the music and maintained their posture even when the juke box fell silent.

Brad and I retired to a darkened corner of the room and necked and petted for a while. When I came up for air, I realized that Jeff and Jerry were no longer around. After making inquiries of others, I found that the two had left together, so I asked Brad to drive me home.

Brad and I parked in a secluded area a couple of blocks from my home, and again we necked and petted. His hands made me so happy that I had fully developed breasts. He expertly

raised the excitement in my body to a level where I wanted him to go all the way with me.

I removed my blouse and bra, and Brad's lips quickly closed in on my large, firm nipples.

"Oh, Vanessa," he moaned, "you have such beautiful breasts! Why they seem even fuller than they were this summer."

One of his hands gently slipped into my panties, and he began to stroke and play softly with my highly-sensitive clitoris. I screamed with pleasure, as uncontrollable desire built in my moist femininity.

My hand slipped into Brad's trousers, after undoing his belt, and I audibly gasped at the magnificent endowment I discovered.

Within minutes, he had entered me, his warm, massive maleness pushing deep into my new female organs, much as I long had dreamed and hoped. We reached an extraordinary peak of arousal and excitement together, and remained entwined for a while thereafter as I basked in the afterglow of my feminine excitement.

So embraced, and with Brad still in me, I figured the time was as good as it ever was going to be to tell him I was a guy, or had been a guy.

"Brad," I whispered softly in his ear, "I've got something I have to tell you.

"What's that, Sweet Lips?" he replied, as he snugged our naked bodies ever closer together.

"I used to be a boy, but I'm a full woman now. I was born mostly a male with the mind of a girl. With female hormones and surgery, my body has been corrected. I had enough female organ development that I even can have babies. . .but I'm on the pill now," I revealed.

"You're a guy?" he asked incredulously.

His body tensed.

"Was a guy," I corrected.

"But you're the sexiest, most beautiful girl I've ever known!" he laughed.

He gave me a reassuringly passionate kiss on the lips.

"You mean you used to have a penis? And you used to have a flat, masculine chest like me?" he asked, as I began to feel him swelling anew deep in my juicy tummy.

"Yes, I used to be built like you," I admitted moving my hips a bit. "But I could never be like you."

"But you're so naturally feminine!" he grinned pressing into me. "Oh, wow! You know, I find that idea to be quite a

turn-on, Vanessa. It makes you all the more mysterious and attractive to me."

His tongue plunged deep into my mouth with renewed passion, and I eagerly received it. I completely yielded my body, once more, to my new lover, and I had the most wonderfully arousing experience of my life.

Later, as I relaxed, snuggled in Brad's protective embrace—my soft feminine flesh pressed so naturally against his sleek muscles—my arousals and feminine excitement just wouldn't go away. Cuddling in the slowly fading thrill of our second love making as man and woman, I couldn't help but daydream that some day we would marry, and that I would face the ultimate challenge to my new body that of getting pregnant and bearing Brad's children.

I felt so good and natural inside as I imagined being a mother, breast feeding my baby. My arousals began to intensify again and I instinctively began to nibble on Brad's ear. As I moved his resting hand to my eager breast. I could sense almost immediately that I had succeeded in rekindling his passion. I imagined we were married as Brad's body moved to satisfy my womanly needs still once more.

I got home about 3 a.m., but my mother already was asleep. When I got up in the morning, I noticed I was a little sore between my legs, and the muscles in my lower abdomen and lower back were stiff from doing things they hadn't done much of before. I really needed to slow down, per the doctor's caution, but, man, did I love being a woman! I loved the sensation of sustaining my lover's male essence.

Was it that? I seemed to be walking with a more girlish gait, and a little extra swing in my broad hips. Oh, how I loved being a girl!

Later, I went over to Jerry's to see how the night before had gone for him. He answered the door wearing nothing but Jeff's shirt and the sexy girl's panties. The large shirt hung on Jerry's body like it would on a girl, with the large swaying silicone breasts puffing out the chest area.

"Come in, Vanessa," he giggled girlishly. His beautiful wavy long blond hair and a new girlish swish to his fanny and hips did nothing to betray his being a guy.

"How'd it go?" I asked anxiously?

"Oh it was so wonderful!" he exclaimed in his high-pitched feminine voice. "I had been worried but I found that I really like guys. . .and I think I'm in love!" he giggled again, girlishly. His face turned almost scarlet with a blush.

"Jeff?" I asked with more than idle curiosity.

"Oh, he's asleep in my bed. The poor boy had such a long hard night," Jerry smiled. "Vanessa, I so love these artificial breasts. I just can't wait until I grow my own. They so excited Jeff last night when we were at the fraternity party—he just couldn't believe they weren't the real thing when he felt them as we were dancing.

"And Jeff thought my face was so pretty with the make-up job you did. He said my lips were so inviting, that he couldn't resist giving me a kiss, and he did!

"Oh, Vanessa, I'd never been kissed by a boy before, but Jeff is so big and handsome and strong! I just melted in his arms and kissed him back with excitement. If there was ever a doubt, it's gone. I want to become a woman!"

"I'm so happy for you, Jerry," I sighed.

I realized then, for sure, that Jeff and I were finished as steadies. I figured that Jeff was falling for "Bev" because "she" still had certain physical features that I now lacked. In turn, I was falling head-over-heels in love with Brad. We broke up in the days that followed.

Jerry missed a number of cheerleading practices as the female hormones claimed their dominance over his physical being. He dropped off the cheerleading squad within two weeks. Since he was my partner, that put me on the sidelines, too.

Shortly after that, I had my clearance physical with Dr. Wilson. Fortunately, my early sexual activities did no damage, and the doctor never knew that I hadn't followed his directions. He told me I was fully a woman and could live accordingly.

In the month that followed, I had my first regular period. Although it took a little getting used to, the worst of it was some minor cramping, and I found that I got unusually irritable with Brad.

Brad and I became steadies, and we made love frequently, usually in the privacy of his room at the fraternity.

We were so much in love! We held hands whenever we were together, or Brad lovingly would keep his arm around my narrow waist. We couldn't keep our hands off each other and necked and kissed whenever we had a chance.

Our constant passion began to hurt both our studies, so we made an extra effort to work on our class assignments together, finishing before we would make love. Of course, I still lived at home, but Mom didn't see too much of me.

It was over a month after Jerry dropped off the cheerleading

squad, before I saw him closely again. We sat together during the last football game of the season. He had developed such a soft feminine radiance about himself, glowing like a gal in love.

His face looked girlish, with his hair up in a pony tail for school. I realized that he was using very minimal eyeshadow and lipstick. He also was wearing girl's jeans that fit his feminine curves so well and tightly that I knew he was wearing the constraining device and his padded girdle.

His loose sweatshirt clearly covered a slim, girlish waist, and I could see two pointed, distinctive bumps on his chest that were pushing out the fabric of his shirt.

"Vanessa," he giggled excitedly in my ear, "my breasts have started to grow! Can you believe it! I can see and feel a big change in my nipples, and my breasts have started to swell! Oh, I'm so excited—I'm developing girlish flesh all over my body!"

"Wonderful!" I reassured him. "I want to take a close look when we have a chance to get together."

"Why don't you join me after the game, and you can help me get ready for my date with Jeff?" he giggled as though he were my girl friend.

I agreed to help.

Once again we won the game. With a winning season, Jeff was going to take "Bev" out to celebrate.

I heard "Bev" excitedly tell Jeff that "her" breasts were really beginning to develop, and I saw the two lovers slip behind the stands. I followed them.

Jeff and Jerry were standing in the shadows together. I could see that Jeff's hands were under the sweatshirt excitedly exploring the girlish boy's developing chest.

"Oh, wow, Jerry. . .er. . .Bev!" I heard Jeff exclaim. "Your nipples are so big and hard, and I can feel your beginning breast development. This is so exciting! I can't wait until we're together later. I even get more excited when I think how big and pretty your breasts are going to grow!"

"I'll grow them as big and as full as I can, Honey," "Bev" cooed. "For you!"

Jerry's thin arms went around Jeff's neck, and they kissed in a passionate embrace. I turned and walked to Jerry's car, and waited several minutes until he showed up. He drove me to his apartment.

Once inside, he quickly stripped down to his padded girdle, and brushed out his long blond hair in girlish fashion.

"Look at my breasts!" he boasted.

I looked and, sure enough, the nubs on his nipples had

swollen and appeared to be in a constant state of erection on top of small, firm cones of flesh. His nipples also seemed to be unusually pink and enlarged as the blood flow in his nascent mammaries had begun to increase. He still looked something like a guy, but you could see that his breasts really had started to develop.

"They've gotten so sensitive," Jerry grinned, "I can barely stand to caress them. Oh, they just drove me crazy, when Jeff touched them earlier!"

While I was admiring the early girlish body development, the doorbell rang. We let Jeff in, and he gave me a quick kiss hello and then grabbed Jerry in a passionate embrace.

"Gee, you're beautiful!" he gasped, as he stepped back and looked eagerly at Jerry's new chest features. "Your hips and rounding out too! Must be those hormones!"

"Or all the time he's spending on his back," I muttered cattishly.

As the happy couple embraced passionately, I figured it was time to leave. Jeff looked impatient to bed his new little plaything.

After another month, Jerry's appearance had changed even more noticeably, and his looks were the feminine side of androgenous. His face and hair were prettier and fully girlish, and his body was softening and hairless, except for the dainty feminine patch of hair left around his hidden boyish parts. While his body still was a blend of boyish and girlish in shapes, his muscles had clearly lost their sharp edges, smoothing into more feminine curves, while his nipples had continued to enlarge and now stuck out prominently in their near-constant state of erection.

After three months, the appearance scale had tipped decidedly towards girlhood. His waist had slimmed, but his hips were expanding. He no longer needed to wear the padded girdle or the silicone breast forms to have a feminine shape. His girlish walk suggested that Jeff had been riding him hard.

His large puffy pink nipples had continued to sprout and now topped meaningful swells of soft flesh. His chest simply could no longer pass as a boy's. His hair had lengthened further, and he had mastered the use of light make up, which added significant feminine touches to his already pretty face.

In the same time frame, I made Jerry's first appointment with Dr. Wilson. I asked Jerry afterwards how it went.

"Dr. Wilson, was just wonderful!" Jerry began. "He said that I was an ideal candidate for a complete change of sex, but

first I have to live for a year as a girl. He asked if I wanted to continue my hormonal feminization gradually, or if I wanted to go on the 'fast track.'"

"What did you tell him?" I asked.

"What do you think?" he giggled girlishly. "Just watch my breasts grow now!" he smiled. "Dr. Wilson even gave me a special injection in my private parts that he said would make them feel very feminine. He said that my masculine feelings would begin to evaporate as my boyish parts diminished in size and mass. He told me that the smaller I got between my legs, the bigger and more sensitive my breasts would become. I can already feel the difference!"

That weekend, I walked in on Jerry as he was getting out of the shower, I couldn't help but admire his developing femininity. I found myself just getting so aroused looking at him and was tempted to do something I had wanted to do from the first time I saw Jerry's naked body.

Rigorous exercise had reduced his waist and kept his tummy taut, but the hormones had caused all his sharp musculature to relax into to smooth, shapely feminine curves, his hips to spread and his fanny to fill out. The graceful sweep of his womanly lines from his firm small breasts, to his narrow waist, to his flaring hips and to his long, shapely legs said this was a girl. Jerry, however, was not wearing his cache-sex, and his male appendage, while reduced in size, still was prominent and gave away his original gender.

Twice a day now, Jerry hooked up to breast pumps, they mechanically sucked on his growing nipples, stimulating their blood flow and growth. It was time for the pumps, and he showed me how they gently stimulated his growing breasts. As he came off the machine, he seemed to be almost in a daze, but he had a warm glow about him, and boy were his nipples getting large! Right after the pumps, they were swollen to a size greater than mine. After a half an hour or so they would shrink down to smaller but still very feminine proportions.

On strong, almost uncontrollable impulse, as I looked at his feminine chest, I also stripped. I walked up to Jerry and gave him a hug, our soft naked bodies pressing against each other. Jerry's eyes widened in excitement as he took in my generous girlish curves. I could feel the soft swell of his small breasts and enlarged nipples pressing against my generous orbs. We kissed, as he thrust his tongue deep into my mouth.

My heart fluttered as I felt the presence of his warm and appendage against my body while we worked our way over to his bed. A strange and uncontrollable passion overtook both of

us. He gasp, "I'm so excited but the hormones. . ."

"Shhh!" I said. "I'll make it work. I just have to have you before you are completely feminized."

Within minutes I was having a relationship few girls had ever had. As he thrust his hormone suppressed swelling into my body, I knew I was with a guy, but as his soft breasts kept bouncing up and down against my breasts, as his long perfumed hair hung down over my face, as his soft lipsticked lips melded with mine, and as we both moaned and screamed as girls, I knew I was with a girl who's boy asset was waning.

I kept playing with his nipples and calling him "Bev."

After making love, we both dressed, quite embarrassed. We agreed that what just happened would stay between us. There was no need to reveal our momentary lapse of control to either of our boyfriends.

With his manhood now tightly packed away again in the cache sex, Jerry looked so like a young developing girl. I realized it wouldn't be long before the intensified hormone flows would eliminate his ability to function as a male.

A month later, in fact, the evolving girl admitted that he had lost all masculine sensations, but that he was experiencing such intense and exciting stimulation when Jeff caressed his breasts that he didn't care.

"I'm so peaceful and comfortable with my new condition," he sighed to me in a voice that was unmistakably that of a woman. "I've gotten so that I feel and think like a girl almost all the time. I even have found new ways to femininely satisfy Jeff. He so loves the way my body is developing!"

"Jeff's even suggested that I see a doctor about breast enhancement, but Dr. Wilson says my breasts will get quite large by themselves, so I tell Jeff just to be patient. Anyway, Jeff can't keep his hands off my soft, girlish body."

"But I have really exciting news!" Jerry continued. "Dr. Wilson suggested that I apply for Wilson's Transgender Scholarship Program. He virtually assured me of my acceptance to Wilson this next year, if I agree to live as a girl while I'm there. Isn't that exciting, Vanessa! We're going to be classmates!"

"Oh, that's wonderful!" I smiled. Indeed, it would be fun to have someone I knew in the program.

Within the next several days, Jerry gave up any pretense of being a guy, without overdoing it. He began attending school with more obvious make-up and his long blond hair styled gorgeously. His finger nails were femininely shaped, but painted in just a clear polish. He didn't wear any jewelry.

Although he also didn't wear high heels, dresses, skirts or

frilly blouses, he did wear loafers, tight girl's jeans and body-snugging sweaters that revealed a less-than-masculine body. His clothing often was gender ambiguous, but there was no missing how he talked only in his feminine voice.

His thin body was girlishly rounded, with a pretty rear and the girlish flatness between his legs obvious under the tight jeans. I was envious of his skinny waist and impressed by his small but pretty and eye-catching breasts.

He was so beautiful and feminine, and he looked so naturally like a pretty girl, that the de-emphasized femininity in his clothes made him all the more intriguing and sexy to the other students.

Despite the initial furor, stories, rumors and flutter of activity surrounding another boy in our class apparently turning into a girl, Jerry was widely accepted as "Bev," a young woman, without much further question or thought, within a month.

Jeff and Jerry kept their relationship a secret, initially. Even so, Jerry told me, privately, how he had been quietly hit upon by a number of guys and girls in our class who wanted to date him. So, although the rumor mills really tittered, no one was particularly startled when Jeff took "Bev" to the graduation ball.

GRADUATION—BRAD POPS THE QUESTION

As graduation approached, my relationship with Brad had gotten so deep and serious that I fully expected to marry him. In any event, Brad was to be my date for the graduation ball, and we would double-date with Jeff and "Bev."

While the guys were to wear tuxedos, graduating girls were expected to wear strapless white gowns with long white gloves. "Bev's" public appearance in a gown would mark the end of his period in unisex clothing.

Jerry had enough breast development to wear a strapless gown with me, but we both went to the corset shop, first, to buy special strapless and low-back corsetted bras that enhanced our hourglass shapes. The new feminine body shapers allowed us to show our soft and smooth bare backs while still cinching our waists and supporting and enhancing our breasts and girlish cleavage.

Then we were fitted for our gowns that snugly fit our incredibly sexy figures. We were going to be so gorgeous for the guys, I couldn't believe it. With the pretty lace, it struck me that the gown almost could be used for a wedding.

The weekend before graduation, Brad and I went to a drive-in movie, but I forget what the film was—we didn't pay any

attention to it.

After we began to kiss, Brad stroked my breast with unusual tenderness and began driving me crazy. As I started moaning with pleasure, he nibbled on my earlobe, and whispered, "I've got a surprise for you!"

"I love you, Vanessa. I want you to be my wife, the mother of my children. Will you marry me?" he asked in passion, as he slid a diamond engagement ring on my left ring finger.

"Oh, Brad! Oh, yes!" I screamed in ecstasy. My body flushed with excitement as tears of happiness flowed from my eyes.

I pulled Brad into the sweetest embrace we'd ever had. He held me so protectively as our lips locked in joy. My will melted so girlishly in his strong arms, and my body filled with incredible desire.

Everything was just perfect! I was a beautiful young woman in love and about to be married! Just a year before, I was a frustrated guy hoping, somehow, to grow breasts, to become a woman. Now my fiancé was luxuriating in my full and beautiful girlish orbs as I contemplated life as a married woman and a mother!

Brad explained how he had enough wealth to support us now, while we both completed college. He added, much to my excitement, that we could even begin our family, if I wanted to.

We both wanted a small, quiet civil ceremony, and we set the morning of my graduation for the affair. I could use my white gown as a wedding dress, and we would begin our honeymoon after the graduation ball.

When the big day arrived, Jerry and I went to the beauty salon early and had the works, from permanents to manicures to professionally applied make-up.

As we walked out of the beauty shop, you would have thought we were sisters, with our matching long below-the-shoulder blond hair cascading in such pretty waves down our backs.

Bev and Jeff were our witnesses at the wedding. Bev and I were so pretty in our sleeveless white gowns, all I'd needed was a veil, and Mom lent me hers.

After Brad and I each said, "I do!" he lifted my veil and we kissed, his strong hands around my tiny waist, pulling my body to his.

Although there were just the four of us and my mother at the ceremony, we did follow some traditions. I gave my bouquet to "Bev." He held it lovingly against his soft cleavage. Then, I pulled my gown up, exposing a garter belt on my shapely leg.

Brad slid it down my leg and gave it to Jeff.

Jeff, in turn, slid it up Jerry's soft and sensuous leg. I could tell by the look of passion passing between Jeff and "Bev" that they probably would be spending the night together, too.

I was Brad's woman now, forever! No longer a man, I had become a full female and a man's wife. I now looked eagerly to trying to have a baby, to fulfill my ultimate feminine destiny. I only wished that we didn't have to wait until after the graduation ball to begin our honeymoon!

Throughout graduation, and particularly as we walked into the ballroom, I noticed how all the guys kept staring at my large breasts and significant cleavage. It was so obvious that I began to flush with an excited embarrassment, but was reassured by the presence of my husband's large powerful hand resting on my broad hips.

The low-cut gown was held up by nothing more than the generous swell of my large bosoms and the gown's tight fit around my girlish waist. Brad's tenderly lustful look promised a wedding night neither of us would ever forget.

My heart raced as my tall handsome husband took my soft feminine hand in his and guided us out onto the dimly lit dance floor. The graduation ball was at a local hotel, and we'd taken the bridal suite there for the night.

His powerful hand then pulled my narrow waist tightly into his firm body; we swayed slowly to the soft romantic music played by the band. My erect nipples tingled as my full soft breasts pushed against his taut muscular chest. I could feel Brad's hardening manhood pressing against my tummy. His hands slipped to my rear, pulling us ever so closer, while my arms—around his neck—pulled his mouth close to mine. We came together in a tender kiss, and I tasted the softness of his gentle lips through my lipstick. Then Brad became more aggressive, pushing his tongue deep into my mouth. I melted in his arms and felt light-headed, as a surge of excitement shot through my body, and I felt a throbbing feminine moistness between my thighs, yearning for what was to come. Waves of arousal flowed through my abdomen as Brad seemed to envelope my soft feminine being with his powerful body. I'd never had sensations like this when I was a boy; being a girl was so much more fun! And now, as a woman, I was about to experience the ultimate feminine adventure.

We still were locked in a passionate embrace when we began to sense that the music had stopped and that everyone was watching us. We both flushed as the crowd—knowing we'd just been married that morning—applauded and hooted and

hollered; the time had come for us to escape for our first night of marital bliss.

"Let's get out of here," Brad whispered in my ear.

"I can't wait!" I cooed softly.

Back in our room, Brad stood in front of me, his hard, heavily muscled body breathing rapidly in anticipation. As he pulled my soft naked girlish flesh against his body, our lips merged in a passion greater than anything I'd ever known.

"I love you Vanessa," he whispered softly as he took my delicate body into his strong arms and carried me to the bed.

"I love you so, Brad," I whispered back. It was then that I revealed a happy surprise, "And, for your information I've stopped taking my birth control pills. Is that O.K. with you?"

"You're ready to get pregnant!?" he gasped in delight.

I just nodded my head with a big grin on my face.

"Dr. Wilson says that my body is well built to become a baby factory," I smiled.

I took his hand and moved his fingers to my moist femininity, while I eyed his magnificent masculine features, features that I once had had, too. "This of course is where it begins," I giggled.

Then I ran his fingers over the soft feminine roundness of my tummy, as I eyed his hard muscular abdomen. "You see this roundness is due to the shape of my uterus, while my broad hips will facilitate my bearing and delivering a child."

Then I drew Brad's hands up to my full breasts, while I eyed his powerful manly chest. I'd once been flat like that, too.

"Of course, my breasts will allow me to feed the baby," I cooed, as Brad's fingers began to explore my mammary glands. The girlish sensations sweeping my body, and rapidly overtaking my consciousness, buried any lingering thoughts I had of once being a guy.

The idea that I could get pregnant from what we were about to do added an exceptional level of excitement to our love making.

"Enough talk," Brad commanded, as his large hands and powerful arms took control of my delicate feminine body. I put my thin soft arms around his thick neck as we kissed, his tongue driving deep into my mouth. I was oblivious to everything else in the world.

He began by arousing my breasts as never before. His gentle touch avoided my nipples at first, and a tingling desire built in them until I could barely stand it.

"Oh, Brad," I gasped, "kiss my nipples!"

And he did, while his hand slipped to my crotch and his

fingers slipped inside me, touching me in ways I'd never experienced.

"O-o-ooh, Brad," I screamed in pleasure, as he touched a particularly sensitive spot in my new femininity. My body response soon moved out of my conscious control, as unbelievable arousals overwhelmed my senses and I reached multiple, but ever greater peaks in my feminine excitement.

Suddenly, Brad thrust his manhood deep inside me, and I screamed again in erotic passion. Our bodies rocked in unison as I felt his massive maleness moving so powerfully and regularly into my lower abdomen, until I heard him gasp and his body tensed as we both peaked in extreme pleasure. My soft hairless legs instinctively wrapped around him, locking him in me, pulling our bodies together as though we were one. Then I felt a warm pulsation deep in my tummy.

I'd once read that if a woman got pregnant while she was terribly excited, that she'd tend to have a girl—something to do with body chemistry and which sperm were more likely to get through to the egg. If I were pregnant, I was sure I'd have a girl.

After the honeymoon, we settled in an off-campus apartment at State, which also would be an easy commute for me to Wilson. I quickly got used to running my own household. I loved to cook for Brad, and life was such fun. He had such an unsatiable appetite for the pleasures of my femininity, that hardly a day passed without some period of uncontrolled passion between us.

One morning, several weeks after our wedding night, as Brad moved to awaken me by playing with one of my nipples that already appeared to him to be awake, I winced as I felt an almost raw sensitivity there. We hadn't been that wild in our love making of the night before.

Suddenly, my stomach turned and I rushed into the bathroom feeling a nauseousness I hadn't had since I first began taking female hormones. I looked at my nipples and again felt their extra sensitivity, they seemed to have swollen some, too. Could it be? I didn't dare to hope.

A couple of weeks later, when my period hadn't come as it should have, I used a home pregnancy test and then went to see Dr. Wilson. He confirmed the test and what I had suspected and had been hoping and praying for. I was pregnant!

"Have there really been other boys who've had babies?" I asked him somewhat incredulously.

"There are no hard numbers, but I'd guesstimate that there

are at least a hundred such boys who have been hormonally and surgically turned into girls—some like you with some internal female organs that developed. There's more who've had uterine transplants—who also have gone on to have reasonably normal pregnancies and deliveries.

"In the cases of uterine transplants, we've had to implant fertilized eggs. Still, we're working on full female-reproductive-tract transplants and designer hormone systems that would let any boy menstruate, ovulate and be able to get pregnant the old-fashioned way."

"Boys getting pregnant!" I gasped.

"It's not that easy. . . by the time that happens, they are more like girls. You have been particularly lucky, young lady," Dr. Wilson explained. "No one hears about these pregnancies, though, because most of the boy-girls, just like you, want to lead normal everyday lives as women. They want to be wives to their husbands and mothers to their children. They don't want their pictures plastered on the covers of supermarket tabloids. We keep it very quiet. You know. The moral right would go nuts!

"Few people know about this, because other than the doctors or medical staff involved who are bound to protect patient confidentiality, most people think that the mothers are just regular women. And that is how it should be.

"Personally, I have seen five healthy, normal babies born to mothers who once were physically normal young men. I've even had a case where one individual fathered a child as a man and later mothered a baby after he was surgically and hormonally transformed into a woman.

We discussed my attending Wilson. Allowing for my change in marital status, and with an understanding that circumstances would change as my pregnancy advanced, it was agreed that I would live in the special transgender dormitory during the week as counsellor to the special students. Of course I could be with my husband, Brad, any time I wanted. Our apartment was just a ten-minute walk from the dormitory.

I also had to agree to live with the new students around-the-clock during the freshman orientation period.

THE WILSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Dr. Wilson requested that I start setting myself up at college a week in advance of freshman orientation. Such would give me time to familiarize myself with school procedures and to go through the backgrounds of what would be my three charges. In freshman orientation week, I would get to know the three

young men selected for admission to the transgender program quite well.

At Wilson, I was given a very large suite, with a comfortably furnished living room/study area that also would serve as a general social room for our group, and a dining area and kitchenette. I had a large bedroom with a king size bed. There were three other similar bedrooms adjoining the suite. Each bedroom had a spacious closet and chest of drawers as well as a make-up table. Each room had a bathroom with a large old fashioned tub, but the four rooms shared a communal shower facility.

After I settled in, Dr. Wilson presented me with a loose-leaf book outlining rules and regulations for the school and the gender clinic's program, as well as individual files on the entering freshmen: Tommy Smith, Sherwood Jones and Jerry Kennedy. Dr. Wilson had advised me that each one was at a different level of feminine development.

I couldn't fully appreciate then the extraordinary experiences that lay ahead as Tommy, Sherwood and Jerry, three femininely-distressed young men, were physically and psychologically altered, changed into Tammy, Cheryl and Beverley, three beautiful and socially active young women.

Jerry was my friend and I was familiar with his background. Sherwood was a transfer brought in from State University by Debbie, the school's hypnotherapist. Tommy came from a small town outside of Omaha, Nebraska.

Each of the guys, as part of the final admissions process, had to write an essay, describing the events leading up to his coming to Wilson. The boys were instructed to be explicit both as to their feelings and thoughts as well as to their sexual activities tied to their exposure to the feminine side of life. So, I began by just reading each essay in turn, skipping Jerry's story, which I already knew so well.

TAMMY'S STORY ESSAY ON ADMISSION TO WILSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, SUBMITTED BY TOMMY SMITH.

My interest in Wilson's program began in March of this year. I recently had graduated from High School and married Brenda, who was five years older than I was. She had completed college and was making a good living as an advertising executive in our small Midwestern city.

We fell deeply in love when we first met and took the marital

plunge, perhaps somewhat impulsively, given my relative youth. I still hoped eventually to work my way through college, but I didn't have the money for school at that time. I'd taken a number of odd jobs since graduating high school but finally landed a good position as a warehouseman, right after we were married.

Both my parents were gone and neither Brenda nor I had any financial assets to speak of, so what we earned together had to support us and leave enough extra in savings to cover my future college costs. There just was not enough cash available in the foreseeable future for me to start school.

Brenda was so passionate! She had a thing for younger guys and just couldn't get enough of me. One morning, she woke me with a particularly deep and suggestive kiss, and I responded in delight as our bodies moved into a sensual embrace.

"Why don't you go and give yourself a close shave, Tommy," she giggled. "Your beard stubble is going to give me whisker-burn all over my body!"

So, I got up and shaved, while Brenda put on some coffee. When I got back to bed, my wife and lover was seductively spread across the bed displaying her gorgeous feminine body. A tall slender beauty, she had such a figure! She even was a little taller than me.

I was continuously entranced by her fantastic breasts, very narrow waist, perfect hips and long slender legs. She was so pretty, too.

"Oh, that's so much better!" she cooed, as her fingers felt my shaved cheek. "I so dislike your beard stubble, if only there were some way we could get rid of it!"

"You want me to have electrolysis, or something?" I asked, kidding.

"Would you do that for me?" she asked quite excitedly and seriously.

Shocked by her response, I replied, "If it makes that much difference to you..."

Her luscious lips moved on mine, and within seconds, we were lost to the world, engrossed in a passion that kept us in bed for the next hour or so. Nothing more was said, then, about my whiskers.

Later, as we relaxed over coffee and caught up on reading the paper and such, I noticed a strange grin come over Brenda's face.

"Hey, Tommy," she exclaimed, "look at this ad in my Wilson College Alumnae Magazine!"

My heart beat accelerated as I read the ad. My body tingled

with a sense of foreboding and excitement. Why was I getting aroused? Why had Brenda given me this ad to read, and why was she eyeing me with such glee?

No, the ad couldn't be real. It had to be some kind of a joke. Still, if it were real? No, I just couldn't.

The advertisement read:

YOUNG MEN WISHING TO ATTEND WILSON

Psychology research project. Four-year full college scholarship, including room and board, for male students, 18-25. Must be willing to live full-time and attend classes dressed as a female. Ideal candidates will be psychology majors, 5'5" to 5'9", with slender builds, not overly muscular. Contact: Debbie, (555) 555-6969, Psychology Department, Wilson College for Women.

I was a normal male of twenty, about 5'8", very thin and not particularly muscular. My hips were a little broad for a guy, and my shoulders a little narrow. My body hair growth was light, and I wore the dark-brown hair on my head on the long-side. Brenda had mentioned many times how she loved my delicate features, that I almost was too pretty to be a guy.

I had an affinity for soft and sexy feminine undergarments, as Brenda had discovered one afternoon. We'd been living together for about a month, and I was doing the wash. I thought she was going to be out for several hours.

While I was putting away the laundry, I found myself fondling a matching set of Brenda's bra and panties. They were so pretty, I couldn't resist a strong urge to try them on.

I quickly stripped and slid the soft panties up my long legs. The soft fabric sliding against my legs made me tingle with a strange excitement. The pleasurable feelings became more intense as I struggled to put on the bra. It was underwire with a little padding, and I found that it molded the flesh on my chest into small girlish mounds.

My heartbeat raced as I began to feel a little faint with arousal. I looked something like a girl as I gazed at my lingerie-clad body in the mirror. My somewhat girlish hips and thin waist now were topped by what looked like small breasts. I wondered what it would be like to have real breasts, what it would be like to be a girl.

As I was feeling the silky-soft cups shaping my chest flesh, I heard the key in the front-door lock. I froze in terror as the door quickly opened and Brenda saw my half-naked body clad in her pretty, delicate underwear.

I had no chance to hide. Instinctively, my hands and arms

moved to cover my crotch and my breasts.

"Well, well, well!" Brenda gasped as her eyes roved my body. "So, you want to be a girl, do you, Tommy?" she grinned. "You really are quite pretty!"

"No, . . . well, . . . er, well you see," I flustered.

Instead of being upset as I feared, Brenda seemed quite amused, almost excited. She insisted that we make love with me wearing her underwear.

The catch was that I had to pretend to be a girl, and that I had to make love to her the way a woman did. She would show me. All I had to do was to do to her what she did to me.

We both seemed to get unusually aroused, particularly when she suckled my small boyish nipples, and when I was shown new uses for my tongue.

Brenda asked me that night to wear one of her satin-like nightgowns to bed. She said she loved the feel of the nightgown over my body, and I had to admit that it felt pretty good to me, too. The soft cool material was so pleasant and smooth as it slid over my skin.

Whenever we became intimate after that, she always began our lovemaking by kissing and sucking on my small male nipples, while otherwise exciting my manhood with her hands. Her continued simultaneous stimulation of my nipples and manhood eventually got me so conditioned that my nipples aroused me as much as or more than my more masculine body features.

Wearing a nightgown that stimulated my nipples began having the same effect, and Brenda's kissing my small nubs

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began to get me so excited as a guy that she no longer bothered to touch my male parts. Such excitement also tended to trigger a strange but pleasant warmth that I felt deep in my body.

Brenda also encouraged me to let my hair grow longer, which I did. She said she loved how natural my longer hair looked as it framed my pretty face. She often commented in the heat of passion that my appearance was so striking, that I could pass a girl, and that suggestion subtly began to excite my imagination.

I remember our wedding night. As we were getting ready for bed, I helped Brenda remove her wedding gown. Somehow her nearly-perfect figure had seemed so enhanced that day. I discovered why as she stripped to her underwear.

She was wearing a special long-line bra that pulled-in her waist to an unbelievable hourglass form and that somehow incredibly enhanced the size and apparent fullness of her otherwise beautifully full breasts. As I helped her unhook it, I began to see how it worked. It had long pieces of plastic or metal built into it that were designed to help shape the body. The cups were padded and had underwire support that held up her beautiful orbs as though they were on platters.

"You like my merry-widow?" she had giggled as I stared at the fascinating piece of body-shaping lingerie in my hand. "That's what it's called," she repeated, "a merry-widow. Maybe we should get you one? You'd just love the way it would make you look!"

That's what I'd been thinking, but I didn't dare say anything. I blushingl shook my head and we rapidly entered a state of marital passion. Later that evening, though, Brenda had insisted that I wear one of the more sexy nighties she had in her trousseau, and we slept together, both wearing delicate see-through negligees.

"Well, what do you think?" Brenda interrupted my recollections.

"Huh?" was all I got out as my mind drifted back to the advertisement.

Although the scholarship terms were unbelievably good, and for some reason the idea of living as a female tickled my curiosity, I was not about to dress or live as a girl all the time.

"No thanks," I exclaimed as I handed the magazine back to Brenda.

"Oh, Tommy!" she went on. "Just think about it for moment. First, this would take care of all your money problems tied to college. Second, Wilson is a well-noted, prestigious school. Third, I think it would be sort of exciting to see what

you look like dressed up as girl." She smiled seductively after her third point.

"Plus, you want to be a psych major. Think what you could learn about how girls think if you lived as one for a while. Let's at least give them a call and see what's involved."

"You can call them, if you want to," I acquiesced to a certain extent, "but I'm not interested. Besides, we'd be separated during the school year!"

"We certainly could adapt," she smiled. "If you really liked it a Wilson, maybe I could get a job nearby while you finished school."

"No, Brenda, that's a bad idea!" I said with finality.

I thought that was the end of it, but I sure was wrong.

Several weeks later, when I got in one evening from working at the warehouse, Brenda was very attentive and suggestively proposed that we take a shower together. It didn't take long to talk me into that. A hot shower would feel good. Even though I'd just showered before leaving work, I gathered Brenda had something in mind that would be a little more exciting than just taking a shower.

Brenda told me that she wanted me to try a new shampoo that would make my hair look great and a new body soap that she promised would make me feel like a new person.

As I got the shower going, Brenda joined me and started shampooing my long hair. The shampoo sure smelled, and she said I had to let it sit for a couple of minutes to give it its full effect. So she turned the shower off for a ten or fifteen minutes.

While we were waiting, she covered my whole body from the neck down, except around my crotch, with a cool white cream that felt very soothing, almost tingly, but it smelled, too. She told me to stand still for a bit, which I did. Then she helped me shower down, washing the cream off from my body.

Was I shocked, as all my body hair washed away! Chunks of brown matted hair slid off my body and piled up at the shower drain, revealing smooth, soft and hairless white flesh.

"What's going on Brenda?" I asked, puzzled.

"Just wait until we finish with your hair, and I'll explain everything," she instructed.

Then she rinsed my hair and shampooed in some better smelling stuff, while she washed down my smooth body with a gentle soap. After she helped me rinse off and dry, she rubbed a soothing lotion into my skin. The touch of her soft hand on my newly-hairless flesh was so exciting! She noted my arousal and grinned.

"Here, put this on, and sit down," she said as she handed me

her silken pink bathrobe.

I did as commanded and was completely confused as to what was going on. Boy, though, that silky robe felt so smooth against my delicate skin.

"You have an interview tomorrow," Brenda began.

"What do you mean I have an interview?" I queried.

"You have an interview with Debbie of Wilson College's Psych Department," she went on. "I called in response to that ad. She told me that a number of young men already had expressed interest and had been interviewed. She will be in town with the admissions staff, tomorrow, conducting interviews with general admissions candidates. You will be her last interviewee for the scholarship program. All you have to do is present yourself and she'll take it from there. Only you have to come dressed as a girl, since they want to get an idea of how easily you can pass as a girl."

"What?" I yelped. "I'm not going anywhere dressed as a girl."

"Yes you are!" she continued. "We can't afford for you to pass up this opportunity! If they don't accept you, then at least you gave it a try. But I think you can be a very convincing girl. You're about my size, so you can wear my clothes, and I'll help you get dressed up with make-up and such."

"But..."

"No buts—you're going to do this! Now sit still while I comb out your hair," she commanded.

While I sat there, Brenda combed out my hair, shaped it a little with scissors, put it up in rollers and then put some kind of a hair net over it all!

Next she pulled out her nail kit, shaped and filed my finger nails and toe nails, and then she painted them with a soft pink nail polish. I just sat there dumbfounded as my nails dried.

Then, handing me her sheer nightie, she seductively whispered in my ear, "Now put this on and come to bed."

I turned around and looked at myself in the mirror. I couldn't believe how clean, soft and white my body looked. I had no body hair except for a small delicate patch around my male parts. I pulled the nightgown on over my head. It slid so smoothly over my highly sensitive and hairless skin, that I began to feel extraordinarily aroused. It was funny, but with my hair up in curlers, nail polish on my nails and the feminine gown over my hairless body, I already did look like a pretty, but flat-chested girl.

In particular, my long soft hairless legs were quite girlish in appearance. I couldn't take my eyes off them.

"We'll get up early and comb your hair out and get you ready for your interview," Brenda interrupted. "Don't worry, Honey, everything we've done tonight is temporary and can be undone."

As we got into bed, Brenda made love to me like never before. She kept paying attention to my small nipples, which felt so good. We both removed our gowns and I could not get over how arousing it was for my smooth hairless skin to caress Brenda's smooth skin.

The alarm went off too early for me, but Brenda was already up and had a perfumed hot bath ready for me. She told me to soak for at least half an hour. The hot water felt good, but after a half hour, I felt flushed and a little weak in the knees.

After Brenda had me shave my face extremely closely, she began to help me get dressed. She handed me a pair of black silk panties and told me to put them on. My whole body tingled as I pulled them up over my silky smooth legs, but strangely I didn't show any arousal in my manhood. I still felt so soft and weak from the hot bath.

Before I pulled the panties on all the way, Brenda rearranged things for me, pushing some of my maleness up into my body and the rest back between my legs. When the panties were firmly in place, my crotch was flat like a girl's! Although it wasn't too comfortable, I figured I could get used to it.

A strange thrill sent a shiver through my body as I looked down at my lower body. How strange to see long, sexy, hairless and girlish legs flowing into soft silk panties that covered a flat feminized crotch, my legs and my crotch!

Then with a twinkle in her eyes, Brenda pulled out a box and handed it to me.

"I bought this yesterday afternoon, especially for you," she giggled.

I opened it up, and my body tensed in excitement. Even my concealed maleness, which seemed to be feeling a little better, tingled, but it was so tightly confined that all it could do was tingle. My crotch remained girlishly smooth, but my chest was going to look a lot different in just a couple of minutes. In the box was my own merry widow! Brenda rushed to put it around my waist.

"Now suck in you stomach!" She ordered, and I complied as she began to hook it up the back. It was much too tight around my waist, but I endured patiently as Brenda completed her task. I found that my stomach stayed pulled in when I tried to release it. I couldn't believe what had happened to my figure!

My waist had been narrowed to that of a skinny girl, but some

of my extra flesh had been pushed lower, swelling and rounding out my hips and fanny so femininely. The greatest shock came, though, when I looked at my chest. The confines of the garment had gathered my extra chest flesh that was so soft and hairless now. With a little repositioning by Brenda's fingers, as she slid in small gel-like forms for added volume, my fleshy chest was reshaped into two beautiful breasts. The bra cups almost acted like platters, holding the flesh up, while the rest of the padding, forms and cups shaped my breasts making them look like they were full with significant cleavage.

"Oh, Brenda!" I swooned, as I tried to catch my breath, I look like a girl! I have tits! Oh my goodness, I look so feminine, what have you done to me?

"Look in the mirror, Tommy," she grinned.

There I was, looking like I was a girl. I appeared to have good-sized breasts with ample cleavage, a narrow waist that flared into broad hips and a fleshy fanny. My long shapely legs and the rest of my visible flesh were all soft and girlishly hairless.

Next, Brenda helped me put on pantyhose and had me step into some low heels. In combination, the hose and heels helped give my legs soft, shapely feminine curves and made them look nicely tanned. Plus the sensation of the pantyhose against my soft hairless skin and the girlish swish of my legs rubbing against each other sent new arousing shivers up and down my spine.

A dress followed. It was a simple, short dress, with a tight, wide belt that emphasized my narrow waist, big fanny and feminine bust.

Then, she sat me down and put a bib around my neck while she applied make-up. First she applied several layers of makeup to cover my minor beard stubble. She did something painful to my eyebrows, and applied eye shadow and mascara, lipstick and some kind of blush. Then she removed the curlers from my hair and brushed it out.

When she removed the bib, I got up and looked at myself in the mirror, I gasped and almost fainted. Not only did I have the beautifully made-up face of a pretty girl, but my long brown hair, while a little shorter, was now a much lighter color, with feminine blondish streaking, and it fell in large soft feminine waves over my face. I had become a very pretty girl; all signs of my manhood, of my masculinity, had been erased.

As I looked at my femininely made-up face I couldn't get over how pretty I really was as a girl. I'd never realized how truly feminine and striking my facial features were until I saw

them with their new comestic highlights.

"Now, Tommy, all you have to do is soften your voice when you talk," Brenda went on. "Your voice is not that deep for a boy, and I know you could master talking like a girl if we had time, but your interview is in half-an-hour. They'll just have to be understanding," she finished as she handed me a purse with my wallet, a brush and touch up make-up in it. She also handed me a folder with my high school transcript and SAT scores.

The interview was just down the street from our apartment in one of the meeting rooms at the City Hotel. Brenda walked with me to the interview.

"Oh, Brenda," I gasped, "I can't believe how great it feels to have a soft breeze blowing against my hairless and nylon-clad legs!"

"Your new sensations are just beginning!" she smiled reassuringly at me.

As we approached the hotel, the doorman's eyes roved appreciatively all over my newly shaped girlish form. "Hello, Miss," he smiled as he tipped his hat and opened the door for me. I couldn't believe that he really thought I was girl. I smiled back but could feel that I was blushing.

I found that with my constrained manhood and tight foundation and wearing heels, I had to take small steps and walk with a girlish swing to my hips. The doorman's eyes kept following the gentle sway of my fanny, almost ignoring Brenda. Boy was I beginning to feel weird, and my stomach was turning in an unusually pleasant way.

We entered the room marked for Wilson College, and there were about twenty girls there with their parents. I recognized a couple of girls who had been a year behind me in high school.

"This is all wrong," I told Brenda. "These are real girls."

A pretty girl came up to me—I recognized her as I girl I'd known in my class who had gone to Wilson—and greeted us with a big grin. She looked at me without any recognition of me as a former acquaintance or of me as a male.

"We have an appointment with Debbie," Brenda explained.

Giving us both a quick once-over, the girl then stared at my eyes.

"Is that you, Tommy?" she giggled.

"Yes," I admitted softly, blushing with terrible embarrassment.

"Why, you're pretty as a girl!" she reassured. "You'll just love becoming a Wilson girl, if you get accepted! Good luck!"

"Debbie is in the private room through that corner door. Just

knock and go in," the girl directed, as her eyes roved my feminized body with a certain glee.

"Thanks," smiled Brenda, as she pulled me along.

She knocked on the door, and a beautiful woman introduced herself as Debbie. Brenda and she kissed and hugged and then began chatting right away. Apparently not only had they had quite a phone conversation, but they were close high school buddies and had been classmates together at Wilson. They'd even been roommates at one time.

"So you're Tommy?" Debbie grinned.

"Yes," I said as softly as possible.

"You are very striking as a girl," she said reassuringly. I blushed and girlishly lowered my eyes.

"Yes, I can tell that you have very great feminine potential, Tommy. Why don't we talk privately. Would you excuse us, Brenda?"

Brenda left, and Debbie had me sit down in a large comfortable chair.

"How long have you been dressing as a girl?" she began.

"Today's the first day," I said softly.

"Remarkable," she said, as she eyed my legs. "Would you mind taking off your dress?"

I nervously complied with her request. I blushed as I exposed my corsetted waist and substantial forced cleavage.

"I have a proposition for you, Tommy," she continued. "If you were accepted into our program right now, would you agree to attend Wilson, to dress and live as a young woman for the four years of college? I'll tell you up front that all costs of your education and living would be paid for, and at the end of four years, you would be free to live again any way that you chose.

"While at Wilson, we would be studying your reactions to stresses resulting from altering your lifestyle from that of a man to that of a woman in a feminine environment. We would, however, do everything possible to make your living conditions very comfortable and pleasant. For your freshman year, you would be living with several other young men who also would be in the program, in a dormitory separate from the other students. The last three years you would be living on campus among the girls."

"Sounds good to me, I guess," I replied, remembering Brenda's strong desire that I enter the program. I can go back to living as I guy when its over?" I tried to confirm.

"If that is what you want to do, sure," she confirmed.

"Then I'm definitely interested."

"Great!" Debbie smiled. "What I'd like to do then, if it is

O.K. with you, is to hypnotize you. Under hypnosis, I can determine very quickly if you fit the necessary psychological profile. If you do, we'll accept you. I tell you, frankly, that you are the most naturally feminine looking boy I've interviewed this year. You will have no trouble passing as a girl."

"O.K.," I acknowledged with some trepidation, but I tried to relax.

Debbie handed me a coke, and told me it would help me get in the mood for the hypnosis. Then she showed me a lit candle that she moved back and forth...

But suddenly the candle had burned out! And somehow my dress was back on my body! But otherwise, I felt great and well relaxed. Although my fanny was a little sore, sort of like I'd had a shot or something. "Well, when do we begin the hypnosis," I asked.

"We're all done, and you passed with flying colors! I even had Dr. Wilson stop by and give you a physical examination and he talked with your wife. We're all in agreement: You've been accepted as a freshman at Wilson!"

"Oh Wow!" I squealed, "I'm really going to be a Wilson girl?!" It crossed my mind that that was an awfully funny way for me to express it.

"Yes you are!" Debbie confirmed, with a big grin. "In late-July we want you on campus for a special freshman orientation. The orientation is a little protracted, given the unusual nature of your admission. Your health is very important to us, so I'm going to give you a bottle of special vitamins that you need to take everyday with your orange juice. They'll last until you get to school. Course material and other details will be sent to you by mail. Now, I need to talk with Brenda further for a couple of minutes. Why don't you go out and mingle with the other girls."

"Thank you, Debbie," I said as I gave her an instinctive girlish peck on the cheek.

Back in the main hall, I was surprised to see that two full hours had passed, and then Brenda and Debbie went on and talked for at least another hour.

I also was surprised at how comfortable and relaxed I was beginning to feel dressed as a girl. This was going to be fun! I talked to my former high school classmate and told her that I'd been accepted.

"Congratulations!" she offered. "Look me up when you get on campus. I'll be happy to set you up on a date with one of the guys I know over at State, you'll just love him!"

"Thanks, that's awfully sweet of you," I said girlishly. I

sure wasn't going to be dating guys, but the idea was greeted by a certain unexpected but not-unpleasant flip-flop in my tummy.

When we got back to the apartment, I told Brenda that I'd like to remain dressed as a girl for the balance of the day. I was feeling so good, despite the tightness of my contained maleness and the merry widow binding my waist.

Brenda gave me a strange smile and suggested that I might start to watch my diet some. I thought that sounded like a good idea, so we had a light salad as a late lunch.

That night as I undressed for bed, I still couldn't get over how much I looked like a girl. Unhooking the merry widow, I was shocked to see that my flesh seemed to hold a little of its forced reshaping for a couple of minutes. I wondered what it would be like to have real breasts. The thought so intrigued me, it dominated my mind as I slid my nightie on over my soft hairless flesh. I so liked my new girlish panties, that I left them on.

As the soft cloth rubbed against my nipples, I almost wished that I had breasts. What strange thoughts I was having.

Almost reading my mind, Brenda looked at my chest.

"You know, Tommy, if you're going to live as a girl, life would be easier for you if your chest were a little more feminine," she began.

"Here's a jar of lotion that will soften the appearance of your chest if you rub it in each night, particularly if you concentrate on your nipples. Then I want you to hook up this double breast pump for half-an-hour before you go to bed. It will massage and slowly enlarge your nipples, making them look more feminine. The effects, of course, all are temporary, but I think it'd be fun to see you with a more girlish chest!" She giggled with a certain amount of glee.

Strangely excited at the prospect of becoming more girl-like, I sat down and massaged in the lotion. Then I sat with the breast pumps going full blast, enjoying new and wonderful sensations in my chest and deep in my abdomen.

When I removed the pumps after the half-hour, I couldn't believe how large and hard my nipples were.

Our lovemaking was particular passionate that night as we kept kissing and playing with each others nipples. Brenda loved to suckle on my hard enlarged nubs, and I found myself getting so excited as she did.

In the morning, my nipples almost had returned to their normal size. I looked forward to repeating the process that evening.

I began taking my new vitamins with breakfast and my orange juice as Debbie had suggested. Since it was Sunday, I asked Brenda if she would mind if I dressed again as a girl. I so loved the way I looked when I wore that merry widow! And, anyway, if I were going to be living for four years as a girl, shouldn't I get a little practice? Brenda seemed pleased with idea, and gave me a casual outfit that I could wear around the apartment with her.

Monday was back to work at the warehouse, though, and I still had a couple of months before I went to Wilson. So we removed my nail polish and scrubbed my face of all make-up. I washed my hair and combed it out in a boyish fashion, but it was still different and somewhat feminine in its coloring.

Though dressed as a guy, I figured that I could get away with wearing a pair of panties under my male clothes. So I went off to work with a set of soft silky panties underneath my coarse male trousers.

Those of us working in the hot loading area of the warehouse, usually worked bare-chested. I felt a little strange displaying my now hairless chest, arms and underarms, but a number of the guys didn't have much hair on their chests to begin with.

A couple of guys commented about how good I was looking. Bob, my supervisor, took particular interest in my appearance. He asked me if I'd lost weight. Several of the office girls even made the effort to strike up a conversation with me. Although people knew something was different in my appearance, no one picked up on my lighter hair coloring or my thinned eyebrows.

Bob, however, noticed my hairless torso.

"How come you removed your chest hair, Tom?" he asked.

"It's just something my wife wanted me to try," I answered with a blush.

"Well, Brenda's got something there, Tommy boy," he concluded. "You look very good like that."

Bob had met Brenda once, when she dropped me off at work. I knew he found her attractive, given comments I'd overheard him make to a fellow worker to the effect, "Boy, did you see the great body on Tommy's wife?"

Bob was a large, attractive man, and I made sure after that



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that no one at work saw Brenda when she dropped me off.

At lunch that day, I stuck to my new salad diet. After work, I went straight back to the apartment, I was so eager to take off my rough male clothes. I flattened out my male front, and pulled on fresh panties and pantyhose, then I donned my merry-widow and a casual dress and restyled my hair in a more girlish manner. I also, almost instinctively, put on some lipstick, eyeshadow and mascara. I selected low heels, again for wearing around the house. I so loved the way I felt dressed as a girl.

Brenda seemed particularly pleased to find her new girlfriend/husband at the apartment when she got home from work. She was so pleased, in fact, that she treated me to an electrolysis appointment with her beautician, which became a regular part of my routine. I agreed that it would be so nice to get rid of my beard.

About a week later, I came down with a terrible stomach bug. I was out of work for days, before I felt well enough to return to normal. Still, I was so weak. My muscular strength just seemed to have been sapped, and I seemed to be losing weight as well as muscle tone.

Brenda suggested that I start doing aerobic exercises with one of the programs on television. I thought that was a good idea, and I soon found that some strength and energy were returning.

Several weeks later, a package arrived from Wilson. It advised me, among other things, not to worry about bringing an extensive wardrobe, as the school would provide whatever clothing I needed. Also, I was to be sure to let my fingernails grow and, it was presumed that I was letting my hair grow. A visit to the school beautician would be an early event in the freshman orientation. Further, I was not to shave or remove any body hair for at least three weeks prior to arriving on campus. The staff dermatologist would help me control any "abnormal" hair growth.

Finally, I was to complete this essay describing my feminine experience so far to date.

I can't tell you how much I look forward to living as a girl. I'm now spending almost all my time outside of work dressed as a girl, and I've been working on my voice, trying to get it to be more feminine.

Brenda had to get me a new merry widow. The waist on the other one got too loose on me. It must have stretched with all my wearing of it. Still, the shape of my body seems to be more accommodative to it. My chest fits better in it, as my chest

muscles have been softened by that cream, and my nipples are so sensitive, and they have thickened and swollen so much. They're puffy and have a sense of fullness about them from all that breast pump use and what with Brenda playing with them all the time. Increasingly, I find myself thinking about how nice it would be to grow real breasts. Isn't that strange?

Here's another unusual thing. Recently at work, when I take a shower before heading home, I find that Bob has been timing his shower to coincide with mine. He keeps telling me how good my body looks! My instinct now is to cover my naked chest when he's looking at me. Isn't that weird? Still, he is such a nice guy and so concerned about my job needs.

Just a week ago, Bob rearranged my duties so that I would be handling paperwork in the shop office with him, but that I should still go shirtless in the early summer heat. He said he thought I didn't have the strength needed to do all the lifting I used to do regularly. In fact, that lifting really has become more difficult. My muscular arms have softened so and are getting so thin!

But, I quit work next week, so I won't have to worry about that anymore.

In any event, I look forward to beginning school with you next month.

* * *

Tommy sounded as though he was well prepared to begin school. I was going to enjoy watching his physical and mental evolution into a girl. The next essay, however, showed a boy who was further advanced into girlhood.

CHERYL'S STORY ESSAY ON ADMISSION TO WILSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, SUBMITTED BY SHERWOOD JONES.

I used to be a regular guy. Then I met Debbie, late one Saturday night, at a bar just outside of State University. She excited me more than any girl I'd met before. Her lustrous jet-black hair flowed boldly over her shoulders, about half way down her back, perfectly offsetting her beautiful face and captivating big brown eyes. Her low-cut tight dress molded to every curve of her nearly-perfect figure. Ample cleavage was displayed to draw any guy into the spell of her alluring femininity.

After several beers, she invited me back to her apartment. I spent the night with her, but we didn't get any sleep until after

dawn.

Within a week, I moved into her apartment, as we had become very active lovers and wanted to be together as much as possible. Rapidly we fell into a happy routine.

We even split the apartment work. Debbie shopped and cooked and I cleaned up and did the laundry. Debbie always started the day by fixing me a special cup of coffee. It was her own "special blend," she liked to boast.

Debbie was completing post-graduate work in psychology at the nearby Wilson College for Women, which she also had attended as an undergraduate. Her thesis had something to do with gender reorientation in primates. She also served as a hypnotherapist at the school's clinic, presumably helping people to lose weight, stop smoking or something like that.

One evening, Debbie explained to me how she could alter people's behavior and make them believe or do almost anything with hypnosis. In a deep trance, and with post hypnotic suggestions, she could make people see things that weren't there, or not see things that were, or experience things that never really happened.

She even offered to hypnotize me for fun, but I gave her a "no thanks," at least for the time being.

I was a history major on scholarship at State, but money still was tight. I kept food on the table ghost-writing term papers for other students. At the time, I was researching material for a thesis on the Civil War.

After living with Debbie for about ten days, I fell terribly ill. Nauseous in the mornings, I just stayed in bed and slept. Debbie said she thought I had the flu, and brought home a concoction from work that was supposed to make me feel better. With Debbie also having a background as a paramedic, I felt comfortable with her taking care of me and giving me an injection of the medicine in my buttocks. As a big plus, I saved the cost of seeing a doctor. Still, I didn't feel better for almost a week.

Over the next couple of months, I began to feel wonderful in ways I'd never experienced before, but something was different. While I felt so vibrant, and my skin had taken on an exciting new sensitivity, I noticed my muscles were getting soft, and I was putting on a some fat where I hadn't had any before. In particular, my nipples had grown much larger, pushing out from my chest, taking on new mass and structure, and they were so tender!

One night, during a particularly active period of intimacy, Debbie's fingers happened to tweak one of my newly-prominent nipples. I nearly jumped out of bed in a pleasant sort of

agony.

"Oh-h-h, my nipples are so swollen and sensitive!" I complained. "And I'm getting so fat in the wrong places!"

Debbie had me stand naked in front of her and turn around as she looked at my body.

"Why, your body and physique are just perfect, Sherwood!" she exclaimed.

"Thanks, you've got a great body yourself," I returned the complement.

I was about Debbie's height. Although very slim and muscular, and pretty hairy, my body was not that great. My muscles were well sculpted, but they certainly weren't bulging, and recently they seemed to be losing tone and their definitive shape. Further, my hips and fanny were big for a guy. In fact, I seemed to be putting on weight in my fanny as it rounded out. But if Debbie was happy, that was fine with me.

"I may look O.K.," I admitted, "but frankly I'm a little concerned. Lately I've felt so weak, and my nipples seem to be so sore and itchy, and look how they've grown! Why, they stick out of my chest like small cones."

"Come lie next to me, and let me see," she pleaded in a very sexy voice. Her beautiful naked body was just too alluring to resist, and we hugged affectionately, my strong arms pulling her soft flesh so snugly against mine.

She looked closely at my nipples and touched one softly with her fingers.

"O-o-ohh," I gasped as my body once again protectively recoiled from her touch.

"Why, Sherwood," she giggled, "you're responding just like a young girl beginning to grow her tits!"

"That's crazy," I replied.

"I wouldn't worry about it," she reassured. "Obviously you've irritated your nipples somehow. Here, I've got a soothing cream I can rub into them."

"You know, you really have such a pretty face and delicate features, Sherwood. You would be very pretty as a girl! Has anyone every mistaken you for a girl?" She asked with a playful giggle.

Her massaging my chest was beginning to feel unbelievably good, as I blushed at her question.

"What a thing to ask, me!" I replied.

"Oh, come on, Sherwood, you can tell me!" she urged as her fingers began tweaking my nipples in a very arousing way.

"Well," I confided, "once—before my voice changed and I had to shave—one of my girl friends talked me into dressing as

a princess for a Halloween dance at her school. My hair was long then, and my friend helped me dress up convincingly as though I were a female. I even wore a padded bra! It wasn't my school, so no one knew me. Almost everyone thought I was a girl when I showed up for the dance.

"Guys kept asking me to dance, but I refused. I was so embarrassed!

"My girl friend kept insisting that I dance, though, and I finally gave in. The dance was fast, and fortunately the boy didn't have to hold me. But, the music then shifted to a slow romantic dance. The boy grabbed me and pulled me close to his body!

"Oh, I was mortified, but I just went along and pretended that I was a girl. The worst part, though was after the dance finished, the boy gave me a light kiss on my lips, and I had to respond like I was a girl! Oh, it was so embarrassing for me! But you know what the funny thing is? I actually sort of enjoyed that guy holding me and kissing me as though I were a girl!"

"Oh, Sherwood," Debbie cooed, "you have such potential!"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Well, have you ever wondered what it would be like to be a girl, to have real breasts?" she continued.

"Don't be silly!" I answered hastily.

"Now, Sherwood!" she pleaded seductively, while her continued manipulation of my nipples really began to stir new feelings in my body. "Be honest! Haven't you in your deepest, most secret thoughts ever wondered about having breasts, what they would feel like?"

"Yes," I finally admitted with a blush. "That time I dressed as a princess, I was so taken with the girlish shape of my chest, that I fantasized about having breasts for months after that. I even got my friend to let me dress up as a girl again, one afternoon over at her house, so that I could wear the padded bra once more. I felt so warm and good inside when I looked at my chest and saw a girl."

"Your telling me of those experiences really turns me on, Sherwood. And you've given me an idea," she added as she lovingly and gently rubbed more cooling salve into my nipples.

"Have you ever wondered whether a girl or a guy gets the greatest pleasure from sex?" she asked.

"Can't say that I have," I replied. "But I'm sure guys do. Boy, does it feel good when we go at it! So, what's your point?"

"Well, I think girls do," she smiled. "And I'm out to prove it one way or another. How would you like to find out for sure?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Do you remember recent articles in the press about a pill that would give women orgasms?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've gotten a couple of experimental pills at our clinic for testing. They were developed for women who had severed spinal cords and no longer had sensations from their sex organs. The pills mimic the neuro-chemical signals sent to the brain when a woman has sexual intercourse with a man.

"The signals are rerouted to the brain's pleasure center through direct neural routes and structures that women have in common with men. If a man were to take one of these pills, he would feel as though he were having a full female orgasm.

"I'm trying to find a courageous guy who would be willing to try the pill and compare the feelings of a male against those of a female. Since I know you just had a wonderful time as a guy, I was wondering if you would be willing to try it from a female's point of view. It would be completely safe, and there are no physical side effects.

"Wow!" I gasped. "What a turn-on that would be! I'll try it."

"Great!" she squealed.

Debbie got up and came back with a small pink tablet and a glass of water. I took, the tablet.

"It takes about twenty minutes before you begin to feel anything, so just lie back and relax," she comforted.

As we snuggled together, naked under the covers with her soft large breasts pressed against me, I was beginning to get aroused as a guy. But she just told me to relax. Suddenly I lost sensation from my maleness and I began to feel a tingling deep in my abdomen. I reached for my crotch and found that I'd shriveled up, just like I'd jumped in a pool of cold water.

"Relax!" Debbie soothed. "The chemical signals are just beginning to override the normal neural routes from your male organs to your brain."

Her hand began playing with my swollen male nipples, but they now were so arousable. I sensed a fullness in my chest as both nipples began to stir with a physical pleasure not too unlike and almost as intense as what I usually felt when my maleness was excited.

The tingling in my tummy was getting overwhelming and felt so good, as it began to merge with the great arousal in my breasts and nipples. My breathing became deeper and more rapid, while I instinctively spread my legs and felt my pelvis begin to thrust back and forth. The tinglings and good warm

feelings inside my body became increasingly intense. My whole being seemed to be enveloped in a surge of erotic ecstasy.

Debbie started to kiss my nipples, driving me crazy. I moaned softly, almost girlishly, as the sensations dominated my consciousness. My hips began to gyrate as I felt a fullness in my abdomen as though something were thrusting into me. Oh, it felt so incredibly good!

My breathing now was very shallow and rapid, and I began to scream just to release the almost unbearable pleasure my body was feeling.

The sensations quickly built to a peak and my hips fluttered in rhythm with a strange, rapidly thrusting pressure deep inside my abdomen that was so warm and wonderful.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I yelled involuntarily as the sensations built to an unimaginable crescendo and waves of pulsing, cresting ecstasy flowed throughout my body. I must have been crushing Debbie as I tried to pull her body into me, my fingers digging into her back.

"Oh, it's so wonderful! I never want it to end!" I moaned, but the peak passed. As I began to calm down, however, the feelings of ecstasy lingered in my body.

"Oh, hold me! Kiss me!" I pleaded to Debbie.

Her arms comfortingly held me as she plunged her tongue deep into my mouth. Her hand went to my nipple and I began to have another peak! "Oh, Debbie!" I screamed, "Don't stop!"

Half-an-hour later we were still snuggling. It felt so good to cuddle with Debbie. I still felt all warm and tingly inside, the sensations were so slow to fade!

"Well, what did you think?" she asked.

"Oh, Debbie, there is no comparison. I was wrong. I've never felt such wonderful sensations as a guy. I just have to take another one of those pills!"

"Sorry, Sherwood, but that was the only pill I had for these purposes," she smiled.

"But, Debbie, I've got to feel those sensations again, the warmth in my breasts the ecstasy in my tummy as I felt that wonderful fullness moving inside me. I'd do anything to feel those sensations again," I pleaded.

"Anything?" she repeated.

"Yes, anything!" I begged, still feeling so tingly inside.

"Well, there might be a way, but I'll have to think about it. Frankly, Honey, the only way you could feel those sensations again would be to become a woman. With FDA testing, that pill is not going to be on the market for ten years, and then it's

only going to be given to women, under a doctor's prescription.

"If you wanted to undergo female hormone therapy to grow breasts and otherwise to feminize your body before eventual sex reassignment surgery, I know people who could help you," she grinned with a knowing smile.

"You mean I could physically become a woman and experience those pleasures all the time?" I asked, feeling very strange and confused.

"That's the option, Honey," Debbie repeated as her lips moved again to suckle my nipple, and once more I began to feel the wonderful feminine arousals.

"But I'm a guy, and I like being a guy. I like girls as a guy," I moaned as another female arousal began to build. "It's just that these sensations are so tremendously overwhelming. I don't think I can ever have sex again as a guy. . .o-o-oooh. . .without thinking about what I just went through." My breathing became rapid and shallow once more, as my pelvis began instinctively to flutter anew, and as my feminine sensations crested still again.

"Why don't we see," Debbie giggled as her hands took actions to remind me that I was a guy I experienced an exquisite mixture of male and female sensations for the balance of the night as the pill's effects gradually wore off. We didn't get up until late the next morning.

After another particularly active love making session, later that week, we both threw on some casual clothes, grabbed a couple of beers and relaxed on the large pillowy sofa in the living room. The room was filled with flickering candle light. I couldn't help but notice how my enlarged nipples were beginning to push out my T-shirt. My little tents of tender flesh were so obvious as they cast flickering shadows on my chest in the candlelight.

"Have you ever wondered what it would be like for you to be a girl?" she queried.

"Not until the other night, when you gave me that pill. I have some idea of what at least part of being a girl is like, and I loved it!" I grinned. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just professional curiosity tied to my research," she continued. "What if you could be a girl for day. Would you give it a try?"

"For a day? Sure. It could be fun, and it certainly would be interesting, maybe very exciting," I grinned at her.

Then, there was a knock at the door, which Debbie answered. She returned, followed by a guy my age, who she introduced

as Kevin, our new neighbor. They'd met earlier in the hall and she'd asked him to stop by for a beer so that we could get to know each other.

Kevin was well-built, much taller and more muscular than I was. Frankly, I was a little nervous that Debbie might take an interest in him.

Debbie spent some time getting us a round of beers. The suds tasted a little sour, I figured it was just a different brand. As we sat around talking, though, I began to feel very mellow and a little groggy. Then Debbie picked up one of the candles to show it to us.

"Look at this candle, Sherwood and Kevin," she said in a soft seductive voice. "This is a special candle I bought in one of those old colonial towns up in New England. Do you see the different colors in the flame?"

"Yes," I mumbled as I began to relax. I was actually beginning to feel sleepy...

[["You now are in a deep sleep, Sherwood," she continued. "You will hear only my voice and do exactly as I tell you. When you wake up, you will not remember our conversation, but you will still carry out all my commands."]]

She repeated the process with Kevin, telling him that he should sit and relax until she addressed him directly, but that he should listen carefully to what she told me, and that he would see everything happen to me as she described it.

"Sherwood, you are turning into a girl," she began. You have been living as a man, but you know that you always were meant to be a girl. I will help you change into a female gradually over time. You will develop a woman's body, growing breasts and developing broad hips. Your manly parts will become smaller and less important to you. Eventually, you will come to despise them and want to get rid of them.

"You will become less interested in women and more interested in and attracted to men. Such will be natural as your mind becomes increasingly female. As the changes take place in your body and mind, you will continue consciously to think of yourself as a man. You may be puzzled by some of the changes, but you will feel comfortable with them and not question them.

"Tonight, however, your body must know that it is really the body of a young woman beginning to grow her breasts. This will trick your own glands into releasing certain natural hormones that will help to erase your masculinity. You understand that you now have the developing body of a young woman. You know this, but will not consciously be aware of this. Do you

understand?"

"Yes, Debbie," I responded in a soft, almost feminine voice, "I am a developing young woman."

"Good," she went on. "Go and stand over by the floor-length mirror and remove your clothes."

I did as commanded.

"As you look at your body, I'm going to count to three. When I get to three, all of your masculine body hair will appear to vanish, your skin will become silky smooth, and the hair on your head will turn blond and grow in beautiful feminine waves so that it hangs down below your shoulders. Also your muscles will reform into soft feminine flesh. 1 - 2 - 3."

I saw my hairy, muscular and masculine body in the mirror. I watched with amazement as my body hair evaporated leaving clean soft white skin all over my body. My longish brown hair turned blond and flowed down behind my shoulder. It tickled when I moved my head. My firm pectoral muscles lost their form and became soft fatty deposits on my chest, while my stomach, legs and arms all lost their muscle tone and softened in appearance.

"In a moment, you will touch your nipples, and you will feel them swell, and the flesh behind them swell. You will feel and see your breasts expand, and the sensations in them will arouse and excite you as you felt them the other night. Your breasts will grow until they reach full and perfect feminine form," she explained. "Now touch your nipples."

I touched my nipples and they expanded and firmed with large erect nubs. The flesh on my chest swelled, pushing against my fingers, and it grew into large well-formed girlish orbs, overflowing my cupped hands. The soft breasts were firm and highly sensual, while I felt their increased weight on my chest. Wow, what beautiful tits I had! I began breathing heavily as my hands felt and fondled my soft and sensitive breasts, sending waves of feminine excitement throughout my body. I was all soft and tingly inside, but my manhood was strongly aroused.

"Shortly you will move your hands down to your waist and hips. As you do so, your waist will narrow, but your tummy will show a smooth feminine roundness. As your hands move over your hips, you will see them swell to feminine proportions and your legs will take on very sexy feminine form," Debbie continued. "Now, move your hands."

As I moved my hands down from my breasts over my soft hairless skin, I felt my waist pull in and my hips swell out, my legs were long and slender, with a sexy girlish shape. Again

my manhood remained highly aroused, but it also seemed somehow inappropriate and looked very small against my widened pelvis.

"Next you will move your hand to your crotch, and cup your hands over your maleness. As I count to three, you will feel it shrink and pull into your body, leaving you as a woman between your thighs. At the same time, the rest of your body will complete its transformation into a beautiful woman, and your mind will become fully feminine. You will think and feel as a girl. 1 - 2 - 3."

I let out a soft, feminine gasp as I felt my manhood pull into my crotch and disappear. My fingers, that had been holding my pride and joy, now pressed against sensitive new girlish parts.

To my amazement, my voice had become high-pitched and womanly. I found that I had been fully transformed into a female. As my fingers explored my virgin femininity and caressed my girlish orbs, new types of arousal coursed through my womanly frame. I couldn't get over how pretty I was. If I were a guy, I really would have turned myself on.

"This is what you will become, Sherwood, this is what you want to be. The process has already been underway for a couple of months, and your body no longer is fully male as you've noticed with your girlish nipples," Debbie continued. "Complete and irreversible feminization will progress just as quickly as your body and mind can change physically and emotionally.

"Still, this cannot be done against your will. So I have a test for you. You feel femininely attracted to Kevin, here. Shortly, he's is going to take you in his arms and kiss you. You will respond to him as a woman would and love it. For now, just stand in front of the mirror and examine and admire your girlish body, then I want to you put on this bra and panties."

Debbie went over to Kevin and talked to him as my hands roamed my girlish form and I found myself getting femininely aroused as I explored all my new curves and feminine body features. It felt so strange to pull silky girl's panties up my soft, hairless legs to cover my girlish crotch. I had some difficulty putting the bra on, but it felt so right and comfortable when I did.

"Kevin, Sherwood has turned into a sexy, beautiful young woman, with large breasts, long blond hair a slim waist and broad hips, she is the prettiest girl you've ever seen. You see her over there looking at herself in the mirror?" Debbie asked.

"Yes," Kevin replied, "she's gorgeous."

"You realize she really is a guy, but looks and acts like a girl?" Debbie went on.

"Yes," Kevin continued, "but he sure is pretty."

"If you want to, Kevin," she asked, "why don't you strip to the waist and go over and take Sherwood into your arms and kiss him as you would a pretty girl. He's waiting for you to kiss him."

I saw Kevin—with his broad muscular chest—walking towards me, looking longingly at my body, with a happy smile on his face. His eyes kept staring at my breasts and then my crotch. I blushed and felt increasingly tingly inside. Kevin was so well built, with a strong but slim body, and hairy chest. My heart began to flutter and I got weak-kneed as I grasped the significance of a large swelling at his crotch. He quickly swept me into his arms, pulling my semi-naked body close to his, my full soft breasts flattening against his warm hard masculine body.

Kevin gave me a passionate kiss, and I responded in feminine ecstasy. I could feel his manhood taking interest in my girlish body. I never wanted the kiss to end.

We each began to moan, as our mutual excitement grew. His hand moved to my breast and began to play with my nipple as I unhooked my bra, our lips once again melded with the passion of lovers.

Debbie was sitting on the sofa watching two good looking young men in a passionate embrace. One guy (me) believed he was a girl, and the other guy thought he was kissing a guy who had turned into a beautiful girl. Debbie sensed then that her experiment might work. She was transfixed and even began to get excited herself as she saw the two entranced guys excitedly exploring each other's body.

"That's enough Kevin and Sherwood, I want you both to put your original clothes back on and take your original seats," Debbie interrupted.

But we didn't want to stop. Oh I so wanted to feel Kevin inside me! Kevin broke off the embrace though, and took my hand in his, leading me back to the sofa. We gave each other a parting kiss as Kevin once more pulled our yearning bodies tightly together, then we grabbed our clothes. My T-shirt appeared to be tented out as my large firm nipples and full breasts proudly declared their presence. Kevin kept staring at the them with a big grin.

"Tell me what you're thinking, Kevin", Debbie asked.

"I want to kiss Sherwood more and feel his warm soft breasts. He is so sexy, I've never been so turned on. I want to make mad passionate love to him," Kevin panted.

Debbie told Kevin, "That may happen soon enough, but you will not consciously remember what happened here tonight. Over time, you will notice the increasingly feminine changes in Sherwood as he turns into a woman. You will find those changes intriguing, and you will find Sherwood to be increasingly physically attractive to you as he looks more and more like a pretty girl. You will not, however, do or say anything to Sherwood about your feelings until such time as you notice that he is wearing a bra. The first time you see Sherwood wearing a bra, you will forget that he ever was a guy and think of him only as Cheryl, a real girl, and will treat her accordingly. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Debbie."

"Good," she continued. "As you look at Sherwood now, you see him as the guy he actually is. Just sit and relax until I count to three. Then you will awaken and feel refreshed, but you will not consciously remember anything that has happened while you have been in the hypnotic trance. In the future, any time I say 'Sherwood really is Cheryl,' you will revert back to a deep trance. Do you understand me, Kevin?"

"Yes, Debbie," he answered.

Turning to me, Debbie continued, "You seem to like Kevin, tell me what you're feeling."

"Oh, he's so strong and handsome," I admitted. "He excites me so and I feel so soft and feminine in his strong arms. I want him to keep kissing me and fondling my breasts. I want to have him in me, to feel those wonderful sensations, again."

"How do you like being a girl, Sherwood? Do you want to go back to being a man?" she continued.

"Oh, I love being a girl. It is so much more exciting than being a boy. I'm so happy and pretty as a girl. I so love the way my body feels and looks. I really want to stay female," I confessed. "Please don't let me turn back into guy!" I pleaded.

"You will become a woman soon enough, Sherwood," she reassured me.

"Shortly I will count to three. When I reach 'three,' your breasts, male parts and body all will return to normal, and you will be back to your normal self.

"Later tonight, though, I will take you in your conscious state to experience the full feminization that you are living now. You will view your feminine self as completely natural. You will be happy and comfortable with your feminine feelings at that time.

"When you awaken, after I reach 'three,' you will begin to think increasingly as though you are a woman. You will let your hair grow out. You will soften the tone of your voice and talk

with more feminine inflections. When you look at your body you will sense that something is not right, you will begin to want to see and will be comfortable with girlish changes. You will believe those changes to be normal for a guy. The growing, sensitive nipples that have concerned you, now will please you and make you feel very comfortable with your body. The bigger and more sensitive your nipples and breasts grow, the better and more normal you will feel as a guy.

"In the months ahead, as you notice and make feminine changes to your body and feel more feminine and begin to think more like a girl in your mind, you still will see such changes as completely normal and not unusual for you as a man. This will be true no matter how feminine or girlish you look. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Good. This all will change the first time you let a boy kiss you on the lips. When a boy's lips first touch yours in passion, outside of a trance state, your whole psyche will catch up with reality and you will consciously become aware that you are a girl named Cheryl. You will believe yourself to be a full and natural woman and forget that you ever were a man, until such time as you see evidence otherwise. Then, you will want to become completely female, more than anything else in the world. Then you will believe that you are a woman trapped with a few unfortunate pieces of masculinity. You will strongly desire to be rid of any such vestigial maleness, physical or mental. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I confirmed.

"Whenever I use the phrase: 'Your breasts are growing nicely,' you will immediately revert back to this deep state of hypnotic trance. When in a trance, you will be a girl in body and spirit. When in a trance your name will be Cheryl, not Sherwood. Every time you go into a trance, all the commands I have given you will be reinforced in your mind.

"Do you understand me, and will you do everything I have said?"

"Yes, Debbie," I replied.

"At the count of three, you. . .and Kevin, you. . .will wake up and feel happy and well relaxed, but you will not be able to recall this trance. 1 - 2 - 3..."]]

"That certainly is a beautiful flame," I continued.

"Yes it is," commented Kevin.

Strangely, though, the candle seemed to have burned down very quickly, and my beer was getting warm. Debbie got us

fresh ones.

As I looked over at Kevin, I noticed that he was a particularly handsome young man, awfully good looking for a guy. He was smiling back at me with sort of a strange, but very friendly, almost inviting smile. I felt somehow drawn to him, and I got goose bumps. Strangely, my enlarged nipples began to tingle and seemed to swell more, getting quite hard as my eyes involuntarily were drawn to Kevin's obvious masculine bulge at his crotch.

I liked the way my nipples stood out so distinctly underneath my T-shirt, and Kevin seemed to be staring at them. Without thinking, my hands went to my chest and scratched my nipples to relieve the itchiness. Boy, that felt good! Why was Kevin grinning at me like that?

In any event, Kevin lingered at our apartment for another beer. When he left, for some reason, I wished that he had lingered longer.

Debbie and I went back to bed and began to neck. Her hand went to arouse my manhood as she began kissing my lips. Then her lips moved to my neck, and I responded in kind. As we explored each other's body, she began sucking on my nipple. I felt so warm and nice inside of me when she did that.

"Were you serious earlier about how you'd like to try being a girl for a day?" she asked.

"Sure," I replied, "for a lark."

"If you'd like, I can use hypnosis to make you believe you're a girl for the evening, and you'd be back to your normal self in the morning," she offered. "This is one way you might be able to experience those sensations of the other night, again."

"Sure," I agreed instantly, with an excited smile.

[["Your breasts are growing nicely, Cheryl," she began. I fell into a deep trance and was a girl named Cheryl.

"Before we do anything else, I'm going to give you the first of a number of injections that will suppress your body's normal production and use of male hormones. That will allow the increasingly dominant female hormones in your body to change you physically into a woman more quickly. After these shots, you really will no longer be a man, at least hormonally. You will not feel these shots as I give them to you.

"Also, tomorrow, I will start to give you a variety of vitamin pills that you must take each morning and each evening before you go to bed. They will help you with your transformation, accelerating your breast growth. You will take those pills religiously, never questioning me as to why, or ever give them

a second thought. You've already been taking them in your regular morning coffee.

"You will feel so happy and normal as a guy, though, as your beautiful breasts blossom and your manhood shrivels up into a useless unwanted appendage. You will not remember that I have given you these shots outside of the trance," she commanded, with almost a gleeful tone to her voice.

Then she injected an amber-colored liquid into my fanny, and she gave me two shots of sort of a milky looking fluid right under each of my nipples, and another two into my testicles. Debbie was breathing so heavily and rapidly as she gave me the injections that she almost seemed to be sexually aroused.

"When I count to three," Debbie continued, "you will wake up and consciously remain the beautiful girl that you are now. You will not remember anything else from this or the prior trance except as I explicitly tell to you to remember. Just for tonight, you will know that you really are Sherwood, a guy, and that your being a girl is just a trick of hypnosis.

"Still, this will all seem very real to you. You will feel, look and act just as any girl would. Your chest will really be its usual flat hairy self, but when you look at it and touch it, you will see and feel only large, heavy beautiful breasts on your soft, hairless feminine body. Your manhood will really remain as it is, but you will only see and feel a girl's genitals. Whatever I do to your maleness, you will think I'm doing it to your female parts.

"When you wake up, though, your mind will still respond fully to any suggestions I make. At one point, I will tell you that I am a man. When I do, I suddenly will appear to be the sexiest most well-endowed virile guy that your girlish mind can imagine. Although you'll really be touching my female body and femininity, in your mind, you will be touching and making love to my masculine body and very substantial manhood. Again, whatever I tell you is so, will be so in your mind. Do you understand me, Cheryl?"

"Yes, Debbie," I replied in my soft voice.

"Good. You will know in your mind that you are a really guy and that I am a girl, but you will enjoy an unbreakable illusion that you are a girl until you see the morning sun. If you try to sense or see your actual male body, you will only seem to become more feminine in your illusion. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I giggled in anxious anticipation.

"Good. We will we make love frequently, and you will often enjoy intense feminine climaxes even better than the one you felt the other night.

"To make that easier, I've been able to get two more pills like the one you took the other night. I want you to take them now."

I swallowed the two little pink pills as commanded.

"The sensations you will feel, again, will be so much more exciting than you have ever felt before as a man," Debbie continued, "and the excitement will linger in your body. In the future, whenever you make love as a guy, you will think back to tonight and how much more exciting it was to have sex as a girl. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Debbie."

"Good. Now, when you fall asleep tonight, you also will dream as though you are a girl. You will have romantic physical contacts with a variety of strong handsome man in your dreams. You will remember the wonderful sensations and strong feminine desires you have as they caress your body in your dreams. When you wake up in sunlight, however, you will find that you have returned to your usual male self except as I may otherwise specify. Every one of my prior instructions will remain in place. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said softly.

"After tonight, whenever you see a good looking young man who is attractive to your girlish self, you will vividly remember your feelings of being a woman tonight and the peace, comfort, arousal, excitement and sensations that you felt. You will remember the feelings and sensations from your dreams of being held and caressed by men and of wanting them inside you.

"Each time you recall those events, you consciously will be become a little more like a girl in your mind. The more feminine your mind becomes, the more you will fight any masculine mannerisms or masculine physique that remains. Increasingly, you will find yourself thinking longingly of how much you would really like to be a girl.

"Whenever you dream in the future, you always will dream of yourself as a full and natural woman. You will be happy and comfortable with yourself as a woman in these dreams. You will remember these feelings whenever you recall a dream.

"You will begin regularly to dream of important events as you grew up, starting with your earliest memories. Again, though, you will be a girl in these memories. As you have these dreams, your memories will be permanently altered. You will remember your past as though you always have been a girl. While the memories may be confused at first, they slowly will gel so that when your mind is ready to accept that you are a woman, all your memories from birth will have been as a girl

and woman. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Debbie."

"Good. Still, remember, whatever feminine changes take place in your body, you will believe them to be normal for you as a man. You will not consciously recognize that your body is becoming feminine or question what is happening to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Debbie."

"Good. Now on the count of three you will wake up as a beautiful young woman and will see and experience whatever I tell you to see or experience. You will be back to your normal self in the morning. . . except you still will be a girl just between your thighs, until I tell you otherwise. You will not consciously remember anything else of the trance. 1 - 2 - 3. '"]

As I was snuggling next to Debbie, a bolt of femininity suddenly shot through my body, and, with a flash of erotic ecstasy, I found that I had the body and feelings of a woman.

Debbie was fondling one of my full breasts and softly sucking on the other nipple. The sensations were driving me wild.

"What's happened?" I screamed in a girlish voice. "How'd you do that?" I asked Debbie. Again, I couldn't believe I was talking like a girl.

In panic, my hands moved to my chest and felt large, full, sensitive breasts. Then my hands moved to my crotch. My manhood was missing! In its place I felt the soft moist features of a girl.

"I'm a girl!?" I shrieked in a very high pitched voice.

"Relax!" Debbie soothed, as her hand slid down my smooth soft stomach, and her fingers slipped into my new femininity. "Relax!" she repeated. "Remember this is just for tonight. Enjoy your new girlish self!"

"What are you doing?" I squealed as I felt strange but wonderful new sensations coming from where Debbie was so expertly touching me. Whatever Debbie was doing, I wanted her to keep doing it. It felt so good!

I put my soft arm around Debbie and hugged her, flattening her soft breasts against mine. She kissed me passionately, thrusting her tongue deep into my mouth. Our tongues played as I began to realize that I really had turned into a girl.

"I'm really a girl!?" I asked.

"Just for tonight, Sherwood, just in your mind."

I felt my breasts, trying to find my normal masculine chest and my breasts swelled further against my hands. They were

getting bigger! I couldn't believe it.

Then Debbie started kissing my nipples and the wonderful sensations began to build. I played with her nipples in response. So this was how two girls could excite each other.

As great arousal spread throughout my breasts, I began to moan involuntarily.

"Don't you love having such pretty breasts, Sherwood? Why they're just as big and beautiful as mine! Wouldn't you like to have real breasts like these all the time?" Debbie asked as she took a breather.

"Oh-h-h!", I groaned. "Please don't stop kissing my breasts, Debbie! I love it! Yes, I'd love to be built like this—just like you—but I can't, I'm a guy! You know that! Oo-o-h, Debbie!" I cooed girlishly.

"Go look in the mirror, Honey! You're no longer much of a guy!"

I got out of bed to look at my reflection in the floor-length mirror. Beautiful long blond hair hung down below my shoulders in cascading waves. I still had my own face, but I'd never realized how pretty and feminine it really was. The rest of my body was just perfectly formed and shaped as a female. I couldn't believe how great I looked. How funny to look down at my chest and see two large hemispheres protruding from it. They were topped by such pretty pink and large erect nipples.

My hands sensually explored my body. I already was so aroused, and now I was beginning to feel that wonderful tingling in my tummy again, just like the other night.

My hands slid over my narrow waist and broad hips that femininely framed my girlish crotch. There was not a trace of masculinity that I could find. How strange it was not to see my male parts! Yet, I felt so comfortable as a girl. This all seemed so natural and right.

Debbie interrupted my reverie as she handed me a short see-through nightie.

"You can borrow this tonight, if you would like," she grinned, as I slipped it on over my head. It tickled as it slid over my swollen chest and large nipples. The top filled out with my full beautiful breasts. Yet, how funny it seemed to have it hang flat across my smooth feminine crotch.

"Oh, look at me, Debbie! I love this! I'm so pretty, and my breasts are so full and large. Actually, Honey, my tits are bigger than yours!" I boasted.

"And look!" I squealed girlishly. "I'm really a girl between my legs! Oh this is so wonderful!"

Back in bed, Debbie began to make love to me rather

aggressively, almost as though she were a guy.

As she began nibbling on my ear, she moved my hand down to her crotch, and I eagerly sought to please her with my fingers.

"I'm a man, Sherwood," she whispered in my ear.

I was startled by what I felt in my hand. Suddenly my fingers were wrapped around the very substantial and excited manhood of the most gorgeous guy I'd ever seen. He was large and muscular, with a perfectly sculpted tan body. He had light-brown hair, a little on the long side, and his cute blue eyes twinkled as he smiled at me. His face was so handsome! This was crazy. What was I thinking, I was a guy!

"Debbie," I gasped softly, "you're a man? What are you going to do to me?" I asked timidly with a certain strange excitement mounting in my abdomen.

"This nuts and wrong. I'm a guy!" I further protested.

"Why don't you call me 'Davy,' " the hunk replied in a deep, commanding voice that at the same time was so sensitive and seductive. "And I'm, going to call you 'Cheryl,' " he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

"But I'm a guy!" I protested.

"Not tonight, Babe. You're the sexiest doll I've seen in a long time," he smiled, as he snuggled his firm naked body close to mine.

My fingers still encircled Davy's manhood. I suddenly realized that I had been stroking him, unconsciously. Oh my, what was I doing? I removed my hand in near panic.

Davy longingly stared into my eyes as his lips softly brushed against mine.

Instinctively, I drew him into a deep passionate kiss. Oh, it felt so good and natural. At the same time, his arm slipped behind my back, his large hand grabbing my shapely fanny, pulling my body into his—my soft sensuous breasts into his hard muscular chest.

"Oh, no! Davy, I can't do this! I'm really a guy! I like girls!" I gasped as his hand began to stroke my breast ever so gently.

"Relax, Cheryl, this is all in your mind, you will remember this only as a dream. Besides, Girl, you want me inside you more than anything else in the world right now," he soothed. "Your moist femininity is so hot and itchy, you can't stay still. You're throbbing with uncontrollable desire to feel me inside you."

He was right. Suddenly, my one consuming passion was to have Davy making physical love to me as a woman. My femininity was burning with such desire I could barely control

myself. My tummy already was turning with an excitement greater than any I'd felt before.

I seemed to be moving almost unconsciously as I began nibbling on his ear in passion. Our bodies merged together in mounting ecstasy, as his hand prepared my feminine moistness and my hand began to guide him into me.

"Oh, you're so big, Davy!" I gasped as he plunged into my receptive femininity.

Within seconds, we both were moaning and screaming with a pleasure that kept mounting until I reached an unbelievable peak of ecstasy. I'd never felt so good. I was in love and so happy that I was a woman.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I screamed as my breathing became so rapid and shallow. Our pelvises were churning back and forth in passionate union. I wrapped my legs around Davy as his powerful body pressed against mine, flattening my full breasts. He also thrust his tongue deeply into my mouth, and I accepted it so eagerly.

I screamed in ultimate ecstasy as I felt a warm pulsing deep inside my abdomen.

"Oh, hold me Davy, never let me go!" I screamed. I couldn't believe how much I loved being a girl. He kept kissing me and playing with my breasts, drawing out my ecstasy. Finally, we rested lovingly against each other.

"Admit it Cheryl," Davy offered as he held me protectively in his arms, "don't you love being a female? You love it when I fondle your breasts! And you really love it when I'm inside you! You're so happy that you're built like a girl between your thighs, not like a guy! You find any physical male traits on your body to be repulsive, but you love it when you see the same parts on a real man.

"In fact, you so like what you see between my thighs that you will imagine taking it in your mouth and loving it and kissing it."

"Oh, yes Davy!" I squealed as I found myself drawn to his magnificent parts.

Eventually, we fell asleep in each other's arms with the peace and happiness of new lovers.

All night long I kept having vivid dreams as a beautiful girl. Strangely, I was always a girl in the strong arms of Davy or Kevin or some other man I found terribly attractive. They all were so virile and muscular. I felt a strong arousal and tingling in my nipples and tummy as they each repeatedly approached me and took me in their arms, kissing me passionately.

Each time, I melted in feminine ecstasy, as my soft breasts

pressed against a hairy muscular chest. I never wanted the passion to end. Every time I felt a substantial and aroused maleness pressing against my soft feminine flesh in a dream, I eagerly prepared to take it inside me as only a woman could. Then, I would wake up frustrated and unsatisfied, but still terribly aroused, in need of feminine relief.

Once awake from one of the dreams, I would see Davy's magnificent body lying next to me, particularly his magnificent endowment. I just couldn't leave him alone. My hand would gently stroke Davy or my lips softly kiss him. He would awaken and we would make passionate love as man and woman.

I got up once in the middle of the night to relieve myself. I felt my heavy breasts sway as I got out of bed. I knew that it was just an illusion, but it felt so real and my breasts were so sensitive. I loved the feel of the delicate fabric of my sheer nightie slipping over the swollen nipples topping my large orbs of soft feminine flesh! I stood by the toilet, but as I reached for my equipment I realized with unusual pleasure that there was nothing there! I was a girl and had to sit down.

Before getting back into bed, I stood in front of the mirror, again, admiring my sexy feminine form. I saw Davy come up behind me, putting his arms around me. One hand gently grabbed a breast, while the other softly slid over my taut but rounded feminine tummy, to my crotch, as he pulled my body back into his front.

I felt his excited maleness pressing against my fanny, as he began to nibble on my neck. I turned and he pulled my small soft body into his big strong arms. He carried me back to bed and to another round of ecstasy.

"Remember, Cheryl," he whispered in my ear as we were about to fall asleep, "our time together as man and woman tonight, will just seem like a dream when you wake up in the morning. I will be Debbie, and you will be your normal male self, except you will still believe you have female genitals, until I, as Debbie, tell you they're normal. If you try to fight the illusion and sense your maleness, your feminine parts will only begin to burn with maddening desire, until you cease resisting the partial feminine illusion. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Davy," I said softly, as our lips came together tenderly, "but what are you talking about? I'm a girl!"

I melted in his arms as he squeezed me in passion. I could feel from the way his body pressed against me that we were not going to sleep quite yet.

When I woke up in the morning sun, I immediately felt my

chest. Frankly, I was a little disappointed to find that I was a guy again.

I would have thought the whole thing had been one wild wonderful dream, except I was wearing Debbie's sheer nightie. I still felt good wearing the nightie, although the sexiest thing underneath it now was my hairy chest.

I left the nightie on as I rolled over and kissed Debbie on her lips, and I began to fondle her breasts. I was so pleased to see that she was her normal feminine self.

She smiled. "So how'd you like being a girl," she cooed.

"It was incredible. I really enjoyed it," I confirmed in a softened and higher-pitched voice. "I had the strangest dreams, though, after you hypnotized me into seeing myself as a girl. They had to be dreams. You turned into a handsome guy named Davy, and we made incredible love! I was a girl in your. . .er. . .his arms, being passionately embraced and fondled. I wanted to have him make love to me as a man does to a woman. And he did, a number of times. It was so vivid and seemed so real. And I loved it! Isn't that ridiculous? I'm a guy and like girls that way, not guys.

"I can't tell you, though, how impressed I am with the power of your hypnosis. It was just unbelievable!" I concluded.

"Have you checked your manhood, lately?" Debbie asked with a grin.

I felt my crotch, and I gasped with horror. I was still a girl between my legs.

"Debbie!" I squealed, "Something's gone wrong! Look between my thighs!"

"Ooh, how pretty!" she giggled. "I'll just have to kiss it to make it feel better."

"What are you doing to me?" I screamed in a real panic. I reached again to find my maleness. I knew it had to be there. The worst part about it was that I hadn't missed it until Debbie pointed it out. It had felt so natural and comfortable to have the genitals of a woman, I hadn't even checked myself!

Instead of finding my manly parts, I was becoming all hot and bothered as a girl between my thighs. I had the strongest urge to have a guy in me. Oh this was all wrong!

"Relax," Debbie giggled, "I'm just playing with your mind, Sherwood."

"This isn't funny, Debbie!" I moaned. "I feel like I want to jump the first man I see, and I'm a guy! I'm a male!"

"Relax!" she reassured.

As her tongue quickly reawakened the intense feminine tinglings in my tummy from the night before, my hands instinc-

tively moved to caress my breasts. All I found, though, was my ugly flat hairy chest. Oh, to have a soft hairless chest with gentle girlish swells just one more time! Oh, how I wished I had real breasts. Still, I was getting some added thrill from my massaging my small nipples. What was I thinking? I was a guy!

I screamed girlishly with my masculine voice as I felt an intense peak of feminine ecstasy one last time. The tinglings lingered wonderfully in my body, while Debbie kissed me on my mouth.

"There!" she smiled. "You're all back to normal."

I quickly grabbed for my crotch and was relieved to find everything was there. Even so, I thought for a moment how nice the feminine flatness and soft, moist girlish features really had looked and felt. My male parts were sort of unattractive.

What was I thinking? I was a guy and loved being a guy, and I went on to show Debbie that I really was a man. My solid masculine chest flattened her breasts in a passionate embrace, and we made passionate love. Strangely, though, I quickly came to the sad conclusion that it just wasn't as exciting as it had been the night before when I was the girl. It never could be!

As I showered that morning, my body didn't feel or look quite right. I also noticed I had a sore spot on my fanny and others by my nipples and in my crotch area, almost like I'd had shots.

Gee, my nipples looked nice, though, and they felt so good as I lathered them up with soap. As I was rinsing off, I noticed Debbie's razor next to the soap dish. Suddenly I had a strange compelling urge to shave my legs, but I resisted that urge.

When I got out of the shower, again I felt something was not right when I looked in the mirror. Something was amiss. I gave myself a particularly close shave and removed my small sideburns.

Combing my hair, I realized it was too short, I needed to let it grow out a little. Looking at my face, I also realized that my eyebrows were ugly, much too bushy. So I found a pair of tweezers and plucked my eyebrows until they were thinner and had a better defined shape.

While lifting my arms to fix my face, I was struck by how ugly my underarm hair was. I couldn't resist. After splashing hot water under my arms and lathering them up, I shaved them smooth and clean.

Boy, did that look much better! I realized that with smooth hairless underarms, I now could use Debbie's floral scented

deodorant, and I did. I really liked the way it smelled.

At breakfast, I downed my vitamins and orange juice, while Debbie fixed us omelettes.

"Hey, I like your eyebrows," she smiled.

"Thanks," I replied, "they just didn't look right. Say, . . what would you think if I let my hair grow out a little?"

"Oh, I love long hair on a guy," she grinned.

That settled it. I was going to let my hair grow. I gave Debbie a parting hug as I headed for the door.

"Oo-o-oh, and you smell so nice!" she giggled as she waved good-bye.

Later, at the library, I sat across the reading table from another guy, who really was quite attractive. I found I couldn't stop thinking about the last night's illusion of being a woman and so highly aroused in a dreamy embrace with a handsome man. The whole image gave me goose bumps, but it also made me feel warm and really comfortable, inside. The sensation was one that bordered on excitement. I had to avert my eyes from the good looking guy in order to concentrate on my studies.

I couldn't help myself, though. I sneaked a look at him again and began to feel all tingly inside, again. This was weird!

Walking home one from the library, I passed a newsstand and picked up a couple of women's magazines. They seemed to have such interesting stories highlighted on their covers. I also bought a romance novel that caught my eye. There was something intriguing about the virile man shown on the cover holding the delicate pretty woman in his protective arms.

My research and writing kept me busy over the next several weeks, but I still couldn't get that image of me as a beautiful girl, or my dreams about being caressed as a woman by a guy, out of my mind, especially when I was around attractive young men.

I even found that I still was dreaming of myself as a woman. It just felt so good and natural to be a female in those dreams! I called myself "Cheryl" in those dreams, and I got so I really looked forward to going to sleep.

My voice felt funny, and I found I was more comfortable if I spoke softly and raised the pitch a little. I felt so good when I did that.

I noticed, too, that my nipples were getting even more sensitive to the touch and swelling quite substantially. The nubs actually were much enlarged and were hard and firm most of the time.

I mentioned my intensified nipple sensations to Debbie.

"Let me take a look," she offered.

[["Your breasts are growing nicely," she commented.

I fell into a deep trance; I was a girl named Cheryl.

"First, I'm going to give you another round of shots," Debbie began. And, again, I received injections in my fanny, under my nipples and in my testicles.

"I'm also going to give you an experimental shot that will alter the chemical balance in your brain a little, substantially enhancing your maternal instincts.

"Your body is developing nicely, Cheryl," she continued.

"Your breasts and nipples are going to grow more rapidly and get very large and very, very sensitive. You will need big breasts someday, when you nurse a baby. You also will get highly aroused whenever anybody touches them. This will not bother you, though. In fact you will so enjoy the sensations that you will find yourself unconsciously playing with your own nipples, and you will want me to pay attention to them, too, when we make love.

"Whenever you see a young man who is particularly attractive to your girlish self, you will feel your nipples harden and tingle as you remember the image of yourself as a woman. Increasingly, you will feel a tingling in your tummy and remember the strong urges you had when you were in Davy's arms. You will be confused as to what is happening, but you will accept it as normal for a man. You will be very happy with your new body and will not question it.

"When you wake up tomorrow morning, you will suddenly become very itchy all over, because of your body hair. You will ask me to help, and I will help you remove it. You will want to go to a beauty shop for electrolysis, as even your beard stubble will be uncomfortable. Any time you find an unfeminine hair on your body, you will have an immediate urge and need to remove it. Do you understand, Cheryl?"

"Yes, Debbie, I do."

"Then on the count of three, wake up. Again you will not consciously remember this trance, but all my earlier commands are reinforced. 1 - 2 - 3."]]

"Everything looks normal to me," Debbie observed.

Then she put her arms around me, and we embraced and went to bed. As we made love, Debbie kissed my sensitive nipples.

"O-o-oh, ooh, that feels so good when you kiss me there, Debbie," I told her in my soft voice. "Please keep doing that," I begged, and she did. Her sucking and nibbling on my nipples drove me crazy and got me very aroused.

In the morning, however, I woke up in agony. I was terribly

itchy all over. Debbie examined me and said she thought I was having some kind of an allergic reaction to my body hair. She took me into the bathroom and had me strip. She covered my whole body from the neck down, except around my crotch, with shaving cream. She pulled out the razor she used to shave her legs and carefully cleaned my whole body of its hair. She did my back, my chest, my stomach and my legs. I'd been keeping my underarms cleanly shaved. As she shaved me, the terrible itching subsided.

I felt particularly funny as she shaved my legs. She shaved from the top of my legs on down, but did so by working her way around each leg with each stroke of the razor. As the hair fell down my legs and the bare white skin above the unshaved skin could be seen, it almost looked like she was rolling stockings off my legs. What a weird sensation!

I showered, removing all the loose hair and lather, and I couldn't believe how smooth my soft and hairless white flesh was. Most amazing was my chest. Not only were my nipples puffy and my nubs extended and firm, but I seemed to have developed very small breasts that I hadn't noticed before. No longer covered by my thick chest hair, the nipples and swollen flesh stood out sharply against my otherwise soft and flat chest.

I felt very warm and comfortable as I looked at my hairless, naked body. I couldn't believe how smooth and soft my skin was, and how quickly I could wash it now without all that ugly hair. It just seemed so right and natural for me as a man. Funny, though, I felt those sore spots, again, as though I'd had shots.

"How do you feel?" Debbie asked, as she helped to towel off my soft flesh after the shower.

"Strangely, I feel great," I admitted. "The itching is all gone, and I've never felt better."

"I'm going to like your body without all that messy hair," Debbie cooed. "Why don't you rub this lotion in all over your body, it will help soothe and soften your delicate skin."

"Also, why don't I call my beauty parlor and make arrangements for them to remove your unwanted hair permanently?"

"Gee, would you do that? That would be great!" I replied. It just seemed so right to get rid of that nasty, dirty body hair forever.

That afternoon at the library, while reading a biography on Ulysses Grant, I noticed that I was absent mindedly gently tweaking one of my nipples between my fingers. That made me feel good, but I found it strange that I was doing that in public. I forced my hand to help hold the book as I tried to concentrate on my studies. Then a good looking guy sat down

across from me. I felt my nipples go erect and tingle as I again remembered that image of me as a woman.

Strangely, I felt so warm and comfortable with those sensations and images, I even daydreamed of this guy holding me as a woman in his arms, his tongue plunging into my receptive mouth, his hand gently cupping my excited breast. I became more aroused. My tummy began to tingle as I remembered my dreamy night with Davy. As weird as I knew it was, I actually was beginning to enjoy looking at certain guys.

I waited a week or so before scheduling the electrolysis. I had to let the hair grow back out a little. The night before my first appointment with Debbie's beautician friend, I sat down on the sofa with Debbie, and we necked.

She began saying something, *[["Your breasts are growing nicely, . . . 1 - 2 - 3, "]]* but we just kept on kissing. I noticed that my manhood became particularly aroused when Debbie kissed my nipples, but strangely I didn't feel anything down there when she touched me with her hand.

Next morning as I showered, I also found that I couldn't get any normal male response when I touched myself as I had so many times before. I did, however, get an unusually strong male response when I rubbed my nipples. That was O.K., though, I'd gotten so I enjoyed getting a strong arousal from my nipples even more than I did from my old male sensations.

Funny though, again I felt sore spots, as though I'd had shots. As before, I felt a sore spot on my fanny, but instead of feeling sore spots near my nipples, there were new sore spots under my arms near the edge of the new flesh on my chest, and my testicles were really sore and swollen, but I seemed to be so small and somehow different there, otherwise.

As I went to relieve myself, I sat down. It really seemed so much more natural and comfortable to do that, than standing up.

Also, I looked down at my toenails and they looked particularly ugly. I had an urge to put nail polish on them, so I carefully trimmed the nails and applied some of Debbie's nail polish. They looked so much better!



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As I looked at my finger nails, I realized they would look better, too, if I let them grow a little bit. I resolved to do so.

I walked over to Henrietta's Unisex Beauty Parlor, which was on the other side of the park. Henrietta was an old college friend of Debbie's and did regular work for the school clinic where Debbie worked. I hadn't shaved for several days, as Debbie suggested, and I was eager to get all my unwanted body hair removed.

I showed Henrietta how I wanted my eyebrows shaped, my side burns removed, and my beard and body hair permanently erased.

"Oh, Debbie's told me all about you, Sherwood," Henrietta smiled. "Since you're such a special friend of hers, I feel free to offer you hair removal by a new and experimental laser system. It is so much faster and more comfortable than the old electrolysis techniques."

"Sounds great to me!" I agreed.

While Henrietta painted my body with a special solution where the hair would be removed, I heard a baby begin to cry from the other room. As the crying got more regular I noted an urgent but very comfortable warmth in my nipples. I got quite concerned that the baby needed some attention.

"That's new my baby, Amanda, crying," Henrietta beamed. "She's just two weeks old, and I keep her very close by. She must have dropped her pacifier. Excuse me a minute!"

Henrietta went in the other room, Amanda quickly quieted down, and then my beautician returned to take care of my body hair.

After a series of laser zappings, my body was completely free of its former male hair growth. I couldn't believe how smooth and soft my skin felt. My cheeks and chin were as tender and delicate to the touch now as Debbie's face was. Henrietta had, however, left a small, dainty patch of hair surrounding my genitals.

How weird and wonderful!

After taking a quick shower and applying a soothing lotion all over my body, I received a robe to wear from Henrietta while she worked on my hair.

"Debbie said that you might like to try a little blond streaking in your hair?" she asked.

"I hadn't really thought about it, but it sounds like fun. Let's do it!" I smiled.

As she was working on me, Amanda began to cry again, and Henrietta went to get her.

"Would you mind holding her for a couple of minutes?" she

asked. "Amanda is hungry, and I'm not quite ready to breast feed her."

"Sure!" I gushed. The idea seemed to excite me so.

Instinctively, I cuddled the little baby in my arms. With my loose gown open, I held her gently, but firmly against my soft and hairless chest. Her small hands then grabbed for my chest and, quickly, her little mouth began to suckle on my left nipple.

Boy, that felt strange in a nice sort of way. I pulled the baby back a little, and she began to cry.

"Would you mind if she suckles on your nipple for several minutes, until I'm ready?" Henrietta asked. "You have such nice big nipples for a guy, they're almost like a pacifier for her."

"Indeed I am a guy, Henrietta! It seems so strange for me to want to do this, but somehow it feels so right. I have a weird urge to do it, is it really O.K. with you?" I giggled in a somewhat unmanly manner.

"Of course, Sherwood," she smiled. "Why, your chest is so soft and smooth now, and your nipples are so large and firm, I think Amanda might even think she's suckling on my breasts."

What a wonderful and relaxing sensation! It felt so right and natural. I felt so good about myself as I sat there with Amanda trying to get milk out of my nipple. I even began to fantasize that I had breasts and really could feed the little girl. What strange thoughts I was having for the young man I was!

After about ten minutes, Henrietta suggested that I switch Amanda to my other nipple, which I did. As I pulled her off my left nipple, I was shocked by how big and red it had become. After another ten minutes, Henrietta was finished with my hair, and she took Amanda from me. I couldn't get over how swollen and sensitive both my nipples had become.

"You're such a sweetheart, Sherwood," Henrietta smiled. It's nice to know a such liberated guy. Thanks again for helping with Amanda. Would you like me to show you how I breast feed her, while your hair is setting?"

"Oh, I'd love that!" I responded eagerly.

I watched with growing envy as Henrietta loosened the special cup on her nursing bra and her milk-laden breast was offered to the hungry Amanda. Oh how I wished I could offer a breast like that. On second thought, I knew the idea was crazy, but it seemed so normal and natural for me to do as a guy.

When the breast feeding was over, my hair also was done, and I loved the lighter color and blond streaks that now dominated my soft wavy hair. Oh, it would look so much better as it grew out!

Henrietta told me I'd have to come back in several months

for a follow-up treatment or two to zap any regrowth. That was fine with me. Before I left, though, she hit me with an intriguing idea.

"Sherwood," she asked, "did you enjoy having Amanda suckle on your large nipples?"

"I sure did," I admitted. "I know this is strange for me to say as a man, but I felt so comfortable and happy while I was holding the baby to my chest."

"You know, you could breast feed Amanda if you really wanted to. You could become a wet-nurse for her. I've known of several liberated guys, like you, who did that to help their working wives or girlfriends. It's all a matter of proper lactation hormones, and Debbie and I know someone who could give you pills that would have you producing your own milk in several months.

"Plus," she added, "if you would help me with Amanda, occasionally, during my working hours, I wouldn't charge you anything for any of my beauty or hair removal services, which can become quite expensive."

"That would be fantastic!" I cooed, much to my own surprise. Why was I agreeing to such a thing?

"Wonderful!" Henrietta exclaimed. "I'll call Debbie and have her set everything up."

Before leaving, on a whim, I asked Henrietta if she could pierce my ears. She was pleased to and gave me small stud earrings to wear. I remembered how I'd always wanted to have my ears pierced when I was little girl. I don't know why I hadn't had it done before. But that was crazy! I was a guy, never a little girl! What was I thinking?

On my way back to the apartment, I ran into Kevin in the park. I felt somewhat embarrassed as my nipples went into full erection and began to tingle. Such also caused some male arousal, as my mind flashed back to my dreamy womanly body wanting to feel a man in it.

"Hi, Sherwood," he began, with a warm smile as he stared at my face. "You know, you really look good with your hair longer and it's so attractive in its style and coloring, and I think those earrings are great."

I could feel myself blush at the compliments, as the tingling in my nipples increased to a level of terrible distraction.

"Thanks," I replied in a unusually soft voice. "You're looking good yourself!" I noted as I eyed his big muscular arms. Kevin certainly was a nice guy.

"Did you know there's a sauna in the basement of our apartment building?" he asked.

"No, I didn't," I replied.

"No one seems to know that it is there, but I've been using it, and it is great. It really helps you relax after a tough day. Why don't you meet me there tonight, let's say about six? That will give us a chance to talk and to get to know each other better."

"Sounds like fun, Kevin," I responded. Why was my heart racing?

We went our own ways, and I was feeling very good and very comfortable with myself, although I was still strangely aroused.

MORE!

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