

MANFRED THE MISSY

By Ricky Brundt



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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MANFRED THE MISSY

By Ricky Brundt

IT STARTED WITH MS. BLANTON

I had a very conventional youth, and did most of the things that young boys do in the U.S. while growing up: girls, sports, homework (in roughly that order). My home life was pretty good, for example, my parents took good care of me. In fact, the only questionable thing that they ever did to me was giving me the dreadful name of “Manfred”. Luckily for me, they made it their practice to drop the “Man” and simply call me “Freddie” so no one at my school knew my full name. I had no idea at the time how symbolic the dropping of the “Man” would be of my later life.

My idyllic early years were brought to a sharp and tragic end at age fourteen when I was suddenly orphaned, through circumstances which are still too painful for me to recount here. In accordance with the wills of my parents, I was sent to live with my Aunt Evelyn—my mother's younger sister—in a distant city. She was very nice to me, but I arrived in a very distraught emotional state, and had to make a whole new set of friends. Nevertheless, I graduated from high school after four years with good grades and was ready to begin college on the money my parents' insurance had provided.

Because I was nearing legal adulthood and had my own money, Aunt Evelyn allowed me great latitude in picking where I would go. I picked a prestigious college in a nice small town about three hundred miles away. As I prepared to leave, it occurred to me that I was now on my own, really on my own, with no safety net except the money I had in the bank. I remember a deep seated feeling of apprehension as I pulled out of Aunt Evelyn's driveway on my eighteenth birthday to start my drive to college. As I drove along, I was thinking about how higher education would present me with new and varied experiences, but I had no idea just how new and varied those experiences would be.

When I arrived in the town where the college was located, my first task was to find housing for the semester. I investigated several possibilities near the campus and settled upon a nice home run by a Ms. Blanton. (Her first name was Sarah, I soon learned, but I always referred to her as “Ms. Blanton”, and I will continue to do so here.) There would be only the two of us living in her home, which was large and from the Victorian period.

First, let me say that Ms. Blanton was not your usual dowdy boarding house “mom”. No, not at all. She was a striking young woman: pretty, vivacious, and with a figure made of delicious curves. I loved the way she usually dressed: in thin, silky or gossamer dresses which clung to her body and highlighted her great shape. Not surprisingly, she attracted the attention of many men and dated constantly. It was obvious to me that she loved her femininity and turning men on with it. When I had first

looked at the room, I had been a little uneasy about the appearances of our living in the same house when we were close to the same age, but this didn't seem to bother her at all, and I soon forgot these initial reservations.

Very early on, she set the tone for our relationship as one of mutual kindness and courtesy. This was especially important to me during my initial exposure to college life. When I started getting back the results of my first exams, she was most interested and even hugged me after the good ones. (What an incentive to study!) I can still recall clearly the warm sense of well-being I felt when she cuddled me against her big tits and I could smell her sweet perfume.

Even though she had assumed a “motherly” role with me, I couldn't help noticing that, when she snuggled me into her soft chest, she did not seem too anxious to break the embrace. Of course, I also got a boner in my jockey shorts.

She supplemented her income from the boarding house by working as a foot, leg and hand model and those parts of her body were truly remarkable: beautifully shaped, soft and dainty. Her job required her to devote considerable time to primping herself. In fact, I guess you could say that she was a professional primper.

Slowly, but surely the nature of our relationship began to change. I noticed that the first day of my fourth week of class, she left the door to her quarters slightly open so that I could peek inside as I walked down the hall to go to my morning classes. She was perched on the end of her bed carefully painting her toenails with red lacquer. I thought fairly little about it, except that I do remember what a lovely picture she made sitting there. She looked up and smiled warmly at me and did not try at all to conceal her scantily-clad body.

The second day, she invited me into her room, ostensibly to chat, but I began to suspect that it might be to give me a better look at her bodily charms. As I stood, rather nervously before her, she explained in a calm, clear voice that it took multiple coats of lacquer to get the richness of color which was required for advertising photographs. She was one cool cookie. For my part, I tried to nod my head as if she were informing me about accounting principles, but it was very hard to keep my mind—and my eyes—from wandering.

The third day, things went even further. I recall that my legs trembled a bit as I started my walk down the hall, peering ahead, hoping that the door would once again be ajar as an invitation for me to come inside. It was! She smiled at me as before and asked me to come in and chat with her—if I had the time. Of course, I did! I had been able to think of little else for the last two days. She had already finished polishing her lovely little toenails and was waiting until she was sure that the rich red polish was totally dry before putting on her stockings. I can't even remember what we chatted about as she removed the foam separators from between her toes and gave the polish job one last examination. Damn, her feet—and all of the rest of her—were gorgeous.

I couldn't believe what she did next. She unwrapped her brand new stockings for the day and began bunching them up on her lovely hands. She was actually going to put her stockings on while I was right there in the room!

She pulled one of her gams up in front of her and stuck the red tips of her precious toes into the bunched up stockings. She pulled gently as she released more and more

of the stockings up her legs, over her smooth, thin ankles and up the gentle curves of her calves, and finally her thighs. Her toes were pointed and her leg extended slightly upward, reminding me of the famous scene from the movie "The Graduate". She was giving me a full view as she did all of this, almost up to her crotch before the little lacy hem of her slip finally blocked my sight. I was as hot as a firecracker, I'll tell you! She then arose from the end of her bed and began to attach the tops of her stockings to her black garter belt. I couldn't believe it.

She was quite aware that she had mesmerized me by her exhibitionist performance. I could tell because her smile now had a touch of arrogance in it as well her usual kindness. Yes, I had been transfixed by her femininity and now had no choice but to stare at her. Mercifully, she showed no desire to scold me for my attentiveness. Indeed, after a few moments, she motioned me toward her, and indicated that I was to sit on the bed beside her.

"Do you like what you see, Honey? Yeah, I know you do. It's OK if you want to look at me. Sit right here and let's have a talk about it."

In spite of the closeness of our ages, she assumed an almost motherly tone with me. My eyes were downcast and I blushed with embarrassment as I sat down beside her and poured out my heart.

"I didn't mean to stare, Ms. Blanton. It's just that I think that you are really beautiful. And you always smell so nice. I understand why all those men like to be around you."

I remembered, with more than a little jealousy, how I had secretly watched her dates crush her to their bodies as they made out at the end of their evening together. She perceived the problem immediately.

"I can tell that I have been spending too much time with my men-friends and not enough with you. Do you feel a little jealous, Freddie?"

"I don't know, Ms. Blanton. I can't see myself as someone that you would ever go out with, Although you've always been very nice to me. Of course, if you are willing to spend some time with me, I'd love it."

I guess she became attracted to my boyish, self-effacing charm.

"Well, I guess we could, but you know that I have to spend a lot of time preparing myself for my modeling. Wait, I know. Maybe you could help with that? What do you think?"

"Sure. I could help. What can I do?" I replied enthusiastically.

"Well, let me think it over and I promise you that I'll come up with some things for us to do which you'll really enjoy."

Thus my voyage into the wonderful of sensuousness began, sensuousness beyond anything that I could possibly imagine. Over the next few weeks, dear Ms. Blanton opened up a whole new world of experience for me: the world of feminine sex appeal and allure. In short, she began to unravel some of mysteries of how women entrance men.

She began to allow me to help her with her daily beautification tasks. First, she let me to bring her all of her cosmetics and polishes. I was such a novice in the beginning that she had to teach me what all of the many little bottles and containers held. What a world of mystery and sexual power! And what transformations it produced in her appearance, giving real sizzle to her classic features.

Then she let me graduate to bringing her clothing—all of her clothing right down her frilliest intimate garments. With loving care, I gathered her filmy slips, silky stockings, and lacy bras from her chest of drawers and brought them to her. The delicate scent from the sachet was intoxicating as I held them in my trembling hands. She had me learn all of the different styles, and all of the intricate rules for what went with what. That proved to be a task of great pleasure.

I will never forget the first day that she let me actually polish her deliciously pretty toenails. After I had finished bringing her lingerie for the day, she looked up at me with a bright smile on her face, asked me whether I would like to apply the polish to her delicate, little toes. Not surprisingly, I jumped at the chance as I had always been transfixed by the flawless beauty of her feet.

She placed the small bottles of base coat, polish, and top coat on a small table at the foot of the bed and guided me to the chair which she had positioned there. Then she assumed a most graceful feline position on the bed with her tiny feet dangling off the end, only inches from my starring eyes.

“You should begin with the base coat, Freddie,” she purred.

My hand actually trembled as I removed the cap of the bottle. I told myself that I would have to be as calm as possible or this might be my last journey into this feminine wonder world. I quieted my nerves by focusing my attention totally on her delicate, perfectly formed toes. I took the tender, plump digits and carefully applied the base coat to each nail, then two coats of pearlized pink polish, and then a top coat. At the end, her nails looked tiny, pampered, and delicious and had a delightful perfumed scent. But, alas, she put them down to dry, bringing to an end my reverie.

When her nails had completely dried, she simply pointed her toes gracefully and slid each of her gorgeous gams into her gossamer stockings. For this modeling job, as for most of her jobs, she wore nude-to-the-toe stockings, all of which was to my liking as they let me see through the mesh the beautiful toenail polish I had just applied. I could not help myself from emitting a small groan of pleasure as the beauty of her tiny feet overcame me.

Ms. Blanton was always sensitive to how I looked at her and knew that she was exciting—maybe over exciting—my young male libido.

With great kindness, she asked, “Do you like looking at my feet, Honey? It's all right. You can tell me. Does looking at my feet make your little prickie get hard in your pants? Here, let me check.”

Although she used this patronizing language to refer to my intimate parts, I learned from others later that I was actually fairly well endowed.

Her gentle, beautifully manicured hand reached over to my groin and softly verified the hardness of my rod beneath the front of my jeans. I could not have been more surprised—or more pleased.

“Oh, dear, you are hard, aren't you? Well, we can't let that go on forever. That's not good for you. We have got to give you some relief. I'll tell you, why don't you pull out your prickie and play with it some for me? I'll just sit here and watch you if you don't mind.”

In spite of my embarrassment, that was an offer which was impossible for me to resist. When I had problems pulling down my zipper because of my nervousness, she reached over to give me some help. Finally, with a little digging, my prick sprang out of my underwear to freedom and enjoyed its more comfortable circumstances.

As I started to stroke my prickie, Ms. Blanton, always sensitive to my comfort, offered to give me some hand lotion to put on my cock. It had never occurred to me to use lotion when I masturbated (What a dummy I was in some regards!), and the sensations were truly delightful, easily twice as intense. I stroked myself for a while, relishing it and thinking this must be the ultimate pleasure.

“Do you know what an orgasm is, Freddie? Sure you do. You must have been giving yourself pleasure with your hand for some time now, I'll bet. OK, big boy. What do you want to do? Do you want to go ahead and make yourself come for me, or are you too embarrassed? You just play with yourself while looking at me if that's all you want to do.”

“I really want to come, especially if you're sure that it's OK with you, Ms. Blanton.”

“Good. I was hoping that you'd play along with me. Here, let me help you then in a way I know you'll like.”

She positioned herself so that her beautiful feet were directly in front of my face.

“I know that you like my feet from all those looks you sneak at them when you think I'm not paying attention. Well, here's your chance to really enjoy them. Here they are. Do what you want with them, Honey, to get yourself even hotter and make yourself come. First, why don't you take a nice long sniff of them through the stockings. I always keep them nicely perfumed, you know.”

Her words were music to my ears. I leaned forward and inhaled the intoxicating sweet scent of her peds. I would never forget the lovely aroma. I could feel my level of excitement rising as I pounded my pud feverishly. With her feet so close, I could not stop myself. I was drawn forward, as if by a magnet, to plant a soft kiss on the tops of her toes! I had actually kissed Ms. Blanton's feet!

“It's OK if you kiss them, Freddie. It makes me feel really good on the inside. That's it, Baby. Do whatever you want with them. Does sniffing and sucking them make you want to come, Big Boy? Give my pretty toes a wet deep kiss.”

I groaned softly as my lips surrounded her plump digits and they filled my welcoming mouth.

“Have a good suck, Honey. Make yourself come sucking my little feet. Do it. Come for me. Make your prick happy.”

With all of this excitement, I felt the first waves of my orgasm start to well up inside me. A full sexual flood quickly engulfed me, making my body convulse in total ecstasy.

“Yes, let yourself go,” she said as my prick began to squirt its sticky, creamy love-juice all over my hand. “Have the biggest come that you can for me. There you go.”

Afterwards, as my pounding heart slowed down, she cuddled me gently against her ample tits and told me what a good job I had done in making myself come. Equally important, she reminded me that I should always masturbate whenever I got excited over her or some other girl because it was not good for me to just sit there all frustrated. She also said that she would be glad to help me climax anytime, just as she had today.

And so she did. We spent many pleasant mornings and afternoons together over the next year and a half. During time, she had many wonderful adventures in store for me.

“MARY JANE”

Through my experiences with Ms. Blanton, I came to understand the great power of femininity over male minds. She held me enthralled by her charms, as well as enthralling her many studly suitors. Who could doubt why? One look at her radiant face, ample breasts, and flared hips gave the answer. What did clumsy, boorish men have to offer to compare with this graceful beauty? Ms. Blanton, ever sensitive to my needs, apparently concluded that it was time that I experienced some of that power in a special way.

“You like how women look, don't you, Freddie? You certainly look at me a lot, I know. I guess we do have nice bodies and wear nice things. But it's a little unfair, isn't it, that we are just born this way and it gives us such control over the males around us? Men just seem helpless when they see us. It's certainly a lot of power that we have.

“But, you know, it's not only girls and women that can enjoy that power. Young guys like you can do it, too. There is a special requirement, of course: they have to be willing to wear girl's clothes. That's right. Don't be shocked. It's just that the clothes do it. They give you the power. Now don't you want to enjoy some of that power yourself, to see what it's really like to look like a girl and have the guys admire you madly? What do you say? It'll be our secret, of course. We can do it all here in the house and no one else need know.”

I was overwhelmed by the prospect she proposed. Me, a pretty young lady who would prance around and pamper myself all day??!! My curiosity was thoroughly aroused, although it seemed very, very strange. I had never before in my life, even in my wildest imagination, considered such a possibility as was being proposed to me.

How would I look? Oh, I wanted so much to see what it was like to be that pretty! Although I was terribly anxious, I needed no further time for reflection. I agreed to try it, and for her part, Ms. Blanton showed her great delight with my decision. She immediately responded that she would go out and purchase a few things and that we could start when she got back. I couldn't believe the rapidity with which things were moving.

The period while she was gone was one of the longest which I can remember. Although I tried my best to keep from getting too nervous, I found myself pacing the floor repeatedly. Finally, I heard the door open and she entered, smiling broadly, and then headed directly toward my bedroom, speaking to me as she walked.

“Wait out here a minute, Dear, until I get your new things all laid out for you.”

I could hear clearly a sound which I recognized as the rustling of packages. After five minutes, she summoned me to my bedroom and directed my eyes toward the bed with a wave of her hand. My bedspread was now covered with the most glorious collection of girl's clothes which I had ever seen. I was stunned by their beauty and could only just stand there staring at these exotic, strange precious treasures. She pushed me gently toward the bed.

“Go on, Honey. Go see these new things I got for you which I know you will love to wear, but first, for Pete's sake, let's get off those drab, shapeless boy's clothes.”

I shed them in an instant.

“There. That's more like it. I think you have a nice body for us to work with, very slender, like most girls. I don't think we will have any difficulty making you into a very convincing young lady. However, in order for it to work, you will have to really want to be a girl and really want to act like a girl. Do you think you can do that?”

She looked me right in the eyes as she spoke.

“Oh yes, Ms. Blanton!” I replied, enthusiastically. “I want to look like a girl as much as I can. They are so wonderfully beautiful.”

I couldn't believe the words which were coming out of my mouth. How in the world had I gotten drawn so quickly into her proposal to dress me—yes, dress me—in girl's clothes? Where had my sanity gone? Yet, I was so happy and excited, I went ahead freely.

“Good, Baby. I was counting on you to cooperate. As you can see, I decided to start you in very young styles at first so you can have the experience of growing into the more mature styles in a little while. But, enough talk. Let's get you started by putting on your new pair of panties.”

She handed me a gossamer pair of white lacy girl's underwear which were just my size. How did she ever guess what size I would need? I put my little feet through the leg holes and slid the delicate garment up my thighs, sighing softly as the cotton absorbent crotch gently cupped my young balls and prick. Ms. Blanton reached her hand down the front of the panties and gently tucked my prick and balls back between my legs. I knew then that she was serious about making my appearance as one of the female sex as realistic as possible.

“Here. Fasten this around your chest,” she said as she handed me an adolescent girl's dream of a training bra with lace all around the flatish cups. “Girls of a young age should wear one of these in order to be proper and to get used to the feeling of a bra around their chests. I think you'll like it.”

I did, indeed, like it once I got the knack of fastening the hooks. It made me look wonderful! I could not have been more surprised at my reaction, but it was undeniable. With the training bra on, my hairless chest looked just like that of a proper adolescent girl. I could feel the male part of my psyche getting excited at my new female appearance.

“Oh, Girlie, you look so nice,” she cooed. “Now let's get your petticoat on.”

I loved its rustle and the way it stuck out from my hips. It was followed by a pretty, white starched blouse and a lovely full skirt. I looked just right for the effect she was trying to create. She had also bought for me short white socks with lace around their tops, and shiny black Mary Jane shoes. They were the perfect adornments for the ends of my girl legs.

Only one item remained. My hair was boyishly short and would never be mistaken for the glorious curls of the fairer sex. Ms. Blanton had foreseen this difficulty and produced, as if on cue, a lovely full-haired blonde wig to adorn my head. She slipped the golden locks over my own short hair and they cascaded in all of their delicate love-

liness down to my shoulders. I immediately relished in the delicate tickling sensation on the back of my neck and the tops of my shoulders.

“Come, see your lovely new look,” she said, as she pointed me toward the mirror. “You're now a young lady that any grown up would be proud of and want to show off.”

I couldn't believe the change that she had brought about so quickly in my appearance. Now, in place of a clumsy, halting young man was a beautiful, demure preteen lady peering back at me. I could not restrain my joy.

“Oh, Ms. Blanton. I look positively lovely! I look like a pretty young girl! I know now that this is just how I've always wanted to look! Thank you so much for getting me all of these pretty girl-clothes!”

Why was I saying these things? More importantly, why was I so happy?

“You are welcome, Honey. I'm glad to have done it for you. After all, I can tell that I will like looking at you when you are at your prettiest. You look so nice right now that I think that we have to give you a girl's name to go with your new clothes. You certainly aren't a 'Freddie' or a 'Manfred' when you're dressed like that.”

“I like that idea. It's hard to explain, but I think while I'm dressed like this, I would feel more comfortable having a girl's name.”

“Let's see. What about 'Missy' as your new name?”

Missy. The name rolled through my head, reverberating as it went. I liked it. Yeah, I liked it a lot.

“Sure, 'Missy' is fine,” I heard myself saying.

“OK, 'Missy' it is, then.”

It was clear to both of us that we really preferred for me to be a pretty girl than a young man. Once we had realized this, it became inevitable that I would spend many happy hours in the privacy of Ms. Blanton's home in my girlish attire. She encouraged me to dress up completely in my feminine wardrobe every weekend, a wardrobe which she added to steadily. These were truly wonderful times for me, delightful, primping, sweet-smelling times.

And there was more to come.

SEXY “MARY JANE”

After four months of bliss in my crinolines and Mary Jane shoes, Ms. Blanton decided that it was time that I “grew up” in my clothing styles. She began to suggest to me that it was time that I started “developing into a young woman”. Her words resonated through my brain as she said them. At a minimum, they meant fake tits and heels and stockings—and who knew what else??!! Where was she leading me? And why? So many mysteries yet unanswered.

Over the next several weeks, she gently coaxed me down the path she wanted me to take. Her ability to engage me in her game-playing—and to dominate my thoughts totally—was incredible. She reached the deepest levels of my psyche, levels which I had not known existed.

As a first step in my “growing up”, she told me to spend some time remembering how the slender bodies of my female schoolmates had blossomed into womanly curves years ago before my junior high and high school eyes. I was also to think long and hard about how I was to go through the same type of transformation to a truly sexy appearance. Her directions were very clear.

After about a week and a half of this, Ms. Blanton apparently decided that I was ready to begin growing up because she then brought me into her bedroom to show me some exciting new things she had bought me earlier that afternoon. The first item that caught my eyes was the padded bra. A padded bra with cups, for Pete's sake! I knew, deep down inside, that I would be expected to wear one, but to actually see it was something else. She reminded me kindly, but firmly, that it was entirely appropriate “for my age.” A young girl like me should be sprouting tits, she said. I should be blossoming with beautiful round, soft breasts to fill up my lacy bra cups. As I picked it up and fondled the delicate garment, she encouraged me to put it on.

“Go on, Missy, see how good you look with pretty tits on your chest. It's high time you had some nice mounds there.”

I put the cups around to the back, fastened the hooks at my stomach, put my arms through the shoulder straps, and pulled the bra into place. (I had become quite adept at putting on my training bra during the previous months.) When I looked down, the sight nearly took my breath away. There they were, sticking out from my chest: beautiful round, lacy mounds, looking for all the world like the real thing.

“All the boys are going to want to squeeze those, my dear. You're getting to the age when guys will surely want to do that to you when you are dressed as a girl, you know. Try the other things, also.”

My heart pounded when I saw that she had also gotten silky stockings for my curvy legs, and high heels for my small feet. As I rolled the stockings up my legs, I reveled in their snug, silky fit and the smoky look they gave to my gams. The high heels looked impossibly small for my feet but, when I tried to put them on, I discovered that they slid on easily over the silky stockings. Shamelessly admiring myself, I quickly became enraptured at how pretty I looked. I knew right away that I could look as sexy as any of the girls in my high school had looked to me years ago.

Next came my first steps in high heels, and I tell you readers who have not yet tried it, that it was a real experience. Of course, I was awkward at first, and that brought a smile to Ms. Blanton's face. She assured me that almost all young girls feel awkward at first in high heels, but soon learn how to walk with a graceful stride. So it was with me. With only a few reminders from her to shorten my steps and to walk with my legs very close together (which gave me the appropriate sway), I soon developed a nice sexy walk which I liked to watch in the mirror. I knew that guys would like to look at it, too, especially from behind when I wouldn't be able to see them staring.

She then handed me a silky blouse which I buttoned with some difficulty because the buttons were backwards to me. The simplest things could be so difficult when you were a girl. When I glanced in the mirror, I could see my lacy bra fairly clearly through the thin fabric of my blouse. Oh goodness, everyone would know that I had tits! Maybe that was the point.

Ms. Blanton had also bought me a stylish skirt which I pulled up my stockinged legs and fastened around my waist by zippering up the left side. When I looked down, I saw that it was really short. How did any respectable girl dressed in such a garment keep boys from catching glimpses of her panties? This was going to take my full concentration, I could tell. After I was all clothed, I loved the way I looked, and spent a good part of the rest of the day prancing around admiring myself. Ms. Blanton observed me with obvious pleasure and gave me lots of hints on how to move more like a female. Heaven knows, she was certainly an expert on that.

Over the next few weeks, Ms. Blanton encouraged me to dress up as much as possible so that I would begin to feel really comfortable in my new clothes. Although this journey into femininity was certainly strange to me, I began to embrace it with increasing enthusiasm. I soon learned that the tight corsets which she had gotten me pushed my flesh up into my male-tits so that I only needed a little padding to have a convincing bustline of my own. She also suggested that I let my hair grow longer so we could begin to make it up into a feminine style on weekends. Long hair! This was really getting serious and I would have to be very careful that no one from school saw it when it was too curly.

She also recommended that I start polishing my toenails regularly, starting with a discrete pearlized pink. After all, she told me, if I went straight for bright red tones, I would look like a hot little bitch who couldn't wait to get fucked. (She was very frank when she counseled me.) Luckily, I already knew the basic tricks of feminine toe-allure from having painted her own beautiful digits, so I was able to do a really good job from the beginning on my own small toes. I simply loved the way they looked when I got them painted up just right. Just staring down at them would make me get horny. Sometimes, when I had on my stockings and saw my painted nails shining through the reinforced toes, I couldn't stop myself from beating off. I always made myself have a nice orgasm doing that.

THE HAIRDRESSER

After several months, my hair had grown noticeably longer, and began to flow down the back of my neck. This presented no problem for me at college as many boys wore their hair long. We had been styling it on weekends as best we could as it grew

out. Finally, Ms. Blanton gave me the surprising news that it was time that I went to a hairdresser and had my tresses done professionally, curls and all. Just think, me with pretty, bouncy locks all my own! I was, of course, excited at the prospect, but I also foresaw the obvious problems.

“But, Ms. Blanton, how can I do that? Will I go as a boy and come back in my boy clothes with a head full of curls, or will I—oh, Geez—dress totally as a girl with my wig and then come back with my own girl hair?”

“You can do it either way, Missy, but we both know what you really want to do, you girl-thing. You know that eventually you will go outside fully dressed as a girl. Now is probably as good a time as any to start.”

“But won't the hairdresser know? What if she refuses to do my hair because she discovers that I am a boy?”

“That won't happen. She'll love to fix you up. I checked with a special organization I learned about which lists hairdressers who enjoy making unruly boys very much prettier, to show them what its like to have glorious girl curls surrounding their faces and have sweet smelling perfume and hair spray on them. The one I picked has a little shop over in Thomastown. I've already called her and had a nice talk about you. And, of course, it's far enough away from here so we won't run into anyone who knows you.”

“Well, that makes me feel a little better, I guess.”

But then I remembered that I might be going dressed as a girl. This seemed to be moving quite fast. I would be out in public!!! She must have read my mind.

“And don't forget,” she assured me, “that you have developed quite a skill at turning yourself into a very attractive young lady. When I look at you, I often think that you are really a girl rather than a young man.”

Although my heart was racing with anxiety, I said nothing in protest and thus acquiesced by my silence. The appointment was set up for that weekend and I was so excited during the rest of the week that I had great trouble thinking about anything but the impending trip to curl-land. My mind was a blur.

Early Saturday morning, I was awakened by Ms. Blanton's gentle voice, reminding me that this was the big day that I was to go outside as a girl. I had much to do to prepare myself. I first took a luxurious bath in a delicately scented bubble bath which she drew for me. There was nothing quite like a bubble bath to get me thinking like a girl, she told me. I did love the way it made my skin soft and fragrant.

Then she dressed me in a cute, stylish way. First, there were stockings and then pretty panties. Although I could have worn my regular boy's underwear under my dress, she thought that it was important that I dress as female from the skin out so that I would be reminded by the soft, silken sensations on my intimate skin to act as much as possible like a girl.

She helped me hook my finest lacy bra around my hairless chest and then handed me the silicone tits which she had purchased for me a few weeks before. They filled out the B-cups to plump feminine perfection. After they were correctly in place, I

looked down at my breasts with deep pleasure. I noticed that I always felt better when I had rounded bra cups sticking out from me and could feel the weight of my tits pulling down against my shoulder straps.

She then handed me a beautiful green dress with a hem just above the knee so that I would show off a little leg for my admirers. My gams, after all, were some of my best girl-features and I knew that guys would want to see them glistening in my stockings. My heels were the last of my clothes, and they added the last graceful curving accent to my legs. I had become quite accomplished in walking in them and actually preferred to wear them to my clumsy ugly college boy's shoes. Of course, I was encouraged to do so every weekend under Ms. Blanton's feminizing regime.

We applied my make-up with particular care as this would be my very first trip outside dressed like a girl. Each stage in applying the make-up made me prettier: eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, blush, and lipstick. All of the make-up was in light shades and appropriate to my age. Ms. Blanton brought out from the closet my wig full of cascading bouncy curls, and placed it on my waiting head. The fullness of the hair immediately made my facial features look smaller and more dainty. Yes, my face really looked like a girl's. And to think that my own hair would look this glorious when I returned from our trip!!!

The result of all this attention was remarkable. In the full-length mirror appeared a delightfully feminine girl of about my own age. Yes, I was a true girl-looker from head to toe. After I pranced in front of it for a few minutes admiring my radiant reflection, Ms. Blanton reminded me that it was time for us to leave for our appointment in Thomastown. I was right at the point of going outside for the first time as a female, out where anyone could see me in my girl clothes and think all kinds of sexual thoughts about my slim, pretty body!!! I began to feel very vulnerable, but very sexually stimulated at the same time.

When I opened the door, I felt the warm sunshine hit my face. So this was it. I was actually outside dressed as a girl! It felt wonderful! Of course, I was nervous as hell, and I actually giggled with excitement as I walked down the front steps, along the walkway, and around the car to the passenger side. I absolutely loved the sound of my heels clicking on the stone walkway, and could not resist glancing down at my small stockinged feet in their lovely shoes. (Reader, if you haven't gone outside fully dressed, you simply MUST try it!)

Ms. Blanton complimented me on the natural way that I walked and looked.

“Don't you look precious!” she gushed. “I just love the way you look. So pretty. You have gotten so good at making yourself into a girl. In fact, right now I wish I were a young man so that I could ask you for a date.”

I blushed mightily, of course. As I got into the car, I remembered to keep my legs together as I swung them inside. After all, I told myself, I couldn't have any naughty boys looking up my dress and seeing my panties—and I knew they would certainly try to if they had half a chance.

The ride was about an hour and, all the while, I was ecstatic. I wanted to roll down the window and yell outside, “Hey look, I'm a girl! See how pretty I am! Hooray!”

Ms. Blanton and I made girl talk all the way. It was evident that she was very proud of my appearance and of my courage in going outside dressed.

We finally arrived at a small shop on a nice street in Thomas-town. She and I strolled through the front door with amazing aplomb. The inside was very comfortable looking. The proprietress came over and introduced herself as Mildred.

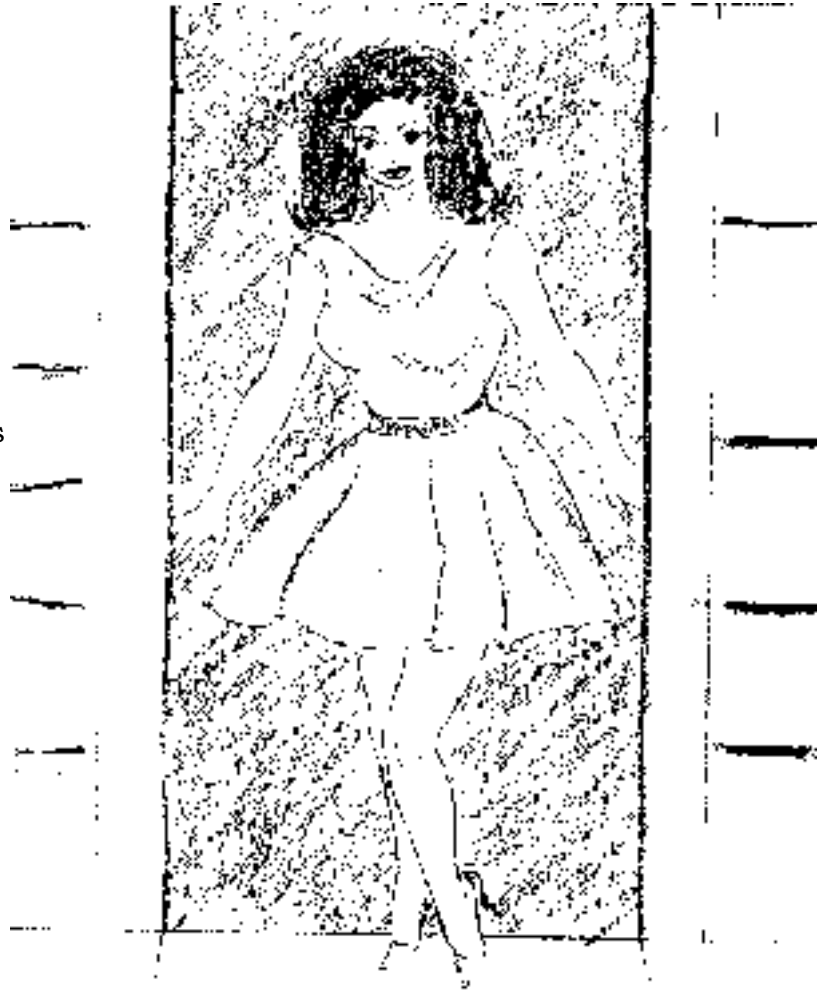
“What have we here? What a pretty young man! I can tell she won't need much fixing up. Come over here and sit in the chair and let me look at you.”

She skillfully removed my wig and assured Ms. Blanton that my hair was long enough to give us several choices in hair styles. We quickly decided on a curly, full style, similar to the wig.

I spent the next several hours being attended to, and it had the most miraculous results. My nice, but nondescript, boy's hair was transformed into a glowing halo of bouncing, lively curls which beautifully and delicately framed my face. Of course, I had the extra thrill of seeing the transformation occur in the mirror before my eyes. I could feel my erection arise in my panties as I looked at myself. Thank goodness I was properly tucked back between my legs or I would surely have ruined the nice lines of my dress!

With the transformation of my hair done, they all stood back and admired my radiant beauty. I felt positively upbeat, as I never had before, and was ready to show myself off to the outside world.

After Ms. Blanton paid and complimented Mildred on the excellent job she had done, we headed out the front door. I walked gracefully down the steps of the hair-dresser's, feeling my new curls bounce against the back of my neck. I strode with confidence toward the spot up the street where our car was parked. As I glanced back over my shoulder, I noticed two men behind me checking me out from the rear. They were obviously enjoying the view of my ass swishing on my high heels as I walked along. One looked away, pretending that he hadn't been watching. The other fixed my gaze and gave me a warm rakish smile. There was no doubt what was on his mind—my round tush.



We decided to celebrate my new coif by taking a quick stroll through a local shopping center. The adventure at the hairdresser's has gone so well, I decided to chance it. It proved to be an exhilarating experience to click with my heels through the mall knowing that all of the men, young and old, were checking me out. I had never realized before how much girls got looked over sexually as they walked along in public. It seemed that every man who saw me was thinking how nice it would be to stick his big hard dick up between my pretty girl legs and leave his load of sticky cum there.

Although I never again went outside with Ms. Blanton in my girl garb, the memory of that wonderful afternoon at the hairdresser's and mall remains brightly in my memory.

MS. BLANTON'S BOYFRIEND

I lived in bliss, dressing myself as a sexy young lady every weekend under Ms. Blanton's kind tutelage. Whenever I was in my girl-clothes, I found that I could also slip myself into my "girl-mind", which made me priss around as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do. Of course, such behavior would have been ridiculed to high heaven by my male college-mates, but Ms. Blanton could not have been more approving of my new mannerisms. I also did something I never thought I would do. I let myself think romantic thoughts about the handsomest guys in my class and the naughty things I would like to do with them if I could. These new kinds of musings invariably caused me to blush deeply.

Although I was to all appearances perfectly happy, something still seemed to be missing. Where was all of my newfound feminine grace to lead? Was dressing up the last step I could take in exploring this new world?

Ms. Blanton was apparently thinking along the same lines I was. Unbeknownst to me, she decided that it was time that I had more advanced female-type experiences. Shouldn't I know what it was like to be approached by a man, perhaps wrapped in his strong embrace? Her plan—which only became apparent to me after the fact—required the services of a stud. This was not a difficult element to produce as she was always being chased by horny men. She simply decided to send one of her beaus my way—and the way she did it was most skillful.

One Saturday night, when her beau Ralph showed up, she looked her sexiest in a short skirt, dark stockings, and 4 inch black heels. She was very affectionate to him, and let her body be pulled fully against his as they kissed. It was only later that it occurred to me that this had been part of her plan. She was simply getting him horny so that he would be sure to make a pass at me.

After about twenty minutes of heavy petting, the telephone rang, just as she had arranged. She gave a convincing performance on her end of the line and then told Ralph that she had to go take a close friend to the hospital.

She called up to my bedroom, asking me to come keep Ralph company until her return. This was very unusual, her asking me to be seen by an outsider while I was dressed in my girl-clothes. I recall now that Ms. Blanton and I had spent all afternoon making me up into my prettiest girl-self. I did not know why she was spending so much attention on me at the time, but that was now becoming evident.

I tried to calm my nerves and reminded myself that I had already gone out in public successfully as a girl when I went to the hairdresser. It seemed I had little choice at this point but to give it my best effort. I must say that I looked stunning as I floated down the stairs. I remembered to smile demurely as I met Ralph and I even held out my small manicured hand for him to squeeze.

He was tall, and very composed, in spite of his aroused state. He had lovely blonde wavy locks on his head, and a sparkle to his eyes as he quickly scanned my body from head to toe. I could not bring myself to glance down for the outline of his prick under his trousers—but I sure wanted to. I was, like any young lady, basically shy. I was also highly conscious of the strength of a sexually aroused adult male, and keenly

aware that my blossoming sexuality might easily arouse him. If he actually decided to make a real sexual advance toward me, I had no idea what I would do.

Ms. Blanton gracefully excused herself, saying as she left that it was about a forty-five minute trip to the hospital, one way. After she left, Ralph guided me into the den, the very room where he and Ms. Blanton had just been making out so passionately.

At first, we sat on opposite ends of the couch and engaged in the most trivial small talk. He struck me as being somewhat patronizing, but then I noticed him glancing from time to time at my dainty stockinged feet and my white, strap high heels. I knew that they looked perfect. Soon, his questions became more personal, centering on my dating and interest in boys. I parried most of them skillfully, but then I noticed a new development: he started moving closer to me on the couch. What was I ever to do?

“Now, don't be apprehensive of me, Pretty One. I won't do anything to you. You haven't told me yet what you think about kissing guys. Do you like it?”

His big firm hand gently grasped my small manicured hand and gave it an affectionate squeeze.

“I guess it would be nice. I think... I haven't done it much, you know. The people on soap operas like it, I guess.”

He was obviously intrigued by my innocence, and made a low sensual chortle, as he said, “Sure, they like it. You would really like getting kissed by a man. Here let me show you.”

He leaned forward confidently and planted a wet kiss on my lips as I sat there, nervous and unresponsive.

“Oh, come on. You can do better than that. Get a little closer to me and let's try again.”

He swept me into his arms and embraced me fully on the lips. His ardor made my heart absolutely race. It was so different from the kisses I had given to the girls in my high school back when I had dated them. He was so strong, so masculine, so confident. I felt completely overpowered by the force of his personality. All I wanted to do at that time was to submit to him and enjoy his advances, sentiments which were as startlingly new to me as they were powerful.

What could possibly be coming over me?

He kissed me with all the passion which pretty Ms. Blanton had raised in him. After several warm embraces on the lips, I felt his tongue pressing on my lips, pushing for entry into my virginal mouth. I gave way and felt his probing tongue surge inside and investigate the interior of my mouth.

“There, that's better, Little One. I think we'll have a really good time.”

After a few minutes, I began to feel totally comfortable with his advances and decided to give myself over to his strong kisses. I yielded my small body to him so that he could press it against his. If I had had a nice pussy, it would surely have gotten wet at that time, but as it were, my dickie got quite stiff within my panty girdle.

Sensing my receptivity to his advances, Ralph leaned back and said, "Hey, Pretty One, let's try this."

He calmly reached over and took my small dainty hand, with its pink-painted nails, and placed it over the large bulge in the front of his pants.

I gasped at first at his aggressiveness, but I found myself unable to draw my hand away from his thick man-prick. I stroked him gently through his trousers and was delighted to produce a low moan of pleasure from the depths of his throat.

"That's right, Baby, stroke my cock. It's a nice cock and it really likes you and the way you look. That's why it got so big. Why don't you take it out? It won't bite you. Don't you want to see what my big dick looks like, what a real man's dick would feel like in your little hand? That's it. Unzipper those pants and have yourself a good time."

Although I had never thought about doing anything like this, I was dying of curiosity to play with a man's prick, and here I had my chance. Why not at least see what it would be like. I decided to give it a try. It was all the more exciting that my girl-charms were making him want to have sex with me.

I moved his zipper slowly down the front of his slacks and reached my manicured hand inside to seek out his meaty treasure. I could feel the heat of his hard erection through his underwear. And then I moved my trembling hand inside and felt, for the first time, the velvet soft covering of a real man's prick, not my own. I could not help myself from emitting a small little squeal of excitement.

I pulled his dick out, a task which was somewhat difficult because of its size and proud stiffness. Once out and standing to its proper erect height, it was a beautiful sight to behold. It was a full eight inches long, and nice and thick. The head was rosy in color and perfectly proportioned to the shaft, which meant that it was large. I moved the tender skin slowly up and down the shaft, and found that it moved freely in my hand, just like my own prick-skin did, only on a larger scale. As a reflex, I licked my lips.

Ralph seemed to know what was on my mind.

"Have yourself a good suck on my prick, Baby. I can tell you are dying to lick and kiss my dick. Don't worry, Girlie, it's part of your nature to love dicks. All girls do. So go ahead and suck on it."

There was no denying that deep down inside, for some reason, I very much wanted to put his dick in my mouth and love it, so I just leaned my girlish head forward and wrapped my tender, lipsticked lips around the rosy head of his dong. I filled my mouth with his firm, tasty dick-meat and began to work it over with my tongue. I even stuck the very tip of my tongue into the cum-slit right at the tip of his dick and explored it eagerly. I wanted to stuff my throat with his glorious flesh, and I tried to do so. I slid my lips all of the way down his shaft to its base, which was quite a mouthful given the substantial length of his rod. I nearly gagged when the head unexpectedly poked against the uvula. Meanwhile, my nose was savoring the subtle man-smells which his groin emitted.

As if I had been sucking dicks all my life, I began slow trips up and down his shaft with my moist mouth and tongue, loving every sweet inch of it. He pushed his prick up into my mouth with his hips as he groaned softly. The pleasure I was giving him was clearly taking over his entire body. I was amazed at the sexual power which my girl-self exerted over this adult male.

“Do it, Baby. Suck that big dick. You love it, don't you? That's why you made yourself up all pretty, isn't it, so you could excite men? Well, you did. Look how big and hard you made me. So enjoy that dick, because you earned it.”

After a while, I began to jack him off with my hands on the lower part of the shaft, while I continued to suck the head. He became more and more excited.

“That's it, Baby. Jack off that dick and make old Ralphie come for you. Oh, yeah! Do it for me! You do it so well.”

I threw myself with abandon into both sucking it and jerking it. Now was my chance to make a dick come and I couldn't wait to feel it jerk and squirt!

After several minutes of rising excitement on his part—and rising anticipation on my part—I felt his body begin to tense.

“Oh, you're wonderful, Honey. You're going to make me shoot a big load in your mouth. Yeah, you sure are. Make that dick shoot. Get my man-cum all inside your sweet little mouth.”

It wasn't long after that. He grabbed the back of my head and carefully timed the strokes of my lips up and down his shaft. It thrilled me that he was simply using my girl-body to give himself pleasure. It made me feel totally submissive and feminine to be controlled so completely by this strong man.

Then, the first large, glorious spurt flooded my mouth, giving me my first taste of man-cum. It was followed by other equally-large bursts which thoroughly coated my tongue. I thought, *“So this is what it feels like to be a girl and have a man come in your mouth. What a nice feeling to make him so happy, to make his dick squirt.”*

At the same time, I felt my own smaller prickie tense against the soft crotch of my silky panties and begin rhythmically to deposit its hot, sticky load back between my legs. (And without so much as laying a hand on myself. I was really excited!!) I squeezed my legs together so that I could savor the sensations as long as possible. At least I was putting the absorbent panty crotch to good use.

Afterwards, Ralph was very kind to me and held me gently. He told what a good come I had given him, and made me promise not to tell Ms. Blanton. I suspected, of course, that she would love to know about it all, and I knew that I probably couldn't resist telling her, but I promised him anyway. We were quite proper by the time Ms. Blanton returned from her outing.

I went upstairs to my room, leaving the two of them alone, but I was so excited that I couldn't think about anything else except what I had just done. In short order, I reached under my dress and hooked my thumbs in the waistbands of my panty girdle and panties which were covering my hard prick and pulled them down. although I wanted to play with myself, my first task was to take a warm wash cloth and clean up

the warm “mess” I had made while I was downstairs with Ralph. While I was doing it, I thought of all the times in the past that girls had had to clean up messes of cum from between their legs which their boyfriends had left there.

After I had freshened up, I began so stroke my prick lovingly and remember think about the huge prick which I had so recently had in my eager mouth. How could I have done that!! An actual flesh and blood dick!! But, Oh, how I had loved sucking it! As I stroked myself to greater and greater pleasure, I hadn't even noticed that Ms. Blanton had entered the room. I guess she had given Ralph some lame excuse and sent him on his way.

“What have we here, Missy? Having a little fun with yourself? Well, now what was it exactly that you and my Ralph did while I was away? Did you and he have a good time? Tell me all about it.”

I spent the next hour and a half describing my first dick suck to Ms. Blanton's eager ears. She was delighted that her plan had worked to give me my first sex experience as a girl. I was very excited while recounting the story so she encouraged me to beat myself off as many times as I wanted. I did so three times!

BOBBY STEWART

I loved exploring the wonderful world of femininity every weekend under Ms. Blanton's kind, encouraging guidance. But during the week, alas, I had to go to my classes as a young man—and I dressed as one, even down to my underwear. My weekday behavior was acceptably masculine, so I had no trouble being regarded as “one of the guys” by my male friends, who never suspected the other side of my personality which flowered only on weekends.

One of the friends which I made during my early months at college was a guy named Bobby Stewart. We had the same major so he was in a lot of my classes, and he lived in a boarding house only a few minutes away from mine. From time to time, we played sports together to burn off some energy, sports such as tennis, swimming and softball. (I took full advantage of the recreational facilities which the college provided.) Not surprisingly, Bobby and I also talked for hours about the girls in the school. There was Suzie with the delightful bright face, and Eleanor with the sultry walk which you could watch for hours. Some of them, like Dorothy, had nice, plump breasts which had only recently sprouted from their young chests.

Neither of us had done a whole lot of petting with girls at that time. Maybe a few kisses now and then when we were lucky, but not much else. Meanwhile, our sexual desires seemed to get stronger and stronger with each passing day. One day, those urges came to the fore.

Bobby started talking about how he liked Mary, with her curvy body, terrific legs and dainty feet. We had both noticed that she had recently started painting her toenails a nice girlish shade. As he talked more about her, he actually groaned with unfulfilled sexual desire. He described in great detail how desperately he wanted to hug and kiss her.

At that point, I made a decision which was, in hindsight, startling. I decided to make the best of the opportunity which had been presented to me and to have a real adventure. Why I did it, I'm not really sure, but I do know that I greatly enjoyed it. It was apparent that Bobby desperately needed some female-type affection—so guess what!—I suggested that we snuggle together and that I would pretend that I was the girl. He could then see what it was like to pet with a “girl” and no one would be the wiser. He was genuinely surprised at my offer, but I could tell that I had sparked his interest because his eyes glistened brightly with excitement. I assured him once again that whatever he did would remain our secret.

“But how can you be a girl?” he asked, with some puzzlement. “You're a guy. Look at your clothes: jeans and T-shirt. A girl should be in girl clothes.”

“I know where some clothes are which might work. I'll be glad to show you, but before I do, we have to agree on something. You have to keep my secrets, too.”

He nodded his head in assent. Then I led him to the secret closet which held my “weekend clothes”. He was amazed at the many silky treasures which it held and, with a dreamy expression on his face, he reached out his hand to fondle one of my silky camisoles.

“Do you think that any of these might fit you?” he said with a tremble in his voice.

“Let's see. I think they might,” I said, not letting on that I had been fully testing their fit every weekend. “Why don't you sit here on the end of the bed and tell me what you would like to see me wear. After all, you might as well enjoy this to the hilt. That's right. Just make yourself comfortable. I'll slip out of these clothes so I can put on some girl things that you will like better.”

I quickly shucked my boy-clothes and then noticed that his eyes were following my every move as my hand drifted over several of my lacy pairs of panties. Finally, I settled on a pair of gossamer nude-colored briefs. I turned them delicately in my hands in order to position the cotton crotch downward, and then I slowly slid my gracefully pointed toes through the leg-holes. His eyes enjoyed each of my movements as I slid the panties up my hairless thighs. I discretely tucked my penis between my legs so that he would not get turned off by a bulge beneath the lace, and then I snuggled the panties up against my groin.

“How does that look to you?” I asked.

His answer was simply to stare at my smooth crotch and smile—and that was good enough for me. I selected my nicest bra and demurely wrapped it around my chest, hooked the clasp and pulled it up into position. I turned my back to him, deftly placed the silicone breast forms in place, and looked down to admire the nice curves which they immediately gave my chest. Then followed my stockings, leg by leg. He watched me roll each of those gossamer garments up my legs and carefully attach the garters at the tops of my creamy thighs. It was apparent that he was a high state of sexual excitement. I knew that his penis must be uncomfortable in his pants and I felt sorry for him in this condition. The solution was obvious.

“Hey, why don't you take it out? It's no big deal. Make yourself comfortable.”

Although all of this was quite unusual to me, I have to admit that I enjoyed what I was seeing very much as he unzipped his fly and pulled out a very nice piece of young male-meat. His organ was quite long and seemed to be a little thicker than the average. (Obviously, my experience in judging size was quite limited at this time.) Just as important to me, the head was nicely rounded and rose colored. His hand automatically wrapped around it and he began to stroke it slowly up and down.

“That's it, Big Guy. Stroke that dick. Make yourself feel good.”

The tempo of his strokes increased as I slipped a lacy camisole over my head. Of course, it further accentuated my tits. All the female accouterments followed: high heels, silky dress, flowing wig, and full make-up. I knew he would especially appreciate kissing my creamy lipstick and sniffing my flowery perfume.

I was done. I had made myself as pretty as my girl-self could be. I turned toward him with the secure confidence of an attractive girl who knows the power that her beauty holds over the weak adoring males around her.

“How do I look, Bobby?”

“Just great,” he stammered. “I can't believe it's you, Freddie.”

“Thanks, but why don't you call me Missy now. It might make you feel a little more at ease. By the way, keep playing with your dick, Bobby. I like watching you do it.”

Judging from the look in his eyes, he was lapping up my dirty talk as well as my girlish appearance. He summoned his confidence and motioned for me to sit with him on the bed. Then surprisingly, he opened his arms for me and clearly wanted to embrace me. Just think! Bobby wanted to hug and kiss me! What a trip! What power the girl clothes had!

Impulsively, I gave myself up to his offer and entwined my arms in his. He hugged me warmly, and then to my surprise, he kissed me fully on the lips with all the fervor of his rampant young male passion. I loved the way my lipsticked lips slid smoothly against his firmer male lips. Then his hot tongue intruded between my lips, invading the interior of my moist mouth. I welcomed it and sucked on it eagerly. Soon, his body pressed against mine and he pushed me onto my back on the bed. I had really gotten myself into a fix, I guess. After several minutes of heavy and hot making-out, he rolled his body directly on top of mine and he kissed me some more. I loved feeling the weight of his young muscular torso on top of me and the way he smashed my soft fake tits.

As we made out, I felt his firm stiff dick sticking into my stockinged leg. I was gratified, for some strange reason, to know that I had the power to make his dick so hard with my spiky high heels and perfume. Little ole girly me!

“Here, try this,” I said as I adjusted my body beneath him. “Stick your rod between my stockinged legs if you like.”

Of course, he liked it a lot. Boy, did he like it! He began to move his prong rhythmically between the silky smoothness of my inner thighs. His strokes became stronger and more insistent. Up and down. I loved feeling each and every thrust. His manhood felt so-o-o deliciously hot nestled there between my legs. For my part, I made every effort to pleasure his dick as much as I could by varying the pressure I exerted with my thighs. I could sense his excitement rising with every lurch of his hips toward my loins. His breathing became more rapid. He was totally consumed with sexual sensations, with the great pleasure which I giving him by playing the girl-role.

And then it happened. He tensed and held his engorged dick firmly down between my legs. Immediately thereafter, his whole body seemed to convulse. He was orgasming, he was orgasming! And all for me, for my girl-person! I sighed as I savored the warm jets of sperm he squirted all over the insides of my legs. I knew that this is what girls feel like when guys squirt their sperm between their legs.

Later we rested contentedly in each other's arms before I had to change my clothes. All in all, it had been a wonderful afternoon. And we never told anyone about our secret encounter.

ROGER WILKES

Toward the end of my sophomore year, Ms. Blanton received a lucrative offer to work in Paris for two years as a model. She felt that she just couldn't pass up this opportunity to get into international modeling—in France no less. I knew that she also had her mind on spreading her silky legs for some long, thick French pricks. Although we had been having great girl-fun every weekend, we knew that I would not be able to go with her. After all, it would be terribly disruptive to my education. Therefore, our blissful feminine times together were clearly going to come to an end, much too soon for my liking. She said that I would always be her little weekend girl, and that, when she returned from her sojourn in France, we could take up exactly where we left off, if I was still interested.

In only a couple of weeks, she had put her house on the market, and a few weeks later had gotten a nice offer for it. It had happened very quickly. Because I was going to have to move, and we couldn't be certain of how friendly my new environment would be, Ms. Blanton and I decided that we had no choice but to give away my precious feminine garments. So we bundled them up and took them across town to the Salvation Army. I remember hoping, as we placed them in the donation bin, that whoever got them would get half as much fun out of them as I had had.

To my delight, she saved from the donation bundle my very favorite pair of panties. They were dark blue, cut high on the thigh, and they fit me beautifully. They sported soft lace around the waistband and around the leg-holes. Ms. Blanton said that she thought that I should not be totally without some girl garment to wear. She knew it would be very difficult for me to stop crossdressing cold turkey. I caught myself wondering out loud what would happen if anybody ever found them. Ms. Blanton suggested that I say that they were a trophy from an amorous conquest of a beautiful female creature. That should satisfy all suspicions about my having them.

She surprised me by giving me a four-inch dildo to “play with” while she was gone.

“You may want to see whether you are interested in playing with this, especially when you are dressed in your lacy panties. You may find that your ass-pussy will want very much to feel what it is like to take it inside. Yes, Missy, that was the next stage of your sexual development that I was going to attend to, but I guess you will have to do it yourself. Of course, this dildo would be very difficult to explain if someone finds it, so I think you should be especially careful in hiding it.”

“You're right about that, Ms. Blanton. Most people probably wouldn't understand at all. Anyway, thanks a lot. I'll always remember you.”

I had to find a new room as soon as possible. I knew that it would be a challenge because many of the best places for the upcoming fall semester had already been taken. I told myself that it was unrealistic to hope to find someone who would cater to my developing interest in feminine clothes as Ms. Blanton had done. What a sad time it was for me.

The only room I could find was in a house run by a man named Roger Wilkes. From the time he met me at the door, he exuded a confident male sexuality from a lithe six-foot, two-inch frame. You could tell that he was completely at home in the

world of muscles, sweat and athletics. He shook my hand firmly, and then ushered me into his spacious home. It was decorated in rich masculine colors with overstuffed leather couches, which immediately brought to my mind the image of his pumping his schlong into some shapely, moaning young woman while she wiggled her tiny girl-feet in the air above his muscled back.

One look around and I knew that things would be fundamentally different for me here, but I little choice at this point. It wasn't that he was rude to me. It was just that the tone he set was wrong for me at this time of my life. There was not a single crumb of femininity anywhere about him or his house, and I sensed that he expected no less from his borders.

He showed me my new room, which was decorated with dark masculine colors rather than the soft pastels which I had come to love at Ms. Blanton's. The furniture was heavy natural pine and the bedspread was ochre. How could I ever survive in such a macho world? I searched for some small touch of feminine influence but, finding none, resigned myself to the decor and made plans to move my stuff in the next day.

All went well enough for the next few weeks, although I greatly missed dear Ms. Blanton and our weekend dress-up sessions. I thought about my girl-clothes constantly but had to content myself with highly secretive enjoyment of my sole pair of panties. When I put them on, a certain calmness came over me and a warm sexual glow permeated my loins. I invariably ended these sessions by masturbating myself to a climax while thinking of being a girl with Ms. Blanton. Once or twice, I got up my courage and took out my dildo from hiding and shyly sucked on it. When I did so, I felt terribly wicked! And rightly so.

One night, I heard a curious sound from Roger's bedroom, which immediately adjoined mine: thump, thump, thump. What could it possibly be? I quietly drew myself toward his room and strained to hear more. Still the noise persisted. Thump, thump, thump. I entered the closet which was between our rooms so that I could hear better. There, I saw a curious sight: a small spot of light coming through a hole in the wall. This was just what I wanted! I crouched down and moved my eye up to the hole.

I saw Roger sitting on his bed surrounded by magazines which he had laid out around him. He was staring at them intently and it was obvious why: they all had large color pictures of beautiful naked women in them. Between his legs was an outstanding piece of erect manhood, a wonderful throbbing thick dong with a great bulbous head. It looked so hot that I could almost feel it radiating heat all the way into the closet. And oh, goodness, the length!

When his pumping hand went to the bottom of the shaft, down to his curly public hair, you could see a full four inches of dong sticking up above his fist. What a piece of meat! If I only had a pussy, it surely would have become wet at the sight before my eyes.

I made myself comfortable and drew my own prick out from behind the reinforced crouch of my panties. (Yes, I had decided to sleep that evening in my panties.) What a show I got! Roger pounded his meat with great relish, all the time keeping his eyes on the naked women in the magazines. I could see his excitement rise: his face became

flushed and his breathing more labored. All of this raised my own level of excitement. The rhythm of his hand was steady and intense. I could hear him murmur a few groans under his breath as he relentlessly moved his fist-pussy up and down his schlong.

“Yeah, Baby, that's it. Take this dick up your pussy,” I heard him say.

And then he seemed to lose control. His eyes rolled toward the ceiling while his hand slowed and began spasmodic purposeful milkings of his dick. Shot after shot of glorious man-cum squirted out of the end of his proud organ. Some shot onto the girly pictures while more cum slid slowly down his dick-shaft and onto his hand. I loved the creamy, wet look of it and, for some reason, wished that I could lick it all up for him. The thought of that brought on my own consuming orgasm, which racked my young body with convulsions of pleasure. I tried hard to keep the sounds of my climax from being audible through the wall and was apparently successful because Roger did not mention anything to me the next day. I had many more intensely pleasurable evenings over the next months watching him treat himself to the Great Self-Pleasure.

THE PROM

In late November of my sophomore year, the college held its prom, and it was, without question, the most important social event of the season. For weeks before, all of the students could think of little else but who they would go with. The campus gossip mill was a buzz with who had asked whom to the party. Ever since the beginning of the academic year, I had had my eyes on a petite redhead named Bettye. She had a bubbly personality, lovely smile, and flowing curls which you couldn't believe. The sun shown off her hair like a light. Her body was curvy as hell with a nice bustline highlighting her chest.

In addition to all these charms, her legs and feet had truly captivated me. Her gams were delightfully shaped, with thin, small-boned ankles which flowed into her tiny soft feet. Her peds couldn't have been larger than a size five, and she always kept her toenails painted a delicate pastel. She knew how to show them off to best advantage in expensive 2 1/2 and 3 inch heels, many of which had open toes. Her stockings were invariably sheer and nude-to-the-toe which allowed her polish to shine through and mesmerize roving male eyes. How could I possibly catch such an engaging young creature?

I was very lucky that we happened to sit next to one another in the U.S. History survey course. Needless to say, my attention soon strayed from Puritanism to her fantastic hair, to her intoxicating perfume, and to the high heel which she habitually—and shamelessly—dangled from the tips of her perfect plump toes. With all of these charms so close to me, where I simply couldn't ignore them, I felt myself becoming weaker and weaker to resist. It was clear to me that I would have to ask her to the prom in spite of my fear that she might refuse. After math class one day, I summoned my courage and popped the question about the prom. To my surprise and delight, she agreed! Terrific! As soon as I got home, I told Roger and showed him a picture of her in the Yearbook. He was delighted, of course, that I seemed to have a sharp eye for pretty girls. And, lucky me, I walked on air for several days.

When the big day arrived, I prepared myself carefully for the dance. I wanted to look my absolute best. My tux had already been pressed to wrinkle-free perfection, and I began early in the afternoon to groom myself with the utmost care. Roger even agreed to lend me his red sports car for the night. This night was going to be super!

I arrived at Bettye's sorority house a little after the appointed time. When I saw her coming down the steps in her dainty high heels, my heart nearly stopped. I had never seen such a lovely picture of young feminine beauty. She was positively radiant in her dark blue silk formal gown. It was off the shoulder, revealing her creamy upper torso and a hint of smooth late-teenage tit-cleavage. Her dress hem was just above her knee and gave me an enticing view of her adorable legs.

She sauntered over to me in great good spirits, took my hand in hers and gave it a tender little squeeze. And to think that this lovely creature was mine for the evening! I went through the usual pleasantries with the sorority housemother, who seemed quite nice (although she was clearly checking me out), and then Bettye and I were off. If nothing else, I was certain I would at least be the proudest boy at the prom. How could I be so lucky?

I strutted into the college gymnasium with pert Bettye on my arm. The room had been decorated beautifully for the dance, and the prom committee had engaged the hottest band in the state to provide the entertainment. It was going to be great! When the band cranked up and we got out on the floor, I was surprised at how good a dancer Betty was. She moved her lithe body in perfect sensual rhythm to the music. Her tits had just the right amount of bounce to them, and I stole frequent glances at her perfect legs and feet encased in shimmering hose. When she saw me checking her out (literally from head to toe), the corners of her lipsticked mouth curved upward in a cute little smirk. She knew she had me under her spell.

But nothing thus far had prepared me for the excitement of the slow dances. The band began to play an old beautiful melody from the 'fifties with all of its romantic hokey harmonies. We looked into one another's eyes and smiled and I sensed that I might be in for a treat. I wrapped my arms around this wonderful girl-creature and felt her melt into my arms. About halfway through the song, she snuggled in even more closely against my eager body. There wasn't any space between us now as we swayed gently to the music.

My prick was attentive to all of these developments, of course, and raised itself into a fine state of erection. At first, I tried to pull my hips away so she wouldn't feel it, but then she drew her head back, looked directly into my eyes with her most sensual smile, and moved her body directly into contact with my dick. It was apparent that she liked the feeling of my hot rod pressing against her lower abdomen. Finally, with great self-satisfaction, she nestled her beautiful red-haired head back into my shoulder. I was in ecstasy. If all of this great stuff was occurring during the dance, what would transpire later?

The band played one good song after another until the end of the dance. As they went through their last number, Bettye looked into my eyes flirtatiously and said she hoped that this wasn't all the fun we would have. Her intention was clear. A hot time was apparently in store for me. My heart-



beat increased about ten beats a minute.

When we got in Roger's red sports car, she wiggled over close to me. She certainly wasn't trying to run and hide. I headed to a spot outside of town where we could park and be alone. When I stopped, she waited with coy confidence for my first advance. We quickly entwined our arms and I pressed my lips to hers in a delightful first kiss. Her lips were silky smooth and slightly parted, inviting my tongue into her mouth. I savored the taste of her lipstick and then stuck my tongue a little way into the waiting wet cavern of her delicate mouth. She not only welcomed it, she sucked on it and emitted a low moan from her throat.

During the next fifteen minutes, we did some serious making out, and got hotter and hotter. It was plainly evident that we both wanted to go further. I made a tentative grope of the front of her dress, cupping my hand around her tender young breast. She moaned and pressed her chest forward into my grasp. Bettye had certainly proved to be one hot broad, and I was thankful for whatever she saw in me.

I gently pushed the sleeves of her blue silk gown down her soft white arms. The top of her gown followed and settled around her waist. There they were. Both of her deliciously creamy tits were revealed to my wondrous gaze. That was because they were supported by only an adhesive bra. Her two nipples pouted up at me, ready to be sucked.

"I decided to wear these stick-on bra cups because I thought my breasts would bounce too much without them. Here, I'll take them off."

She reached up with her dainty manicured fingers and deftly tugged them off, liberating the peaches-and-cream flesh of her tits. I could not help myself from staring at these beautiful globes, and then I reached out and cupping them in my trembling hands, gently squeezing the warm firm flesh of her nipples between my thumb and index finger.

"That's great, Freddie. Play with my tits. I really like what you are doing to me." She paused. "Don't you want suck on them some? I'd really love that."

Bettye cupped her hands under her young tits and lifted them up toward my eager mouth. I leaned forward and began to suck on one of her dark, pouting nipples while playing with the other nipple with my free hand. Her flesh radiated warmth to my mouth and palm and made my mouth salivate. My pleasure was intense. Her breasts were soft and lovely beyond description. I could have stayed there for hours savoring her tits. And for her part, she gave every indication that she would have been willing to do just that. But my biggest thrill was yet to come.

"You know, I have some other parts, Freddie. Why don't you see what you can find down between my legs?"

I couldn't believe the words she was saying, and I quickly replayed them back through my excited brain. Yes, she had said that I should play with her magic triangle, her ultimate female honeypot. I moved my trembling hand over to her stockinged leg and felt the silky smoothness of her stockings. I then crept up her leg, past her garter snaps, and over the bare skin of her thigh above the stocking, to the crotch of

her damp, silky panties. She moaned as my fingers massaged her self-lubricated pussy through the delicate garment.

I took a deep breath and slipped the tip of my finger under the elasticized leg opening of her panties and through her fluffy moist public hair. My finger then entered heaven. I discovered that she had the most delightfully delicate cunt which one could imagine. It had just the right amount of natural lubrication to ease the entry of my finger, and her tender little clitoris quivered under my exploring digit. I gently pushed my finger deeper into her passion cavern, and her pussy seemed almost to suck on it as it entered. I thought how wonderful it must be to stick one's stiff prick into such a place and thrust oneself to ejaculation. Each time I pushed into her, I felt her push back onto my finger, letting me know for sure that she liked what I was doing.

“Oh, that feels so good! I love to feel your finger inside me, Freddie. That's right. Play some with my clit.”

I lost myself in the pleasure of playing with her private girl-parts and let myself hope against hope that I would soon find myself locked in intercourse with this wonderful creature.

“Here,” she said softly, “let me see what you've got in there.”

She reached over with her pink-tipped fingers, pulled my zipper down, and reached in to locate my engorged prick. She didn't have to hunt far because my dong was so big that it took up the entire front of my pants. She wrapped her small hand around it and murmured a low groan of approval. She couldn't resist exploring its ample size more fully, and that led her to extract it from my briefs. It proved a little difficult at first because I was, as they say, as hard as a skillet handle. When she had finally freed it, her eyes widened as they scanned its thickness and proud length. I knew that it had a nice head and sexy light blue veins along its sides. We both watched it as it jutted up proudly from my groin.

“What a nice thing you have,” she said, not wanting to call it “prick” or “dick.”

For a woman so sexy, she could be charmingly demure.

“I'll make you feel really good with my hand,” she said as she wrapped her girl-fist around my throbbing erection and began to pump it gently. “Now, don't come yet. I want you to hold back as long as you can. I bet it will be really good for you if we draw it out.”

I nodded my head in assent but I knew it would take all of my self-control in order to keep from coming. And she wasn't making it any easier for me, either. She certainly knew how to beat off a dick. But, hell, under these delightful circumstances, I was willing to do anything she wanted. So I tried very hard not to come.

“You feel how cute and juicy my little magic hole is?” she asked. “Well, I think that it smells just as nice. Why don't you see for yourself? Take your finger out of my pussy for a moment and take a sniff,” she said. “Don't worry. You can play with me with your other hand while you're doing it.”

I brought my glistening finger to my nose and inhaled deeply. There was no question but that her aroma was delightful. It had the distinctive pungency of a cunt and

yet was also sweet-smelling. Instinctively, I craved the scent. It sent a wave of pleasure throughout my body. I had to make myself think of anything but sex in order to keep myself from shooting all over her soft hand as she stroked me.

“Make sure you don't come, Freddie. Make it last,” she said. “Oh, I love what your fingers are doing in me!”

She obviously loved this game of exciting me to the highest level of excitement while challenging me not to come.

But, after a few more minutes of passionate groaning, she finally said, “I think it's time for you to squirt your joy-juice. I really want to see you do it. Yeah, have yourself a good orgasm. Let's see. What will make you go over the top? I know, take a good close look at my little feet. I'll bet that will do it. I've caught you eyeing them all night long.”

She quickly kicked off her silver, strap high heels and placed her small feet across my lap. Her plump, perfectly-formed digits were only inches from my eyes—and from my nose—and from my mouth. Her discrete pink polish shown through the hazy mesh of her taunt stockings. Her feet were absolutely gorgeous! She smiled at me confidently when she noticed the hold which her peds had over me.

“I'm going to make you come in my own way,” she said as she wrapped the soft soles of her feet around my dick. “I am going to make you squirt your cum with my feet.”

Her peds performed truly miraculous feats (no pun intended) as they moved up and down the length of my rod. I somehow noticed through the haze of my excitement that the rosy color of her toenails matched the rosy color of the head of my dick. These were surely body parts which were meant to go together. I focused my eyes on the seam in the toes of her stockings as she moved them along the length of my shaft. I wanted desperately to sniff her toes, even to suck them.

“You like my girl-feet a lot, don't you, Freddie? Yeah, I know you do. I see you looking at them at school whenever you get a chance. Well, now you've got them right where you want them, don't you? They are going to stroke that juice right out of you. Now, let yourself go and shoot for me. Show me how much you like my little girl-feet. Let them feel the wetness of your squirts. And, look what else I'm going to do for you. I just can't help myself.”

As I looked over at her, she pulled aside the thin crotch of her panties and pushed the pink fingernail on her slender middle finger into her waiting pussy. She moved her other hand to the top of her slit and sensuously held apart her vaginal lips. Of course, those nether lips were fully engorged as a result of our petting and looked ready to wrap themselves around the shaft of a big dick. Each time she withdrew her finger from her snatch, her wet pussy flesh clung lovingly to her slender digit, sucking on it, making it feel so-o-o-o good.

Her sexy talk, the feel of her tender stockinged feet around my dick, and the sight of her fingering herself was too much for me. I felt myself go over the brink and my climax muscle begin to contract between my legs, pushing blob after blob of creamy white come out of my cock and onto her stockings, wetting her polished toenails. At

the same time, she had her own orgasm, which made her pussy convulse around her delicate fingers. It was a moment of supreme ecstasy for both of us.

After we recovered our composure, we smiled warmly at one another, knowing that we had given each other sweet, sweet pleasure. We kissed gently, rearranged our clothes, and then headed back to her sorority house. At the doorstep, she told me that she was not doing anything Saturday night and suggested that I come over. Of course, I agreed eagerly.

Tonight had been one of the best nights of my life, a night when everything seemed to go right. What thrills beyond these would she have in store for me Saturday night?

HECTOR

On Saturday night, I was very excited as I drove over to Bettye's sorority house. How far would we go this evening? Would my prick experience the delight of squirting its creamy come deep inside her young, moist pussy? Would I get to feel her thrusting her curvy hips up onto my hard rod, trying to get as much of it as possible inside her.

Once I was standing in the foyer of the house, there was no Bettye. Had I been stood up? Just as doubts were on the verge of sweeping over my body, a nice looking brunette came out of the living room and introduced herself. She said that Bettye had told her that I should come right up to her room. It was Room 8 and was located about half way down the second floor hall on the right.

This was very curious, and I know I must have had a perplexed expression on my face as I climbed the stairs. There was her room, just where I had been told it was. I knocked softly and, when Bettye answered the door, I immediately knew why she could not greet me at the door. She was clothed only in a filmy white negligee which flowed all the way to the floor. Through the lacy top, I immediately noticed her pert nipples pushing upward and outward, making eminently suckable nubs on the very tips of her tits. And around her nipples, I could clearly see her dark roseates through the sheer material. My eyes trailed down her body past her slender waist, and along her beautifully curved hips to her delightfully small feet, on which she had fluffy white high-heeled mules. I stared for a rapturous moment at her bright red toenails, which shone through her smoky stockings. Although I had been readying myself for some heavy petting, my breath was taken away by her beauty and sexiness.

“Come on in,” she said cheerily. “I can see from your eyes that you still like my girl-feet.”

She had caught me again admiring her peds. I reminded myself to be as smooth as possible here.

“I like all of you, Bettye. You look wonderful.”

She smiled again at me in appreciation of my comment.

“Most of the people on the floor will be out all evening, so there is no reason why we can't have some fun right here. Come on in and make yourself comfortable. I've got a TV that we can watch—and of course a bed,” she said suggestively. “I'm sure we won't be bored at all.”

My heart raced at the prospect. She took my hand, and drew me into her room. It was decorated a beautiful pastel green, with a lovely mahogany bed and matching mahogany furniture. Damn nice stuff for a sorority house, I thought. She promptly coiled herself on the bed in a totally feminine, catlike manner and motioned for me to join her. As I lay beside her, she snuggled her curvy body against mine. We kissed warmly for several minutes with the entirely foreseeable result that I got hotter and hotter for her. She began to coo in my arms, so it was apparent that she was having a good time as well.

I slid my hand slowly up the front of her negligee until it met the warm soft curve of her breast. I cupped her fleshy globe in the palm of my hand and started to mas-

sage it very gently. I played with her tender nipple between my thumb and index finger—and then I could not resist: I leaned my head forward and sucked the protruding nipple flesh into my mouth even though it was still covered by the silkiness of her negligee. Its subtle taste intoxicated me and stimulated me to a full erection. Because we were lying so close to one another, the engorged state of my male organ was not lost on the lovely Bettye.

“What have we here? This is a certainly a nice development,” she said with a wry smile on her lips, as she reached her small, soft hand down and wrapped it around my organ.

“Oh, yeah, Freddie. I think you're in great shape.” After giving me a warm French kiss, she surprised me by saying, “Wait here a minute. I've got a treat for you. Just relax.”

She got up and walked to the door, giving me a great view of her pert ass wiggling away from me. There I was, lying there, excited as hell, listening to my heart beating, thinking about Bettye and sex and Bettye and sex.

She was gone only a minute or two when I heard her musical voice saying, “Freddie, here is a treat for you, someone you may know from school: my cousin, Hector.”

I was taken aback. Why had she brought him into our lovemaking session? Why did she interrupt us when we were both so excited? It was the worst possible moment for such an intrusion. But, as I was to discover, Bettye was not one to be underestimated.

“Now we'll see how flexible you are, Freddie. I think that we should include Hector in our games. He is very nice and would really enjoy joining us.”

I was flabbergasted, but I was also damn excited from having just played with Bettye's tits. What would it be like to be around Hector while we made out. Then it hit me. What would happen when he got an erection while we were all there together? What might he want to do with it?

Quickly, I recalled my recent adventures involving males. It struck me that there had been quite a few of them recently. Was my psyche changing? There was the time I had observed Roger Wilkes' schlong through the hole in the closet wall, and then my encounter with Ms. Blanton's boyfriend Ralph, and before that my adventure with Bobby Stewart. Each of those episodes had been fun although, in every case, I was surprised at myself that I had actually gone through with it. Maybe being in bed with Hector's rod would be fun like the others, so I decided that I would go along with Bettye, at least for the time being, and see what she had planned for me.

“I guess it's all right if he comes in,” I said shyly. “But Bettye, are you sure that this is going to be OK?”

“Believe me, Honey, it's going to be more than OK. Hector can roll with anything, and can give out a lot of pleasure, as you will see. Let's all have some fun.”

Bettye got between us on the bed and let us both enjoy her lithe body. And she certainly had charming ASSets to excite us. I sucked on one of her tits while Hector sucked on the other. We took turns feeling up her moist little cunt and the insides of

her tender thighs, except for one time when we stuck our fingers in her at the same time. My heart pounded in my chest with excitement, and I could sense that Hector was just as excited as I was. Then, when we were both hot as firecrackers, Bettye excused herself for a moment, leaving Hector and me together on the bed. What kind of mind games was she playing?

With both of us lying so close together, it was awkward at first, but Hector broke the ice.

“Hey, Man, I'm hot as Hell. How about you? I've just got to give myself a few strokes,” he said, as he grabbed the tab of his zipper and pulled it down. He quickly liberated his rod from his underwear—and what a rod it was! My eyes were immediately riveted to his handsome fleshy stalk as he began to stroke it gently up and down its full length.

“Why don't you join me, Freddy? I'll bet you would like to play with your meat, too. Come on and enjoy yourself.”

Why not, I thought. I had no sooner extricated my own dong when Bettye crept back into the room. She broke into a warm smile as she saw the two of us lying there on the bed stroking our hard man-meats.

“There's still room for me, right guys?” she said flashing us a hot, sexy smile.

She was obviously not embarrassed, so I felt that I did not have to be embarrassed either. We welcomed her in between us, and played with her tits and cunt as well as with our dongs.

Finally, she pulled herself up on her elbows and said, “I want to see the two of you get it on. What do you say, guys?”

Hector looked at me with a wicked little grin which let me know that he was more than a little interested.

“Well, I don't know,” I heard myself say, although my mind was already picturing the wild possibilities.

Bettye egged me own, saying “Do it, Freddie, for me. Just the thought of it makes me really hot. Don't you want to see what it's like to do it with a guy? If it makes you more comfortable, remember that I'll be here and you'll be playing with me at the same time.”

“OK, I guess, Bettye, if you're sure it's all right with you and both of you promise that you won't breathe a word about this to anybody.” (What was I doing!!???)

“Sure, it's our secret, for sure,” she said. I also saw Hector nod his head in agreement.

“All you have to worry about is having fun,” she continued. “Now, enough of this talk. You two guys get it on.”

She crawled out from between us and then pushed us gently toward one another. As my hands tentatively caressed Hector's shoulders, I immediately noticed how firm his muscles were—and how large. His body was so different from the soft, small bodies of females. Responding to my touch, he stared directly into my eyes.

“Relax, man. All of this is no big deal. After all, you've always wanted to know what it's like to make it with a man, haven't you? Well, now you will know and no one else need be the wiser.”

He gave me a brief kiss on the lips, I guess to get me used to intimate contact with him, and then he moved his hand to my bulging groin and began to stroke my stiff erection.

“This is a really nice piece of meat you've got here, Freddie. It feels very hot and sexy in my hand.”

He then took my hand and placed it over his own penis with the clear expectation that I was to reciprocate whatever pleasure he gave me. So here I was lying on a bed with an attractive male playing with his dick. PLAYING WITH HIS DICK, for Pete's sake! I couldn't believe it! I had to admit, moreover, that I was quite excited by this experience.

After a few more minutes of passionate petting, Bettye helped us shed our remaining clothes until we were both completely naked. As I looked at Hector's naked body, I thought about all of the naked males that I had seen in shower rooms over the years, but the big difference here was this male body was available for my pleasure. I could reach out and play with his parts without fear of rejection or shame. I could just reach out and enjoy.

No sooner had these nice thoughts raced through my brain than Bettye's face lit up with a new idea.

“I know what I want you to do, guys,” she said, as she motioned me onto my knees. “Hector, get around behind him. Let's check out your erection. Yeah, that's one hard rod you've got. I guess you like Freddie, don't you, Baby?”

It then occurred to me what was going to happen, I was going to get my little ass fucked.

“Freddie, don't worry a bit. You're going to absolutely love this. Just trust me,” she continued.

All I could think about was the thickness of his monster rod splitting my tender asshole.

“I've got some grease for both of you. We'll get you two nice and slick so Hector will just slide right in.” She held the container of glistening lubricant toward me and said, “Give yourself a good coating of this stuff. It works great for taking things up your ass. You won't feel any discomfort at all—just the most intense pleasure of your life.”

I scooped out a glob of the goo on my fingertips and excitedly rubbed it all over my quivering asshole, which all of a sudden, felt very tender and vulnerable. Bettye reminded me to rub some of it inside my rectum, adding with a smile that sticking my fingers up there would help loosen me up anyway. My digits stuffed as much of the thick lubricant up my ass as I could. In this, my first ass-fucking, I certainly wanted as much protection as I could get. And then it occurred to me that I was anticipating getting fucked as much as any young girl would. What would that first dick be like? I WAS REALLY GOING TO FIND OUT!

“Here, Hector, let me grease up that big rod of yours,” she said. “Here you go.”

She took obvious delight in rubbing the lubricant into his fleshy member, and certainly did so longer than was necessary.

“That's nice, Baby,” she told him. “I can tell you're ready to get yourself some ass-cunt.”

Her manipulations had aroused him into a full hard state. Bettye then came around in front of me and looked directly into my eyes.

“You're going to get your ass fucked, Freddie, my dear, and you're going to love it. You're going to feel just like a girl feels when she has a big stiff rod pushing in and out of her cunt. And I want to watch the expression on your face as big Hector makes a girl out of you.”

Bettye placed two pillows under my hips to support them. As I settled my prick into the pillow, my asshole was angled up in the air, which made it feel totally exposed and unprotected. Hector moved around behind me. I could hear Bettye cooing softly over the size of Hector's prick.

Then I felt it—the rubbery head of Hector's prick pushing at my puckered boy-cunt. His strong hands grabbed my hips, and he began to pull me back slowly but firmly against his man-dick. The pressure of his prick-head against my anus increased, and then increased further, even to the point where it began to hurt, and then it was hurting a lot. I quickly became convinced that I couldn't take it. Surely, if he went any further he would split me apart.

“I don't think I can take it, Hector. Please stop,” I implored.

He just laughed with a low raspy sound and kept pushing.

“You're my girl now, Baby. And when you're a girl you've got to take the dick. I'm going to use you for my pleasure, Honey. My big dick's going to have a good time in you. I'm going to leave my man-juice up between your legs.”

With that, he gave a particularly strong push which sent a searing pain through my bowels. The head of his meat had surged into my waiting rectum. I WAS FINALLY GETTING FUCKED! The initial intense discomfort quickly began to pass (Thank Goodness!!). I felt my sphincter relax and I hoped that the path was now open to great pleasure. I wanted only to get fucked by Hector and to give his strong male body a hot sex-time. Instinctively, I moved my hips backward to meet his slow, initial thrusts and was rewarded by feeling his prick push all the way up my boy-pussy, all the way up to his nuts.

Bettye saw my expression change from discomfort to ecstasy.

“Your ass is relaxed now, isn't it, Baby?” she asked.

“Yeah, it's fine, but, Boy, he's got a big dick.”

“I know. I've fucked it lots of times. Just take it up between your legs and love it. It's a great one to ride on.”

She gave me a deep French kiss and told me that she was going to lie right there so we could talk about how wonderful it is to get fucked by a thick male dick.

“Now keep looking into my eyes,” she said. “I want you to forget about being a boy and just think about how much you are a girl right now. You are lying on your stomach with your pussy up in the air and there's a big male stud behind you pumping his stiff prick into your body. You know that before too long you are going to send him over the top and then you will get all of his juice up inside you. Yeah, you're going to feel him tense and hold his big organ way up inside you and then pump his sticky boy-juice right in your pussy. Don't you love feeling his pump up there now? Of course, you couldn't do anything about it now even if you wanted to. You couldn't get away because he's so horny that he would just hold you until he had left his load inside you. So accept the fact that he's going to juice you. Yeah! You're going to leave here with Hector's hot sperm in you. And I want you to do that, to make him happy and take his sperm-load. You will do that for me, won't you, Freddie?”

The thrusts of his prick became stronger and more insistent. He was merely using me for his pleasure. My role was to simply lie there passively, girl-like, and take his rod into my body until he ejaculated. I didn't have to do a thing. I could simply lie there and enjoy being the object of his sexual desires. His strong thrusts made it clear that he loved thinking of me as his girl.

Bettye resumed her dialogue with me.

“I love seeing you there taking his prick, Baby. It makes me really horny to see you having this kind of fun with a guy.”

Hector was working hard behind me and I could tell that he was nearing his supreme moment of pleasure. He grunted with almost every stroke and I tried to milk his dick with my rectum as much as I could.

“Hector, give this girl your juice,” Bettye said. “Make her take your baby goo up in her cunt. Make her your girl. Stake your claim to her pussy.”

I loved hearing myself refereed to as feminine while I was engaged in the supreme feminine activity of taking a hot dick. I concentrated solely on the wonderful sensations his thick rod produced in me as he plunged it into my rectum with each stroke. The tip of it massaged my sensitive prostate every time he stuck it in me, and that made my whole body quiver with pleasure. Oh, I never knew that it could be so wonderful to take a real dick up my ass-cunt! A sense of contentment and joy overwhelmed me. I hoped with all my heart that this wouldn't be my last time to get fucked by Hector's big stud dick.

Then I felt his body tensing, and he kind of snorted. His breathing became irregular. The strong hold which his hands had on my hips tightened even more and made it impossible for me to do anything but stay exactly where he wanted and take his prick.

“Take my juice, you cunt, you. Yeah, I'm going to make you my girl, Baby. You're just made to take a dick, with that smooth, tight ass of yours.”

At that time, he stopped moving and just held his dick inside me. Then I felt it! His big organ began to twitch and to squirt his precious man-cum up into me! I reveled at every convulsion of his heavy body on top of me, reveled at the realization that I

could make him squirt his juice, that I could excite him just like a girl could. A deep sense of triumph swept over me.

Surely, this is what I was meant to do, to take male cum inside my body.

Bettye began to talk to me intently.

“That's it, Honey. Take his cum. Now you know what its like to be a girl on the end of a shooting male dick. It's great, isn't it? Now, you are an honorary girl. You have to get some sticky cum inside you to get that honor, you know. Yeah, you little girl, you.”

I had never felt so content and fulfilled, even after he let his softening meat slide from my little pussy. I still could feel the wetness of his cum inside my ass, and I loved it. My ass felt so relaxed and fucked. Just like a pussy would, I am I sure. It was terrific. We lay quietly with one another for a few minutes so that we could catch our breath.

Bettye said that “If you want to date me in the future,

Freddie, you're going to have to do what I want sexually—and with whomever I say. Then, and only then, you may finally get to enjoy the pleasures of my sweet cunt. But for now, I want you to wear these home, Girly.”

She handed me her frilly pair of panties.

“Go ahead. Put them on,” she said as she saw the surprised look on my face.

It had been weeks since I had enjoyed the feeling of feminine finery and I certainly did not want to pass up this opportunity. I slipped the filmy, lacy garment up my thighs and snugged them up against my crotch.

“They can be your trophy, Freddie. They are your prize for milking out Hector's cum just like a girl.”

I loved the feeling of their pressing up against my crotch. When I got back to Roger Wilkes's and took them off, I made sure



that I took a sniff of Betty's sweet young cunt-scent in the crotch, and of course, that made me have to beat myself off. Later, I hid the panties in a very safe place.

THE CONTINUING LURE OF HECTOR

Bettye and I continued our sexual dalliances over the next several months, during which she introduced me to ever more exotic sexual adventures. She even let me powder her after she bathed, and she directed me to wash her lingerie—by hand, of course. Of course, she insisted that I smell the crotches of each pair of her panties before I rinsed them and, after I had done my ritual sniffing of that week's bunch, I followed her instructions and beat a large load of cum out of my dick in tribute to her.

On campus, she would, from time to time, saunter up to me and let me smell her cunt-scented fingers. That trick of hers never failed to get a terrific rise in my jockey shorts.

Whenever my mind wandered from my studies (which was more frequently than I wished), it always thought about how desperately I wanted to fuck her, to plunge my big dick into her tight little pussy with all the force I could muster but, alas, it was not to be.

She was the absolute master at teasing me, keeping me hanging around her like a puppy, in the hope of savoring her delectable cunt—but not fucking me.

My level of frustration steadily rose. Then—it was very strange—I noticed that I began to hang around Hector more and more.

He noticed the attention I was giving him and shot some very wicked smirks my way, apparently remembering with relish that, only a few months previously, he had staked his claim to my butt by leaving a juicy load of his cum up between my legs. Most of the time, he looked at me with smoldering lust, like a boy looks at a girl.

One day, I couldn't resist. I needed sexual relief in the worst way, for somebody, anybody, to have sex with me. I went up to Hector—very nervously—and asked him if he was interested in “doing again what he had done to me”.

He just smiled at me with his characteristic cocky smile. He knew that he had a hold on me.

“Sure, Pussy. I was just waiting for you to ask me. And I knew you would after a while. I could tell by the way you fucked your tight ass back onto my prick that you would want me to stick it into you again. That's what it is, isn't it? You want to be my girl, don't you? Let me hear you say it.”

“Hector, don't make me admit it here. Please. Someone might hear us. Come on.”

“No, tell me you want to be my little girlie and give your pussy to me. Otherwise, no dick for you.”

“OK, OK. You win. I want to be your girl.”

I couldn't believe that I was saying this to him. My psyche clearly had preferences of its own, preferences which I was only now discovering.

“You can do better than that, you Little Cunt. Try again, or no big schlong.”

“All right. I want to be your little girlie and spread my legs for your big dick and feel you squirt your cum up between my legs. How was that?”

He knew he had me now. I was talking sexy just the way he would want his girlfriend to talk to him. His eyes sparkled with excitement.

I was also pleased that, even though he might dominate me, I clearly had the ability to make him horny for me. Girls always like to know that they can make their boyfriends horny.

“That was damn good, Freddie, but we are going to have to get some things straight from the beginning. I don't want a boyfriend. What do I need with one of them? No, I want a girlfriend, which means that you are going to have to make yourself very girl-like for me. Otherwise, it's no go.”

“Me, like a girl? I don't know. What, after all, do you want me to do?”

“Well, it's OK if you look like a boy on the outside. I know that you have to do that, or you would get kicked out of this damn college. And since we will be seen together, I don't want you to go prissing along beside me, making everybody here think that I'm a fag. But, that's only your outside. Underneath, I want you to be my girl. I want you to wear panties and stockings everyday. And, so that they will look right, I want you to shave your legs and paint your toenails. I certainly don't want my girl to have hairy legs.”

“How can I do that? I'll be found out for sure, Hector.”

“Well, maybe so, maybe not. You'll just have to take your chances, Baby. And, imagine, all during the day you'll be thinking about how much of a girl you are underneath your outer clothes, and about how much your girl-pussy wants me.”

The thought of being forced to wear panties, stockings, and nail polish clearly appealed to my nascent transvestite tendencies, so I agreed to his proposal, although I managed to feign a little reluctance. As I thought more about it, my only reservations were about how far his dominating tendencies might go.

I guess I would find out soon enough.

I went home that evening and shaved my legs until they were totally smooth, just like a young girl's. Once the ugly boy-hair was gone, their natural curves were accentuated, making them look very feminine, indeed. Surely, Hector would be pleased. I carefully applied a rosy color of polish to each toenail which made them look positively lovely.

When they had dried, I went out to a nearby shopping mall and picked up some high-on-the-thigh panties. I also got some stockings with elastic garters at the tops, because I didn't want to chance having garter snaps show thorough my slacks, and pantyhose wouldn't let me use the urinal. I had been mortified at the prospect of going to a store to buy them, but I wanted them so badly. The purchase went without incident in spite of my nervousness.

Later, as I fondled the garments, I thought that Hector had better like the way I looked in them, after all, I knew they would fit me really well.

Oh, goodness. I was already starting to think like his girl, trying to please him.

The next morning, I reveled in the silky sensations as I slid the thin stockings up my smooth legs. My legs looked terrific in them and I could see my painted toenails

through the reinforced toes. Oh, God, I would love to fuck me! I tucked my boner—with some difficulty—back between my legs as I snuggled my panties up to my crotch.

Every step I took as I walked to school was exciting. I could feel the stockings rub against the inside of my slacks with each step, and I could feel the tightness of the feet of the stockings caressing my girl-toes inside my shoes. I secretly wondered whether I would be able to keep myself from prissing my hips from side to side as I walked. It was so-oo-oo tempting, but I knew I shouldn't. I could tell that it was going to be a very exciting day. I just hoped that I would not do something terribly embarrassing like shooting my wad inside my pants.

Hector saw me in front of the science building before first period classes. I thought he might walk over to me, but he merely stood there, looking cool, waiting for me to come to him. The arrogance of this guy! I guess in its own way it was charming. At least he cared enough about me to do his cool-man act. That thought made my heart flutter a bit. Most of our friends had gone inside for their classes so there weren't many people nearby. He turned toward me and, with a lewd grin on his handsome face, froze me with his question.

“Chick, have you got pretty stuff on under those drab boy clothes you are wearing?”

I could have died. How could he say such a thing out in the open at school? I blushed three shades of red. I looked nervously around me and quickly determined that, in all likelihood, no one had heard him. Thank goodness! In spite of his incredible brazenness, I had worked so hard to make myself feminine for him that I couldn't resist answering his question.

I whispered back in my lowest voice, “I have on what you said, Hector.”

I smiled shyly and dropped my gaze to the ground in embarrassment.

“Good, my Little Girlie. I plan to check you out after second period behind the pond. Just make sure that you meet me there. Got it?”

I was nervous throughout my early morning classes, not only because I was wearing frilly, girly stuff under my clothes, but also, because I had no idea what Hector would expect of me when we met.

Eventually, second period ended and I made my way to the rendezvous point which, luckily for me, had lots of bushes around and was therefore generally shielded from view.

Hector was waiting for me behind some bushes and I could see that his erect prick was already pushing out the front of his tight jeans. He took me into his strong arms and gave me a hug. Reflexively, I snuggled into his shoulder.

“That's how I like it, Baby. Now let's see what you have on underneath those jeans. Come on and drop them. We don't have much time.”

“You can't be serious, Hector. Someone might see us.”

But, Hector motioned with his hands for me to get on with it so I timidly undid my belt and lowered my jeans from my waist. As Hector's eyes caught sight of my panties,

a smile crossed his face. He gazed at my smooth-shaved thigh flesh and then he almost groaned when he saw the tops of my stockings.

“Yeah, Baby. It makes me so happy that you made yourself look like a girl for me. That's such dainty stuff you have on. I'll bet you really like wearing it, too. Does it make your pussy all wet, Baby?”

I finally got my pants down to my ankles, then I kicked off my shoes. I could see in his eyes that he longed for me so I decided that I would string him along a little (but not too long because I was terrified of being discovered.)

Then it occurred to me that by being coy, I was adopting some of the coy techniques that pretty girls had used on me.

“Come on, Sweet Thing. Get those socks off and let me see those girl toes. You painted your little toes for me, didn't you? I like my girls to have polish on their toenails to show that they are ready to fuck.”

I coyly pointed my toes as I pulled my socks off of my small feet. I wiggled my toes so as to best show off my polish-job to him. I was proud of it, after all.

“Hey, your girl-toes and legs look real nice. I'll bet your little girl prickie got all excited while you were painting your little nails. You're such a pussy. You're a lot more girl than boy on the inside, aren't you? Well, that's just fine with me because I expect you to be my girl whenever we're alone together. Yeah, you're going to be my little private cunt. Now come over here and take my prick out and suck me off before we have to go back to class.”

I spread my jeans on the ground and knelt down on them so that I wouldn't put any runs in my delicate stockings. I nervously pulled down the zipper of his jeans and reached inside. I could feel the hard length of his dick just behind his underwear. I took a deep breath and, with wide-eyed anticipation, reached my little hand in the fly of his underwear and extracted his heavy meat.

I was mesmerized by the beauty of his organ as I began to fondle it gently along its hot length. I certainly intended to give this magnificent piece of manhood a first rate sucking. I reached out my tongue and touched it to the spongy head. I could smell the subtle scent of maleness wafting up from this precious dick, a smell which only heightened my desire to make him shoot for me. I took it deeply into my moist mouth and massaged its head with the back of my tongue. I savored the sensations of it sliding forward along my tongue to the front of my mouth where I kissed it with my lips. Oh, suck, Suck, SUCK!

I lost myself totally in the enjoyment of the taste and texture of the large hot organ.

All I could think about was dick, Dick, DICK!

“Oh, you give such good head, Honey. My big dick really likes what you are doing to it. And you love it as much as I do, I think. You're a natural, just like you were made to do it. You do it so well that, when I close my eyes, it feels just like a real girl sucking on my rod.”

His hot talk made me very, very excited, so that I almost forgot about the fact that we were only a short walk from frequently traveled school walkways and could have been discovered at any time.

“Yeah, you're going to suck that load of cum right out of the end of my dick. You've earned my load. You're going to make me shoot. Yeah, here it comes! Are you ready, Girly?”

He tensed and grabbed the back of my head, pushing my lips all the way down to the base of his dick.

Then I felt the first squirts of his hot cum shoot out of his organ and roll smoothly down my throat. As I swallowed it, I thought how proud I was to have gotten him excited enough to shoot his load.

I was a very proud girl.

Thank goodness, we recovered and got ourselves clothed in time to make it back to the main part of the campus for our next classes. No one seemed suspicious.

I smiled all afternoon, and licked my lips from time to time, as I recalled the thrill of having sucked off Hector's big dick. What ever was happening to my sexual preferences? Was I a boy? Was I a girl? Was I something else?

Over the next weeks, Hector led me toward greater and greater sexual thrills. I couldn't believe it when one day he demanded that I wear a camisole under my shirt!

I complied, of course, because I wanted so badly to savor his dick again, but I was terrified that someone might see my frilly top under my shirt.

That wasn't the half of it, though. A few weeks later, he demanded that I wear a training bra under the camisole.

Surely, I thought, anyone would be able to see the clasp through the back of my shirt when I bent over. And there was always the fear that someone would feel my bra straps by simply slapping me on the back. In spite of my constant fear, I did it. The excitement was exquisite, feeling the gentle constriction around my chest and the cups softly cradling my boy tits under my shirt. I have no idea whether anyone ever noticed it or not.

At least they didn't mention it to me in public and make a scene somewhere.

On numerous days, Hector made me meet him at his dorm room after our last classes, strip down to my underwear (girl's, of course) and suck him to erection while he stared at me and my girl-garments. Then he made me bend my little tushie over the arm of his stuffed chair to give him a good view of the backs of my stockinged legs. He would then strut up behind me with all of the macho swagger he could muster, push his big dick all the way up into my tender lubricated asshole, and fuck the hell out of me.

I never tired of the wonderful feeling of his massive dong exploding in orgasm deep inside my ass-pussy. I always felt so proud later when I snuggled my panties up between my legs so close to where his warm load of cum sloshed between my legs. I noticed that I swished my hips more when I had a load of man-cum in me.

It was only natural, I guess.

During these months of fun with Hector, Bettye continued to tease me daily with her curvy young body and delectable girl-parts, making me long for her as well.

It wasn't too long, of course, before she found out about my wearing girl clothes every day to please Hector.

At first, I didn't know what she would think about it, but she was apparently delighted. She clearly and strongly encouraged me to continue wearing girl's underwear. A few times, I got lucky and she masturbated me to climax with my own panties wrapped around my dickie. She made sure that my load shot right on the cotton panel in the crotch of my panties, so that I would have to put them on still wet. She wanted me to experience how girls felt after getting fucked and taking a large fresh load of a man's cum up their pussies and having it leak down onto the crotch of their panties.

I discovered, to my surprise, that I loved the wet, slick feeling of the jism as I rubbed my legs together.

I must have been a girl on the inside to relish it that much.