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## JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD

by WENDY WILSON

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"Women who seek to be equal to men,  
lack ambition."

# “JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD”

**A YOUNG ANTHROPOLOGIST—  
FEMININELY DISTRESSED AS A TEENAGER  
FINDS HIMSELF TURNING INTO A WOMAN  
AMONG A TRIBE OF AMAZONS**

**by WENDY WILSON**

M. BRUSTMAN NOTES ON AMAZON DISCOVERIES:

Amazons—fabled tribe of female warriors somewhere in the tropical rain forests of the great Amazon River basin—are no longer fable and not completely warlike. They call themselves the Langa-maycha, and I have lived among this race of statuesque women for over five years, hoping to address a number of issues, including:

(1) How did a tribe of approximately 200 light-skinned, tall, blond, blue-eyed women evolve in an equatorial South American rain forest? These women have features similar to Scandinavians. Tribe members, in their prime, would be considered beautiful by most Western standards and have almost perfectly-shaped bodies.

(2) Where are the men? Although I’ve seen young children of both sexes living among the women, boys past the age of puberty are not to be found. Where are the mature males of the tribe, or, alternately, how do the Amazons procreate without men?

(3) How have these women survived, surrounded and outnumbered by other tribes that are dominated by more aggressive male warriors?

I have found the answers to these and other mysteries, but only after great personal sacrifice. Although I never again can be as I once was, I have come to love the changes that have taken place in me while living among these beautiful women.

The story of the Langamaycha begins about eight hundred years ago. An exploring party of Viking men and women had gradually worked its way down the east coast of the Americas from Gr...

“That’s all there is, Mark,” my mother explained. “This sheet,

torn from your father's journal, and a map that shows the area in which he lived with the Amazons, are all that remain of his records. They were mailed many years ago from a small town on the Amazon.

"Mark Brustman, for whom you were named, never returned. His research has never been published and is unknown within the academic community."

I was excited and fascinated by the discoveries hinted at in my father's notes. What an opportunity! If I could expand upon the information I had, I would not only have the dissertation needed to complete my doctorate in anthropology, but also I could finish the work of my father, establishing both of our reputations in that field.

### **MY COURSE IS SET FOR THE AMAZON**

I never knew my father, who disappeared in the Amazon region when I was a little baby. My mother—a tall, beautiful woman—raised me. Like her, I was tall and lanky, and I had long blond hair, blue eyes and pretty-boyish good looks. With her constant urging, I had concentrated on my studies, but such had taken its toll on my social life. It also kept me from getting involved in sports, but I had never been particularly athletic or interested in such activities anyway. I still was in good shape though—I just wasn't very muscular.

Now I was a doctoral candidate at a prestigious university, studying under one of the top anthropologists in the world. Dr. Jensen had established her reputation by living with and chronicling life among a tribe of pygmies in central Africa. The concept of a remote tribe of beautiful women warriors was just so intriguing. If only I could prove their existence and study them as my father had!

Dr. Jensen was highly enthused when she saw my material. She said that she personally would fund the expedition with grant money she had already set aside for another project, but there were two conditions. First, she would help me write-up my study, and her name would be published along with mine when we went to the anthropological journal for publication. Second, she wanted her daughter Sarah to accompany me on my travels. Sarah also was a doctoral candidate, and having a woman with me could be helpful, especially given the nature of the tribe I was setting out to study.

I enthusiastically agreed to both conditions. In particular, I was excited about having Sarah Jensen with me. Aside from having a brilliant mind, she also had a great body—one of the prettiest girls I knew. I'd actually had a couple of dates with her, and I couldn't think of anyone with whom I would rather be sent to an isolated jungle. Sarah was about my height, also with long blond hair and

blue eyes. She even fit my father's description of a Langamaycha.

In the six months it took to plan the expedition and to arrange proper ground transportation to the isolated region of the Amazon jungle, I got to know Sarah a lot better.

We had been spending a great deal of time together and were getting quite comfortable with each other. One evening, we were sitting on a sofa at her apartment, unwinding over a couple of beers. My eyes kept drifting towards her fabulous breasts—she was wearing a very revealing low-cut blouse—when she shifted her body closer to me. She stared commandingly and seductively into my eyes, and my body responded with a more-rapid pulse and an excited queasiness in my gut and groin.

Our lips came together almost magnetically, her tongue thrusting in to explore the depths of my mouth. As her hand began unbuttoning my shirt, I unbuttoned her blouse, and we proceeded to enjoy a long night of passion.

As our physical contacts became more frequent and increasingly involved and intense, it was obvious that Sarah liked to call the shots when we made love. So, I allowed her to control the pace and nature of our activities.

She was a strong and aggressive lover and always liked to be on top. She also particularly liked to arouse me by kissing and playing with my nipples, which were unusually large and protruding for a man. I enjoyed such stimulation as much as she seemed to enjoy paying so much attention to the intriguing bumps on my chest.

Up early one morning—having spent the night—I decided to straighten up the apartment a little, before Sarah got up. I was wearing nothing but my undershorts. While picking up in the living room, I chanced to grab Sarah's sexy bra that I'd so excitedly removed from her large breasts the night before. Instinctively, I held it up to my chest. My, she had a great figure. I began to feel all tingly inside, as I eyed what a womanly chest might look like on me and wondered what it would feel like to have large breasts.

Old memories began to surface along with reawakening sensations...

"Would you like to try it on?" Sarah asked with a strange smile, interrupting my thoughts.

"Oh, no," I gulped, as my face turned scarlet. "I was just helping to pick up the apartment."

With a big grin, she pulled me back into bed for the better part of the morning.

## **A BOYHOOD IN GIRLISH DISTRESS**

Within two weeks, I had moved into her apartment. Sarah made good space for all my clothes, books and papers, and her apartment soon began to feel very much like home. Our relationship was extremely active and exciting; we just couldn't get enough of each other. We were, however, about to take a turn into an even deeper relationship.

One morning, while I was still in bed, out of the blue, Sarah asked me, "Do you have a sister?"

"No," was my simple reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I was looking through one of your photo albums the other day, and I came across a picture of a pretty teenage girl with a good looking boy at the beach. The girl looked so much like you, I just figured she had to be your sister. Here, let me show you," she concluded, reaching for my album.

My mouth went dry, as my gut filled with terror. Sarah showed me the picture. Sure enough, there was a cute teenage girl wearing a bikini. She was pretty, with long blond hair and a decent figure. The girl was smiling, along with the big handsome guy next her to with his arm around her waist. Sarah had uncovered a part of my past I had tried to forget. The "girl" in the picture was me.

"You're sure you don't have a sister?" Sarah asked again during my embarrassed silence.

"Of course I'm sure," I laughed nervously. I shyly muttered, "The girl in the picture is me."

I'd always figured that if we were going to have any kind of a meaningful long-term relationship, Sarah would have to know my full background. I just had not planned on getting into it yet.

"No, really? That's YOU!" she squealed taking another look. "Why, Mark, you were so pretty. . .so girlish! Why, it looks like you have breasts, and I don't see any signs of your manhood! Oh this is so exciting!"

I could tell Sarah was getting very aroused, very quickly. Before I could say anything further, she had jumped me, her tongue plunging into my mouth, her hands to my nipples, and we ended up having one of our most exciting love-making sessions, ever.

As we lay back in bed snuggling and relaxing, Sarah anxiously pleaded, "Please, tell me about that picture, Mark."

"Well, to start with, my childhood was a little unusual, to say the least," I explained. "My mother always had wanted a daughter, so she behaved towards me as though I were a girl. I grew up playing with dolls and playing house, instead of playing outside with the other boys. I can't even remember having boy's clothing until I began school.

"I always felt very comfortable when I was dressed as a girl.

As I got older, Mother maintained my own feminine wardrobe, updating it as I grew. She encouraged me to wear my hair long and taught me how to take care of it. She also showed me how I could hide my boyish parts so I could wear panties like a girl. Since I had as many dresses as pants, most afternoons after school and on weekends, I dressed as a girl. I liked doing my homework in a dress. On many nights I slept in a girl's nightgown.

"As I started to reach puberty and began to feel normal boyish urges, my mother pretended that I was reaching girlish puberty and even bought me a training bra! My lifestyle resulted in my leading a reclusive life, with few friends. So, I concentrated on my studies, instead.

"I was very late and very slow to mature. Before my voice really began to change and my male body hair began to grow, I was quite passable as a pretty young girl. My body had always been somewhat pear shaped, and, with the right undergarments and a little hairstyling, all of a sudden 'Mark' could become 'Marsha.' As my boyish equipment matured, I increasingly found that wearing girl's clothes and pretending to be a girl was as arousing as it was comfortable.

"During one summer's school break, not so long ago, Mother advised me that we were going to visit an old college friend of her's for a week. Jerry Flint was a widower, who I understood had been romantically involved with her at one time. He and his daughter Jan, who was about my age, had a beautiful place in the country that also was within an easy drive of the beach. So far, so good. I was getting interested.

"There was a big catch though, I was going to have to dress and pass as a girl for the whole time I was with the Flints. I'd never gone out in public, or been with any one other than my mother, dressed as a girl, so I was going to have to spend weeks preparing for the trip. That meant basically that I was going to live full-time as a girl for the next month or so.

"I asked Mom why, and she told me—as I already knew—that she always had wanted a daughter. So she had told her friend, repeatedly over time, that I was a girl. My arriving there as a boy just would be too difficult and embarrassing for her to explain to her good friend. Besides, she thought I would have a great deal of fun spending time with Jan, doing girl's things. And anyway, didn't I really enjoy my times dressed as a girl?

"The idea of living as a girl, day and night for most of the summer was intriguing. After all, it was just for the summer, and I really did feel so special when I dressed as a female. As I thought about it, I began to feel all warm and tingly inside. And I was really

curious, could I actually pass myself off as a girl? After a moment's hesitation, I agreed to my mother's plan, accepting it as sort of a challenge.

"The picture was taken that summer. After that experience, though, I stopped dressing regularly as a girl. My body matured in a manly fashion, and I've refrained from dressing as girl since, except for a couple of times when I've been drawn to try on an occasional sexy undergarment, or when I've dressed for a costume party."

"But why did you stop dressing up as a girl? What happened that summer?" Sarah asked in a soft voice, while sensually kneading one of my nipples.

We still were lying with our naked bodies pressed against each other in bed.

"Do you really want to know?" I asked.

"Absolutely!" came her reply, as her soft, warm body snuggled more tightly against mine. Her fingers still were very tenderly stimulating my nipples.

"You're not upset that I used to dress up as girl?" I asked, still afraid she might be turned off by such a revelation, or think of me as less of a man. I was ecstatic and so relieved with her reaction so far. I couldn't believe it. She actually seemed to like the whole idea of my having been feminized.

"Quite to the contrary, 'Marsha,'" she cooed, "I find the whole thing to be quite arousing. I love a guy who's not afraid to explore the feminine side of life."

She started nibbling on my ear lobe.

"I want you to tell me every detail about that summer. I want to know your every thought, your every feeling," she went on, "I absolutely insist!"

"Well, as long as you insist," I went on with greater confidence, "Mother spent a whole month getting me ready for a one-week trip. The first day of preparation, she got a home waxing kit and removed whatever stray boyish hairs I had on my body, including under my arms. Then she took my blond hair, which hung down to my shoulders even then, and gave it a careful shampooing and conditioning, brushing it out in a girlish fashion as it dried.

"As I got ready for bed that night, she gave me a jar of pink skin conditioner that she wanted me to rub all over my body every night before I went to bed, particularly on my chest and nipples. She said it would help make my skin soft and girlish for a while.

"After I put the lotion on all over my body, she brought out an electric breast pump and turned it on. A flared plastic cone was

placed over my nipple, and the vacuum created by the pump pulled my nipple and the surrounding flesh up into the cone. The nipple kept getting pulled and stretched towards the end of the cone. Then she gave me another pump for the other nipple.

“I want you to run these breast pumps every night for half an hour,” she explained, “after you use your body lotion. They will make your nipples larger, temporarily, and that will make your passing as a girl a little easier. When you finish with the breast pumps, I want you to use more body lotion and gently massage it into your nipples. They’ll feel a little sore until they get used to this routine, but you will find the effort to be well worth your while.”

“My nipples already were big for a guy, a little puffy and they tended to stand out quite a bit even without the help of the pumps. When I removed the pumps, I was shocked to see how much bigger my nipples were.

“After being pulled into a vacuum for half an hour, they felt as hard as rocks and stood out like the tips of my pinkies. I could even grab them with my fingers and pull on them. Boy did that give me a funny feeling inside! But the effects were temporary. When Mother woke me up early the next morning, they almost had shrunk back to normal.

“When I went down to breakfast, she started me on a daily routine of vitamin pills. Then I took a long hot perfumed bath, after which, she gave me a ‘control’ device to put on along with new set of matching bra and panties.

“She helped me put the control device tightly in place and showed me how it firmly held my boyish parts back between my legs and up into my body. She told me I was to wear it all the time, that I could shower and bathe with it, and that I could even relieve myself while wearing it, but of course I would have to sit down like a girl to do so.

“Wearing this, you don’t have to worry about anyone discovering that you’re a boy,” she explained. “also, you’ll find that your girl’s clothes and underwear will fit so comfortably and will look so natural. I know its uncomfortable, but you’ll get used to it quickly. I have a different device for your use when you want to wear a bathing suit, but this one is fine for now.”

“I couldn’t believe it, but I was completely flat, just like a girl between my legs, even when I spread my legs. Suddenly, my maleness was hidden to sight and touch.

“As I slid the soft pink panties up my smooth hairless legs and saw them snug so naturally against my newly feminized front, I felt an unusually strong boyish thrill, but I found that it all was well ‘controlled’ by my cache sex, there was not a bump or a swell to

be seen.

"Then Mother helped hook on my bra. It was underwire, with substantial padding. Since my chest had always been unusually fleshy with big nipples, we were able to push extra flesh into the cups, making it look like I had real breasts. I can't tell you the thrill that surged through my body when I first looked at the mirror and saw such a pretty, semi-naked girl. Her body was smooth, hairless and had just the right feminine shape and subtle curves.

"With long blond hair and a pretty face, soft hairless skin, small breasts, a narrow waist but a softly-feminine tummy, girlishly-big hips and fanny, plus a feminine crotch, my image was that of a developing teenage girl. My long, shapely and hairless legs were particularly striking, and I began to experience a constrained boyish arousal as I glimpsed an image—my body—that now appeared of a form that normally was intended to arouse a guy."

"Oh, Mark," Sarah breathed heavily, "it sounds like your mother really was trying to shape your body like a girl's!"

"She was, only she'd just begun. There was a full month ahead of me, and she had more than my body in mind!" I went on. "After I dressed in a simple blouse and a pair of girl's shorts—that tended to exaggerate the girlish curves around my fanny—and went stockingless with a pair of sandals, I soon found myself headed out the door to a beauty parlor.

"People will know I'm a boy!" I groaned.

"Don't worry, Dear," Mother assured me, "You look like such a pretty teenage girl, no one will ever know the difference. I promise you!"

"She was right, of course. Everyone treated me as though I were a young woman. At the beauty parlor, they trimmed and styled my hair, curling it so that it fell in soft waves. They also thinned out my eyebrows, gave me a pedicure and manicure with a pretty pink nail polish, and applied basic make-up. I couldn't believe how feminine my face looked, how gorgeous I was as a girl. The next month was going to be interesting.

"You are such a beautiful and natural looking girl, Mark!" Mother commented as we pulled back in the driveway. "It's almost as though you were born to be a female."

"My mother already had bought a new wardrobe and necessary cosmetics, so I spent the rest of that day and the whole week at home trying on my new clothes and experimenting with make-up. During the day, she would critique my deportment, and help me work on my hair.

"She also bought me teenage-girl magazines and romance novels that I read in my free time. She said that I had to have a true

feeling of what it was like to be a girl, in order to pass as a girl. Every morning I took my purple vitamin pills. Every night I used the skin cream and breast pumps, before donning my nightie and going to sleep.

“By the end of the first week, I noticed that my skin was feeling extra soft and sensitive. Also, when I used the breast pumps, my nipples were getting larger than they had at first, and they were not shrinking as much the next morning. Still, my nipples were awfully sore and awfully hard. I’d gotten used to the cache sex, it was quite comfortable now, and I also was quite comfortable wearing girl’s clothes all the time. I really was beginning to like being a girl.

“The second and third weeks were more of the same, except I went out with Mother dressed as a girl several times, once shopping for more bras and panties and for a bikini! We also went a couple of times to the movies. I noticed that the boys looked at me as I walked by, and that made my tummy turn in sort of a tingling fashion. I found that I was able to put a little natural girlish sway to my hips that seemed to keep their attention.

“As the fourth week began, I doubled up on my breasts pumps, using them in the morning as well as in the evening, although I didn’t tell my mother. My nipples had gotten very large and very sensitive, and it felt so good when the pumps were sucking on my them. I just felt so warm and relaxed, almost dreamy, while those pumps were running. I especially enjoyed reading a harlequin romance when I was hooked up.

“When I woke up in the morning, the nipples were staying large enough that I looked like I was a teenage girl with beginning breast development. In fact, I noticed that the soft flesh behind the nipples seemed to be swelling some, too. What a thrill it was to find my own little breasts and large nipples beginning to tent out the top of my nightie, while my crotch remain so flat and comfortably girlish. I also was better able to fill out my bras when I wore them.

“The day before we left on our trip, Mother again waxed my body so that it was femininely soft and free of masculine hairs, and she took me to the beauty parlor so that my hair and nails would be fresh for our adventure. We packed, leaving all my male things behind, and drove the better part of the next day to reach the Flints.

“When we arrived, I was shocked and flustered to find that Jerry’s ‘daughter,’ Jan, was a son. Jan clearly was not a girl, but instead a very attractive guy! Mother had gotten it all mixed up. Jan was about my age, and his eyes lit up as soon as he saw me. Jan was so good looking and well developed for his age. He was much bigger than I, with a firm muscular physique, a deep resonant voice and an infectious smile.

"I was wearing a new blouse—cut to emphasize the pointed swells of my 'breasts'—and a tight pair of girl's shorts that snugged my fanny, while emphasizing my small waist and clearly showing the feminine flatness between my thighs. Low-heeled sandals not only added a little extra curve to my calves, but allowed me to show off the light pink nail polish on my toenails. I couldn't help but feel really weird as Jan's eyes roved all over my body. He was looking at me as though I were a girl. I flushed and lowered my eyes from his gaze. I'd never really met a boy as a girl, before. Here I was, a guy, dressed as a girl, and another guy was taking a real interest in me, because he thought I was pretty, or because I had cute breasts, or because he liked the curve of my fanny.

"Jan carried my bag up to my room. I had a nice private double bed, but my room shared a bathroom with Jan's bedroom. He showed me, however, how I could lock my door and both the bathroom doors when I wanted.

"It was easier than I thought it was going to be, pretending to be a girl with Jan. In the first day or so, I let him dominate the conversation, and I got used to his opening doors for me. I laughed at his stories, smiled at him girlishly whenever he looked me in the eyes, and I found that sway in my hips had just become second nature whenever I walked by.

"I could tell by the way Jerry and my mother kissed and hugged each other, that they indeed had some kind of a special relationship. Apparently they were looking to spend a fair amount of time by themselves, which left Jan and me to entertain ourselves.

"The first full day, Jan took me for a hike along a nature trail bordering their land. We planned a picnic, and I fixed the lunch. I wore a sleeveless blouse, that showed my developing chest to advantage, and tight girl's shorts. Jan kept looking at my long legs and rounded fanny!

"It was a little awkward walking on the rough trail in my low heels, though, and Jan had to catch me a couple of times when I slipped. At one point, we had to climb over a fallen tree that blocked the trail. Jan just put his big hands on my waist and lifted me up and sat me on the tree, while he scurried over. Then he caught me, as I slid down the other side into his arms. He was so strong and handled me so gently. I got all goose-bumpy realizing how comfortable I was getting with him.

"The next day, Jerry and Mother drove us to the beach—about an hour's drive—leaving us at the boardwalk for the day. They said they'd pick us up at the same spot at ten o'clock that night.

"Mother had helped me dress that morning. First, she gave me a new cache sex that, when solidly in place, left me looking and

feeling like I had a woman's genitals. Such was necessary because I was going to be wearing a bikini, and everything had to look natural underneath. As I slid the bottom up over my legs and fanny, it looked perfectly feminine. Not only was my crotch indistinguishable from that of a real girl, but the bottom strings rode high on my hips, showing the soft hairless skin of my long shapely legs right up to my hips, almost to my narrow girlish waist.

"Special underwire and padded cups in the bikini top allowed me to enhance the size and cleavage of my small breasts, while the nubs of my large firm nipples still added obvious bumps underneath the cup material. So encased, my girlish swells looked like natural, well-formed small breasts with eye-catching cleavage. Anyone looking at me would have no doubt that I was a girl.

"I found I was arousing myself as I ran my hands over my soft feminized body. My breasts even swayed and jiggled as they would for a real girl. I couldn't help but get all tingly as I looked down at my body that had taken on such feminine form. I was a just another pretty girl headed off to the seashore in a sexy bikini. Covering same with a T-shirt, shorts, wearing my sandals, and putting on sunglasses, I was ready for the beach.

"We hit the beach first, stripping to our suits. Jan sure was a well-built guy. I felt so strange looking at his solid masculine chest while he was eyeing the pleasing curves of my body. We both began putting on suntan lotion, when he asked me if I would do his back, which I did. His back was so broad and strong. I'd never touched another guy's body before. I felt so strange inside.

"I asked Jan if he would do my back, which he did. His large powerful hands moved over my soft feminized flesh, intensifying the strange feelings that were beginning to roil my guts in a very pleasant and very exciting way.

"We sunned and swam all morning. At noon, Jan and I walked down the beach. They were having a contest that day to choose the girl at the beach who had the sexiest legs, and Jan wanted to see it.

"When we got close to the competition, Jan told me that I should enter it. I was too shy and embarrassed to do so, but kept insisting, so I entered. Along with about twenty girls, I stood behind an elevated board, so that only our legs could be seen from the other side. I watched the girls and just posed as they did, trying to enhance my calves and overall curviness. To my shock, I won first prize, which was free admission to the amusement park.

"What a thrill! Here I was a feminized guy, and I'd won first prize for having the sexiest legs! Jan gave me a congratulatory hug, and we posed for that picture, with Jan's hand resting on my waist. I can't tell you how confused and strange I felt, being so close to a

guy, and how mixed-up things seemed with all those others guys looking at me as though I were a pretty girl.

"After the contest we went over to the amusement park and grabbed a couple of hot dogs. We spent the balance of our time there.

"At one of the amusement booths, Jan threw several baseballs and knocked over weighted milk bottles to win a large teddy bear for me. What power he had behind his throwing arm!

"Then we got on the roller coaster. Jan snuggled close to me, and I felt a pleasant, almost trembling queasiness in my stomach. As we plunged down the first big drop, I screamed like a girl much more easily than I would have thought possible. My long blond hair was blown back in the breeze as we fell through the air. Jan's arm moved around my shoulder pulling me close. He was screaming, too, as the ride plunged into weightlessness several more times. With my adrenaline running so high, I didn't mind Jan's holding me. I even sort of liked it.

"We enjoyed that ride so much, we took it again. Only, as we walked back around to the entrance, Jan took my hand. I blushed, feeling extraordinarily weird, not knowing what to do. His large hand gently engulfed my delicate fingers and polished nails.

"The second time we plunged down the big hill, I screamed again, but Jan pulled me towards him and gave me a deep kiss. The combined sensuality of being kissed passionately for the first time by a virile young man and the terror of the roller coaster ride had me so excited, aroused and confused that I didn't know what to do. So I kissed Jan back, putting my arms around him.

"What was I doing? I was a guy, who at my mother's insistence had gone on a friendly visit dressed as a girl, now was kissing another guy and loving it! I just couldn't believe it. It felt so good and seemed so natural that I began to forget that I was a boy.

"We ended the evening on the ferris wheel, in a car all by ourselves. It didn't take long before we were passionately necking. We pressed our bodies together. Jan's strong masculine arms pulled my girlish body, femininely enhanced chest and firm nipples against his taught muscles. I felt so weak and helpless. I wanted to keep kissing, and we did, I was intoxicated by his soft lips. Then his hand slid under my bikini top and cupped my breast; his fingers stimulated my nipple. A shock of increased arousal jumped through my body, and I let out a soft cry of pleasure. I reluctantly took his hand from my breast, fearing that he might go too far and afraid that he might realize my mounds were much smaller than they looked.

"We kept kissing, and again his hand moved to my chest. Again

I moaned softly and pushed him away, but not quite as quickly as before.

“As his tongue aggressively discovered my willing mouth, his hand cupped my small girlish orb for a third time. That time, I just relaxed and let him have his way. His hands gently fondled and massaged my small fleshy mounds and large nipples. He seemed to like and to accept my tiny breasts and particularly their large cone-shaped nipples. I was getting excited in ways I’d never thought possible, and I swooned as girlish arousals cascaded through my body. My hidden appendage felt particularly excited, but the cache sex contained it so effectively.

“Soon, he pulled my bikini top lower—exposing my nipples—and his soft warm lips encircled each, in turn, sucking in a way that greatly intensified the girlish pleasures cascading through my body. This was nothing like my breast pumps! Not realizing that my body could provide me with so much pleasure, I moaned, enraptured by sensations never meant for a boy’s body.

“Gradually, Jan’s hand worked its way lower and slid between my thighs. As his fingers sought out my girlishness, I quickly pulled his hand back with a sense of ecstatic terror. He was coming too close to discovering my hidden sex. My aroused boyish parts now felt like they were just trying to shrivel up and hide away, in response, weakened and dominated by the strong feminine sensations in my tummy and breasts. My new girlish urges began to overwhelm my increasingly inappropriate maleness.

“‘Aw, come on, Marsha,’ Jan pleaded, ‘Don’t be such a tease!’

“‘Not on our first date,’ I moaned as I stuck my tongue in his ear. I was almost beginning to wish that I really was a girl.

“It was time to leave, and the Jerry and Mother were there to pick us up. Jan and I sat quietly in the back seat, leaning against each other, his arm around my shoulder.

“As we headed up to our rooms, Jan gave me a very arousing kiss good night, pulling my body so tight against his that I could tell he was excited as a guy with a girl.

“My heart was pounding, but this was wrong. I was a guy and this just should not be happening.

“I locked my door and got undressed. I was shocked to see that I had girlish sun-tan lines from wearing my bikini. It made my body look even more girlish. How was I going to explain this to the guys in gym when school started next month?

“As I removed my special cache sex to change it back to the regular cache, my maleness sprang to life. Boy was I aroused from spending the day as a girl with a guy! I gently stroked the soft flesh on my chest and tweaked my big nipples and began to feel as though

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I couldn't contain my arousal. Not thinking, I walked into the bathroom, and there was Jan, standing naked in front of the sink. I couldn't help myself as my eyes were drawn to his crotch. He sure was well endowed! He grinned when he stared at my pretty face and long blond hair, then, as his eyes moved to my chest and to my crotch faster than I could turn, he gasped.

"You're a guy?" he gulped as he dropped his toothbrush. I broke into tears and ran into my bedroom. My boyish arousal shriveled in panic, as I quickly scrambled to replace my special cache sex, my hands trembling as I hid away the embarrassing symbol of my maleness. I was so confused and embarrassed, I felt so weak, helpless and vulnerable, as my heart pounded.

"I was crying like a girl, tears running down my face.

"Jan went and put on his boxers and came into my room and over to me. He pulled me up against his bare chest, giving me a powerful but tender hug, his firm warm musculature comforting my naked, soft hairless flesh and protruding nipples. His strong arms embraced a very confused girlish boy. I cried on his shoulder for some minutes, as we hugged firmly, my hair and tears falling softly down his arm and back.

"It's O.K., Marsha, it's O.K.' he soothed, 'Don't cry! It doesn't make any difference to me, I think you're a wonderful person. Your secret is safe with me.'

"Again, he kissed me passionately on the lips, and I responded in kind.

"He backed off and looked carefully at me. "You're so pretty, Marsha,' he soothed. 'Your face is so sweet, and you have such sexy long blond hair! You're prettier than any real girl I know!'

"His eyes fell to my chest, where my soft hairless flesh formed two slightly rounded swells under my firm large nipples, nipples much too large for a boy. The rest of my body was soft and hairless, with a relatively slim waist, broad hips and flat girlish crotch. Aside from a narrow flesh-colored strap, there was nothing to indicate that

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

SOME OF THE  
BEST IDEAS  
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SCENES TO A  
FANTASY?  
I'D LOVE TO SEE  
THOSE AND  
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I was hiding anything between my thighs.

"I stood with my hips thrust forward, somewhat girlishly. Jan moved closer again as his warm gentle hands began to explore my soft nakedness.

"You don't have large breasts,' he went on, 'but your chest looks very feminine. You have a good girlish shape, and your skin is so soft and hairless! Plus, I don't see anything hanging between your legs at the moment!' he grinned as he eyed my femininely camouflaged manhood.

"Once again he pulled my girlish form into his big protective masculine arms. I just melted in his embrace. As Jan pulled our pelvises together, he began slowly rubbing his excited manhood against my apparent void. At that moment I truly wished that I were a real girl, as I found my flat front was instinctively rubbing back.

"We lay on my bed kissing and hugging in a warm and comforting embrace. I began to feel so feminine and girlish against his body. We turned off the lights and lay there, gently necking. And so we fell asleep, so comfortable in each others arms. We awoke in the morning with our naked bodies draped all over each other.

"After a stirring, parting kiss to my breast, Jan disappeared into his room. He didn't say anything further about my 'secret.' He treated me just as before, as a pretty girl, and we had a quiet balance of the week together. We regularly took long walks in the woods, away from my mother and Jerry, so we could neck and cuddle. We gave each other one final tender and extraordinarily passionate kiss good-bye at the end of the week.

"On the way home, I told Mother all that had happened. She was so shocked! She said that she was afraid she had pushed me too far, too fast. She was sorry for having pushed me so far into femininity, that it just wasn't right to deny me my boyhood. She was having second thoughts and had decided that it was time for me to move beyond my girlish stage.

"When we got home, she threw out all my girl's clothes, my cache sex, my cosmetics, my body creme and breast pumps. She even changed my vitamins! Mother did allow me, however, to keep my beautiful long hair.

"I cried myself to sleep for weeks thereafter. I'd gotten so enthralled with and used to my girlishness, I was ready to start living as a female, to become a girl full-time. But, as Mother relentlessly pushed renewed masculinity on me, my feelings slowly shifted back towards being a guy.

"It took over six months for my girlish sun-tan lines to disappear fully, so Mom got me excused from gym class for a while. Even

though I'd stopped dressing as girl, my nipples and breasts continued to blossom for some time. They got so noticeable that I thought I might really be turning into a girl. I even suggested to Mother that I really needed to start wearing a bra, but she just gave me a mournful look and refused.

"At the same time, my boyish urges became so subdued that my swelling breasts became my most exciting protuberances. But, my budding girlish orbs eventually subsided as my masculine senses reawakened.

"Jan and I wrote to each other for some months, but the letters tapered off as my interests shifted elsewhere.

"I'd been taken to the brink of girlhood, then pulled back at the last moment. Over the next several years, I sprouted a couple of inches and added muscle mass as I matured as a normal male. I'm happy to say that I also found that I was very interested in girls in a normal way.

"I still think of that summer and Jan, occasionally, though. And, of course I still have vestiges of my early 'girlhood,' that is, I keep my blond hair unusually long and my nipples still are large for a guy, but I'm really just a normal young man, Sarah."

"Oh, I know," Sarah giggled, "but I just love your big nipples. They're so much fun to play with."

"So, now you know my deepest secret. I've taken all the skeletons out of my closet. What do you think?"

"I love it! What a turn-on!" she cooed as she began kissing one of my nipples again. "Any time you'd like to try on my underthings, you're welcome to," she giggled. "We're about the same size, my things should fit you."

Sarah seemed so highly aroused, she was almost hyperventilating. Reliving those memories also had excited me in a special way, too. We went on to have the most remarkable love-making session either of us could ever remember having had.

A month later, we were married. Although I had refrained from the great temptation of trying on Sarah's clothes, she presented me with one of her silky smooth night gowns to wear on our wedding night. Somewhat embarrassed, I slipped it on over my head, as it softly and sensually slid over my large boyish nipples and naked male body.

I must admit that it did add a new level of excitement to our love making, but it also seemed to make Sarah more aggressive in her passion. It seemed that the less masculine I appeared or behaved, the more excited and dominating Sarah became in our physical relationship.

Although not completely comfortable with the direction our

relationship was taking, my attention and Sarah's attention were distracted elsewhere, as all the plans for our expedition fell into place. It looked like our honeymoon was going to be on the Amazon. Not only would this adventure mark the beginning of our new life together, but, we hoped, also the birth of a world-renowned anthropological team.

## A LOST WORLD

We said our goodbyes to Mother and to Dr. Jensen, and headed for the airport. A week later, we were paddling in canoes up a remote sub-tributary of the Amazon, closing in on the area marked on my father's map near the Brazil-Colombia border.

Our guides spoke little English and wore simple aboriginal loin cloths. They were of the Paxi tribe and rumored to be headhunters. Beyond rumor, our chief guide showed me two shrunken heads that were among his most valued possessions. I was particularly uncomfortable to see that one of his trophies was light-skinned with long blond hair.

I tried to arrange with the guide for him to make regular monthly visits to us, so that we could have papers, computer discs and film delivered downriver for mailing to the States. He kept shaking his head and making painful expressions as he pointed to his groin. This behavior got worse the closer we got to Langamaycha territory, and I was beginning to get a little uncomfortable.

During one of our rest stops on the river bank, Sarah and I wandered inland just a hundred yards or so. When we returned to the river we found we had been abandoned. Gone were our lap-top computers, radios, cameras and supplies. All we had were our sleeping bags and backpacks, where, fortunately, we kept our cash, our notebooks and some clothes.

We were too far from civilization to go back, so we hiked further up the river, setting up a crude camp on the riverbank as dusk neared. Our sleeping bags could be zipped together, which we did, and Sarah and I slept with our naked bodies snuggled together. Not knowing what the next day would bring, and unsure of how we would be able to get back to civilization, feeling each other's warm body provided a certain degree of comfort and security.

Before dawn, Sarah woke me with a kiss to one of my nipples, as her hand aggressively explored my masculine, but still not particularly muscular, body. My hand explored her many soft feminine curves and we soon found ourselves in a passionate embrace. We made love twice within the next two hours.

As we completed our last intimate contact, I was startled to see a sharp spear pointing at my face. Standing around us were four

tall beautiful women who had been observing our passionate activities. They were naked, except for brief loin cloths that covered their genitals. Each of these women had waist-length blond hair, blue eyes and curvaceous bodies with large well-shaped breasts. Their bodies were firm, a little muscular, but still soft and femininely rounded in the right places. I'd thought Sarah had a great figure, but these girls looked like they just walked off a chorus line in Las Vegas.

Each girl, however, also carried a spear with a long sharp stone point. The spears were pointed menacingly at us, as the women signaled for us to get out of the sleeping bags and go with them. Both Sarah and I were stark naked, and we moved ahead leaving all our possessions behind. Excitedly, though, I realized that these had to be Langamaycha! Two women led us, and two trailed behind.

During our four-hour march, one of the women kept turning around, pointing her spear at my manhood and making comments to the others. The others laughed in response. One woman put her hand on my chest, closely looking at my minimal chest hair. Then she tweaked one of my nipples, and again they all laughed. The tweak sent a strange feeling through my body, as I felt increasingly vulnerable and helpless.

Despite my being surrounded by beautiful nearly-naked girls, my maleness was not responding in its normal fashion, instead it felt shrunken as though to withdraw from some mortal danger.

Eventually, we came to a large hut at the edge of a clearing. Ahead lay a number of other huts, and I could see other "statuesque" women, attired similarly to our escorts. For some reason, the scene was eerily familiar, but I could not place it.

Two beautiful older women emerged from the large hut and welcomed us to their village.

To my amazement, one spoke nearly perfect English. She introduced herself as Mamcha, the tribal queen, and her friend was Kesta, the medicine woman. Mamcha asked who we were and why we were there.

I told her that I was the son of Mark Brustman, that Sarah was my wife and associate, and that we hoped to be able to live with and to get to know the Langamaycha people, much as my father had.

Mamcha was visibly shaken, as she closely examined my features. She explained that she had known my father well, that he had taught her English. She mentioned that she still had his note books, and my heart skipped a beat. I told her how interested I was in seeing those books.

She invited us into her hut and had us sit on mats, while she and Kesta discussed the situation in their native tongue. Some of their

words, however, seemed familiar. Kesta came over and signaled for me to stand up and then to turn around. She eyed my body closely, looking at my manhood and softly feeling around my nipples. She grinned as she eyed my long blond hair, and then she went back into a heated discussion with Mamcha.

They joined us again, and Mamcha explained that we would be welcomed to live with their tribe, provided that we agreed to abide by their customs and dress as they dressed. We would be expected to help gather food and to help with other tasks as needed by the community.

Sarah and I both agreed to the conditions. We were quite excited, having so easily rediscovered the tribe and having negotiated such easy terms for our study. We asked about our belongings, and Mamcha said they would be taken care of.

Then, the tribal queen told us that we both had to be ritually cleansed before we could enter and live in the tribal village. Sarah was to go through a different ceremony than I, since she was a woman. As a man, I would have to go through certain extra preparations before I could be allowed to live among the women.

Our four Amazon escorts took Sarah off in one direction, while Mamcha, Kesta and four other strikingly beautiful woman—they seemed even more feminine than our escorts—took me off into the woods.

Mamcha took my hand. “Do not worry,” she comforted, “your father went through the same ritual you are about to go through. Once you are comfortable with your conditions, I shall share with you some of his writings.”

The four beauties took me to a hot mineral spring and guided me into the warm water. I was given a cup of something to drink that looked like dark beer. It may have looked like beer, but it had a pungent odor to it and had a terrible salty taste.

After downing the grog, I gathered I was supposed to bathe. Two of the women joined me in the pool, removing their loin cloths, and started rubbing some kind of paste on my body. It lathered and tingled against my skin. I was having a tough time keeping my maleness under control as these voluptuous girls moved their hands all over my naked body, occasionally rubbing their breasts against me in a very sensual manner.

They brought me another cup of “ale” and motioned for me to drink. Shortly, I was feeling no pain.

Next, the girls each took pumice stones and rubbed them in circular motions against my skin. They scrubbed over my entire body and face for a goodly period of time, and I was beginning to get sore. Then they rinsed me off and helped me out of the spring.

To my amazement, I found that every male hair on my body was gone—not that I'd had that much body hair to begin with—including my beard that had amounted to a week's worth of stubble!

I was so weak from the prolonged stay in the hot water, and from drinking the ale, that I just lay there helpless at the edge of the water.

My skin was sore all over, but the girls soon began massaging a very cooling and soothing lotion into my skin, and I began to feel much better. The most beautiful girl, Femcha, however, began massaging the cream into my male appendage, which I had long ago given up trying to keep under control.

Her massaging was successful in quickly getting me to yield some seminal fluid. Each girl repeated the process until I ran dry, and I still was too weak to move. They gathered all I had yielded into a little cup, which one girl quickly took off into the forest. My attention, however, turned to Mamcha.

"To live among us, you must not threaten us with your masculinity. You will have to wear this special thong, which is made from the uterus of a boar," she commanded, "It will conceal your manhood. Only in a womanly manner will you be allowed to live among women."

It looked like an elaborate version of the cache sex my mother had once given me.

One of the girls still was playing with my masculinity, but it was completely flaccid. Then Kesta packed my groin in a thick white paste that felt first to be cold and then numbing. I lost all sensations in my groin as Kesta yanked, pulled, tugged and tucked. I couldn't see what she was doing, but she must have worked on me for quite a while, since I dozed off from the effects of the ale, and I found her still working on me when I awoke.

I was very groggy and light-headed. Although feeling no pain, I sure felt what followed. All of a sudden, two girls yanked on the thong and my crotch tightened up on me in agony; my manhood had disappeared, somehow pressed flat into my body.

The excruciatingly tight thong was held in place by a wide belt bound around my abdomen. It was much too tight, cinching my waist. "What's going on?" I was able to squeak in a higher than usually pitched voice.

This thong felt so different from my old cache sex. I was in agony.

Mamcha explained that although I was uncomfortable now, I would get used to it quickly. My father had.

I was to wear the thong at all times. It had a small strategically placed hole for when I had to urinate. I'd have to squat like a woman

though, if I didn't want to go all over myself.

If I removed the thong without Mamcha or Kesta's permission I would be punished severely and not allowed to live among the tribe. They would know if I had removed it, because I wouldn't be able to get it back on if I did, and someone would be checking me daily to make sure it was in place.

To help make the thong more comfortable, she gave me a salve to rub into it every day. It would keep the special leather soft and would help the thong to mold to my body as time went by.

Mamcha also told me that to live among the Langamaycha, I would have to behave in a womanly manner, that I could not display any masculine behavior. That meant that I would have to let my hair grow and would have to soften my voice to talk more like a woman. She told me that If I drank the traditional ale regularly, it would help me in my transition into the tribe.

I asked her what was in the ale, and she told me that it was made from the sap of special plants unique to the Langamaycha's valley, and that it was flavored with fermented fluids gathered from pregnant boars.

Mamcha had me stand up. "You now are ready to wear the tribal cloth and join our community," she smiled as she gave me a loin cloth that looked like it had come right off one of the beauties I saw earlier.

As I tied it around my soft, hairless and feminized waist, I felt very strange inside, although it was a good feeling, the sensations were ones I'd not felt since that unusual summer. The cloth slipped into place over my flat emasculated crotch, but it was pushed out in the rear by my fanny. My rear had been suddenly enhanced by body mass squeezed down from my waist by the thong.

As I examined myself, I looked like a woman from the waist down. At least they hadn't given me breasts! Although ... , the waist-cinching thong pushed some of my flesh up towards my chest. Where I had a little extra chest fat and larger than average male nipples, my now hairless chest did not look particularly masculine.

I was given another cup of ale and had to relieve myself. Indeed, I found that I now had to squat like a woman. Although the thong worked properly, it was so painful that I passed out.

## **I BEGIN LIVING AMONG THE WOMEN**

I awoke lying next to Sarah on a mat in what was to become our hut. I looked at her and she seemed to have fared better than I. She, too, was wearing only the tribal cloth, her full breasts and soft pink nipples rising and falling with each breath as she slept.

I woke her up. She looked at my effeminized body and gasped, "What did they do to you, Mark?"

"They don't want me to show any maleness when I'm among the women," I squeaked. I felt terrible and I just couldn't catch the normal feel of my voice. Plus, I had a splitting headache and was otherwise miserable.

"I have to wear this thong until Mamcha tells me I can take it off," I explained.

Sarah looked closely at the thong, but it was strapped on too tightly for her to explore underneath it. "You know, Mark, this strap of leather has so contained your maleness that it almost looks like your equipment has been reformed as a female's.

"I guess we're not going to be making love much as husband and wife while we're here," she said with an unusual smile on her face.

"I think that's the general idea," I moaned. I felt like someone had hit me in the groin with a sledgehammer. I also was nauseated and was running a fever. "This still is a small price to pay to be able to advance our careers once we get back to civilization with this story," I went on, about to pass out again from pain.

The girls, who had worked on me the night before, came into our hut. They checked my thong. Femcha rubbed a soothing cream into and around the feminizing straps of leather, while another gave me a cup of ale, and I fell asleep. That routine continued for almost a month, while I was kept in something of a drugged stupor.

I occasionally was aware of naked female bodies leaning over me, massaging my body with lotions and, more frequently, rubbing my chest with lotions and pastes. I also had vague recollections of Kesta removing my thong and doing something that was very painful to me before putting another thong on me. Whatever they were sedating me with worked well. Any discomfort and pain was felt, but it didn't seem to bother me at all.

One morning, however, I just woke up feeling halfway human and free of the sense-numbing potions. I got up and took an inventory of myself.

I'd lost a lot of weight in my waist, but somehow my waist thong was just as tight as before, it must have been adjusted while I was unconscious.

While thinner in the waist, I could feel extra flesh on my fanny, and my hips had broadened. What little muscle development I'd had had softened and was less pronounced. Also, I had put on noticeable weight in my chest. My nipples were unusually large and pink, sort of puffed up. I touched them and felt a shiver of delight traverse my body as I recognized a new sensitivity in them,

while the flesh underneath had swollen like small, developing breasts.

With all the creams, massages and the passage of time, my emasculating thong now seemed very natural, I'd gotten so used to it that I hardly knew it was there. In fact, I couldn't tell that there was anything there! The thong remained skin tight, making my front look completely like a woman. With all the creams though, the thong was soft and seemed to have molded itself to my flattened body. There just wasn't even the suggestion of an unsightly masculine bulge, and I found that I was walking with a natural feminine sway to my hips.

My body remained hairless and I could find no stubble or indication of hair growth on my face. My skin generally seemed unusually soft and sensitive to the touch. I sure wasn't going be presenting any masculine threat to this tribe of women.

Sarah hadn't been sick and wasn't in the hut, so I went outside to find her, to see what she had been doing while I'd been under the weather. It turned out she was working on learning the Langamaycha language, standing there looking very much like an Amazon herself. I found myself in the midst of a large number of nearly-naked beautiful women. But I didn't feel out of place! More strikingly, I felt absolutely no response in my manhood, nothing. Boy, that thong sure was effective.

"Hello Sarah," I said softly. My voice was weak, and it cracked, like it did when I was a boy and my voice was beginning to change. Now my voice just didn't feel right. The pitch was too high, too feminine. I coughed a couple of times, trying to clear my throat, but even my coughs seemed to come out at too girlish a pitch.

Sarah turned and gave me a big hug, her large soft breasts pressing against the swollen and sensitive flesh on my chest. I felt all sorts of new sensations, as my body tingled inside and as my tummy turned in a very pleasant sort of way.

"I'm so glad to see you up and around, Mark," Sarah exclaimed, as she introduced me to a particularly beautiful woman. "This is Femcha. She and I have become very close friends while you have been out of commission these last several weeks."

I noticed they had been holding hands, until I approached.

"I already know Femcha," I squeaked.

Again, I cleared my throat, trying to get my voice back to normal.

"You must try to talk like a woman—not like a man-or you shall be punished!" Mamcha's voice interrupted. "Kesta will help you," she continued harshly, as I turned to look at her.

Kesta took me into her hut and gave me a potion. She made

gestures suggesting that I gargle with it. I gargled, and found that my throat did feel better. My voice didn't crack as much, but it remained at a higher, more feminine pitch.

With Mamcha looking on with a scowl, I figured I wouldn't fight the higher pitch while she was around. I did my best to talk softly, with as feminine a voice as possible.

Once back in our hut, I mentioned to Sarah the swelling in my chest and sensitive nipples. She thought it might be nothing more than irritation from my pumice bath, although she had noticed an increased sensitivity in her nipples and an enlargement in her breasts, too.

Indeed, Sarah had bigger breasts than before, and she had a new radiance. She also had developed a little more noticeable musculature on her limbs and stomach.

"You're sort of cute, though, Mark," she giggled, as she ran her hands up and down my legs and over my chest, sending shivers through my body. "Your skin is so smooth and soft, just like a girl's," she giggled.

We lay down, and she rolled over on top of me, giving me a passionate kiss. Driving her tongue deep into my mouth, her firm naked breasts pushed against my puffy chest. Although my maleness normally would have responded in a big way, still, nothing happened. Instead, I again felt all sorts of new tingling and warm sensations inside me.

I asked Sarah what had happened to her at her ceremony. She said that it seemed like a dream throughout the whole thing, so she wasn't quite sure what really had happened. After being drugged with a couple of cups of ale, two women had aroused her by massaging her breasts and crotch with some kind of lotion that seemed to enhance her sexuality. Then they vested her with the tribal cloth. She had had too much ale, however, and had lost consciousness, waking up next to me.

We were interrupted as Femcha arrived with the noontime brew, which we drank. It also was time for my thong salve, which Sarah said she wanted to apply.

She slowly began rubbing it into the leather, rhythmically stroking my crotch. That felt good and began to feel even better. I started to tense my hips in rhythm with Sarah's massage. What a funny feeling I was developing inside, it felt so good, but I'd never experienced anything quite like it before.

Later, Sarah advised that she had been able to get only our note pads and pencils, that our other belongings were going to be held for the balance of our visit.

Mamcha had given Sarah one of my father's books. The tribal

leader, however, would not release any other of his journals at that time. The book in hand was an English/phonetic-Langamaycha dictionary that my father had compiled, and it had helped Sarah in learning how to communicate with the others in the tribe.

Strangely, the language sounded as though it had Germanic roots.

I told Sarah that I was feeling pretty good, and that we should get down to serious study. She agreed.

## **THE WARRIORS AND THE NURTURERS**

Over the next month, I took copious notes of what I observed. Not all the Langamaycha were alike. About half of the women in the tribe were Amazons of the type who met us on the river bank. They exercised regularly, were more muscular and seemed more aggressive than the others. They handled hunting and defended the tribe against occasional incursions from other tribes.

The more feminine Langamaycha had softer bodies with no visible muscular development, and their features were less severe, somewhat prettier. They also tended to have larger breasts and nipples and broader hips. Their tribal functions included raising children and preparing meals. Most women lived as pairs in individual huts, one hunter-warrior with one nurturing-mother.

Sarah had been assigned to train with the warriors and I was allocated to the nurturers. As Mamcha explained it, my time working at child rearing and cooking would help to erase my masculine spirit.

We were so busy and tired most of the time, Sarah and I spent surprisingly few waking hours together. We both worked hard on the language and did our best to gain the trust and confidence of this tribe of females.

Femcha was in my group, and she taught me some of the basic food preparation. I found that the warriors were served special portions of certain native vegetables that the children and the nurturers were forbidden to eat. These foods helped enhance a warrior's strength and endurance.

It was the duty of the nurturers to wait upon the warriors, meeting their daily physical needs, as well as to raise the children. Held in special regard among the nurturers was a small group of nursing mothers.

Kesta kept giving me potions for gargling and for smoothing on my skin, and I worked hard to hide my masculinity and at keeping my voice always at a feminine pitch. I also kept myself happy drinking the Langamaycha ale along with my fellow nurturers.

Sarah, however, spent her days exercising and training, drilling

with the younger warrior-women for hunting and combat. She learned how to make and use spears and knives, and how to handle a dugout canoe.

One evening, as I served Sarah her meal, I asked her how her day had gone. I had become so soft and feminine that the question just came out naturally in a girlish voice.

"You don't have to talk like a woman while you're with me, Mark," Sarah noted in a firm tone, as she eyed the unmistakable swell of female flesh on my chest.

"I can't help it," I moaned. My emotions seemed to be much closer to the surface than they used to be. Tears welled up in my eyes, as I continued, "This is as masculine as I can get my voice now! I'm turning into a woman! Just look at me!"

"The thong completely masks my manhood, so much so that I get no masculine sensation at all in my groin. I feel so strange between my thighs, particularly when you stroke it with the salve. Something is very different. My hips and fanny have grown to womanly proportions, and I find myself walking with a girlish wiggle in my rear. My waist is slim and keeps shrinking, but Mamcha keeps having my waist band tightened. Plus, my tummy is soft and rounded like a girl's, and my chest certainly looks more like a woman's than a man's!

"Just look at my breasts and nipples! They're so enlarged, and the nipples are erect all the time. If I touch them or rub them, I get all aroused in a girlish sort of way, with funny feelings inside my tummy. What scares me is that I'm really getting to like those feelings again!"

"Even worse, the breasts are so big and heavy now that I find myself thrusting my hips forward like a girl, just to maintain a natural balance. These girlish orbs sway and jiggle when I move, and they push my nipples out so far I keep brushing them against my arms, objects or other girls, when I least expect it.

"Oh, Sarah," I sobbed, "What am I going to do? I feel so much more emotional than I used to. I'm so soft and weak, I feel so feminine. I can't even be a man with you the way I once was."

Even crazier—I didn't mention this to Sarah—I recently had started dreaming as a girl. Sometimes I dreamed I was back in the States up in the bedroom with Jan, but I was a real girl and he was playing with my real breasts! Separately, I'd even caught myself



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looking at some of the more mature boys in tribe, assessing them as a girl might look at a guy. I was just so confused!

"Let's get our study completed as soon as possible, so we can get back to civilization and resume our normal lives," I pleaded.

"Don't worry, Mark," Sarah soothed, "We knew there would be sacrifices with this project. Granted, you seem to have undergone some feminization, but that doesn't bother me, and it shouldn't bother you too much. In fact, I find the changes in you excite me. In a new way, you're sexy with your increasingly girlish body. With your long blond hair, you look very much like a Langamaycha woman.

"Face it, you're not at all mannish any more, but you've been there before. You told me that you once wished you were a girl. That you'd been taken to the brink femininity and brought back. Why don't you just relax and enjoy being a girl for a while, forget that you're a guy. Once you fully cross to the other side, you'll never want to come back again.

"For now, I'm going to show you how we can make love as two women, just until we get out of here, of course," she smiled. "Who knows, you could even grow to really like your body's new features."

Sarah gave me a tender kiss on my lips and gently put her hand on one of my breasts, softly massaging it. Then she kissed and sucked on the other nipple. I couldn't believe the feminine arousal I was feeling in my body. Whatever Sarah did to me, I did to her, and she was getting equally aroused. Sucking on her nipples left such a distinctive and pleasant, almost-sweet aftertaste, a special flavor that would become one of my favorites. Soon we both were breathing heavily and moaning, as waves of girlish ecstasy surged through our tummies and breasts. We hugged and snuggled as two female lovers.

Sarah guided my hand to her femininity and I was surprised to find that her clitoris was somewhat enlarged. I softly massaged it and, as she responded, she guided my head down to her crotch, where I gently kissed her private parts. She held my face tightly against her femininity until I had satisfied her.

Although I hadn't had any male reaction, much to my surprise, I found that I didn't miss it! My new feminine arousal was so strong and overwhelming that I was beginning not to care if I ever functioned again as a man.

All of a sudden, I was really beginning to enjoy being a woman. I just couldn't believe how my outlook on life had shifted so markedly to the feminine side, so quickly. I felt a comfortable sense of security as Sarah held my body close to hers when we fell asleep

that evening.

## WHERE ARE THE MEN?

I had noted, as my father had, that there were no mature males among the tribe, although there were children of both sexes. Children didn't wear the tribal cloth, so sexual differences were easily observed.

As a nurturer, it was my job to make sure the girls played the more physical games, running and roughhousing, while the boys were supposed to help me and the other nurturers with the younger children and with the food preparation.

One peculiarity was that the little boys had leather dolls they liked to play with. Part of the fun was for the boys to hold the dolls to their nipples, pretending that they were breast feeding their babies.

As I closely observed the young males, I noticed that they generally were a little more feminine than most boys I'd seen outside of the Langamaycha, at least the older ones were. Their hips were somewhat broad for males, and their chests were unusually puffy for boys, with big nipples. Nevertheless, they had normal masculine equipment, looking very much like I did as a kid, except my blond hair hadn't hung down to my waist.

Still, I began to realize that if you covered their groin areas, you couldn't tell the difference between the boys and girls, not just the little children, but also the older ones who were at or close to puberty.

Then it struck me. A number of the beautiful teenage girls I saw were also wearing thongs like mine. No, it couldn't be! These girls had normal feminine shapes, with firm fully developed or developing breasts, narrow waists and broad hips. Somewhat disquieting was my observation that all the thonged teenage girls were nurturers.

My questions were to be answered partially over the next several weeks. Tutu, one of the boys who worked with me in taking care of the younger children, had reached puberty. I had heard talk that he was almost ready for his right of passage into the tribe.

I'd gotten to know Tutu very well. He was tall and lanky, and well endowed for a young male. His voice was starting to change, and a little body hair had started to grow, but his hips were wide, and his chest had a little too much soft flesh on it for a boy. Again, he did not look unlike the way I did at the same age.

One afternoon, Tutu told me that he would go through his tribal

“passage” that night, and that I would not be allowed to see him for a while. He gave me a hug, and I felt a strange arousal as my breasts squeezed against his largely undeveloped chest, and as his awakening maleness innocently pressed against my womanly body. What was I thinking! This young man almost had me responding as though I were a girl! We broke off and said good-bye. Thong wearers were not invited to the ceremony.

I didn't see Tutu again for about four weeks, but when I did, he gave me a soft feminine smile. His long blond hair and pretty face already had him looking like a girl, and he had a new, particularly feminine radiance about him. The clincher, however, was that now he was wearing a loin cloth and thong over a flat womanly front, as I was. His body was soft and hairless. Although he did not have extraordinary development, his pink nipples were noticeably puffy and erect, while the flesh on his chest had begun to form into girlish breasts.

My breasts were getting quite large, and they were filling out more, daily. I knew what lay ahead for poor Tutu, he was being turned into a girl!

I asked him if he was to become a warrior. “No,” he said in his now soft, girlish voice, “as with all boys, I am destined to be a nurturer, like you. All boys go through the tribal girlhood transformation ceremony, as I did. Now my breasts will grow and my hips will spread like the other girls, as I become a woman and prepare to raise children.”

The next couple of months passed quickly, and my breasts continued to grow as the rest of my being seemed to get increasingly feminine. One day, Kesta, Mamcha and Sarah pulled me out of my nurturing duties and escorted me up to the hot mineral spring, where I had undergone my “cleansing.”

Kesta carefully examined my breasts and nipples, then smiled with satisfaction. My womanly orbs were fully grown, jutting proudly from my chest, my waist had shrunk and couldn't be much more than twenty inches around, but my tummy was soft and showed feminine curvature around my navel, my hips flared out sharply and tapered into long and shapely legs. My body was hairless and smooth, and my crotch was femininely flat. I looked like a regular Langamaycha nurturer.

Apparently the time had come to remove my emasculating thong. They had me lie down on my back. While Mamcha and Sarah held me down, a quick slashing of Kesta's knife loosed the thong. She slowly peeled it off my groin and then yanked on me, as I felt something hard, smooth and massive, slowly slide out of my body, but nothing should have been in my body to start with,

particularly where I was beginning to feel new unmanly sensations. I began to panic.

As Femcha replaced Sarah in holding me down, Sarah went to look carefully at what had happened to my manhood. I was much relieved to see a big smile come to her face.

"This is so wonderful," Sarah squealed.

Sarah seemed to be getting quite excited, very aroused, and Mamcha and Kesta moved away leaving us alone.

My relief, however, was short-lived. As I gingerly moved my fingers to explore what had been my heavily constrained organs, I couldn't find anything! In fact, it felt and looked like I was a woman. "Where is it?" I squealed in a panicked but naturally feminine voice. I felt all weak and helpless inside.

"It's there, but it has been altered a little bit," Sarah soothed. "When you were 'purified,' they gave you an Amazonian circumcision, performing very sophisticated and effective plastic surgery on your male parts. They have scalpels—made from volcanic obsidian—which are sharper than any steel cutters made in the industrial world, and they have had over five hundred years to perfect their techniques.

"Very simply, you've fulfilled your boyhood destiny; you've been given female genitalia. Your testes were surgically removed, your appendage was reformed into an artificial vagina and clitoris, and your scrotal skin was formed to appear like labia. For all intents and purposes, you are a woman. You cannot get pregnant, but you could service a man, if you wanted to.

She held up a polished piece of rounded wood that had to be nearly two inches in diameter and at least ten inches long. It curved slightly, looking somewhat like a large banana. "This is the form they used to shape your vagina," Sarah noted with a gleam in her eye. "Think of the fun you could have with something this big and hard!"

For some reason, Jan came to mind.

Sarah smiled as she took me in her strong and increasingly muscular arms. "Face it Honey, you've been turned into a woman—a very pretty, sexy and beautiful woman," she whispered into my ear as our breasts pushed against each other. "In fact, you're so pretty, you turn me on."

I felt so feminine and helpless in her arms. We lay down at the side of the spring, and Sarah made love to me almost with the passion of a man with a girl. As she rolled on top of me, I suddenly felt something small, firm, warm and moist push slightly into my new femininity. It began rubbing up and down against my new girlish nub—my reformed and shrunken male appendage—and I felt a new

wave of unmanly sensations throughout my body, particularly in my tummy.

Sarah later explained that my anatomy had been adjusted so that it could receive and stimulate the enlarged clitoris of a warrior-woman. I could service a man if I could find one and if I were willing, but primarily I was now designed to provide pleasure for warriors. As I explored Sarah and then myself, I found that her enlarged clitoris was bigger than mine. What a turnaround!

Later, as we stood looking into the pool of water, I could see reflections of both of us. I indeed had the nearly-perfect body of a woman. I was a pretty nurturer.

I hadn't seen myself in a mirror since we'd been with the tribe. My blond hair now hung well below my shoulders, I had a pretty face, with a feminine touch to my facial features. I had fully-developed breasts that firmly thrust out from my chest, a narrow girlish waist that flowed into large feminine hips and a womanly crotch. My legs were naturally long and shapely. With my soft hairless body, a natural woman's voice and increasingly feminine emotions, there was no question that I was much more woman than man, even more feminine than Sarah!

Sarah still was beautiful, but a little more muscular than I, and her breasts were not as large or as full as mine.

Pulling me again into her strong arms, Sarah commanded, "Mark, with the hormones in the natural vegetation around here, and with what already has happened to your body, you better get used to being a girl, because there's no going back to being a guy. You have to accept yourself and think of yourself as nothing but a woman. Soon, you'll forget you ever were a man. In fact, I'm going to start calling you 'Marsha,' since 'Mark' is not an appropriate name for someone with a girlish crotch as cute as yours is."

Tears came to my eyes as I accepted this new reality. "O.K., Sarah," I acquiesced, "but please, take me out of here soon! We must be close to having all that we need for our doctorates."

## **NURTURING THE NEW BABIES**

Upon return to the village, Femcha pulled me aside and gave me a hug, our soft breasts flattening against each other. "I once was a man like you were," he told me in his womanly voice, "but now we both are women, and you must accept this.

"A number of the young warriors are pregnant, and we must prepare for the new babies," he continued. "Kesta has given me a potion that we both must take." I took the potion and noted that there were several other nurturers in our program.

I soon found that my breasts were beginning to get even more

sensitive than usual and showed a new spurt of expansion.

Within a month, the warrior girls began delivering their babies. Femcha and I spent many days in a special hut, where we were given various potions and where other nurturers rubbed coconut oil into our Amazonian bodies, particularly around our breasts and nipples.

My breasts had gotten very large and heavy in the last week, and my nipples—now two-plus inches in diameter with erect nubs the size of the tip of my index finger—were swollen and super-sensitive.

One morning, I was awakened by an excited Mamcha. “We have new babies! Three girl-daughters and two boy-daughters were born overnight.”

She put a little girl-baby in my arms, and I instinctively put her to my breast. Her little mouth immediately began sucking on my nipple, and I could feel my milk begin to flow. What an incredible sensation! I was in a state of continuous arousal. I loved being a “mother.”

Femcha took another baby to his breast, as did the others. Since my breasts were the biggest of the group, I was often given a second baby to nurse as well.

I was considered a mother, because the product of my “ritual cleansing” had been used along with that from several boys going through tribal initiation to impregnate a number of the warrior girls. I probably was the father of one or more of the babies, but we would never know for sure.

It turns out that Sarah also had gone through an insemination ritual her first night, but unknown to and not understood by the Langamaycha, Sarah was on the “pill” at the time and could not get pregnant.

The other nursers and I were expected to breast-feed and to help raise these babies along with the other nurturers.

Breast feeding seemed to accelerate the shrinkage of my waist, the growth in my hips, and of course, the engorgement of my breasts. My breasts remained unusually large for the year or so that I was an active nurser.

In that same period, often after a long hunt, Sarah would aggressively make love to me. She loved to feel my swollen engorged breasts, I receptively lay there as she let her mouth explore my body, arousing feelings and excitement I never could have felt as a man. I would reciprocate, and often let my mouth and tongue dwell on her femininity. When fully aroused Sarah would thrust her enlarged femininity into me, and such would drive me crazy.

Mentally, few if any vestiges of my former maleness remained.

As I happily nursed babies, I found my broad hips served as a natural prop for carrying the infants. I willingly did what I could to please Sarah and the other warriors—I was just another woman in a happy community of women. At night, I always felt safe and secure in the arms of my muscular hut-mate, particularly at times after she had made love to me.

Tutu helped with the babies. His breasts were now fully developed, heavy with milk and with nipples ready for suckling. His hips had spread as much as his waist had narrowed. He really made a very pretty teenage girl, but now had started to nurse a new round of babies. He was so pretty and just radiated a natural femininity. It was hard to imagine that he had ever been a boy.

I was shocked, though, one afternoon, to walk into the hut and find Sarah making love to him, thrusting herself into him, with Tutu writhing in ecstasy on the mat.

Tutu left quickly, and Sarah looked at me rather harshly. "Marsha," she said, "you have to understand that sometimes my needs require something a little extra. Especially on days like today."

I was hurt and tears came to my eyes. "What do you mean?" I queried.

"Well, for example, today, while we were hunting for boar, we came upon several warriors from the Paxi tribe—our mortal enemies—and we captured them. In Langamaycha tradition, we severed their male parts as a warning for them to stay out of our territory. Then we let them go. The Langamaycha have found this to be an effective deterrent over time," Sarah explained.

"I can see how that would be a deterrent," I gulped.

"I just felt so strongly aroused after that, that I hit upon Tutu for release, she is so young and pretty, and she was willing. You simply weren't around. You must be willing to accept that," she stated.

"Please, Sarah," I asked, "let's wrap up our expedition and head home. Both of us have changed in ways I never expected. I've had enough of this."

To my surprise, after a period of thought, Sarah agreed, but not until she pulled me to the ground and had her way with me. I felt so weak and feminine as my aggressive and increasingly powerful wife made love to me. Her mouth and hands soon made me forget my petty jealousies.

Before we told Mamcha that we were leaving, Sarah revealed to me that she had had access to my father's notebooks. I had not been allowed to see them, because knowledge and education were encouraged only among the warriors.

The journals revealed that the Langamaycha were descended from an early Viking expedition to the preColumbian New World. The Vikings had settled in the current area and nature had just taken its course.

The secret of the Langamaycha was in certain local rain-forest vegetation that had become a staple of the Viking diet. It was loaded with what was pharmacologically the equivalent of powerful female sex hormones. Unaware of why they were changing, the Viking men found themselves slowly being feminized both in body and spirit. They developed bodies of women, growing breasts and losing body hair, muscle mass and muscle tone. Their male appendages shriveled and became useless, while their normal male aggressiveness was transmuted into nurturing maternal instincts.

The same hormones that had made the men passive also tended to make the women more aggressive. The ambient female sex hormones, however, also affected their pregnancies, tending to add an unusually feminine nature to males born in the Langamaycha environment.

Left alone, Langamaycha boys eventually would grow into highly feminized men, with large breasts, broad hips, high-pitched womanly voices and soft hairless bodies.

Over time, the women took control and restructured Langamaycha society. Through trial and error they mastered their environment and used a variety of vegetable and animal elements and later, surgery, to intensify and accelerate the feminizing effects of the environment on their men, while certain other elements were used to enhance the women's strength and aggressiveness.

These secrets were passed on to other generations through the tribal medicine women, and those various herbal and animal recipes now filled one of the journals.

Upon Sarah's request, Mamcha let me read my father's notes. When I finished them, I asked Mamcha what had happened to him. She told me that he had become a nurturer like me and had lived with the Langamaycha for many years. He had been her hut mate, until one night, when he vanished. He disappeared, with one of the babyboy-daughters, following a terrible raid by the Paxi. All his belongings were left behind, and he had never been seen or heard of again. Mamcha presumed he had become a shrunken head.

## **WE LEAVE THE LANGAMAYCHA**

We said our goodbyes, packed our notes and reclaimed our old belongings, which fortunately included significant cash that we had brought with us. Mamcha allowed me to take my father's journals.

I tried to dress in my old clothes, hoping against hope that I

might be able to return to my old self, but I couldn't get my trousers on over my hips, and I couldn't button my shirt over my full breasts.

I seemed befuddled and began to cry, not knowing what to do.

"Face it Marsha, you're a girl and you're going to have to dress as a girl," Sarah explained.

She gave me panties, shorts, a blouse, and a bra that I could wear until we reached civilization.

As I slid the silky panties up over my hairless legs, they felt so good that I swooned from the excitement arising in my gut. They slid on snugly over my womanly crotch and broad hips.

The bra, however, was too small, so I couldn't use it. Besides, I was used to and comfortable with my breasts in an unencumbered state. So, I went braless, with my large breasts and protruding nipples brushing against the soft fabric of the blouse. Such left me in almost a constant state of arousal.

The woman's shorts also fit snugly, pulling the blouse in tightly at the waist and highlighting all of my girlish curves.

"You can't go around like that!" Sarah exclaimed, as she saw my nipples through the blouse material. "It'll drive you crazy and will distract any man that we meet. You know with that figure, your long bond hair and pretty face, you're quite a knockout! We'll have to get you some clothes as soon as we get to civilization."

Sarah's breasts had grown, too, however, and her old bra was too tight for her chest. She had to go braless as well.

"You can't go around like that!" I jibed. Boy, did I get a dirty look back on that one.

Sarah still was gorgeous, but she now had a harder, more-muscular body than I did and seemed to have a much more aggressive personality than when we had first arrived.

We paddled downriver for ten days, until we reached Tetee. There we were able to charter a plane, eventually reaching Rio de Janeiro. We checked into a luxury hotel on the ocean. After making calls home to let our mothers know that we were alive and well, we both took our first hot showers in a couple of years. We fell asleep on our king-sized bed and slept for the balance of the day and through the night, knocked out by exhaustion.

The next morning, we hit the hotel shops, buying cosmetics and clothing. My womanly figure now measured the American equivalent of 38-19-36, with a 38-D bra, and Sarah bought me a number of bras, panties, slips, blouses, skirts and a very revealing bikini. I kept on one of the bras. It felt funny to have my breasts enclosed, but the bra was comfortable and supportive, and it thrust my globes even further out from my chest while enhancing the already substantial cleavage.

Sarah also purchased several pairs of women's shorts and different styles of shoes and sandals for me. As a special treat, she bought us each short, low-cut cocktail dresses, so we could go out on the town later and do some celebratory partying.

Then we went to the hotel's beauty shop, where they gave me the works, they slightly trimmed my nearly waistlength blond hair, shampooed it, and set it in large curlers. While I was sitting under the dryer, they plucked my eyebrows into a more feminine shape, gave me a manicure and pedicure, putting a deep red polish on my nails, and applied full make-up. Before my hair was dry, they also had pierced my ears, placing small gold studs in my lobes.

When they finished brushing out my now-wavy long blond hair, I couldn't believe how gorgeous I looked. There had been no question of my being or looking like a pretty woman, but the touches of a modern beauty parlor just pushed me over the edge. I loved my femininity and womanliness. I knew I never again could be a regular guy, I was almost totally a girl, and loving it.

Sarah had her hair cut short, in almost a boyish fashion, and had her nails painted with a clear polish. Although her hair was boyish, her body was highly feminine, very shapely, but a little muscular—much more powerful than mine.

Back in the room, we put on our bikinis and grabbed a couple of towels for the beach. As we began to head for the door, I was struck by the image of the beautiful and sexy young woman I saw reflected in the floor-length mirror.

I had a woman's body, a woman's figure. My large well-formed breasts thrust proudly out of my chest. My orbs were fully rounded hemispheres that showed substantial natural cleavage, and additional lift and cleavage were provided by the bikini top. My waist was narrow and tight, and it flared into broad hips and a well-rounded fanny, while my tummy showed the soft curves of a woman of child-bearing age. My crotch was flat, with only appropriate feminine curves and lines visible. Nearly two years of wearing nothing but a loin cloth had left my soft, hairless skin deeply tanned. I was not going to need to wear any stockings on my long shapely legs.

Wavy blond hair cascaded over my shoulders and down my back, perfectly offsetting my pretty face, which looked so femininely alluring with makeup on. I particularly liked the look and feel of lipstick on my lips.

"Come on Marsha! Stop ogling yourself!" commanded Sarah as she jolted me out of my reverie.

"Do you realize that we look like two Las Vegas show girls?!" I noted with a certain amazement in my voice.

"I know, Marsha," she answered with a twinkle in her eye, "Just wait until the men get an eyeful of you on the beach."

When we got to the beach, most of the women were topless, so Sarah and I took off our tops, too. I took mine off while standing up, instinctively and slowly letting my fleshy mounds fall seductively out of their cups. My large pink nipples showed off their big nubs as a warm sea breeze caused them to firm up.

The guys on the beach hadn't missed a move, and they started coming around. I hadn't really had a chance to think much about men since my transformation, but I was beginning to feel all sorts of new and exciting sensations in my body. I couldn't take my eyes off a number of the guys. They were so strong and muscular, and their tiny bathing suits didn't leave much to the imagination.

My mind must have become as feminized as my body had, as I found my thoughts being dominated by the men. I was thinking of these guys the way any normal girl might. I wondered what it would be like to be held in the arms of a man as a full girl. The thought of a man kissing me and exploring my transformed body with his hands had my heart fluttering.

I was aroused in ways I'd only partially felt before. Although very much a woman now, I still knew I'd been born male. Could hormones have changed me so much?

I felt a pang of jealousy and had a sense of foreboding as I realized that some of the men were eyeing Sarah, my wife, and she was looking back! Some husband I was, with my big breasts, long hair and feminine crotch! I was more likely to need Sarah to protect me from a guy than the other way around.

That evening, we went to a local nightclub as "girl friends" in our new party dresses, and the eyes of every man in the club turned to us as we sidled up to the bar. Two tall attractive men sat down next to us and bought us drinks. Pete was an American in town on business. Eduardo, who sat next to me, lived in Rio and spoke good English. He kept staring at my exposed cleavage as we talked, and I found that a little disconcerting, although I felt my nipples harden and tingle in response. As I looked at his handsome face, I loved his smile and the twinkle in his eyes. He was a well-built man, muscular and thin, and he asked me to dance. I looked at Sarah and she gave me a nod, so I accepted.

I'd never danced as a girl before, but I quickly followed Eduardo's lead as the music slowed, and he pulled our bodies close together.

I couldn't believe I was dancing with a guy, with my large soft sensuous breasts flattened against his hard muscular chest. My heart was racing and I was feeling weak and light-headed, although

I was terribly aroused

Soon, I rested my head on his shoulder, then he moved to kiss me, his lips tenderly coming in contact with mine. I felt so alive and feminine. I was actually being kissed by another man! Everything felt so right, as I my thoughts wandered back to a night with Jan Flint.

As his tongue probed my mouth, I welcomed it, pushing my body closer to his. I imagined he was Jan and I was still a boy just beginning to sense my femininity. I began to feel something pressing against my tummy, when I realized it was Eduardo's excited manhood. My senses were being overwhelmed; things were going too quickly, so I pushed back, and—nearly out breath—I asked if we could sit down.

When we got back to the bar, Sarah and the man with her were gone. I looked around the dance floor in vain.

I excused myself and went to the ladies room. Aside from keeping an eye out for Sarah, I wanted to touch up my lipstick and check my makeup and hair. Sarah, again, was not to be found.

After several drinks with Eduardo and no Sarah, I got the message that I was on my own. Sarah was not to be found, but she had all our money and our hotel keys in purse.

Eduardo was kind enough to drive me back to the hotel, where we parked. As he gave me a kiss goodnight, he was very tender. The soft touch of his lips through my lipstick drove me wild. I was getting very aroused in a girlish sort of way, and I didn't want him to stop kissing me. He didn't.

As our kissing became more passionate, his hand began to caress my large soft breasts so softly. My level of arousal went up a couple of notches as a result. How wonderful to have a mature man tenderly stroking my nipples and large breasts. Instinctively, I pulled closer to Eduardo, and his hand slipped under my skirt and into my panties. His fingers went right into my femininity and began exploring me, triggering new passions.

But I wasn't ready for that, and I guided his hand back to my breast. We kissed and petted for some time before I went into the hotel. We agreed to meet the next day.

I picked up an extra key from the front desk and went up to the room. Sarah was not there, and I was a little concerned and very upset. I was tired though, and slipped into one of my new sheer night gowns. What a sensation as the silky-sensual cloth slipped over my sensitive, soft skin. I just felt so warm and tingly inside and was still highly aroused from my time with Eduardo. I fell asleep, dreaming as a girl, thinking romantically of the first man to become so intimately acquainted with my fully feminized body.

I was awakened at about four o'clock in the morning as Sarah came into the room. Her clothing was disheveled and her lipstick smeared.

"Where have you been?" I asked crossly, "You know I'm still your husband!"

"Don't you take that tone of voice with me, young lady!" Sarah began to rant. "If you really want to know, I went back to Pete's hotel room and had sex with him. He made love to me as only a man can do, and, face it Honey, you're no longer a man. You must still think of yourself as a man, if you call yourself my husband, but you're not a man! You look like a woman and you function like a woman.

"I haven't had real sex with a real man for nearly two years, and Pete is so well endowed! I'd almost forgotten what it was like to have a real man in me, and he was so big—much bigger than you ever were when you had something hanging between your legs—it was just so exciting! I have needs as a woman that you simply no longer have the ability to fulfill.

"Further," she ran on, "I saw you kissing Eduardo and pressing your hot little body against his on the dance floor tonight! What kind of a husband are you to be getting so physically intimate with another man?"

"A husband is a man. You have to understand that you are no longer male, Marsha. You ceased being my husband when the juices of your vagina began to flow!"

I felt so weak and helpless inside, I didn't know what to say or do. I felt like crying, but I held the tears back. I was just so confused.

"Still," Sarah went on in a softer tone, "you are a very beautiful girl and I love you. You know I still have needs that a man cannot fulfill. You can never again be a husband to me, but you still are my girlfriend and female lover."

Sarah removed her clothes and got into bed with me.

"Your breasts are so full and soft," she said tenderly, as her hands pulled up my nightgown, "and your crotch area now is so girlish and accommodative."

As her hands and lips explored my womanly body, I quickly forgot my petty jealousies and responded in like manner to Sarah's body.

As we lay cuddling in the bed, her hand moved down to my groin and slipped into and explored the moistness of my acquired femininity. Her touch was very exciting and I found myself beginning to respond as a woman would.

"Marsha," Sarah said softly, "you feel and respond just like a

normal woman when I touch your girlish parts. You can take a man as a woman. Frankly, I think you need a man to make love to you. Once you've had a guy in you, your feminization will be final. You'll fully be a woman, never able to go back, and you'll never want to go back!"

The next day, Sarah took me to the U.S. consulate, where I was issued a new passport in the name of "Marsha" Brustman, showing my sex as "female!" I had to sign documents acknowledging the change of name and change of sex.

Sarah explained that I would have had great difficulty getting back into the States trying to pass as a man. She had explained the circumstances to her mother, who had used her influence with the State Department to expedite the paperwork to get me a passport that matched my new physical being. After the consulate, we purchased air-line tickets to fly back to the U.S. at the end of the week.

That evening, Sarah went out with Pete, and I didn't see her until dawn the next day. I knew what she was doing, but I still was jealous and didn't like it. I'd had another date with Eduardo, but I wasn't ready for what Sarah had suggested, so he and I parted as friends.

When Sarah came in, she told me that Pete was going to meet us on the beach after lunch and asked me to wake her up in time. Then she fell asleep.

A little after noon, I tried to rouse her, reminding her of the date with Pete. Half asleep, she mumbled for me to go away, that I should go, and that she'd be down later. She fell back asleep almost instantly.

So, with a little bit of mischief in mind, I put on my bikini, brushed out my hair, touched up my makeup, threw a towel and some necessities into a beach bag, and headed down to the beach.

Pete was already there. A tall muscular man with dark hair and brown eyes, he wore a bathing suit that was not much fuller than my bikini bottom. He wore one of those tiny European-style suits, and I could see from the obvious bulge that Sarah hadn't been kidding about his size.

I sure felt funny looking at and assessing another man's equipment. Then again, there was something exciting about it. I began to feel all tingly inside as I realized that I was now equipped to do very girlish and pleasant things to Pete's manhood.

I explained to Pete that Sarah would be down later. He assessed my shapely body and long blond hair and smiled with a big grin as he said, "There's no rush."

"Would you mind unhooking my bikini top for me?" I asked

him.

"I'd love to," he responded eagerly.

His hands had to go under my hair and fumbled behind my back, eventually unclasping the top. I turned around so I was facing him as I slipped the top off my huge breasts. His eyes were focused on my large pink nipples that pointed straight out towards him, with the nubs hardening in the constant sea breeze.

I eyed his crotch and noted that his bulge had increased in size. I offered to rub suntan lotion on him, and he accepted. So I started on his broad muscular back and worked my way around to his hairy chest and large pectoral muscles. It had been some time since I'd touched another man's body, and I found that I was getting very aroused and with increased moistness in my femininity.

Pete was big, strong and muscular. Although I was tall, I was narrow in the shoulders and showed little musculature. Instead my large soft breasts dominated my chest, which flowed down to a narrow waist, broad hips and a feminine crotch that was barely hidden by my bikini bottom. My skin was soft, smooth, hairless and well tanned. Still, I asked Pete if he'd rub some lotion on me.

I lay down on my towel, and Pete started on my back, slowly working his way down to my fanny and the backs of my shapely legs. I rolled over, and he worked his way up the front of my legs to my waist.

"What about your chest?" he asked eyeing my large girlish orbs.

"I don't want them to burn, particularly the nipples," I smiled.

So, he started to rub the lotion gently into my breasts. As he continued, we both began breathing heavily. He leaned over and kissed me on the lips, and then pulled our bodies together, squeezing my soft feminine flesh against his hard masculine torso. I felt so overwhelmed, so feminine, so excited, he could have done anything

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that he wanted to with me. I rolled on top of him as my hair fell gently on his face and body.

His lips moved to my neck and then my earlobes, and I felt a shiver go down my spine. "Let's go up to my room," he whispered into my ear.

"Yes!" was all I whispered into his ear, as I nibbled on his neck.

As we headed off the beach, hand-in-hand, I saw Sarah coming down the beach. We waved good-bye to her, and she stopped and stood there with a scowl on her face and her hands on her hips. She seemed to be furious, but I would have to handle that later.

"Your girl friend is a little too aggressive for me," Pete noted as we kept moving towards the hotel. "Sarah's a nice girl, but you're so sweet and beautiful, and so much more sexy and feminine than she is. I hope we're not getting into too much trouble with her."

"Don't worry," I assured him, as I turned to give him a deep and passionate kiss. We pulled our two bodies lovingly together, still within sight of Sarah. She had disappeared by the time we broke from our embrace.

Pete's room was in our hotel, just a couple of floors above Sarah and me. Standing by his bed, he again undid my bikini top, only this time he removed my breasts from it. Then he slowly slid my bottom off my hips and down my legs. He gave me a gentle kiss on my soft tummy as he eyed my femininity.

I slid Pete's bathing suit down his legs, and his freed member became fully engorged; it was larger than I had expected. I could understand Sarah's excitement, as I felt a new and strange yearning inside. I hoped that I could take him in me without any difficulty. He looked like he was about as big as the form my Langamaycha sisters had used to shape my girlhood. I'd just have to handle any problems as they popped up.

We lay down on the bed, and Pete took me in his arms, kissing me very gently and lovingly. One of his hands tenderly explored my soft womanly body, first my chest and then my femininity. My hand explored his taught manly musculature, before my fingers were drawn to his swollen manhood.

He artfully aroused all my senses and awakened feminine sensations that I didn't even know I was capable of feeling. A wonderful but strange warm moistness developed between my thighs, as the need to have him in me grew unbearable. At last, he slipped into me, firmly filling my womanhood with warmth. His entry into me just seemed to be the most natural thing that could happen. My body responded and moved instinctively, beyond my conscious control. My pelvis began thrusting back and forth in

concert with Pete's body. As I felt his fullness stroking back and forth over my girlish nub, I instinctively and with mounting arousal began to flutter my hips more quickly.

I moaned and then screamed as my sensations peaked in a crescendo of feminine feeling and emotion, as waves of ecstasy reverberated throughout my being, but he kept going. I was screaming and yelling as my body gyrated in a manner I could never consciously recreate.

I kept reaching successive and even more intense crescendos of arousal, until I hit an ultimate peak, as Pete made one final thrust into me, our body's passionately entwined, and I felt a powerful warm pulsation deep in my abdomen.

We spent the balance of the afternoon in bed, exploring different ways of giving each other pleasure.

The Langamaycha medicine woman had done well, her primitive but highly skilled surgery had made me a functional woman. Not only had I been able to take a man naturally, but my decimated maleness had become a very effective girlish nub, providing me with extremely exciting feminine sensations.

I was a woman! Not only that, but I'd stolen my wife's lover. I wondered how would Pete react if he discovered that he'd just made mad passionate love to Sarah's emasculated husband?

I returned to Sarah's and my room around dawn. She was steaming mad, demanding to know where I had been—as if she didn't know.

"If you must know, I've had real sex with a real man," I gloated. "You were right, Sarah, I can never go back. I'm no longer a man, and I'm no longer your husband. I do love being a woman, though, and we still can be girlfriends."

I hugged her and gave her a kiss. We crawled into bed together and made love. It was not the same, though, I was a woman now and I knew what it was like to have a man inside me.

## **BACK TO A NEW LIFE**

Our trip back to the States was uneventful. We went first to Sarah's mother's house. We told her of our exploits. She was amazed at how feminine I had become.

Based on a phone call from Sarah, she presented me with a set of documents that had been triggered by those I signed at the consulate. First was a court order changing my legal sex to female and changing my name from Mark to Marsha. Second was an annulment of our marriage, since I no longer was a man.

So I really was a woman, and I really no longer was Sarah's husband. The formality of it all knocked me for a loop.

Sarah was still somewhat upset with me over the Pete incident,

and she suggested that I spend the night at my mother's, and that she'd stay with her mother.

Mother had a couple of surprises in store for me, too. To begin with, she was not surprised that I had returned as a woman. It turns out that my "mother" really was my father who had lived among the Langamaycha, and I was the missing little baby-boy-daughter that he/she had taken from the tribe.

"The night of the Paxi attack, your mother and many others were killed, and I grabbed you and fled into the jungle," she explained. "I brought you back to civilization so that you would be educated and get to know the developed world. I always planned to tell you the truth and to return to the Langamaycha.

"There even was a time when I thought I could transform you from a boy into a girl by myself, but I never worked up the courage to complete what I had started.

"The truth is that Mark Brustman, your father, never returned from the Amazon. He ceased to exist at the surgical hands of a Langamaycha medicine woman. I grew breasts and developed into a woman both physically and mentally, the same woman you know today as your mother. As a nurturer I nursed you as my little baby.

"What has happened to you now is for the best, Marsha," she continued. "Your physical mother's system was so heavily laced with ambient female hormones when she was pregnant with you, that your body and mind were affected. You never would have been fully male or fully satisfied as a male. Now you're a beautiful woman as you should have been. I hope you're not too upset with me."

"No, Mother, I'm not," I replied. "Strangely, I feel very natural and happy as a woman. I guess I'm still a little shocked by finding that my marriage has been annulled that I've been legally declared to be a female."

"I know this may be a little soon for you, but do you remember Jan Flint?" she asked.

"Of course!" I smiled, as my heart-beat picked up.

"Well, since you've been out of town, he's come to town, doing graduate work at the University. I just thought that might interest you, Dear," she continued.

And interested, I was, but these developments also raised my curiosity.

"Tell me, Mother, what is your relationship with Jerry Flint?" I queried.

"Jerry was an old friend of mine at college. He knew me when I was a young man. When I returned from the Amazon as a woman, he helped me get settled in a new life. We had an affair as man and

woman, but he was married at that time, so we went our separate ways."

"Did he know I was a boy, when we visited him that summer?"

"He did, but he never said anything to anyone about it, including to his son, Jan. He told me that you appeared to be so natural as a girl, he never would have known otherwise. He convinced me, though, that it was not fair to deny you a shot at normal manhood. That's one reason I pushed you back into your role as a boy and stopped feeding you female hormones. Jerry and I have seen each other recently, and we still have a special relationship, but that's all another story," she concluded.

"You were giving me female hormones?"

"Yes, both in your 'vitamins' and in that body lotion. You seemed to take to femininity so naturally, but I only gave them to you for a month or so. Now, Femcha has completed what I hesitatingly began."

Sarah and I rented separate, but neighboring, apartments, and we remained casual female lovers, at least while we worked on writing our thesis. My thoughts, however, kept turning back towards Jan, until I finally worked up the nerve to give him a call.

Using the sexiest, most feminine inflections in my voice, I asked him if he remembered Marsha Brustman.

"Marsha?" he gulped, "Why, I'll never forget you. I still think often about that wonderful week we spent together. How've you been?"

"Oh, fine thanks. I've gone through some changes recently, but now I'm just living here in town by myself. How've you been?" I replied.

"Well, I'm also living in town by myself, while I'm working towards a doctorate in history at the University. Gee, I'd really love to see you tonight. How about going out for dinner together; we can catch up on old times?"

We made a date for that evening. He was picking me up at eight o'clock, so I spent the next couple of hours taking a long hot perfumed bath, carefully fixing my hair and makeup, dabbing perfume at strategic locations on my body. With my long blonde hair cascading down over my shoulders, I looked like a runway model.

I wore the sexiest of panties and bras, and the special low cut cocktail dress Sarah had bought me. The dress showed off my awesome natural cleavage to its fullest, while highlighting my thin waist and girlishly flared hips. My long-stemmed legs were enhanced by my heels and stockings.

I answered the door bell with my heart pounding and my

stomach in my throat.

“Wow! Hello, Beautiful!” Jan grinned as his eyes scanned my body and face and ended up staring down into my cleavage.

“Hi Jan,” I tittered, as I looked at one of the most handsome men I’d ever seen. He had continued to grow and blossom in his masculinity since we’d last been together. He was tall, dark, well built and handsome, with a look in his eyes that made my tummy tingle in anticipation. I grabbed my purse, and we headed out to his car.

“I wasn’t quite sure what I was going to find, tonight,” he said softly. “I see that you still dress like a girl?!”

“Yes, I do,” I cooed as I moved closer to him. I knew he could smell my perfume. “How do I look?” I asked playfully.

“Marsha, you’re that most gorgeous girl I’ve ever seen!” he smiled.

“I’ve also taken to living full-time as woman,” I admitted seductively, as I slipped my delicate hand into his.

When he stopped to unlock his car door for me, I couldn’t resist the urge. I pulled Jan’s face down to mine. My luscious lipsticked lips closed in on his, and an electrical charge of passion and arousal sparked between our bodies. Jan surrounded me with his strong arms, pulling my body against his as his tongue plunged into the recesses of my mouth.

In the warmth of our embrace, we both exchanged passionate vows of how much we’d missed each other and how much we loved each other.

I could feel Jan was getting aroused as he pressed against me. I felt an increasing feminine tingling and moistness between my thighs. Little did Jan know what a happy surprise lay in store for him later that evening, if he played his cards right.

At dinner, we filled in the missing years. Jan told me how he had come to be a history major and now was teaching at the university as part of his graduate-degree work. He was not seriously dating and had not married.

I explained how I had resumed life as a male after our time together, how I’d gotten into anthropology, married a beautiful woman and had gone to the Amazon to research a tribe of warrior women.

“You married a girl?” he asked incredulously with a look of concern on his face, as his eyes again focused on my cleavage.

“I did, but I had to live as a woman among the Amazon tribe, and one thing led to another. We had our marriage annulled, and now I’m living full-time as a girl. Sarah and I still see each other, though, and sleep with each other on occasion.”

Jan gave me a funny, quizzical look. I was being deliberately vague about gender questions, so as to savor Jan's full reaction as he slowly peeled back all possible angles of camouflage, discovering bit by bit that every element of masculinity within my physical and emotional being had been completely transformed into femininity.

After a wonderful meal, he asked me back to his place for a nightcap. While he was pouring the drinks, I moved up behind him, slightly to his side, pressing my womanly flesh against his firm body.

As I put my arms around him, I let my right hand slip down to his crotch as I nibbled on his earlobe. I could feel an immediate response in the tensing of his body.

"What are you doing there, Marsha," he asked eagerly, as his breathing began to deepen.

He turned and passionately hugged me, his lips and mine merging, seeking to become as one.

As his embrace eased, we moved to the sofa. I loosened my dress, and his hand swiftly moved to my chest. Then, his body froze as he stared at me.

"You have real tits!" he gasped.

"I have matured somewhat femininely," I whispered softly into his ear, as I pulled off my dress, revealing my bra-encumbered breasts.

"Oh my goodness!" he moaned, as I unhooked my bra, slowly unveiling large, perfectly-formed girlish orbs.

"Why, they're fantastic," he squealed. "Your breasts are so beautiful! They're large ... perfectly shaped, and your nipples, why they're so big and pink ...," he muffled as his soft lips began kissing and sucking on one of the swollen nubs.

I gently pulled his face into my bosom as he combined the skills of his lips, tongue and fingers to make me forget that I'd ever had a boyish chest. Oh how happy I was that I had grown the full breasts of a woman! Also, I already was feeling a strong need between my thighs and had to struggle not to let my pelvis begin the rhythmic thrusting it so wanted to begin.

We both tore off our clothes and Jan just stared disbelievingly at my nearly-perfect feminine body. From my long blond hair and

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pretty face, to the swells of my full womanly orbs, to my slim, tight, but femininely soft waist to my broad hips and long shapely legs.

We pulled our bodies together, my large breasts flattening against his powerful, hairy and masculine chest. His well-endowed excited manhood, standing out in front of him, faced the unmanly flatness of my groin.

"I don't see a thin pink string," he gasped anxiously.

"That's because there's nothing there to hide! I'm no longer a guy!" I cooed as femininely as possible.

His hand moved to my crotch, and his fingers began to masterfully explore my womanhood. I let out a soft moan as my pelvis began to push towards him slowly, rhythmically.

"You feel just like a girl!," he exclaimed.

"I am a girl!" I countered. "I have undergone a complete change of sex. Legally I'm female, and my name has been changed from 'Mark' to 'Marsha.' Not only do I now talk like a girl, not only have I grown full breasts, not only do I have the soft, hairless and curvy flesh of a girl, but I can take you into me in a natural, womanly manner!"

I moved my pelvis up to his, allowing his firmness between my legs. My hand guided him into me.

Unable to hold back any longer, my pelvis began to gyrate wildly, as I began to moan and scream.

"Oh yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Jan!" I raved.

"You're really a girl!" Jan moaned back as he kept thrusting his solid warmth deep into me. "Oh, Marsha Baby," he sighed.

We slept together that night, but didn't get much sleep. By the time dawn broke, I was feeling so womanly and so much in love with Jan! We decided that he would move into my apartment and we would start living together immediately.

The next couple of weeks were like a honeymoon, only instead of my making mad passionate love to my wife, as I had with Sarah, I was the target of Jan's insatiable manly urges. I so loved his manhood finding its pleasure inside my body, and I so loved the incredible waves of ecstatic womanly sensations that flowed and peaked so frequently throughout my girlish being. I often initiated contact, too, to quench the girlish urges that kept arising in my tummy and breasts.

How happy and secure I felt, waking up each morning with Jan's large powerful arms enveloping my delicate girlish features. How fun to see how I could so simply arouse the fires of his manly engine with a little sway of my hips, a little display of feminine flesh, a suggestive curve in my body, a touch of my fingers or a seductive look in my eye.

I dressed to please him and adjusted my cosmetics and hairstyle when I found something he liked a little bit more than before. I was so happy and rarely thought of my earlier life as a young man, although Jan occasionally got a kick out of my past.

"How do you like not being a guy anymore, Marsha?" he asked in gasps one night, in the middle of an unusually intense moment of passion.

"Being a girl is just unbelievably great!" I squealed in response and in time with the rhythmic gyrations of my hips. "I couldn't be doing what I'm doing now, if I were still a guy," I continued with short breaths. "I so love my feminine sensations! They're much more pleasurable than they were as a man. The feelings are so intense throughout my whole body, and they keep getting better, then they peak, and then they get even better again, and they last so long! Oooh! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

A little later, Jan explained to me how, for him, his thinking of my once having been a boy added an extra level of excitement to our love making.

My hand moved down to his maleness and began to address its flaccid condition. "I once had one of these, like you, but now boys love to put them in me, and I love to feel them in me," I giggled as I straddled myself on top of Jan. His breathing was beginning to pick up its pace

"I used to have strong arms and solid pectoral muscles just like you, Jan, but a girl's hormones just wouldn't let me be. They softened my muscles into feminine flesh, and I grew big breasts instead so I could suckle a baby and a occasional lover," I cooed as Jan really began getting aroused again. I pulled his hands to my breasts as we began one of our more exciting love sessions.

Jan was very understanding and tolerant of my special relationship with Sarah, although Sarah seemed somewhat jealous and hostile towards Jan.

Sarah and I tended to drift apart after we both got our doctorates. Sarah put her name as the lead name on the study, along with her mother, and with both Marsha Brustman and Mark Brustman. The last name was included in honor of my father whose male being vanished in the wilds of the Amazon.

Sarah took a position as an assistant professor at the university, but I was not offered a position and found work hard to get. Still, I needed regular income for my living and to help support Jan as he completed his studies. Jan and I planned to get married after he received his degree and landed a good teaching position.

### **WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO?**

In any event, there were no jobs I could find that made use of

my degree. So, I took what work I could find.

Eventually, I became a waitress at a popular local bar noted for its well-endowed servers. My uniform was a short skirt with a low-cut top that accentuated the natural cleavage of my large breasts. High heels and fish-net stockings showed off my shapely legs to maximum advantage. With my long blond hair—that now hung down to my waist—and pretty face and blue eyes, I was one of the more popular girls.

I didn't mind showing off my body. I enjoyed having men eyeing my generous feminine curves, and their tips usually reflected a certain appreciation for my looks and demeanor. As a result, I made more money than Sarah did at the university, and Jan and I lived quite comfortably. I also occasionally met a really cute guy who wanted to help me forget I'd been male, but I always stayed loyal to Jan.

Jan, however, got a great kick out of going to the bar and watching the other guys eye my feminine assets. He thought it was so exciting to see the others being attracted to his sexy girlfriend, who really was a fully-feminized guy. Those evenings, Jan was unusually passionate with me when we got home.

We continued living in the same apartment building with Sarah, but saw less and less of her as time went by. Still, I often ran into my increasingly infrequent female lover as we passed in the hall.

Sarah had kept herself in good shape since our Amazon journey. If anything, her muscles were more noticeable than before, and, although she wore a mannish haircut, she remained on balance very feminine in her shape and appearance.

Still, most of the time I ran into her, she was in the company of another woman, usually a very pretty woman. One day, as we were entering our respective apartments, she introduced me to one of her more striking girlfriends, a brunette named Vicki.

Vicki was petite, but very pretty and well built. She also seemed extremely interested in me, since Sarah had told her "all" about our adventures with the Langamaycha. Although Vicki gave me a longing look, Sarah didn't invite me in with them. I knew why, as I noticed Sarah's hand resting naturally on Vicki's well-rounded rear.

Sometime after meeting Vicki, however, I ran into Sarah in the hall, and she introduced me to her new live-in male lover, Adam Harris. Adam was a graduate student studying under Sarah. Physically, he was shorter than either Sarah or I, rather skinny and slight of build, but he had an attractive, almost-pretty face, despite his beard and mustache. He also seemed very mild-mannered and pliant in terms of Sarah's desires. Adam was the first man I'd seen

my ex-wife with since we'd left Brazil.

Jan's father had to undergo major surgery, so Jan had gone home for a week, leaving me alone. After I so advised Sarah, she invited me to join Adam and her for dinner. I was particularly intrigued to meet the guy who had brought Sarah's attentions back to the world of men, so I accepted the invitation.

We had a good meal and a fair amount to drink. As the evening wore on, Sarah came over to me and took me in her arms, planting an aggressively-passionate kiss on my lips. I happily responded, but was uncomfortable with Adam standing there. Sarah quickly suggested that we work a threesome, and much to my surprise, I found myself accepting.

We tried all sorts of positions and combinations, but I particularly enjoyed Adam's manly attentions to my feminine body. He was slim, but muscular, with a hairy body. Adam also was well endowed and knew how to excite a woman's hot spots. He seemed to enjoy my body as much as I did his. Having him live next door had interesting potential.

I didn't see Sarah and Adam again for several weeks—our schedules just didn't mesh well too often—but I finally was able to get them over for a reciprocal dinner one evening, after Jan had returned.

I told Jan of the evening and relationship I had had with Sarah and Adam. While he had been understanding with Sarah, he was quite upset over the idea of Adam having made love to me.

He calmed down, though, after a little bit, as we prepared for a pleasant evening.

Surprisingly, Jan and Adam seemed to hit it off right away. They talked so much with each other that both Sarah and I could have gone to the movies and would not have been missed.

Adam had changed some. Now he was clean shaven, although he seemed to have let his brown hair grow out a little. I also noted that his arms and the backs of his hands were hairless—they had been shaved—but I didn't say anything. Jan, however, was not so tactful.

"If you don't mind my asking, Adam," he queried, "why do you shave your arms?"

Sarah answered for Adam, "It's not just his arms; he shaves his chest, his legs and under his arms. I've told Adam that I don't like body hair on a man, and asked him to shave it all off.

"He did, and he is so nice and smooth right after he shaves. The problem is that after just a couple of hours, he develops stubble on his body, and that gives me whisker-burn all over. We have to come up with a better way," Sarah concluded.

Jan just gave me a smirking aside.

"Why don't you have your body waxed, Adam," I suggested. "Then your skin would be soft and smooth for extended periods of time, and you'd both have more fun."

"Good thinking, Marsha!" Sarah interjected. "I also want you to start electrolysis on your beard, Adam. That way your beard stubble won't irritate my skin when we kiss, particularly when you kiss me you-know-where," she giggled. "I'll make arrangements with one of my girlfriends who runs a unisex beauty salon. She'll make sure that you're well taken care of."

Adam seemed relieved and happy that he would be able to please Sarah. As Jan and Adam got back into their almost-private discussion, it became apparent that they both loved to jog and take saunas. Since there was a sauna in the apartment's basement, the two of them agreed to go jogging with each other early in the morning, to be followed by a sauna.

Jan got into his new jogging routine with Adam and seemed quite excited when he headed out early each day. Another month passed, however, before I got to see Adam again.

Sarah had to leave town at least several times a year for different conferences, or when she was presenting a paper to the anthropological association. One weekend, when she was out of town, we asked Adam over to join us for a meal. I fixed Jan and him some spaghetti, and we all ended up drinking a little bit too much chianti.

Adam's face looked different somehow, a little softer perhaps, almost girlish. I told him that I liked his longer hair—it now was down over his ears—and I asked him how his body-hair project had worked out.

"Well, I'm hairless!" he grinned.

"He sure is," chimed in Jan with unusual interest, "his skin is just as smooth and soft as a girl's. You should see him in the sauna!"

I liked Adam's soft smile, as his face flushed almost girlishly.

"I went to Vicki's salon—you know Vicki, Sarah's friend?" Adam continued. "It turns out that she has a new computerized laser hair removal system. The laser vaporizes and scars each hair's root, leaving the skin hairless and making any regrowth of the hair impossible.

"Well, she gave me the works. Two technicians with two lasers did my whole body in week. Feel my face!" He exclaimed.

I ran my hand over his face, and his cheeks and chin were as soft and smooth as mine—no signs of stubble. "Ooh, that feels so sexily smooth," I cooed.

"I'm glad you like it, Marsha," he went on. "As part of the package Sarah arranged for me, they also eliminated my sideburns

and thinned out and shaped my eyebrows, so they would be 'neater.'"

"What about the rest of your body?" I asked.

"If you don't mind Jan," Adam looked to my boyfriend for an approving nod, which he got. "Take a look," he offered, stripping to his undershorts. His body was smooth and hairless, including under his arms.

"What about your pubic hair?" I asked innocently.

He took off his shorts. Except for a dainty patch of pubic hair that was left around his manhood, his body hair was gone. Other than his male parts, he looked very nonmale—emasculated.

As I eyed Adam's chest, I noticed that his body seemed somehow less muscular, softer than before. He had put on a little weight, with a puffiness in his nipples and a minor swelling of the flesh surrounding them. I noticed that Jan was staring at Adam's chest, too.

Jan kept jogging with Adam every day, and their time together seemed to be slowly increasing, but I didn't give that a second thought.

One week, a couple of months later, however, Jan's father had a relapse of his illness, so Jan had to head home again for a while. At the same time, Sarah had one of her extended trips out of town.

I hadn't seen Adam in a while, and he gave me a call inviting me to dinner. When I knocked on his door, what a shock I had in store for me!

Adam greeted me with his usual smile, but he looked like a girl! His hair had grown another inch or so, but it had been dyed blond and cut and styled in a feminine manner. His fingernails were girlishly shaped with softpink nail polish on them, and he was wearing a matchingcolored lipstick on his lips!

What caught my undivided attention, however, were two noticeable protrusions on his chest that caused his shirt front to tent out. I suddenly had flashback images of a summer in the country and my developing femininity in the Amazon rain forest.

Adam offered me a drink, and we sat and talked.

"Sarah has made some changes in me," Adam explained in a softened higher-pitched voice than I remembered. "How do you like my hair?" he asked.

"It's very pretty, Adam," I responded. "Isn't it sort of a feminine style, though?"

"It is," he admitted, "but it's the way Sarah likes it. She told me that if I were to wear my hair long, it would have to be well taken care of and properly trimmed. So she asked Vicki to fix it for me. Vicki thought Sarah would find me more striking as a

blond. So she colored my hair—without telling me—when she was shampooing it. She said she could always return it to its original color if Sarah didn't like it. I was shocked, but Sarah liked it, so here I am."

"What about the fingernails and lipstick?"

"Well, Sarah first asked me to let my nails grow, because she liked the feel of long nails when I played with her nipples, or when I used my fingers to arouse her girlish spot. Once they were long, she said that they should be well taken care of, and Vicki gave me a manicure, and she painted my nails while she was at it for no extra charge.

"With my pink nails, Sarah asked me to try a matching lipstick. She likes the feel of lipstick on lips she is kissing, so I accommodated her. She said I didn't have to wear the polish or lipstick while she was out of town, but I thought I'd keep them on tonight for you, to see how you liked them."

"They're very pretty, Adam," I noted, "but they do make you look like a very girlish guy."

"Yes, I know that," he admitted, "but these changes seem to excite Sarah so, and I don't want to disappoint her."

After dinner, we found ourselves in a passionate embrace. I found I was strongly attracted to this increasingly girlish boy. Soon we both were getting undressed and walked, dainty-feminized-hand in dainty-feminized hand, over to the bed.

Adam had put on more weight and lost more muscle tone, his soft hairless chest now sported small conical breasts with large erect nipples. His waist was soft and had narrowed, but his fanny had rounded out some, and his hips had spread a little. I didn't say anything, but I had a really strong suspicion as to what Sarah was up to.

Adam appeared to be undergoing massive physical feminization, and Sarah somehow had to be flooding his system with female hormones.

"You're looking so good, Adam," I asked, based on a hunch. "How do you keep yourself in such fine shape?"

"Oh, I see a nutritionist regularly, another one of Sarah's woman friends," he revealed. "Sarah's friend is working to commercialize certain special herbs and medicinal plants that Sarah discovered on an expedition to South America. I've been put on a very strict diet, with jogging, special exercises and a vitamin program. You should see the number of pills I have to take!"

I was intrigued, but figured it was best not to say anything. As we began to cuddle, I changed the topic by starting to kiss and suck on his girlish nipples. Such provided great stimulus for his man-

hood, and left an aftertaste in my mouth that so reminded me of Sarah. He looked like he had a body that was more girl than boy, except for his excited appendage. I felt a strange a tingly sensation as I realized I was looking at girl with a man's assets. This would become very interesting.

"I like your big nipples, Adam," I whispered in his ear, as I nibbled on his earlobe.

"I do, too," he admitted. "Sarah really enjoys playing with them, she always has. She says that all her playing with them has made them increase in size. They're so sensitive, they get me highly excited."

His finger nails really did add to my excitement, and the soft lipstick on his lips was deliciously sensual as I merged it with the soft coating on my lips.

Although aroused, Adam didn't seem as large as before, and I became sure of that when he entered me. Still, he was creative in his technique and brought me to strong feminine peaks several times during the night.

I reached a new level of excitement, as the manly part of Adam triggered the appropriate feminine responses in my body. Still, he had such a pretty face and girlish hair, and his soft hairless body and small breasts kept rubbing and bouncing against my breasts and feminized body, as he thrust himself back and forth in my throbbing femininity. My senses being overwhelmed by a bi-gendered lover. I was having physical sex with a man's normal assets, while being made love to by a sweet sensual girl.

When we snuggled in bed the next morning, I suggested to Adam that he might want to paint his toenails, too, so they matched his fingernails and lipstick. He thought that would be fun, so I helped him. As he sat there naked before me, with his girlish hair and face, soft hairless body, developing chest, narrow waist and broad hips, girlish hair and painted nails, he so looked like a girl that I just had to do something.

"Adam, you must like looking girlish to put up with all these changes. Am I correct?" I asked.

"Yes, as a matter of fact I have a feminine side to me that I enjoy very much," he replied. "Sarah tells me that's one of the things that attracts her to me."

"Then, as your friend, let me help you pass as a girl when you want to be feminine, so that you don't look weird. Right now, you make a very unusual looking man, but with a couple of special touches, you would look like a normal pretty girl. I think you're better off passing as a normal girl when you want to be girlish than having people think you're a weird guy. Don't you agree?" I

continued.

“Would you really help me dress as a girl?” Adam almost squealed with delight.

“Consider it done!” I concluded.

“But what about Sarah? Do you think she’ll mind?” He asked me.

“Believe me, I know her well enough that I’m sure she’ll be delighted,” I answered.

I measured Adam’s key dimensions, and went out for the morning, buying a variety of feminine necessities for my new girlfriend.

### THREE’S COMPANY

By the time Sarah returned from her trip, Adam was living and dressing as a young woman. I waited with Adam to see the expression on Sarah’s face when she walked through the door.

“Well, well, well!” she exclaimed with a broad grin on her face. “What’s happened to my dear Adam while I’ve been gone?” she queried as she gave me a knowing look.

There standing in front of Sarah was a beautiful new girl. Her feminine hair framed a pretty face that showed delicately arched eyebrows, soft feminine eyes highlighted with shadow and mascara, and an innocent blush. She wore simple stud pierced earrings.

Her blouse was sleeveless and low-cut and showed fair cleavage from what appeared to be full breasts. The blouse hugged her slim waist, and it was held in place by a skirt that rode slightly above her knees. Sheer stockings on her legs added color and shape to her very feminine gams, that were further enhanced by her high heels.

“Adam was looking so girlish, that we decided he should go a little further in his attire so as to be able to pass as a girl,” I told Sarah.

I had Adam remove his blouse and skirt, revealing a long-line padded underwire bra that enhanced his girlish chest to the point that he looked like he had full breasts. The bra not only pushed additional flesh up to his chest, but it also slimmed his waist and pushed some flesh down towards his fanny and hips. Tight panties held his manhood in reasonably good confinement, but you could still see that he was a guy, when his skirt was off.

“I’m very pleased with the way you look Adam, and with your initiative in becoming more girl-like,” Sarah beamed. “Don’t worry about your unsightly male parts, Sweetheart, I have some ideas as to how we can make them look more girlish.”

We had a particularly arousing threesome that evening, three

girls arousing each other's feminine bodies, with one girl throwing in a substantial extra thrill for the other two.

The next weekend, Jan was still with his father, and I visited again with Sarah and Adam. Adam looked even prettier and more feminine than the week before. He wore a skimpy halter top that highlighted his girlish chest, showing a fair amount of cleavage and bare, taught midriff. He also was wearing very tight-fitting girl's shorts. They nicely highlighted all his feminine curves from his waist to his fanny and clearly showed a feminine crotch. There was no sign of masculinity between his legs.

Somewhat intrigued, I asked, "Adam, how are you able to display such a girlish crotch?"

Sarah responded, as Adam lowered his eyes and blushed. "We've decided that Adam is going to live as a girl all the time now, and we've made some changes. To start with, he can't be a girl and be called 'Adam,' so I've started calling him 'Eve.'"

"You've got to be kidding!" I laughed.

"Oh, I couldn't resist it," Sarah responded gleefully. "Isn't it cute? In any event, I've told Eve that if she's going to be a girl, she can't have inappropriate male bulges between her thighs. So we bought her a thong—you know the principle—to hold her boyish parts out of sight. We've been able to tuck her testes up in her body, while her male appendage gets compressed back between her legs. She has to wear her thong all the time, except when she needs the appropriate equipment to pleasure me."

"Could I see how it looks?" I asked, with old memories stirring.

"Take your shorts and panties off for Marsha, Eve," Sarah commanded.

"I'd love to," he said with a more femininely pitched voice.

Eve removed his shorts and panties and displayed a very girlish crotch. The thong was small but tight and had everything so contained that the lines were totally and convincingly feminine.

"I've also been preparing some old family recipes for Eve, including a special gargle, and a salve that will make his confined manhood more comfortable," Sarah smiled at me knowingly.

We had a nice dinner, but nothing further. I suspected Eve's love making ability had slowed down a little with the new containment and with his rapidly developing nonmasculine body features.

Jan returned later that week. His father had stabilized and Jan was able to come back to school.

I'd been pondering how my boyfriend could have been taking saunas with Adam every day and not have noticed that Adam was turning into a girl. Jan had to have seen the changes; he just hadn't mentioned them to me!

Sure enough, the first morning back, Jan and Adam went for a jog. I watched them leaving the building. Adam was wearing girl's shorts and a tight T-shirt that showed off the non-boyish shape of his upper torso. I could see Jan's eyes was paying undue attention to Adam and his bouncing chest.

After they returned and ended up in the sauna, I went downstairs and peaked through the small window into the heated cubicle. My stomach turned in excited butterflies as my boyfriend, unaware of my presence, was passionately kissing Adam, his strong, hairy and muscular body against Adam's soft, hairless and girlish curves.

Jan's hand cupped one of Adam's breasts, and I could hear Adam moaning softly like a girl. Although I was upset with Jan, the whole scene seemed somehow to be so erotic. I had just a relationship myself with Adam, and I hadn't told Jan about it.

I went upstairs and awaited Jan's return.

"Well?" I asked as Jan came in the apartment. "How was your jog with Adam?"

"You're not going to believe this, Honey," he started, "but Adam seems to be turning into a girl. I'd noticed he had been moving in that direction, but since I've been away, wow! He's grown nice tits, he talks so like a girl, and he's even hiding his male parts like you did that summer. What's more, he now calls himself 'Eve!'"

"You're really attracted to him, aren't you?" I began to cry, afraid I was losing Jan.

"I am, Honey, but it's just an infatuation," he assured.

"I want you to stop your daily saunas with Adam," I pleaded. "It's just like you're taking a morning sauna each day with a pretty, naked girl. It's just not fair to me, to us," I cooed as I began triggering different turn-on signals in Jan.

He couldn't help himself, as we ended up in bed the balance of the day. The morning jogs and saunas ceased, but Jan somehow seemed a little cooler towards me. He often seemed to be distracted, as though he were thinking of something or someone else.

We saw little of Sarah and Eve for another couple of months, until one morning, when I answered a knock at the door. There was Eve, sobbing like girl. I took him into my arms and comforted him. I could feel that he was braless, and that he now had large firm breasts that were pressing against me. Jan was out teaching one of his classes.

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

"It's Sarah!" he sobbed in a perfectly pitched girlish voice. "She's seeing another man! I haven't been able to please her recently. My maleness has become so small and girlish that I no

longer can satisfy her that way. She told me that she was sleeping with another guy, because she hadn't had real sex with a real man for too long, and that I simply was no longer a man. But, I am a man, am I not, Marsha!?"

"There, there. Calm down, Eve, your tears are causing your mascara to run."

"Oh really?" he fretted, as he went over to a mirror and tried to touch up his pretty face and check his feminine hairstyle.

"I know how you feel, Honey," I soothed, "She told me the same thing once when I was her husband." I was now doubly irate with her. How could she be so cruel to sweet Eve?

"You were Sarah's husband?" Eve asked incredulously. "But you're a woman! I know you're a woman, because I've made love to when I was more of a man!"

"It's a long story," I explained, "Suffice it to say that you can become as much of a woman as I am if you would like to. If you no longer have any function in your emasculated appendage, you might want to consider it. I can tell you that being a girl is a lot of fun.

"Let's see how your body has fared. Why don't you get undressed for me," I continued.

Eve stripped, and I carefully looked at the results of all those female hormones telling his body that he really was a female. His overall shape was as a girl, narrow in the shoulders, broad in the hips. He had smooth and hairless skin, and his muscles had softened into gentle feminine flesh. The female hormones had caused his milk ducts to mature and his breast-fat nodes to swell, filling out his mammary glands so that they were fully rounded and jutting proudly from his chest. His nipples also had become large, with firm, womanly nubs.

His narrow waist was girlishly soft, offset by broad hips and long shapely legs. His thong left him looking completely feminized, and he was little changed in appearance when it was removed.

Without the thong, what little was there would have tickled Kesta. Faced with an onslaught of feminizing chemicals, his male organs hadn't stood a chance. His equipment had been so savaged by girl's hormones, it was as though it had been fed an antidote to masculinity. What remained was so small and so soft, that Adam had almost been fully transformed into an Eve-like being.

"Hey, Doll," I said, as I took off my clothes and hugged my feminine body against his, "You look like a Las Vegas show-girl! Face it! You now are a woman for all intents and purposes, except for a useless bit of vestigial manhood. Why don't you come live with Jan and me as a girlfriend. We'll find a doctor who can

complete your transformation into a woman, and you can begin fully enjoying the world from the feminine side of life."

"Could I really live with you, Marsha?" he cried, as we embraced lovingly. "What about Jan?" he asked as an afterthought.

"Don't worry! We have an extra bedroom, and I sort of think Jan will be thrilled to have another roommate," I assured him. I was concerned, however, about how this development might affect my relationship with Jan.

That night, I left Jan alone in the bed we usually slept in together, and I spent the night in bed with Eve. We made love as women, exploring and fondling each other's curvaceous feminine flesh. I loved to suck on and play with his firm full breasts. He was so like a woman.

We became extremely comfortable with each other and established a unique relationship only possible between two special women. Before the night passed, however, Jan slid in the bed on Eve's side, comforting her soft naked body against his strong musculature. Before dawn we had established a most unusual threesome.

Eve moved out of Sarah's apartment the next day, and Sarah actually seemed to be happy with the new arrangement. Needless to say, Jan was all aflutter, torn between the two women now in his life. Although I was the only one who could fully satisfy Jan as a woman, Eve had found other ways of easing Jan's tensions.

After several months, Eve approached me with a plea: "Please help me complete my transformation into a woman! I want to go all the way so that I can forget that I ever was a man, and so that I can take a real man in me the way a real woman does. I'm ready."

Eve and I found a cooperative doctor who helped transform him into a full woman over the next year. With plastic surgery, Eve's remnant manhood was physically rearranged into female genitalia. Even most doctors would be fooled by her apparent womanhood.

As an aside, Eve's doctor closely examined my body as it had been transformed by the Langamaycha medicine woman. He admitted that he could not have done a better job of rearranging my sex organs himself.

After recovering from her operation, Eve spent her first night as a full woman with Jan. I could overhear them in the other room, through paper-thin walls, as they became extremely passionate and as they fulfilled each other's needs and pleasures as a woman and a man.

"It's hard to believe you were once a guy like me," Jan began, after they'd calmed down. "I remember when you had a flat chest—a guy's build. My heart fluttered so when I first noticed the

swelling in your nipples and began to realize that you were turning into a girl.

“You were so pretty, even as a guy, with your blond hair styled like a girl. And your skin was so smooth and soft. I kept getting aroused just looking at you in the sauna, while, over time, your muscle tone softened, your breasts enlarged, your waist narrowed, and yours hips spread girlishly.

“I noticed your manhood was getting smaller. But, then there was that day you came in wearing a concealing thong! You no longer were a guy, you just looked like a pretty girl to me.

“I couldn’t help myself as I moved close to you, and we kissed so sweetly and passionately, while I first cupped your soft small breasts so tenderly in my fingers.

“And now! Your breasts are so beautiful and full. And your manhood is just a distant memory, as I explore and experience your fully feminine features. Your womanly assets feel and look so natural. I’ve never had a more exciting or arousing time with any girl, Eve. You are indeed have become a woman!”

“Oh, Jan,” she seemed to be crying. “You were wonderful! My sensations were so much better than I could have ever imagined. Waves of ecstasy just flowed throughout my entire body, as you moved so strongly inside me. I still feel so aroused and romantic. I’m so happy that I’m a woman now, I never felt this good when I was a guy. Thank you for being the man to introduce me to my full womanhood!”

I felt a twinge of jealousy as I listened to the two lovers, but I knew I would get Jan back in bed with me soon enough.

Eve gave up school and began working as a waitress with me. The guys really loved to ogle her big breasts, and she loved to show them off. She even has had several serious boyfriends, but the two of us still have retained a very special relationship with each other and with our mutual live-in boyfriend, Jan.

In fact, one recent afternoon, the three of us were having such a wonderful time, as Eve and I took turns servicing Jan while the other one was doing everything she could to add to the excitement of the other two.

As we two girls got out of bed, we stared at each other’s completely feminized bodies in the mirror. With our operations and the passage of time, all our curves had features balanced out perfectly for women. Our fully developed breasts were firm and well-rounded, our waists were so sexily slim against our broad hips. We each had long blond hair that fell in soft waves below our shoulders. Our faces also had continued to soften, becoming more feminine as we built up girlish fatty deposits on our cheeks.

Years of hormonal rewiring of our brains also had had its impact. Both Eve and I loved guys and found that our maternal instincts were becoming very strong. If only there were some way we could get pregnant and have babies!

Jan laughed from the bed, as he eyed our shapely bodies from behind. "You, know," he said, with a big grin on his face, "I've got to be one of the luckiest guys alive, to be living with two such beautiful woman. No offense, but you two look like you just walked of a chorus line in Las Vegas."

I blushed a little from his comment, but then the door bell rang. "It's me, Sarah," we heard from the other side of the door.

Both Eve and I threw on our sheer nighties, which did not conceal a thing, and Jan put on his boxer shorts. So attired, we opened the door.

There was Sarah with a guy. She wanted to introduce us to Bob, her new live-in boyfriend. Bob was good looking, in a prettyish sort of way, short, slight of build, but still reasonably muscular. I could tell by looking at his crotch that he was thrilled at the beautiful feminine forms he could see through our nighties. His eyes also wandered over to Jan's rather stunning masculine physique.

Each of us, in turn, eyed Bob, imagining what he was going to look like with long girlish hair and firm large breasts.

Jan, in his mind, was imagining embracing an emasculated Bob, kissing the soft lipsticked lips of a girlish guy, feeling Bob's hormone swollen chest gently yielding to the firmness of Jan's pectoral muscles.

"Nice to meet you, Bob," Jan smiled. "Say, do you like to jog and take saunas?" he asked with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Sure do!" replied Bob.

Eve and I looked at each other, giggling, as we wondered how long it would take before Bob would give anything to have his hormone-decimated male parts surgically altered, so that he could take another guy inside him like a woman usually takes a man. Bob was going to be such a pretty girl!

As Bob kept eying my large breasts, my nearly perfect feminine curves, my long hairless girlish legs and the feminine flatness between my thighs. Little did he realize that the masculine urges he was feeling now would be fleeting. Soon enough his body and mind would be chemically altered so that Jan would become the more likely object of desire.

It was October now, I figured that within a month, "Roberta's" hair would be more femininely styled, and that "her" masculine body hair would have been permanently removed.

By Christmas, she would be wearing her first bra, trying to contain her blossoming conical breasts and swollen and hyper-sensitive nipples. By March, her growing breasts, swollen hips, narrow waist and girlish hair would have become dominant. She'd be wearing a cache sex so as not to be embarrassed while wearing girl's clothes. By then, too, Jan probably would have made a pass, confusing the poor girlish boy's gender orientation.

By next summer, I figured Roberta could go with Eve and me to the beach, where we could show off our bikinied bodies, intensifying the male-hormone flows in a number of guys.

Once Sarah got that first dose of female hormones flowing through Bob's veins, the poor guy never would be fully male again. Yes, it was just matter of time before Bob would be ready to join our chorus line ...

\* \* \*

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but it was Bill's first dance in  
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