

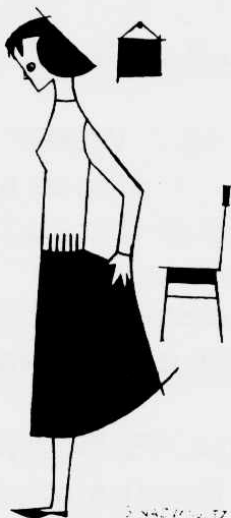
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“FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS”

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



by WENDY WILSON

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QUOTE BOARD

"Femininity is a fascinating thing; in order to
be feminine, we have to be captivated by it."

“FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS”

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

by **WENDY WILSON**

His powerful hand pulled my narrow waist tightly into his firm body; we swayed slowly to the romantic music. My erect nipples tingled as my full soft breasts pushed against his taught 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 sure to come.

Waves of arousal flowed through my abdomen as Brad seemed to envelope my soft feminine being with his powerful body. I never had sensations like this when I was a boy; being a girl was so much more fun!

A “GIRL” FROM THE BEGINNING

I was born male, an only child, and named Jason after my maternal grandfather. My father left my mother when I was I very young---I don't even remember him. My mother worked long hours most of her life as she raised me, and she also dated quite

heavily. Such meant that I was left at home by myself a fair amount of the time, and I spent much of that time in a fantasy world.

As far back as I can remember, I thought of myself as a female and had a burning desire to become a girl. I never enjoyed sports or playing with other boys. I was uncoordinated and ran like a gal, always the last one to be selected for a team. Rather, I preferred playing with the girls and their games. I felt like I was one of them.

"You're too pretty to be a boy---you should've been a girl!" my friend Sally once proclaimed. Delicate feminine looks, combined with my girlish interests, did little to dissuade the consensus view among the guys that I was a sissy, and I was often called that.

So I ignored other boys and lived in a happy little world with my girl pals, who just accepted me as being something of a non-boy.

The exception among the guys was my friend Jeff. He always stood up for me and tried to shield me from the jeers and taunts of the other boys.

By my early teens, however, the world began to change. My girl friends started developing breasts and filling out in the hips with slimming waists, while my body began moving in a more masculine direction.

The girls' interests also turned primarily to young men as serious romantic objects. I was not considered such an object, so most of my gal pals moved onto to other boys, except for Sally, who has always been a special friend.

While I found myself sexually attracted to girls, I also was often jealous and envious of their feminine body development. It just wasn't right that I wasn't growing breasts and didn't need a bra!

I also found myself occasionally looking at a guy, thinking how cute he was and wondering what it would be like to have him hold me in his arms as a girl. I suppressed those thoughts, though. I knew

such feelings were not normal for a boy, but still I couldn't help myself.

Other than my friendships with Jeff and Sally, I was pretty much a loner up until my senior year in high school. That summer before my senior year, however, was one of extraordinary transformation and the beginning of a new life for me ... , but I'm getting ahead of myself.

THE LINGERIE DRAWER

Even as a young boy, I often played at being a girl. When my mother was not at home, I would go through her lingerie drawer and clothes. Handling her silky soft panties, bras and negligees excited me and made me feel so feminine as I held them up to my body.

At night, I went to sleep fantasizing that I was a girl. One time, I'd be a beautiful princess held captive by an evil knight. A handsome and daring prince would come to my rescue, sweeping me off my feet, holding me in strong arms, passionately kissing me and then carrying me back to his castle. Another time, I'd be Jane, as Tarzan would swing down from the trees to save me from a charging rhino. He would hold me tight against his muscular body as we swung to safety. Again, we would embrace and kiss passionately.

One day, going through my mother's things, I found a pair of foam rubber breast pads that she had once used to enhance her bust. Slipping them under my T-shirt, I suddenly looked like I had a girl's chest, with two well-formed breasts. There were even little bumps that stood out through my shirt material and made me look like I had big feminine nipples.

It just felt so right and natural to have "breasts." I loved the warm, exciting feeling that developed inside my body whenever I looked down and saw them jutting out of my chest, or whenever I felt their spongy firmness with my hands. Thereafter, at

night, I slipped the breast pads into bed with me and wore them under my pajamas, enhancing my fantasy adventures. Eventually, I even had my first boyish arousal while wearing those falsies. Lying under the covers, pretending that I was a beautiful girl feeling her own soft "breasts," became one of my favorite bedtime activities.

Once, I asked my mother if I would grow breasts someday. She disappointed me with her reply that boys and men did not have breasts. Nevertheless, I swore to myself that one day I would develop a girlish body and live as a woman.

As I grew older, a couple of my fantasies took on more of a physical reality. When left alone in the house, I frequently dressed up in my mother's underwear and would wear a bra with the falsies. I looked like I had breasts and pretended that they were real. I spent much of my time alone, dressed in nothing but bra and panties and sometimes a slip. Later I began wearing a blouse and skirt, dressing more fully as a female.

One weekend, in my mid-teens, when Mom had to go out of town, I had the chance to dress up completely as a girl, including using makeup and a wig.

I was skinny, about my mother's size. With a body that was soft and hairless, and that lacked significant muscular development, I didn't look particularly masculine to start with, except of course for my male organ, which was of average size. My hair was long---hanging over my ears---and light brown. My face was prettyish---my girl pals often commented on how envious they were of my striking light-blue eyes and long, girlish eyelashes.

Once alone, I soaked in a long, hot, perfumed bubble bath. We had a large old-fashioned tub, and such soakings helped me relax and made me feel so feminine.

After toweling off my not-so-manly body, I se-

lected a pair of silk panties. As I slid them on, the sensation of that cool smooth fabric sliding over my soft hairless legs excited my whole being---my boyish parts in particular--- so I lay down on my bed for a couple of minutes until I was able to calm down. When my unneeded appendage was again flaccid, I fixed up my crotch so that another arousal could not spoil the feminine effect I so wanted to attain.

I had found that I could hide my masculinity by pushing my testes back up into my body and by tucking my manhood back between my legs. When I pulled the silk panties tightly into place, they held everything firmly in position. My crotch was then flat and looked very girlish.

Pantyhose were next. Again, the sensation of pulling the stockings up my smooth legs sent thrills throughout my body, but now my arousal was hidden and contained, and my masculinity was compressed further as the pantyhose snugged tightly against my now girlish crotch. The stockings also made my legs look tanned, and stepping into high heels helped shape my calves, making them quite sexy.

From the waist down, I looked just like a girl. I sure was glad my unwanted boyish extension could not escape its confines, because it badly wanted to.

My chest was hairless and soft; it still showed a little baby fat. As a special treat for the weekend, I had decided to fix my chest in a very feminine way. The foam-rubber breast forms were off-white in color, so I used a reddish-brown lipstick to shade the areolae of the nipples and flesh-colored makeup to tone the fleshy part of the make-believe orbs. Then I spread rubber cement on the entire backside of the forms, and spread rubber cement on my own chest in circular patches around my nipples. The cement chilled my pectorals as its solvent evaporated.

The back of the forms curved inward to fit over small breasts, with special indentations to fit the nipples.

When the cement had dried, I carefully placed each breast form on my chest, with the nipple receptacles directly over my real nipples. The forms adhered solidly and fully to my chest, becoming a physical extension of my body. I rubbed off the excess cement and blended the flesh-colored makeup around the edge of the forms with my own skin. I further toned down the coloring and hid the form edges with body powder, and I was done!

Looking in my floor-length mirror, both straight on and in profile, it appeared as though I had real breasts. I was thrilled and extremely aroused as I saw how they jutted femininely out of my chest, with large erect nipples. They were small, but they moved naturally with my body. If I raised my right arm, my right breast moved higher and stretched and deformed with the movement in the underlying muscles.

Given the natural look of my "breasts," I decided not to hide them with a bra. Instead, I pulled a body snugging slip on over my head, which fell into place over my womanly chest, slim waist and flat, feminine crotch.

Admiring my figure in the mirror, I saw myself with a girl's body. As the excitement continued to build in my cached organ, I found I was getting a little weak in the knees. What a thrill to look down at my chest and see natural looking mounds, or to catch my reflection out of the corner of my eye and image a sexy young woman's body in my mind.

With trembling hands, I put on one of my mother's sweaters and a very short skirt that showed the better part of my shapely thighs. The sweater hugged my body like a second skin showing off every curve, swell and nub, highlighting my new breasts and large nipples, while the skirt flared at the hips, giving me a fully feminine figure.

A little pink lipstick made my lips so moist and smooth. Along with some eyeshadow and mascara

that darkened and lengthened my eyelashes, the lipstick made me look very girlish.

As a final touch, I put on my mother's blond wig. It hung down to my shoulders and swept across my face in long feminine waves.

The total effect was overwhelming. A pretty girl stared back at me from the mirror---I looked and felt like a young woman. Yet, I could barely stand up---I felt so girlish and was so overwhelmed by the arousal that was sweeping my body. Again, I lay down on the bed to calm myself, but I couldn't help running my hands over my new girlish curves. Everything just seemed right with the world, I knew this was how I was meant to be.

I even closed my eyes and pretended that my hands were those of cute guy eagerly discovering the pleasurable form of his girlfriend's body. Needless to say, it took quite a while for me to relax and fully compose myself.

Enthralled with my feminine transformation, I so wanted to share it with someone. After some thought, I called Sally and asked her to come over.

"Oh! Is that really you, Jason?" she squealed as I opened the front door. "You look like a girl, so pretty and feminine! Why, I can't see any boyishness in you at all. I always knew you could be girlishly beautiful!"

I swore Sally to secrecy---she was one I could trust with my most private desires. I told her how I'd always wanted to be a girl, how I hoped to become as feminine as possible, and that I actually wanted to physically change myself from a boy into a girl, if I could. I explained how I loved dressing up as a girl---this was the first time I'd gone so far as to put on makeup and a wig---and that someday such experiences would help me live as a woman.

The concept of my turning into a girl was exciting and intriguing to Sally, and she said she would do anything possible to help me with the process.

She had me take off my wig, and she ran her fingers through my locks. "Your natural hair has such potential!" she said. "If you let it grow, and shampoo it and brush it regularly, it will look very feminine---particularly around such a pretty face."

As to my makeup, she noted that my facial features were so fine and innately feminine that I needed only slight touches of cosmetics. She said that I should be careful not to overdo it.

She eyed what looked like real breasts under my sweater, and had me take off the sweater and skirt. Her eyes popped as she examined my girlish chest and saw the areolae and nipple nubs through the fabric of the slip. When I showed her what I had done, she joked that my "breasts" were larger than her still-developing bust.

Sally removed her dress and her training bra and showed me her own swollen pink nipples that had a fair amount of flesh expanding behind them.

"You are so lucky to have such big nipples," I told her, "I envy you. I wish my breasts would really start to grow like yours are."

She asked if I would like to feel her "titties," as she liked to call them, and I did. Her nipples firmed as soon as I touched them, and her whole body shivered in response as I cupped her small breasts with my hands. Feeling her hard nipples and soft mounds against my fingers strongly aroused me, but my boyish parts were made harmless and hidden by their tight confinement. As a result, my pantied girlish crotch just rubbed flatly against her pantied crotch, as we hugged.

As Sally stepped back, a little startled, she stared at the girlish fit of my panties. "You know, for a boy, your hips are little too broad, but for a girl, they're about right," she noted, "but what happened to your ... , you know ..., your thing? Why, with those pantyhose and panties, you look just as girlish as I do, and I'm a girl! What'd you do?"

Having relaxed, I showed Sally how I pushed my maleness into my body and back between my legs, with everything flattened and held in place by tight panties.

She helped me get dressed again, and we spent the balance of the day just being girl friends, talking about clothes and boys. Sally mentioned some of the boys in school that she liked, and told me how cute she thought my friend Jeff was, I agreed, and we giggled together.

That night, I slept in a sheer gown, wearing nothing other than my panties, rubber breasts and wig. The long hair tickled my shoulders, but I would have to get used to that if I were to let my own hair grow as long as I wanted.

In the morning I awoke looking like a pretty girl. What a thrill to see the shadowy shape of a girl's breasts and nipples tenting the front of the nightie! I couldn't help running my hands over my girlish body again, wishing that all the curves and flat crotch were real.

With Mom coming home that afternoon, I spent the morning cleaning up and putting all the female clothes and items back where they belonged. I don't think she ever knew what went on that weekend.

After that, when I went over to Sally's house, I got a fair amount of practice dressing as a girl. Sally's parents also were rarely around, and she often would let me try on some of her clothes---even fully dress up on occasion.

THE BIKINI

One hot Saturday afternoon, a couple of years after I had revealed my sex-change desires to Sally, I asked both her and Jeff over to watch a video. We were then juniors in high school, and we got together regularly on Saturday afternoons to watch a new-release video.

Sally arrived first, and joined me on the sofa, where we chatted. As I looked at her, I couldn't help

but be jealous of the full and well proportioned breasts that caused her baby-blue halter-top to tent out so magnificently. I told her how great she looked, and she told me proudly of her recent advancement from an A- to a B-cup bra. "Wait until you see me in one of my new bikinis!" she grinned.

Framing her bare midriff, Sally also wore a pair of very brief white shorts that tightly fit every curve of her waist, hips and fanny. Her legs were nicely tanned---she didn't need stockings---and she wore simple low-heeled white sandals.

Then Jeff arrived and squeezed in between us on the sofa. Since we were crowded, he put his arms back behind us, and Sally and I leaned against him as the movie started. Jeff never seemed to mind this arrangement, and I often felt a very strange but pleasant tingling in my tummy as I relaxed against his hard, masculine body.

Jeff, too, had matured in recent years. He stood about six feet, was strong and muscular, but slim, with broad shoulders and a small, tight rear end. He had dark brown hair and brown eyes, and his body was quite hairy. He, also had developed the deep voice of a mature young man.

That afternoon, he wore a tight T-shirt that highlighted the shape of his broad pectoral muscles and showed off his impressive biceps and triceps. His cut-off jeans exposed his very muscular and very hairy legs. I, too, was wearing a T-shirt and cut-offs, and Jeff's hairy legs kept tickling mine, while we sat so close to each other.

In contrast to Jeff, I was a late developer. Instead of Jeff's V-shape, I was more pear-shaped, 5' 8" and still skinny, with a soft body---not at all muscular. I had narrow shoulders, a little boyish fat still on my chest and a slightly rounded bottom and tummy. My hips remained a bit too broad for a guy.

I was distressed to find that my voice was deepening and that male body hair was growing on my

face, chest, legs and arms. On the happier side, I had taken good care of my light-brown hair, and it was beautifully feminine.

I'd let it grow very long and had not had a trim in over six months. With regular shampooing, conditioning and heavy brushing, it really was quite impressive.

Although it hung below my shoulders and looked very girl-like when it was brushed out, most of the time I kept it tied back in a pony tail. That style was not particularly masculine, but there were other boys around school with long hair who also wore pony tails. None of them, however, had hair as long or as pretty as mine.

My mother gave me a tough time, telling me that my hair was too long for a boy, that it made me look like a girl. Although she kept pushing me to get a haircut---or at least a trim---every month or so, I just told her that it was the way I liked it and ignored her requests.

As we sat around after the flick, I couldn't stop looking at Sally's smooth legs. I mentioned that I wished I didn't have all the body hair that was developing. I much preferred smooth, clean and unblemished skin. Sally understood, adding that she, too, had some hair on her legs, but that she had kept her gams smooth and sexy by waxing them.

"I'd love to wax your legs and chest for you," she cooed. "You know, Jason, your legs could be just as soft and silky smooth as mine. You have to repeat the process every month or two, but it is very effective."

I immediately accepted her offer.

"How about you, Jeff? You could have smooth legs, too!" she continued, with a twinkle in her eye.

Jeff just shook his head. "No thanks!" he grumbled. "I happen to like my body hair." Then, with a quizzical look, he said to me, "I just don't understand you, Jason. Why would you want to have soft hair-

less legs like a girl?"

Sally gave me a wink and distracted us from Jeff's query by offering, "Would you guys like to feel how smooth my legs are?"

Jeff and I took immediate interest. He slowly ran his hand up Sally's leg and inside her thigh, all the way up to her short shorts. His large hand rested there for a moment, as they looked into each other's eyes. I could sense a rising level of sexual tension between them. Jeff showed a noticeable swelling at his crotch, and Sally was beginning to breathe a little heavily.

I ran my hand over Sally's leg, too, and imagined that my legs soon would be soft like hers. I tried to envision what it would be like to have a boy run his hands up my hairless legs, and that thought began to arouse me.

Jeff, however, broke up my daydream when he offered to drive Sally home. She accepted, and I noticed that Jeff's arm was around Sally's bare waist as they walked out the door.

The next day, Sunday, was another hot Spring day, and I went over to Sally's house early. I stripped to my undershorts for the waxing. She spread warm wax in small sections on my chest, legs, arms and face, removing each patch with a cloth that stuck to the wax. The hairs pulled off with the wax, and, in about two hours, my body was smooth and free of all male hair growth.

Then Sally suggested that she do under my arms and that she trim and shape my pubic hair. She said that it would make me look more feminine, and, that if I wanted to, I could try on one of her new bikinis afterwards.

"Then we can go out to the pool and sun and swim for a while," she added with a knowing smile.

I excitedly acquiesced.

So, she removed the hair under my arms, and shaped my pubic hair so that it covered a smaller

area and looked very petite and very feminine. She gave me a bikini bottom to put on and told me to fix my front, which I did, caching my boyish parts. Although the bikini bottom was skimpy, it fully covered my dainty patch of hair, and it was tight enough to hold everything in place.

As I hooked the bikini top behind my back, I noted that the cups had underwire support and were padded. Sally helped me push a little of my chest flesh into the cups, and all of a sudden I had small breasts. The effect was so thrilling, I almost lost my breath and had to sit down for a minute.

I got up and looked in the mirror and was mesmerized by the vision of a nearly naked girl---a somewhat underdeveloped girl---but a girl nonetheless.

I had a pretty face, a smooth and hairless body, small breasts, a soft tummy, big hips and nothing masculine between my thighs. Further, my legs were relatively long and shapely.

Then I let down and brushed out my long girlish hair. The strong sun would help to bleach it towards a lighter shade of brown, perhaps almost to a shade of blond.

Sally had blue eyes and long blond hair that fell just short of her shoulders. "I'm just so jealous of your beautiful hair, Jason," she exclaimed, putting on her bikini.

She looked great in the bathing suit, being so well endowed. Her breasts showed good cleavage, and the bikini bottom support strings rode high on her broad hips. My hips were bigger than my waist, but nothing like Sally's proportions.

We headed out to the pool. It was fenced in and there was no one around. Anyone who might see us would just see two girls sunbathing.

After we put suntan lotion on each other, Sally asked if I'd help put some nail polish on her toe nails, and I did. Then she offered to put nail polish on mine, "Certainly no one will ever notice," she ex-

plained. The idea thrilled me, and I let her do it.

Several hours in the sun left us quite hot and quite sunburned, so we took a quick dip in the pool. It felt strange, but wonderful, to be swimming as a girl in a bikini. I just hoped that neither my top nor my bottom would slip off. They didn't. Then we went inside and had a couple of sodas.

We took off our bikinis, and I was about to get dressed, when Sally laughed, "Oh my! Look at yourself!"

I turned to look in the mirror and gasped. I was sunburned a beet red, but not everywhere. I was going to have girlish tanning lines! There was a triangular white patch over my crotch, and there were white areas on my chest that had been covered by my bikini bra. They had not burned and would not tan. The girlish lines seemed to accentuate the soft fatty swells on my chest and made me look like I had little breasts! Both Sally and I giggled.

"I guess I won't do much public swimming as a boy this summer," I noted with a certain sense of satisfaction. I also realized that I had to be careful when I dressed for gym class, but school would be out shortly, and I was not too concerned.

As I stood there naked, I released my unwanted appendage from its confinement. Much to my embarrassment, it showed immediate arousal in response to my day as a bikini-clad guy. I quickly put on my undershorts.

Sally came over and gave me a soft sensual kiss

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and hug. "Don't worry, Honey," she soothed, "we'll somehow find a way to make more of a girl of you."

She wasn't helping much, though. As our soft bodies came together, I felt her firm breasts flatten against my now hairless chest. I also noted a particular surge of excitement as we rubbed our silky smooth legs against each other. My arousal was not about to disappear.

"You know, for a boy, you're not badly endowed," she said in a very flirting way. "Let's see what we can do to relieve your problem."

With that, we retired to Sally's bed and made love as boy and girl. Such was my first time, and the sensations were incredible. I know this sounds strange, but I fantasized that Sally was a boy and I was a girl. I pretended that my manly sensations were inverted, that I was instead feeling a young man penetrating my womanhood.

Afterwards, we lay with each other, necking and cuddling for an hour or so. Sally kept kissing my boyish nipples, which gave me strange arousals deep in my body, while I kissed and softly stroked her well-formed breasts, wishing that my chest was so well developed.

I took a long hot shower when I got home, exploring my smooth hairless body. I found I was able to wash my body much more quickly without all that body hair. What was gained in time there, however, was happily lost in the time shampooing and conditioning my girlish mane.

That evening, I lay in bed dreaming about my soft hairless body, girlish tan lines, long blonding hair and polished toe nails. I so wanted to develop feminine curves and to be able to function fully as a girl. Little did I know that shortly I would begin to realize my wish.

HORMONE PILLS RESHAPE MY BODY

That next week, my mother told me that she had

seen a doctor for “female” problems. It turned out that she was going through menopause, and her physician had prescribed female hormones to help maintain her femininity--- to prevent growth of facial hair and a deepening voice.

The doctor had written prescriptions, but he also had called them in to our regular pharmacy. I took the extra written prescriptions to another drug store and had them filled “for my mother.”

If those pills meant keeping my mother feminine, they might make me feminine. I had to have them, and I took a purple pill and a white tablet each day, as prescribed. Notices supplied with pills warned that accompanying high doses of vitamin-C would heavily intensify the effects of the hormones. So I began taking mega-doses of vitamin-C and became an avid drinker of orange juice. I would keep getting the hormone prescriptions refilled “for my mother” in the months that followed.

At the next Saturday afternoon’s video showing with Sally and Jeff, Jeff noticed my hairless legs and commented, “Gee, Jason, I see you weren’t kidding about having your body hair removed. Your legs are smooth and soft, and so nicely tanned!

“You’ve got great girlish legs, for a guy!” He kidded, as he ran his hand along my naked thigh. I felt tingly.

I kept checking my body, my breasts, my nipples, looking for some sign of girlish change resulting from the hormones. Nothing seemed to be happening.

About ten days after starting the hormones, though, I got very sick. For a week or so I couldn’t keep much food down. I stayed home from school, in bed and slept.

I noticed that my nipples had begun to feel sensitive and had hardened a little, standing out where they once had been pretty flat. Although, I began to feel better, I was noticeably weaker and softer than before, while the sensations in my nipples continued

to intensify. I was also beginning to put on a little weight.

I started to exercise regularly, to regain some strength and also to whittle down my waist a bit.

Over the next two months, my nipples grew significantly, to about an inch and a half in diameter, and they pushed out of my chest about half an inch, with nubs about the size of the tip of my pinkie. My puffy little pink mounds were erect almost all the time and so sensitive to touch. Even more exciting, they also were backed by a noticeable new swelling of soft flesh.

When in the shower, I found that I could get strongly aroused in a boyish way by playing with and massaging my increasingly feminine nipples. Such massaging also generated a pleasant warmth in my breasts and abdomen.

With the extended nipples now in a near-constant state of erection, they pressed and rubbed almost continuously against my undershirt, offering frequent reminders that my body was changing. My dreams were being realized, I had started to grow breasts---to turn into a girl---and that reality dominated my thoughts and fantasies.

I went over to Sally's almost daily, once school was out, and we sat at the pool in our bikinis, developing deep tans and more noticeable bikini tan lines. My hair coloring lightened with the sun and now was largely blond.

One afternoon, I mentioned to Sally that there had been some regrowth of hair that she had waxed, although it was less than before and seemed somewhat finer in texture. She took me inside and began melting her wax.

She waxed the hair as before, but when she got to my chest, she exclaimed, "Ooh! You have such big nipples! How come I didn't notice them before?"

She tweaked one, which sent a shiver down my spine and arousal into my cached boyishness. My

girlish crotch, however, showed no change, since my unwanted appendage remained so tightly constrained.

"It looks like wearing a bikini top has made your chest a little fleshier, Jason," she noted.

Though tempted to tell her what was happening, I didn't, and I left for home before she could raise too many more questions.

I kept taking the hormone pills and vitamins every night, before going to sleep, and by early summer, the hormones were having very noticeable effects. Simply put, I had developed small breasts. The swelling flesh and nipples stuck out of my chest about two inches. Though somewhat conical in shape, the flesh was beginning to round out into breasts, and the nipples were still disproportionately large and constantly erect. Although my breasts were far from fully developed, anyone looking at my naked chest would have no question that I was a developing teenaged girl with promise of further substantial breast growth ahead of her.

My voice also had risen some in pitch, losing its early signs of deepening, and I noticed that my hips were spreading and my fanny was getting much fleshier and rounder. Body hair growth was much reduced, and what remained was mostly on my legs.

My boyish parts were shrinking, however, as my unwanted maleness seemed to be wasting away. No matter how hard I tried, I just could not attain the same size and firmness I once had been able to reach. In fact, I now found it easier and much more pleasurable to arouse myself by softly stroking my new girlish nipples.

In any event, with the swelling in my chest and hips, I was filling out the bikini much more fully, both in the top and the bottom. I now had noticeable cleavage, and my hard nipples could be seen pushing out the fabric in the bikini bra. The strings holding up the bottom rode higher and hung from much

better defined hips. My slim waist proved a striking offset to my swelling breasts and fanny.

With all my exercise, my waist had narrowed and tightened up, but it was not muscular---instead it still looked soft and rounded.

While I had become heavily feminized, the incremental daily emasculation was so minor that Sally really hadn't noticed much, or at least she didn't say anything until it was time again for her waxing services.

As I stripped, she looked at my chest. "You are developing little titties!" she squealed. "I thought I'd seen some swelling on your chest. What's going on?"

She knew that I wanted to be a girl. I told her that I just had to have my own breasts, and that I'd started taking female hormones in hopes of becoming more girl-like. My breasts and body were developing female characteristics because of the hormone pills.

She was thrilled by the amount of development, and told me that I was very pretty and was becoming quite sexy, that I indeed would be a beautiful girl. She reaffirmed that she wanted to help me in any way that she could.

"You have to be careful, though," she said, staring at my budding breasts, "people are going to start noticing your feminine chest. You're going to get some comments. What does your mother say?"

"She doesn't know," I explained.

"Well, she sure will soon," answered Sally, "unless you do something to hide it. How about wearing my old training bras? They'll hold you flat, at least for a while."

"That's a great idea!" I responded excitedly. "Not only will wearing a training bra help hide my swelling mounds, but it also will get me into the routine of wearing a bra every day, as most other girls do."

Sally went ahead with the waxing, removing any laggard male hair growth on my effeminized body. After the waxing, she took off her bikini and we

began comparing our girlish forms.

She showed me her fully rounded breasts and large nipples, that also were still growing. Naturally, her development was much greater than mine. She pulled out a tape measure and measured my chest, waist and hips at a non-boyish 34-26-32. I measured hers at 36-23-35, it would be interesting to compare notes as my emasculation took an ever greater toll on my boyishness.

"What name are you going to use as a girl?" she queried.

"I've always liked Vanessa," I told her.

"I like it, too," she said.

"Let's go over to my bed, Vanessa," she suggested, looking expectantly into my eyes. We lay down, and she ran her fingers through my long hair and kissed me softly on my lips. Her hands explored all over my soft hairless body and sensuous girlish curves. The awakening female body sensations were incredible, and my aroused femininity stirred some life in my remaining manhood.

Suddenly, I heard a gasp as Sally reached between my legs. "My goodness!" she exclaimed. "You're much smaller and more girl-like since we last did this!"

"It seems that the more my breasts grow, the more my manhood shrinks," I grinned, "and I hope to grow very big breasts!"

In fact, my emasculated organ had been so flooded with girlish signals from the hormone pills, it no longer could perform its natural function. So, Sally and I enjoyed each other's body as though we were two girls, and I began to experience life from a new and different angle.

"You're body's becoming so feminine, Vanessa! I'm not sure if I just made love to a girl or boy," Sally cooed.

Again, we lay in bed for a while, kissing and feeling each other's girlish curves and smooth femi-

nine flesh.

When we got up, Sally gave me my own first bra. My chest and breasts were the same size she had been just a year or so before. The bra fit perfectly and flattened out my pointed nipples. When I was dressed, however, it still showed through my shirt. Rather than having everything hidden, I now looked like a girl wearing a training bra.

Sally suggested that I start wearing loose fitting sweatshirts to hide both my development and the bra. "You know, at the rate you're developing, you'll be as big as me soon," she noted.

As I imagined such, my heretofore flaccid maleness began to show a little renewed life.

"What are we going to do about that?" she asked, as she noticed the slight bulge in my crotch. "That occasional swelling of yours has to be permanently eradicated if you're going to live as a girl," she exclaimed. "Why not wear panties all the time and put your undesirables into constant constraint? Doing so might even help speed your feminization!"

Sally gave me several sets of tight panties to wear, and we decided that I'd start wearing baggy trousers, too, to mask my flat feminized genitalia and any panty lines.

I GET KISSED AS A GIRL

With my long hair, smooth hairless body, developing breasts, swelling hips and feminized crotch, I looked like a girl even before I put on my bra and panties in the morning. I had gotten so, that with a minor and now fully unconscious squeezing together of the upper thighs, I could comfortably hold my increasingly feminized appendage back between my legs, even without wearing panties.

So I kept my feminine front in place at all times except when I had to relieve myself, which of course I did sitting down. The pace of my boy-to-girl transformation was thrillingly rapid, and it was acceler-

ating.

Sally measured me and checked my development regularly. By the end of the month, I had put on another inch in the breasts, an inch on the hips and had lost an inch in the waist. My breasts were getting fleshier and rounding out more, daily, and that made it increasingly difficult to hide my curves.

My breasts tried to burst from the constraints of the training bra, my hips were too tight in my "loose" fitting trousers and my trouser waist was too loose. All this still was reasonably well hidden by my oversized sweatshirt, yet a stiff breeze or someone brushing by me would expose some surprisingly girlish curves.

My appendage had shriveled to even more girlish proportions, about the size of my index finger. It would only get firm now, never hard, when aroused, and when and if there ever was a penile climax, the ejaculate was minimal and almost like water.

One morning, after I'd put on "my" bikini over at Sally's house, Sally told me she had a surprise.

"My cousin, Brad, is visiting this weekend, and he is going to sun and swim with us today," she revealed.

"I can't sit around a boy while I'm in this bikini!" I flustered.

"Sure you can," she countered. "You look like a beautiful girl. He'll never know the difference, and, besides, you ought to get to know a boy as a girl. I've already told him that my friend Vanessa is coming over."

"But I'm not ready, I need some makeup," I protested, as I brushed out my long hair.

"Here!" she said, as she helped me put on some light-pink lipstick and mascara. "With your figure and looks, he'll see only a girl. Don't worry!"

"Alright," I said hesitantly, and we headed outside. I double checked myself in the mirror to make sure that all signs of my true sex were hidden, and I adjusted my top to show maximum cleavage.

Brad was one good looking boy. I couldn't help myself---I was a girlish guy finding myself strongly and impulsively attracted to a very masculine young man.

He had to be over six feet and was very muscular and tanned. Along with a broad flat chest, slim waist and hips, and very strong arms and legs, he had blond hair and blue eyes like Sally and an infectious smile.

His face brightened as we neared. I could see his eyes rove from my breasts, to my waist, to my crotch, to my long hair and pretty face, and then back to my breasts and flat feminine crotch.

I felt my nipples go into full erection, and I blushed in response to his gaze. Yet, strangely, I also could almost feel my shrunken maleness shrivel further, trying to pull up into my body.

Sally went inside to fix some snacks. I don't know what happened to her, for she disappeared for quite a while as I got to know Brad.

Despite efforts to calm myself, I felt a strong physical attraction to Brad. I'd never felt so aroused by a guy, although I guess I'd always had some girlish feelings towards Jeff. Now, here I was wearing a bikini, looking like a sexy girl, trying to arouse the masculine instincts of a really cute guy.

In recent weeks, I'd increasingly found myself eyeing certain boys and wondering what it would be like to be with them as a girl. Some guys even eyed me back, despite my camouflage, and I began playing games with myself, trying to guess how substantial their masculine assets might be. I guessed Brad's assets were substantial.

Brad asked me to rub suntan lotion on him, which I was pleased and very excited to do. I started on his broad back and ended on his hairy chest and broad pectoral muscles. When I rubbed his stomach muscles, they even rippled!

I had never touched another boy's body like that,

and I was getting aroused, although I was trying strongly not to. Fortunately, my boyish apparatus was so contained and feminized that no reaction could be seen or had.

I could see that my massage had aroused Brad as well, and I asked him to rub lotion on me, too.

He started on my back and narrow shoulders, working his way down to my slim waist and broad fanny. He continued down my soft and shapely legs. I was aroused all over, excited to the point of almost doing something I shouldn't do, but I turned over and took a deep breath.

He resumed spreading the lotion down at my toes, and his large but gentle hands worked their way up my smooth legs and inner thighs, all the way up to my cached maleness. Then he massaged my tight but rounded tummy and moved up towards my shapely bust.

We both were breathing heavily as he reached my breasts. I let him rub them softly, as I guided his hands under the bra top. I felt his fingers encase my breasts and nipples, while he kissed me on the mouth, thrusting his tongue deep inside. I felt helpless and overwhelmed as this virile young man explored my emasculated body.

I'd never been kissed by a boy before, and waves of arousal were flowing through my abdomen. The sensation was extra delicious as his tender lips kissed the smooth softness of my lipsticked lips.

I gave into a very strong impulse of the moment and put my arms around him, pulling him close to me, flattening my soft, aroused breasts against his muscular chest.

I instinctively rubbed my crotch against his pelvis and felt his aroused manhood pushing back from under his trunks. I could tell that he was massively large, much bigger than I had ever been. I found it increasingly difficult to control myself at that point, as waves of ecstasy overwhelmed my senses.

Responding to my excitement, Brad's hand moved down my body towards my bikini bottom. His fingers got into my pubic hair before I reached his hand and pulled it back up to my breasts. He'd almost discovered that I was a boy! The near-miss thrilled me in a way.

He went back to massaging and kissing my breasts, as I massaged and kissed his super-masculine body. I broke loose and suggested we go for a swim to cool off.

When Sally returned with refreshments, we were in the pool kissing and embracing each other's scantily clad bodies. She just couldn't stop grinning as she watched us.

Later, we finally cooled down and talked. Brad explained that he was moving into town in the Fall, attending a local community college as a freshman. We promised to see each other again. Then we necked for while longer. I just couldn't get enough of his kissing---it aroused me so and made me feel so much like a girl. Finally, Brad and I gave each other one long final passionate kiss goodbye.

Sally and I went into her house to change. She giggled in my ear, "See! I told you you could handle being a girl, and you played the part so naturally! You sure got Brad all hot and flustered. He looks at you as though he's fallen in love. If only he knew that he's been feeling the girlish breasts of a guy!"

"It seemed so natural, Sally. I felt so much like a girl with him, my feminine instincts just took control," I explained. "I'm so excited that I still tingle inside!"

We began to change clothes, and Sally came over and gave me a deeply arousing kiss. What a sensation of lipstick on lipstick! Our breasts pushed softly against each other as Sally whispered, "And you are such a sexy boy-girl that you make me tingle inside!"

I was still excited from Brad, and now even further aroused as my naked feminized body pressed

against Sally's. I couldn't respond to Sally as a guy, though. All I could do was rub my flat girlish crotch against hers.

I left for home, still very much excited, but frustrated and very confused. I was a guy who was turning into a girl---I now thought of myself as more girl than boy. As a girl, I found that I really was turned-on by masculine guys. I also found out that, as a girl, I was turned-on by pretty girls. Still I couldn't function fully as a girl or boy with anyone. Feeling frustrated and vulnerable, I continued to feel tingly inside as I thought of my girlish bodily changes and just wished that I could remove all remaining vestiges of ever having been a male.

JEFF NOTICES CHANGES IN MY BODY

Jeff called me that night to see if I wanted to go for a pizza and a movie. I dressed in my usual loose fitting camouflage, still highly aroused from my afternoon with Brad and Sally.

After we were seated in the theater, I got up to go get some popcorn, and had to climb over Jeff. He stood up so I could pass, but my fleshy rear still rubbed against his front as I squeezed by.

The boy at the snack counter was kind of cute, and called me "Miss" when I ordered the popcorn. He winked at me as I left, and I could feel myself blush. I smiled at him and winked back. Recently, people had been mistaking me for a girl with increasing regularity, even though I was wearing my camouflage.

When I got back to our seats, I again had to squeeze by Jeff. This time I felt his hand slide over my hip, feeling a little bit of my fanny. Later, as Jeff reached over to grab some popcorn, his arm brushed against my left breast, which sent a tingling alarm throughout my body. He seemed a little startled---quickly withdrawing his arm---but didn't say anything.

When he reached for popcorn later, his hand brushed my breast, but perhaps not so accidentally, as it lingered a second, cupping my bra-enclosed breast and large erect nipple. Again, he didn't say anything, but I was beginning to get all tingly again.

Jeff drove me home, and got out of the car to open my door, which he had never done before. He said good night, standing very close to me. As I looked up into his eyes, I could feel an animal magnetism drawing us together; I was horny as all get out and wanted to embrace him, but he had to make the first move. I so hoped he would draw me into his arms and kiss my soft lips.

My nipples and breasts were pushing to get free of their confines, awaiting his delicate touch.

As a heavily emasculated guy with nicely developing breasts, rounded tummy and broad hips, I was attracted to Jeff, as a woman was to a man. I lingered, but Jeff backed off. Still, he gave me a pat on the fanny as I turned, and he looked at me with a strange smile as we parted.

While undressing that night, I softly stroked my girlish breasts. I still had not gotten used to them, and often was surprised myself when they bumped into something, or even when they brushed against my own arms. They dominated my chest when I showered, and whenever I held anything to my chest, I now felt it through my breasts. They were a big presence in my changing life. I had to be careful, though. Jeff had touched one of my breasts, but didn't say anything. Did he know what was going on? I hadn't thought so, but that might be changing.

I lay in bed that night, exploring my increasingly girlish body, feeling my smooth hairless skin, massaging my own breasts and nipples. I finally brought my feminine arousals to an ecstatic crescendo, as I fantasized about my relationships with Brad, Jeff and Sally.

PERMANENT SIDE EFFECTS

The next weekend, when I went over to Sally's, she showed me a bottle of large pink tablets. I asked her what they were. She explained that her father had brought them back from South Korea for her mother. Once taken, they caused a woman's breasts to enlarge overnight. They were some kind of a super-hormone, but their effects only lasted for twenty-four hours.

My mother was headed out of town for several days, so I asked Sally if she wanted to spend a day or two at my house and bring along some of the pills. It would be fun for both of us to try them. She showed up that night, with a bottle of pills and a suitcase full of lingerie, clothing and other items.

"Let's take a bath and wash our hair before going to bed," she suggested. We took a long hot bubble bath together in the large old-fashioned tub, washing each other's body. Then we shampooed our hair. She helped put my hair up in curlers, and I did the same with her.

"We'll comb each other's hair out in the morning," she explained. "You've been wearing your hair straight. Just wait till you see it with large soft curls!"

Putting on a sheer nightgown was sexually exciting. Now I knew what titillating really meant, as cool smooth fabric slid over my hypersensitive nipples. My fading manliness remained firmly tucked away.

Somewhat to my disappointment, the fronts on both our nightgowns were too loose. "That's what the pills are for!" Sally giggled. She took a pill and handed me the bottle.

It had a warning label on it:

WARNING: NOT TO BE USED BY MEN. DANGER OF PERMANENTLY ENHANCED SECONDARY FEMALE SEXUAL CHARACTERISTICS AND PERMANENT DAMAGE TO PRIMARY AND SECONDARY

MALE CHARACTERISTICS.

I took two pills, figuring I needed more development than she did, but I didn't tell Sally what I had done.

We sat on the bed and watched TV for while. After about half-an-hour, I began to feel a little pressure in my breasts. Sally said she was feeling pressure in her breasts, too. Looking closely at our mammaries, my nipples were fully erect and larger than I remembered them, and we both could see added swelling in each of our breasts. I was feeling crampy, however, in my lower abdomen.

Suddenly becoming extremely sleepy, we fell asleep in each other's arms and slept through the night until late the next morning.

For the first time I remember, I dreamed that night as a girl---not that I was a boy trying to be a girl---but I was just a girl having a dream. I was a young mother, and my baby was starting to breast feed on my nipple. ... I was startled awake, as I felt Sally's warm moist lips sucking on one of my nipples.

My chest was heavy with a full feeling, and as I rolled over to turn on a light, I felt my enlarged breasts swinging along with me. We both gasped. The pills had worked!

Sally had gone from a B-cup to a D-cup and was gorgeous, while my budding breasts had swollen overnight to fully mature orbs, at least a C-cup, tightening the top on my gown. We pulled our nighties up over our swollen chests so as to explore our new bodies.

The super-hormone had had other emasculating effects on me as well. My hips had noticeably expanded, my waist was slimmer and my unwanted appendage had shriveled to the size of my pinkie. A small hollow had opened up around it, and the remnant male organ largely had recessed into the small hole. The loose flesh of my scrotum that once had held my testes seemed to be folding and pulling into

my body.

Wearing panties all the time with the testes pushed up into my body, combined with the hormones, had taken its toll. Even before the male-organ recession, the testes already were remaining inside my body, although I'd tried to push them out. Now they just seemed to have disappeared entirely.

As I felt around my miniaturized maleness, I found that it still firmed a little bit, but only enough to tip out of the strange new hole. For all appearances, I now had the body of a woman. Sally's body also had become more womanly, but my body now was just as feminine hers!

"Let's get rid of these curlers!" Sally urged.

We quickly removed our curlers and brushed out each other's hair. My hair had continued to grow, and now cascaded down well over my shoulders in very large feminine curls. My long hair beautifully framed my pretty face, and it tickled my breasts as it brushed past my nipples. With a little toss of my head, though, I was able to swing the hair back behind my shoulders.

Sally and I stood next to each other in front of the big mirror, admiring each other's enhanced girliness. All I could see were two naked sexy women, and I was the prettier of the two!

With the increased weight in my breasts, I had to stand with my pelvis thrust forward girlishly in order to keep my body in natural balance. I also had a new, more womanly sway to my hips when I walked.

Excited and giggling, Sally and I innocently went to hug each other, but our nipples brushed and sent shocks of feminine arousal throughout our bodies. We embraced, and I felt Sally's warm soft breasts push into mine. Although the nubs on my large nipples had been flat, all of a sudden they stood at attention, almost the size of thimbles.

How strange that my nipples had become my most

prominent erectile organs----oh my body had changed so nicely!

I got into bed and under the sheet. Lying on my back, I couldn't get over how the sheet tented over my breasts. Those twin feminine peaks of soft sensitive flesh were actually mine, and they were much larger than the old falsies I'd once worn.

Sally joined me in bed and moved her naked body up against mine. Our silky smooth legs slid by each other, which sent new waves of ecstasy flowing through my tummy. We luxuriated in each other's femininity well into the early evening, as she taught me how two girls could make love to each other.

When we finally cooled off and relaxed, Sally commented, "Face it, you're no longer a guy, Jason. You have little maleness that I can find. What's there is so small and girlish, why I really thought I was feeling a girl when I massaged your former manhood. You just can no longer function as a man; you've indeed become Vanessa!"

Later, we showered and dressed in blouses and skirts that Sally had brought with her, but we had to go braless, because none of our bras fit! What a sensation as the soft blouse material kept sliding across my nipples!

I didn't have to hide anything with my panties, for, as Sally had noted, there basically was nothing to hide, and since we both had soft, hairless, shapely and well tanned legs, we decided against wearing stockings. We did put on high-heeled sandals, though, and that added further shape to our calves.

Then Sally helped me with a little lipstick and mascara, and the transformation was complete.

She stared at me and exclaimed, "You realize that you can't keep hiding your femininity forever. You look like a girl, and you sound like a girl. In fact, you are a very pretty girl! Let's ask Jeff over and let him see you."

"I'm not so sure about that," I replied. "Suppose

he's uncomfortable with my feminization?"

"Don't worry!" she assured. "Jeff is your good friend. He even asked me the other day what was happening to you. He said that it looked like you were growing breasts, and he thought you were wearing a bra and panties the other night at the movies. He's wondering what's going on, and he wants to help."

So I gave Jeff a call and asked him over to watch a video. He said he'd be over in about an hour. Then I asked Sally to give me some time alone with Jeff, that I wanted to handle my feminine coming out with him in my own way. Sally obligingly went home for a while.

I quickly took off my makeup, but I left my hair combed out. I put on my usual baggy sweatshirt, loose trousers, and constraining training bra, and I made sure that I wore the briefest and prettiest of silk panties. I dimmed the lights and awaited for Jeff's arrival.

"Hi, Jason," Jeff greeted. Then, as he looked at me, he exclaimed, "Boy, your hair sure is nice! Did you know that it really makes you look like a pretty girl?" He looked very confused.

"I hate to say this, friend," he continued softly, "but you look so pretty that if you were a girl, you'd really turn me on as a guy!"

What an opening! The tingling inside my body was intensifying. My heart began to race as I revealed to him in my softest, most-feminine voice, "But Jeff, I am a girl!"

Jeff stood there dumbfounded as I pulled the sweatshirt over my head. I undid my constraining bra, slowly allowing my large breasts to fall out of their cups. Then I removed my baggy pants showing my full curvaceous body and flat pantied girlish crotch.

"J-J-Jason!" he cried, with his eyes popping, "What's happened to you! Why, you have a girl's

body!"

I took his hand and gently placed it on my chest, so that he could feel the warm soft flesh of my breasts and the erection of my nipples. Then I guided his hand down to my narrow waist, broad hips and finally to my soft hairless legs.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "You're beautiful!"

I gave him a girlish smile and giggle and then turned around for him. As I did so, my breasts swayed, and I could see his eyes following them. I also noticed a swelling in Jeff's trousers.

"These breasts are real!" I boasted.

"What's happened!?" Jeff asked again, almost pleading.

So I told him how I'd always wanted to be a girl, and now, thanks to female hormone pills, I had become very much like one.

He looked at my flat crotch and asked what I'd done with my maleness. I assured him that it was there, but it was very small and seemed useless at the moment. I hoped that someday I could have surgery that would transform what I had into female genitalia, so that I could function fully as a woman.

"Those breasts can't be real!" he countered.

"They sure are!" I promised. "Just look at me, look at my body!"

There standing in front of Jeff was a guy who for all intents and purposes had developed into a beautiful, slender, but shapely woman. He had a pretty face, long blond hair that fell discretely in front of his girlish chest and enlarged nipples. Then he tossed his hair back behind his shoulders with a feminine flick of his head. His big breasts were full soft hemispheres that stood out firmly and showed significant cleavage. He had a narrow waist and feminine tummy that flared into broad hips, and he looked like a girl between his thighs. His legs were proportionately long and shapely, his deep body tan was contrasted by very girlish tan lines, and he was

I.

“Jason, you’ve always been somewhat effeminate, but now you look like a centerfold girl,” Jeff exclaimed, with his eyes still popping.

I flushed with excitement at the complement.

“I still don’t believe those tits!” he said anew, as he stared at them. “Would it be O.K. if I touched them again?”

“Sure,” I giggled anxiously.

As he approached, my heart pounded. His face was flush, and I couldn’t take my eyes off his swollen crotch. His hands gently cupped my breasts, and then he began feeling around my nipples. The excitement was too much for me. I unbuttoned his shirt, and put my hands on his hard and hairy chest and tweaked his tiny nipples.

He pulled me into an embrace. I’d never realized that Jeff was so much bigger and stronger than I was. I felt so weak and helpless, but very excited. He gave me a deep, passionate kiss, as my soft breasts flattened against his hairy musculature. My body flooded with new womanly feelings and arousals, and I became intoxicated with my femaleness---almost fainting. Jeff’s hairy chest tickled me, and I shivered with delight.

His hands slipped to my rear pulling my crotch and tummy up tight against his aroused manhood, while our lips remained locked in ecstatic communication. I could tell that Jeff was very big and very excited, but things were getting too hot and moving too quickly, so I broke off our kiss.

“Why don’t you come into the bedroom with me while I dress properly. Sally’s coming over shortly and she’s going to watch the flick with us,” I explained, still with labored breathing.

“Sure, Baby,” Jeff agreed. He put his arm around me as we walked into the bedroom.

Standing in front of the mirror, I planned to redo my makeup, putting on fresh lipstick, eyeliner,

eyeshadow and mascara, dabbing a little perfume behind my ears and between my breasts, and then running a brush through my hair. As I got started, though, Jeff distracted me.

I could see him in the mirror, coming up behind me. He kissed the nape of my neck, while putting his arms around me, his hands cupping my breasts. One hand slipped across my tummy and little below to my feminine crotch, as he pulled our bodies together, passionately kissing my neck and earlobes, while his swollen manhood pressed against my fanny. I was so turned on, I again was light-headed. I felt new levels of feminine excitement, and shivered with delight to see in the mirror such masculine hands fondling such a feminine body, my body.

"Stop that!" I laughed girlishly. I turned around and gave him a long kiss. "Will you please let me finish getting dressed?" I pleaded. He stood there staring at my body, with a big stupid grin on his face, while I finished.

"How do I look?" I asked my boyfriend, as I finally completed my cosmetics. He stared at my feminized and pretty face.

All he said was, "Wow!"

Over my panties, I put on a pair of Sally's short-shorts, which snugly fit all my girlish curves from my rounded rear and broad hips to my narrow waist and flat feminine crotch.

Then I put on a brief halter top that swelled out as it held my full bosom. My already-excited nipples stuck out under the halter fabric, and the visible cleavage was impressive. The halter also left my tummy bare, and I thought my firm but soft waist and well proportioned "innie" bellybutton looked unusually sexy.

Still unable to get out particularly coherent conversation, Jeff again took me in his arms and softly kissed me. I could feel the electricity of his passion through the smooth moistness of my lipstick. I so

loved being held and kissed. With my feminine body pulled tight against his muscles, I never wanted that kiss to end.

“Hello there!” Sally shouted, as she interrupted us. “I see that you’ve gotten to know Vanessa, Jeff.”

“Isn’t she something?” Jeff said with a dazed smile on his face.

As Sally brought us back to Earth, we all went into the living room and started the video. I turned off the lights “for better viewing,” and we took our regular seats on the sofa. Instead of putting his arms behind both Sally and me, though, Jeff just put one arm behind me and his other hand on my leg. I rested my head on Jeff’s chest, with one arm behind him and the other around his lap.

Within minutes, Jeff’s hand had moved up to my breast and was softly massaging it and tweaking the nipple. At the same time, we were necking very heavily, with him thrusting his tongue deeply into my mouth.

In the background, I vaguely heard Sally hurumphing something about giving us privacy by going into the other room, but I was too distracted to pay much attention.

I just tingled and felt so warm and girlish inside. I wanted Jeff to keep kissing me for an eternity. His playing with my breasts aroused my whole feminine being, and he kept moving me to higher and higher levels of arousal.

I could tell that Jeff was very excited, too. His hand took mine and guided it down to his crotch. My level of excitement increased even further as I slid my hand into his shorts and found his large member awaiting release. He was so big! I’d never touched another boy’s maleness before, but my heart was now going a mile a minute, while my fingers gently surrounded his thick shaft and began massaging him in a way I knew would please him.

We both began breathing faster and began moan-

ing with pleasure. He brought the erotic sensations in my breasts and nipples to a climax, and I reached a sudden and unbelievable peak in my excitement, as feminine feelings flooded my body and overwhelmed my being. Jeff came to a peak at the same time.

We hugged and cuddled for a while, taking in the comfort, pleasures and excitement of our new relationship. Finally, in that it was getting late, and since Sally was waiting for me in the other room, we said goodnight. Jeff said he would call for a date later in the week. We parted only after another half hour or so of goodnight kissing and fondling.

Sally seemed on edge when I came into the bedroom. "You certainly have figured out how to handle guys as a girl," she said with a knowing look.

"Oh, I just love Jeff," I replied. "I feel so like a woman when I'm in his arms."

"I know," she confirmed, "I've slept with him. He's the most exciting boy I've ever been with."

"You're kidding! I had no idea you two had been together," I laughed.

Sally laughed, too, and we both put on our sheer nighties and got under the covers together.

"What shall we do about tomorrow?" she asked.

"Let's take another pill tonight," I giggled. She took one and I took three. We kissed and petted each other to sleep.

The next morning, I woke Sally by nibbling on her nipple. She had retained her D-cup size, but I'd developed further, also expanding to at least a D-cup.

My breasts were so heavy and full, it felt very strange to lie on my front in bed. With my appendage no longer extending out of my body, my crotch was completely flat and feminine against the bed. Yet, my breasts were so large, they were like sensuous pillows pushing against the bed and supporting my chest. We again explored the pleasures of each other's femininity before we got up.

I really was feeling funny though, and by early afternoon, the fullness in my breasts had increased to the point it was getting uncomfortable. Sally noticed wet spots on my nightie over my nipples and had me strip. I was lactating! Milk was beginning to seep out of my nipples! I guess I had gone too far in taking those extra pills. Not only did I now have mature breasts, but they also were fully functional.

Sally began to express the milk out of my mammary glands by hand. As she drained each breast, I felt intensely feminine. I fantasized that I was a mother nursing her child. I so hoped that someday I really could get pregnant and have a baby!

My stomach tightened up as Sally massaged the breasts, and I felt some cramping down around the area of my increasingly girlish genitalia.

Not too long after Sally finished, my breasts began to fill again, and we had to manually express the milk another time before my breast engorgement abated. Sally had to go home that night, and the next morning I had to get the house picked up and returned to normal, because my mother was coming home. So, we called it an early evening.

When I awoke the next morning, I phoned Sally. Her breasts had returned to their prior B-cup size. While my breasts had stopped lactating, they had only reduced to a C-cup. It looked as though I had grown permanent full breasts.

A close examination of my body suggested that my hip widening was to be permanent, too. My appendage had shortened still further, no larger than the tip of my pinkie, and it remained just along the upper edge of a somewhat larger hole, while the folding and implosion of the loose scrotal skin had begun to leave me looking like I had labia. I found that now I could fit three fingers into what appeared to be a developing vagina, and such really tickled my masculine remnant that was becoming ever more clitoral in nature. Yet, I was still cramping, as my waist and

stomach continued to tighten up. With my waist shrinking so much relative to my hips, my new womanly proportions of 38-20-36 were going to be difficult to hide from the world and particularly from my mother.

HEAVEN AT THE DRIVE-IN

As my body stabilized in the next day or so, my voice settled in to a mature and very womanly pitch. My hips maintained their spread, and my hole got a little deeper and a little wider each day.

There was absolutely no sign of or feeling from my testicles, and my effeminized appendage seemed to be evolving rapidly into its female counterpart.

My breasts now were fully developed and stable, with large pink nipples the diameter of an old silver dollar, and nubs the size of the tip of my index finger, when erect. The breasts themselves had fully rounded out with good cleavage and were so large that I could not fully cup the orbs with my hands.

I still tried to confine them with a training bra, but my chest was now bigger than Sally's, and it was very uncomfortable to do so. Still, with loose fitting clothing and artful dodging, including a lot of time over at Sally's house, I had successfully avoided having to spend much time with my mother, or getting particularly close to her in good lighting, and I was going to go out again.

Jeff had called and asked me to go to a drive-in. He was going to pick me up about eight. I still had to dress in my loose fitting clothes in order to get out of the house, and Jeff looked a little disappointed when he saw me. Things changed, however, on the way to the drive-in.

First I removed the sweatshirt, revealing a sleeveless blouse that tightly constrained my generous bust. I was otherwise braless. Peering through the arm-holes of the blouse, you could see the sharp delineation where the rounded orbs of my breasts

began to jut from my chest.

I took my hair out of the usual pony tail and brushed it out into its soft cascading curls. Then I applied some light-pink lipstick, a little mascara and I loosened my blouse. Jeff nearly drove off the road when he looked over and saw my bare breasts jutting out over my tight, narrow waist, under the unbuttoned blouse.

I slid over next to him, putting my left arm around his neck. Resting my head on his shoulder, I gently nibbled on his right earlobe, while I slid my right hand into his jeans and softly stroked his already swollen male appendage. I could feel him pulse as his tensions were released.

When we approached the drive-in, I had to temporarily re-button my blouse, but my breasts and nipples were too big for the blouse and bulged out. I just sort of held the blouse together until we paid our admission and parked. We found a secluded slot.

Pushing the seats back and down, so we had plenty of room, we cuddled up next to each other as the movie began. Our mouths came together in a deep arousing kiss. I just couldn't get enough of his sweet lips. At the same time, he began masterfully stroking my breasts and nipples, driving me wild. It was obvious that my breasts were not the first ones that he had explored, and I wondered if I were feeling the same magical sensations that Sally had when she had been with Jeff. It was so wonderful to be a girl and to have your boyfriend caressing your breasts.

"Believe it, or not," he whispered softly in my ear, "I've never been so aroused by anyone as I've been by you. You have such a sexy girl's body, but still---I know this is going to sound weird---it's extra exciting knowing that you're really a guy."

"Jeff, you're so strong and masculine! I just want to please you any way I can," I whispered back as our bodies pushed tightly together. "You make me feel so like a girl, and I want to excite you as a girl, but

there still is a little bit of boy in me, if you're interested, let me show you."

I guided Jeff's hand down into my panties and his fingers explored my highly feminized crotch, soon finding my remnant manhood that now was mostly a girlish nub---he gently stroked the transmuted and miniaturized masculinity, successfully beginning to stir sensations I'd long given up as lost.

While his fingers continued to stimulate me, I removed my blouse and panties. I lay on my back on the seat as Jeff began kissing my breasts, softly sucking the nipples deep into his mouth and then releasing them, while still fingering my new femininity. He brought me close to a peak, then he moved his kisses down my body, across my flat girlish tummy, to my feminine crotch.

He started tonguing my already excited clitoral stub of manhood, finally arousing it in a way I hadn't felt for months. I wrapped my legs around his body, and pulled his head into me as I thought I was peaking, but I found that the blending of the boyish and girlish sensations was just beginning to escalate into an incredible arousal.

My breathing became very rapid and heavy---I could hardly believe this was happening to me. I was now thrusting my hips and gyrating beyond control, as Jeff's tongue took me over the edge. I pulsed with warmth inside me, and I let out a scream, as waves of rapture surged throughout my body.

I eagerly moved my hand into Jeff's jeans and began fondling his engorged manhood. He began to breath more heavily, and I slid down his body, undoing his belt and zipper. My eyes popped when I saw what pleasure still lay in wait for me.

"You're so big, Jeff," was all I could say as I took him deep into my mouth. I did things with my lips and tongue that just seemed so natural and were purely instinctive. Soon he began writhing and moaning with pleasure, as he reached his manly

ecstasy, pulsing into my mouth.

We lay next to each other---calming down---and he whispered in my ear, "Baby, you're wonderful, you even taste like a girl."

"Thanks to you, I now know what a boy tastes like," I cooed, using my most girlish voice.

With tears in my eyes, I told him that he was such a handsome and sexy guy, that I loved him and always had loved him. We cuddled and petted for the balance of the movie.

When Jeff drove me home, we sat and necked some more, as his hands explored my curvaceous femininity anew, and his tongue plunged deeply into my mouth in a passionate kiss. I was reluctant to part, but it was getting late. I dressed in my camouflage outfit again, and hurried into the house. As I was getting undressed, feeling much like a fulfilled woman and dreaming of my handsome and virile boyfriend, disaster struck.

MY GIRLISH DEVELOPMENT IS DISCOVERED

Although my mother allowed me privacy in my own room, she knew there was something funny going on, and came into my room to talk with me. She entered without knocking. She found me standing completely naked, and her jaw dropped. There in front of her was a beautiful young woman instead of her son---but it was her son.

His long golden hair fell in girlish waves over his shoulders, while his breasts thrust forward in a manner that any female would be proud of. His womanly shape slimmed at the waist but was broad at the hips, suggesting good child-bearing ability. The pubic hair around his apparent vulva was delicately trim, and his long shapely legs ended in polished toe nails. I looked fully like a woman, but I had major explaining to do, because I was supposed to be a young man.

I'd known all along that there would be a day of

reckoning, when I would have to break the news to my mother that I wanted to change sex. But I wasn't ready for it. I wanted more time, but I didn't have it. Still, I wasn't ready to tell her the full story.

I explained to my awe struck mother that my breasts had developed in recent months and my body had feminized. Why? I didn't know. I had been embarrassed to tell her and had tried to hide it.

Mom seemed terribly upset, but, noting some of my girlish trappings said that she suspected that I enjoyed the feminization. I told her that I did, and that I felt so much like a woman that I didn't think I ever could really be a man again. We both were in tears at that point.

She told me not to worry, that many people had hormonal imbalances, and that a doctor probably could correct it. In the morning, I was going to go with her to see her doctor.

She then came over and hugged her girlish boy.

THE DOCTOR

I dressed next morning without a bra, but did wear my panties. As I felt for my unwanted appendage, I noticed with some satisfaction that it indeed was now little more than a nub. I noticed, too, that my girlish hole was developing a natural moistness that made the skin inside it feel slick and smooth, and that the hole was almost deep enough and wide enough to take a man. The scrotal skin that had once held my testicles had gathered and tightened further and now looked very much like labia around the entrance of my new "vagina."

Instead of loose fitting clothes, I wore a T-shirt, which showed off my substantial breasts with the nipples clearly standing out through the shirt fabric, and I tightened my belt, which showed my girlish waist relative to my hips. After combing out my hair, I looked like an attractive woman, and would be taken as a woman by anyone who saw me.

I was terribly nervous as to what the doctor would say and do. He was not only a gynecologist, but also an endocrinologist, an expert on hormones.

Dr. Wilson was about thirty and extremely muscular and handsome. He took me alone into his examining room and had me strip. My heart began beating rapidly as I stood naked in front of this virile man.

With long flowing blond hair, a soft hairless body, enlarged hips, full breasts and female-appearing genitalia--- no visible penis---I looked a like a woman. He acknowledged the same, saying "You know you really are very pretty. I find it hard to believe that you are a man and not a woman."

He started examining the area where my appendage had recessed and felt around for my testicles. As he spread my hole open with his finger, I could feel my girlish nub harden like one of my nipples. Next he cupped his hands under my breasts, and pushed around my nipples with several fingers, sensing the nipple structure. His touch excited and aroused me.

I lay down on his examining table and put my feet up in the air on little stands so that my legs were spread, while he stuck a metal tube with a light at the end into my little hole. My body tensed as the cold steel entered my new body opening. He asked if I was sexually aroused. I was, and told him so.

"I know you've been taking hormones, haven't you? Don't try to kid me young lady!" he declared. He asked me how long I'd been on hormones, and if I really wanted to become a woman.

I answered, "I've been taking female hormones for six months, but my mother doesn't know. I want to be a woman more than anything else in the world."

As I got off the table. He told me that I had remarkable breast development for only six months on hormones. I explained that I'd taken five of the South Korean breast-enhancement pills over two days.

He said that also would explain why my genitals had undergone such a radical feminine metamorphosis, that I truly was an unusual case, as he would explain shortly.

"I will help you become a full woman," he added.

Tears of joy came to my eyes and I began to tremble. He gave me a calming hug, as my soft naked body and firm breasts squeezed against his manly torso.

Later we sat in his office and he explained to my mother (he didn't mention that I had secretly been taking hormones) that I did have a strong hormonal imbalance that had heavily feminized my body. I had a body that was normal for a twenty-two year old woman, not an eighteen year old boy. The feminization could be partially reversed with male hormones, but my demasculinization had gone so far that my testes had been reabsorbed by my body, that my penis had recessed---my former male genitalia actually appeared to be evolving into female genitalia.

He suspected that I was a true hermaphrodite, that I did have both male and female organs in my body, and that the female organs had been awakened by the hormonal changes. Such, however, would require further tests.

My breasts were large enough that they would have to be reduced by surgery if I ever wanted to pass again as a man. The problem was that I never would be able to function as a normal man and would never look masculine again without extensive plastic surgery.

He also said that since I was a totally convincing female, and that since I had indicated my strong desire to really become a female, to live and function as a woman, he recommended that my mother accept me as a girl.

He could complete my hormonal emasculation and arrange for whatever surgery might be needed

to make me a full woman.

“So I have a daughter,” my mother said after much questioning and sobbing, but with a certain degree of finality and relief. She and I both agreed to the procedure.

My dream of becoming a full woman would be realized over the next year, more likely over the next several months, and I would begin living full-time as girl, immediately.

The doctor scheduled me for a stay at his clinic the next week, and indicated that he would provide paperwork that would enable me to register as a girl at high school, when my senior year began in September.

He took me, alone, back into his examination room for a couple of minutes. As he pointed at my tummy, he asked, “Do you see this soft swelling in your abdomen? I think that means you have a uterus. The hole into which your penis has retreated appears to be a latent vagina, and your penis has become little more than an enlarged clitoris. Everything is not connected yet, but such may happen naturally, or we may be able to do it with surgery.

“In any event,” he continued, “you may be as much of a female as you had always hoped and dreamed. Even more, you eventually may be able to get pregnant. We’ll resolve that and other issues during your stay at the clinic.”

I was so thrilled that I was speechless---in a state of shock. I was going to be able to turn fully into a woman!

He gave me a couple of shots, which, he explained, contained the doses and mixtures of hormones needed to accelerate any remaining feminization that would be necessary prior to my clinic visit. I was to stop taking the pills. “Enjoy being a woman!” he said as I left his office.

Mom gave me a hug and said that she always had wanted a daughter and had often thought of me as a

girl. She wasn't that surprised with what had happened, because she'd always sensed that I'd had a girl's spirit. Now, with all the changes that had taken place in my body, she would have difficulty even envisioning me as boy or a man again. She just hoped that I would be happy as a woman, her daughter. I told her that I couldn't be happier, that I wanted to be a woman more than anything else.

GIRLISH SHOPPING SPREE

There was so much to do! As we drove home, my mother and I discussed that I would need a full female wardrobe and appropriate cosmetics. I told her that I'd like to spend the whole day shopping with Sally. That was fine with Mom.

When we got home, I called Sally and told her what had happened at the doctor's office, and that I was going to be living openly as a girl, starting immediately! Sally said she would be thrilled to help me shop for my feminine necessities and suggested that I come over to her house.

We were about the same size, so I could borrow some of her clothes to go shopping in. She also suggested I give Jeff a call, to see if he would give us a ride to the mall.

Using my softest, sexiest and most feminine voice, I explained to Jeff that I was going to become a full girl. He sounded quite excited and asked if he could take me out to celebrate. I made a date with him for the next day---I explained that I needed a day to take care of certain girlish things. He said he would be happy to drive us "girls" to the mall.

Jeff and I had decided that we would go to the shore to celebrate, and Jeff said he was going to take me on his new motorcycle. He asked me to pack a picnic lunch and offered to book a motel room for us if I thought I could get away with it with my mother.

I told Mom a little white lie about the next day. I told her that Sally, Jeff and I were going to the shore,

and that Sally had invited me to spend the night over at her house afterwards. That was fine with Mom.

Mom gave me her credit card and I went over to Sally's house to get ready for the shopping spree.

Sally still couldn't believe my news. No longer did I have to be secretive about my feminized body, for I was going to be living full-time as a young woman.

"Let's get you dressed up so you look proper for shopping," she exclaimed, and Sally went to work pulling out the basic clothing I needed for the occasion. "Here," she said, "you can borrow these."

I removed all my old clothes, and we tossed them in the garbage. I slid sexy silk panties up my legs, pulling them into place over my girlish crotch. The panties were designed to ride high on my broad hips, showing as much tan leg as possible. I didn't have a bra to wear, since I was bigger than Sally, so my nipples stood out in an erection that could be seen through the blouse material as I buttoned it up.

The skirt showed off my narrow waist and contrasting full hips and rounded fanny. My shapely, hairless and deeply tanned legs did not need stockings, and I put on a pair of sandals, with small heels, that showed off both my painted toenails and added a little further shape to my legs.

Sally helped me brush out my hair and put on lipstick and mascara. I looked like and was a beautiful young woman, ready to go out and meet the world.

Sally also called her beauty shop out at the mall and made a date for us late in the day.

I was excited when Jeff picked us up. I put my arms around his neck and gave him a deep, arousing kiss. Without a bra, my warm, soft breasts pushed against his chest, separated only by a filmy blouse and his shirt. I knew he could feel my naked breasts against his firm pectorals, because I could feel his warm chest against my nipples and I noticed a swelling in his pants. But, again, that would have to

wait.

It was about one o'clock when he dropped us at the mall. We agreed to meet him again at seven.

This was my first time in public dressed fully as a girl. I found it disconcerting to have men staring at me, or running their eyes up and down my body, as I walked through the mall with my breasts swinging back and forth and bobbing up and down.

The first stop was the lingerie shop, where I tried on and purchased a number of bras, slips, panties, pantyhose and nighties. I kept on one of the bras so that I would not flop too much as we went on to the other shops. My loose breasts had obviously caught the eyes of a number of guys, earlier, and it was distracting to me, too, as my nipples kept getting stimulated by the continuous slipping and brushing of the soft blouse over them.

What a relief to be wearing a properly fitted bra! Not only was it sensuously comfortable, but it lifted and presented my breasts so that they looked even fuller, while at the same time enhancing my already generous cleavage.

At the department store, I purchased several dresses, blouses, skirts, sweaters, halters and my own bikini---even skimpier than the one Sally had leant to me. I made sure that it properly showed off my fully feminized figure, hoping for maximum impact on Jeff's masculinity the next day at the beach.

While I was trying on different bikinis, I explained to Sally what I was doing with Jeff and what I had told my mother. She agreed to cover for me.

We did a great deal of further shopping before we left the department store. I purchased several pairs of jeans and short-shorts. The female cuts now matched my big hips and narrow waist well. It was funny to have them so flat in the front, with zippers or buttons on the side or rear.

I also got a mixture of shoes, including heels, loafers and sandals, and a purse.

At the cosmetics counter, I purchased lipstick, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, powder and some blush. I bought perfume that Sally thought Jeff would like, and I dabbed a little behind my ears, on my wrists and at the top of my cleavage.

At the jewelry counter, I had my ears pierced, and bought and wore simple earrings.

By that time, the beauty shop was ready for us, and Sally and I went in and had the works. My hair was trimmed slightly, shampooed and set with curlers. They thinned my eyebrows, redid my makeup, and gave me a manicure and pedicure.

Where I had let my finger nails grow longer in the last week or two, the beauticians were able to shape them in a feminine manner. They used an ultra-feminine shade of pink polish on both my toe and fingernails.

Jeff picked us up on time. "Wow!" he said as he sized me up. "You look even prettier than before!"

He gave me a deep, arousing kiss, and pulled my body tight against his. I felt weak in the knees, but now still was not the time to do anything.

"Hey, Gorgeous! I see you're wearing a bra, and you're even beginning to smell like a girl!" he added

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We loaded up the car with all my packages and took them home.

Jeff helped us carry the bundles into the house and then said goodnight. I walked with him out to his car, and we kissed ever so softly and lovingly. Jeff made me feel so like a girl! I was very excited, and so was Jeff, but Mom was waiting for my return, and there was nothing we could do. Jeff said he'd pick me up the next morning at eight, for our trip to the beach.

"Oh, Jason, you look so pretty! I'd never know that you were not a young woman!" Mom exclaimed, as I came in the house. "Now that you're going to live as a girl, you need a girl's name. What do you want to be called?"

"Vanessa," I told her, "I've already been using it with Sally and Jeff."

"That's a pretty name, Dear," she continued. "Well, Vanessa, the first thing we have to do is gather all your male clothes and toss them, so we can make room for your new feminine wardrobe."

We bagged all my male clothes to give to charity, and Sally and Mom helped me unpack the purchases. I was dead-tired after such a long and emotional day, and I had to get up early in order to prepare for the beach. I was ready for bed---a fashion show would have to wait for a day or so. I walked Sally out as she headed home, and we gave each other a long hug. What a day it had been!

THE BEACH

I got up at six and fixed a picnic lunch for Jeff and me, leaving an hour and an half to get ready for my first date fully dressed as a girl.

I relaxed in a long hot bubble bath. While soaking, I checked my body for any stray hairs and plucked them away with tweezers.

As I toweled off in front of the mirror, I looked

carefully at how all my curves flowed together into a beautiful female body. I stretched, with my hands behind my head, pulling my elbows back. That pulled my fully rounded breasts up and out, with my soft hairless underarms flowing naturally into the support of the two large hemispheres resting on my chest. The breasts were firm and well shaped, with big nipples that were flat and at rest for the moment.

I put on my skimpy bikini top. It covered my nipples and provided a little support, enhancing my already substantial natural cleavage.

My abdomen tapered down to a very narrow and tight waist, with my bellybutton showing just the right amount of soft flesh around it. My waist rapidly widened into full hips and rounded fanny, and fell away to nothing with my flat girlish genitalia, where all that could be seen between my legs was a dainty patch of pubic hair, I looked like a girl, even with the closest physical inspection.

The bikini bottom was just as skimpy as the top. It slid on so easily over my soft and smooth---hairless---legs, that putting it in place over my girlish parts, and setting the support strings so high on my hips, sent tingling shivers throughout my whole being. My nipples went erect, and they showed through the soft fabric of the top. I also felt my womanly nub go hard, but nothing could be seen.

Next, I covered the bikini by putting on a pair of snug white short-shorts that fully showed the curves of my hips, waist and feminine crotch. A navy-blue halter covered my top, but still showed off my cleavage and taught, bare midriff. On my feet, I strapped a pair of white sandals, which allowed my polished toenails to shine through in their open femininity.

Mom helped me brush out my hair. It had sun bleached naturally over the summer and hung in long wavy curls over my shoulders and down my back, or over my breasts if I so chose.

Mom again told me that she had never realized

how feminine I really was, or how long and beautiful my hair had grown.

Dabbing my perfume in strategic locations and applying a pink lipstick that matched my toe and fingernails were among the final touches. A little mascara and eye-shadow finished off my highly feminized eyes as I admired my thinned and arched eyebrows.

Viewing myself in the mirror, I saw a beautiful, sexy girl. Not to be too immodest, she was so hot that the image of the girl I saw even sexually aroused whatever small portion of my former manhood still survived. I knew that I was going to turn Jeff on in a big way.

In fact, when Jeff came to the door, he flushed when saw me. He stammered, able to utter his usual "Wow!" I could see that he was getting excited. So we quickly slipped out to his motorcycle, and stashed the picnic lunch, change of clothes and my necessities such as a toothbrush and basic cosmetics.

He put his arms around me and gave me a soft, but loving kiss. My whole body responded as I let him pull me tight against his hard muscles. We hopped on the motorcycle and were off to the shore. I tied a scarf on my head, to help keep my hair from blowing too much, and I sat behind Jeff, with my legs spread in parallel to his legs, and with my arms around his torso.

As I pulled my body close, it felt so strange to bring my flat girlish crotch up tight against Jeff's rear. There just was nothing there between us. Instead of normal male equipment, my crotch was now more girl than boy, and it was beginning to get hot in a girlish sort of way.

My breasts pressed into Jeff's back, and I rested my head against his neck and shoulder. At first, I held my hands around his chest, feeling his bulging pectoral muscles. Then I moved my hands down to his hard waist, pulling my flat crotch as tight against

his rear as I could. By the time my hands reached Jeff's crotch, he already was immensely excited.

I slipped my right hand into his jeans and rapidly massaged his swollen appendage, much the way I used to be able to massage myself---given my position right behind Jeff, it almost felt as though I was doing it to myself---and quickly relieved my horny boyfriend's built-up tensions. How funny that the only way I could stimulate myself now was by playing with my breasts or by rubbing a finger or two against the small firmness inside my new hole.

The beach was crowded, so we sought out an isolated spot up by the dunes and spread out our towels. Jeff already had his trunks on, he just had to remove his T-shirt. What a hunk! He was much hairier than Brad and had a super-masculine physique. I hopefully asked Jeff if I could rub some suntan lotion on him, and he eagerly agreed.

First, however, I removed my halter and shorts and modeled my very sexy bikini for him. He gasped as he saw my fully feminized and curvaceous body in broad daylight for the first time.

After rubbing lotion on Jeff's back, I had him roll over and started on his powerful chest. What a difference there was between us. He was big and strong and hairy, while I was petite, feminine, curvaceous, soft and hairless. He had a powerful muscular chest, I had large soft breasts designed for feeding a baby. His manhood was aroused and tenting out of his bathing suit, but, fortunately, no one could see us that well. My femininity, too, was terribly aroused, and I wanted Jeff in me, as I felt increasing moistness between my thighs.

Jeff started rubbing suntan lotion on my back, but he quickly got around to my front. He spent a lot of time around my breasts, and that kept getting me more excited. The sensations got so intense that they almost were unbearable when he started putting lotion around my crotch, slowly moving his

hands up and down my thighs.

When he got to my tummy, however, he tickled me and I began to laugh. He wouldn't stop, so I rolled away from him and started running down the beach in my usual girlish manner. My big hips swayed back and forth as my arms and legs sort of flailed out to the side and my breasts bounced up and down. Jeff ran after me, catching me quickly and wrestling me to the ground. He was on top of me before I knew it and quickly pressed his lips on mine, thrusting his tongue deep into my mouth. I could feel his aroused manhood pressing against me, and my receptive, but bikini'd femininity was pushing back.

He was so much stronger than I was---I was pinned, feeling so weak and helpless, yet overwhelmingly excited. He could have done anything he wanted to me, but we were still in public. So we got up.

Covered with sand and highly aroused, we decided to go for a swim to cool off. The water was cold, and my nipples went into full erection. Jeff's nipples were very small, but went erect, too.

With our bodies mostly hidden by the water, we embraced in full arousal. Jeff pulled off my bikini and pulled down his trunks. I felt his aroused nakedness between my legs as we floated over the waves in a near-lovers' embrace. We were very excited, but we went no further than just hugging and deeply kissing.

Not watching the ocean, we were suddenly tumbled by a big wave. When we recovered, we found that we both had lost our bathing suits. We were fully naked and had to run five hundred feet through a crowd to get to our clothes. I was so embarrassed!

Jeff put his hands over his crotch and made a dash for the dunes. I put one hand over my crotch and my other arm and hand over my breasts as I ran out of the water. My breasts jiggled, my fanny swayed and every guy on the beach was staring at my girlish

body. All those ogling male eyes made me blush, but also I felt a certain tingling inside at the same time. What if all those guys knew that they were really getting turned-on by a boy who had grown breasts like a girl?

When I caught up with Jeff, we both laughed so hard that we were in tears. Looking longingly into his happy eyes, I told him that we'd had enough beach for one day. It was time for the motel.

Jeff registered us as Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Fields. How exciting it was to pretend to be Jeff's wife. So many of my fantasies were coming true!

As we stood in front of the motel room door, Jeff took me gently in his arms and we kissed. My heart was pounding and was I weak in the knees with anticipation. He could be so gentle and tender for a boy.

"Honey, I have a surprise for you," he whispered softly into my ear, "I rented the honeymoon suite. I told the motel people that we'd just been married."

He opened the door and literally carried me across the threshold.

"Here's an anklet I want you to wear as my steady girl," he continued, hooking a delicate gold chain with Vanessa on it around my tanned and well-turned ankle.

"Oh, Jeff!" I cried, "This is the happiest day of my life!"

I lovingly kissed him on the lips, pushing my tongue into his mouth. I also aggressively was rubbing my new femininity against his engorged maleness.

"You're just incredible, Jason ... er ... Vanessa," he stumbled. "You're going to be the hottest girl at school this year!" he proclaimed.

The motel had given us a chilled bottle of champagne, so we each had a glass or two as we sat on the king-sized water bed and relaxed, eating the picnic lunch and snuggling up next to each other.

As I moved to softly kiss Jeff on his lips, he pulled me closer, and we pressed our bodies hard against each other. He undid my halter, as I pulled off his shirt. I removed the halter slowly, letting my large breasts fall out for full effect. The large pink nipples were erect.

Then I slowly and sensuously slid my shorts off my hips and down my long and slender legs.

Jeff tore off his trunks, and his appendage was fully extended.

We pulled our naked bodies against each other, and Jeff plunged his tongue into my mouth. Then he kissed my neck and nibbled on my ear lobes, which tickled me and made me giggle. He cupped his firm but gentle hand over my right breast and began massaging the large nipple, while sucking on my other breast, pulling the nipple softly and deeply into his mouth. He was driving me crazy again.

"Oh, Baby," he moaned, "You have such beautiful breasts. And your skin is so soft!"

Lying on my back and looking up at the ceiling, I noticed mirrors hanging over our bed. I could see a strong, virile man kissing the breasts of a very beautiful and sexy young woman, who, with her legs spread, looked like she was eagerly awaiting her lover's ultimate caress. Her long wavy blond hair was spread behind a pretty face and shoulders, while her soft tanned body curved in at the waist and out at the hips, with long slender legs. Her large breasts and swollen pink nipples were flattened some by gravity, but they still held their firm girlish swell. I was that lucky girl.

My thighs were spread, and my feminine crotch already was throbbing in anticipation of my handsome and muscular boyfriend.

As Jeff moved on top of me, I whispered in his ear, "Honey, I've got a surprise for you. I'm now able to take you inside me as a woman."

Jeff smiled as he kissed me and then lovingly

positioned himself. My heart raced as I felt his large, warm and firm manhood move between my upper thighs, ready to be taken. With throbbing moistness between my legs, I knew that I was ready. It felt so natural to guide him into me. The sensation of his warmth and fullness as he thrust into my hole was almost more than I could stand. I couldn't help but move my broad hips around, as Jeff pumped back and forth, stimulating my girlish nub.

I moaned and screamed, as successive waves of ecstasy flowed through my abdomen. I wrapped my legs around him, as he pumped back and forth---his muscular hairy chest now was rubbing across my highly excited breasts. My arousal was further increased as I watched us making love in the mirrored ceiling. What a turn-on! My feminine ecstasy peaked and peaked and peaked, and I moaned and screamed and moaned. Jeff also was moaning, and he screamed "Oh, Baby" repeatedly until he peaked. I felt like a woman. I had taken a man as a woman.

"Oh, Vanessa," he moaned, "you've become so much like a girl, I can't believe it."

He went to sleep with his arm pulling me protectively into his body, my back snugly against his front. Jeff's maleness, however, had a mind of its own while he was asleep, and its growing presence against my rear woke me up. I rolled over and softly stroked him, and we went into another mad love-making frenzy.

This time, however, I took control and straddled Jeff, with me on top. By moving up and down on him, I found that I could control the pace. I would pull up enough so that Jeff was almost out of me, and then plunge back. Such gave my girlish nub maximum stimulation, as the head of Jeff's maleness rubbed back and forth over it. He kept trying to thrust up into me, but I controlled the pace until he grabbed my bouncing breasts with his hands. As my feminine body sensations overwhelmed me, I let him take

control and we both peaked again, quickly.

After falling asleep once more, I dreamed that I was with Brad, and that he was exploring my femininity. The dream was so real and erotic that it took me some seconds to realize that I was being awakened by Jeff's fingers gentling probing where no other man had yet to go. I was quickly aroused, and, again, I enveloped Jeff's needs with my warm moistness.

Cuddling, we fell asleep yet again, with my front against his back. My breasts flattened softly against his hairy broad back, while my crotch fit smoothly and flatly against his rear. As the sun rose, I woke up and happily contemplated my new life.

I looked again at the beautiful girl in the ceiling mirror. Just six months before, I'd looked something like the naked man lying next to me. I'd had developing body hair and beard, and now my skin was silky smooth and feminine. I'd had a flat masculine chest, now I had beautiful full breasts with large nipples that were capable of producing milk for a baby. I'd had a bigger stomach and narrower hips, now I had a narrow soft feminine waist and broad girlish hips that showed I would be good at bearing children. I'd had normal male equipment, now I was feminine. Once a boy, I was now a girl.

Once more I would awaken my man, this time by nibbling on his neck. I would take his large organ in me, again, as only a woman could. I had spent the night with a man as a woman. My life would never be the same. There was no going back. I could never think of myself as a boy again.

My abdominal muscles were stiff and my little hole was sore as we took a shower and washed each other's respectively very feminine and very masculine bodies. That night, when I got home, I found a spot of blood on my panties, I wasn't too concerned given all the action of last twenty-four hours, but I wanted to be sure to mention it to Dr. Wilson when

I entered the clinic the next week.

My world had turned around, as I had transformed from boy into girl into woman. With a little luck and a cooperative doctor, soon I would be a complete woman, a boy who completed a feminine metamorphosis.

* * *

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