

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"METAMORPHOSIS COMPLETED"

A TRANSFORMED WOMAN BEFRIENDS
OTHER YOUNG MEN IN FEMININE DISTRESS!



VOLUME 40

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**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION**

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 40

**“METAMORPHOSIS
COMPLETED”**

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

by WENDY WILSON

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“If men knew how women spend their
time when they are alone,
no one would ever get married!”

METAMORPHOSIS COMPLETED

THIS STORY WAS CONTINUED FROM

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

by WENDY WILSON

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION # 39.

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

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

Debbie also liked my earrings, and loved my hair, but gave me a funny smile when I told her I was going to take a sauna with Kevin. I grabbed a towel and took the elevator to the basement, where I found the sauna room. Kevin was already inside, so I stripped and went into the sauna with just my towel around my waist.

Thank goodness I was wearing a towel! As soon as I saw

Kevin, I again felt my nipples tingle and go erect, had flashbacks to my feminine hallucinations, and I found embarrassingly that my maleness also was responding to those images and sensations. Fortunately, my male arousal was hidden by the towel.

Kevin smiled warmly as he looked at my hairless body. He kept staring at my chest and my swollen erect nipples. They still were somewhat enlarged from Amanda's suckling. "What's happened to your body hair?" he asked, as his eyes wandered to my painted toenails.

"I had the strangest allergic reaction to my own body hair, so I had it removed," I explained.

"Actually, the absence of hair helps show off your great body, Sherwood," he commented. "Your legs look particularly good, and I like that toenail polish."

"Thanks," I blushed, as the tingling in my chest intensified. I began to perspire and noticed that beads of perspiration were running down my chest and gathering at my swollen nipples. The sweat began dripping from the large, erect nubs, drawing attention to them. I liked the small swollen mounds of fat on my chest. They just seemed so natural, topped by my growing and sensitive nipples.

While Kevin was sitting there looking at me, I also was looking at him. He was so muscular and handsome. Unlike me, he had a very hairy body. In the back of my mind, I was increasingly nervous that Debbie might become attracted to Kevin, he was just so good looking. We sat and talked about politics as our pores opened up and cleansed themselves of the day's grime.

We both hopped into the double shower. I was struck by how Kevin was so much taller and stronger than I was. His shoulders were broader than mine; his torso was almost V-shaped. I was more pear-shaped, with my hips as broad as my narrow shoulders.

I also noticed how well endowed Kevin was. He was much bigger than I. Fortunately, I'd been able to calm myself down, but that wonderful tingling in my tummy was getting intense again and wouldn't go away, while my mind kept having flashes of my wonderful night as a female. Why couldn't I take my eyes off Kevin's body?

We got dressed and went back to our respective apartments. We'd agreed, however, to get together and take a sauna every Wednesday evening. I felt so warm and comfortable with myself as I walked into the apartment and gave Debbie a passionate kiss.

Once settled back in the apartment, Debbie presented me with a couple of new shirts she bought for me as a present for the summer break at school. They were of very soft material. She told me they'd feel comfortable on my hairless skin if I didn't wear an undershirt. I tried one on, and it tickled my nipples, but it felt so cool and soft against my skin. I just loved the sensation! They fit me perfectly, but the buttoning seemed different somehow, and, strangely, they had darts sown in them so that the shirts almost form-fit the swelling fatty deposits on my chest. Debbie also gave me some new T-shirts for casual wear. They, too, fit me well, but they were pink. That was a new color for me, but I liked it. I looked good in pink.

The next morning I awoke with a vivid memory of a dream I'd had. I felt so strange, but happy, and a little perplexed.

"You're not going to believe what I just dreamed," I said softly to Debbie, while my hand gently explored her curvaceous body.

"Oh?" she said with interest. "And what did you dream?"

"The action itself was mundane, I just was walking over to the library to do some research. But I was a girl in the dream! I was wearing a very comfortable dress that highlighted all my girlish curves.

"I felt so natural and happy as my hips swayed femininely and as my full breasts bobbed and swayed when I walked. I also loved that moist, vacant feeling between my thighs. With my blond hair hanging down over my shoulders, I just felt so good and comfortable as a woman.

"But it's not as though I'd ever been a guy. I was just a girl and always had been a girl. I can't get over how good it felt inside me to be a real woman, to wear a dress as a girl! It even took me a minute or two after I woke up to realize that I was a guy. That realization was almost a disappointment for me. Isn't that strange?" I wondered aloud.

As Debbie's fingers began to gently massage my chest with the soothing salve she now was applying to me every morning, she asked, "Would you like to wear a dress, Sherwood? I think you would look very good in a dress."

"Well. . .uh. . .of course, not!" I responded defensively, "I'm a guy!" Still, why was my tummy tingling so excitedly at that strange thought?

[[*"Your breasts are growing nicely. . . 1 - 2 - 3."*]]

Debbie gave me a couple of extra pills that morning with my orange juice.

"It's so sweet of you to offer to help Henrietta with little Amanda," she smiled. "These pills will enable you to produce

milk and put those big nipples of yours to good use. You have to take the pills daily for about three months, and then there will be a series of shots.”

“I know it seems strange for me to be doing this,” I admitted. “But my urge to do so is so strong. Is it really that unusual for a guy to help nurse a baby?”

“Oh, not at all! Not in this day of liberated men!” Debbie reassured. “I’ve known a number of guys who’ve done it. Just, don’t be too concerned if you get a little temporary breast development with it. That’s normal, even for guys.”

Much relieved, I smiled and took the pills without a second thought.

As weeks passed, my dreams as a woman became more frequent, intense and pleasing. I found I was developing a strange desire to be a woman. The urge was getting so strong, that I often daydreamed of having breasts and of how nice it would be not to have those cumbersome and ugly male parts between my thighs.

Any way, I caught myself increasingly referring to myself as a girl. I’d even mistakenly checked the “F” box when indicating my sex on a recent school questionnaire.

Incredibly, I even found myself remembering or wishfully thinking that I’d spent my childhood as a girl. Strange!

One morning I related one of those dreams to a very interested Debbie.

“Do you remember the story I once told you how I dressed up as a princess for a Halloween dance at my girlfriend’s High School? You know, the time I wore a padded bra and found that I could pass so easily as a girl?” I asked Debbie.

“Sure, do,” she smiled.

“Well,” I continued, “last night, I relived the whole incident in a dream. Only, when the dancing ended, and that guy kissed me, rather than our saying goodnight I let him take my hand, and we walked out to his car.

“We sat in the front seat and necked for quite a while. I loved it, and got very excited. But I was afraid that he would discover I was a guy, if he got into my padded bra.

“Suddenly, I realized my chest felt different, fuller, heavier, as I let his hand massage my padding. It felt so good, and took me to such a high level of excitement, that I let him go further.

“Soon, he unhooked my bra, while I was passionately kissing him. Imagine my shock and surprise as my bra came off and I realized that I really had the full beautiful breasts of a girl! Instead of my padding, there was soft sensuous feminine flesh that hadn’t been there earlier in the evening as I’d started off as

a boy! I gasped in surprise and pleasure as he began suckling my nipples! What a dream! I just accepted my new breasts without question, carried away with the excitement of the moment.

“But the dream didn’t end there! I still was afraid he would discover I was a boy if his hand slipped between my thighs. In the uncontrollable passion that followed, though, I suddenly realized there was something else different about my body, and I let his hand slip between my thighs. Instead of my being discovered as a boy, I felt his fingers slipping to my moist femininity! Somehow I had turned into a girl! I was a girl! Then I realized I’d always been a girl.

“Oh, Debbie, the memory is so vivid now. That’s the night I lost my virginity as a woman! Oh, I’ll never forget it!” I sighed, longingly, as I remembered that boy’s unquenchable passion.

“That’s what you are, or what you really want to be Sherwood, isn’t it? You want to be a woman!” Debbie said commandingly.

“Oh, no, Debbie!” I said, feeling sheepish. “I’m a guy! You know that!”

Why was I finding myself having to say such things? Why was I dreaming of myself as a female?

When I did the laundry, I found I was spending inordinate time holding and examining Debbie’s lingerie before putting it away in her drawer. Thoughts kept crossing my mind as to how pretty I’d look wearing Debbie’s lingerie and clothes.

In particular, I had mounting difficulty resisting urges to try on her underwear, her sexy panties and bras. How weird! But I was I guy. I kept telling myself that I was a guy and that trying on Debbie’s underwear just wasn’t right. Still, I couldn’t help fantasizing about it. I often daydreamed of having bras and panties of my own.

My nipples continued to expand and to increase in sensitivity, while the soft flesh behind them swelled markedly. The flesh on my chest was really getting quite rounded and heavy. I loved the way my new flesh jiggled and bounced when I went up or down stairs, or when I jogged.

When I went for the next laser cleansing of my minimal remnant male hair, I really felt good about the way my body looked. I kept my toenails carefully painted, and I was shaping my long fingernails so they looked right. I was thinking maybe I should put polish on them, too.

Once again, though, Henrietta let me pacify Amanda, while she worked on my longer hair, giving it better shape and

touching up the color.

"Oh, Sherwood," she commented, as I held the baby to my chest, "your nipples have grown so large and pretty, so mature, it looks like it won't be too much longer until you'll be producing milk. That will be such a help to me!"

"I'm getting so excited," I admitted. "I just can't wait to let little Amanda nurse from my nipples the first time."

It seemed so strange to be saying that as a guy. Yet, when Henrietta was ready to feed the baby, we compared our nipples. My nipples were almost the same size as and looked very much like hers. Strangely, though, my swelling chest also looked very much like Henrietta's full breasts. Could I possibly be getting that little chest development that Debbie had mentioned? I felt such an unusual and happy excitement in my chest and tummy as I thought about that.

When back at the apartment, I began thinking of how I'd been putting on weight in the form of soft fat, and my muscle tone was still deteriorating. I mentioned that to Debbie, and she suggested that perhaps I ought to jog more, and that I also could join the aerobics class she went to several times a week. That was a great idea!

Before we headed out for my first class, she handed me a leotard to put on, she said it was the class uniform. It was a girl's leotard!

"I can't wear that!" I told her.

[[*"Your breasts are growing nicely . . . 1 - 2 - 3."*]]

I stripped and put on my leotard, but it didn't look right. The unsightly shape of my male parts were clearly visible as the flexible fabric formed to my body shape.

"Here's an exercise thong, Sherwood," Debbie offered. "It will hide your male parts so you won't be embarrassed."

She showed me how to put it on before I put on the leotard. I had to push my testicles up into my body and my appendage back between my legs. The thong was flesh colored and shaped something like a girl's private parts, and it was waterproof, so I could even shower with it on, and it held my male parts tightly in place so that they were invisible.

Debbie told me that the thong was so built that my offensive parts would be concealed no matter what contortions I did while exercising. I could even relieve myself without taking it off, but I had to sit down when I used it. That was fine with me because I already did that.

I put the leotard back on, and it looked and felt just great. My crotch was so femininely shaped, naturally flat with just the right underlying form for a girl. What a crazy thought for me

as a guy! The exercise thong was so comfortable, though, and the cut of my exercise suit showed off my long hairless legs all the way up to my hips. The torso-clinging suit also highlighted my narrow waist, and I even could see the outline of the enlarging swells of flesh on my chest topped by prominently swollen nipples. It was going to feel so good to exercise and to get back into shape.

That night was Wednesday, and I went right to my sauna with Kevin from our workout. Kevin got there at the same time I did, and he really smiled as he looked at me in my leotard. He stripped to his taut muscular body, as I slid off my leotard.

The flesh on my chest was soft, but still it had a good firmness to it. The swells now had taken on meaningful form and were topped by puffy large nipples, which immediately tingled and sprang into firm erections when I looked at Kevin. The nubs were about the size of the tips of my index finger. As I slid the leotard off my hips and down my smooth hairless legs, I decided to leave the thong in place, since it was so comfortable, and I was so happy not to have to see my ugly male parts.

Kevin was just sitting on his towel, so I just sat on mine. I took in his masculine body and felt all sorts of arousals in my nipples and manhood, but my manhood fortunately was contained and showed no visible response. Why was I feeling so aroused sitting next to this attractive naked guy?

Kevin eyed my crotch and smilingly asked, "What are you wearing?"

"Oh, it's just an exercise thong I use for my aerobics class. Sort of an aerobics jock strap," I told him in my soft voice.

"It sure nicely hides your equipment."

"Doesn't it, though! Don't you love it! I feel so comfortable with it. I can even relieve myself without taking it off," I giggled.

"Well whatever you're doing, it sure is making your body look great, and your hair is so pretty. It keeps getting longer each time I see you."

"Thanks!" I blushed. "It's almost down to my shoulders, but I don't want it to stop growing until its down to my waist."

"That would be fantastic, Sherwood!" he continued. "You know, your skin also is so smooth and beautifully hairless, and your fanny has rounded out so nicely! And your nipples. . .they've gotten so large and pink."

"Well, actually, I'm taking a prescription so that I'll be able help nurse the baby of one of Debbie's friends. There are other guys who have done that to help their working wives. I'm doing to help a friend and save a little money."

"That's awfully nice and considerate of you Sherwood," Kevin smiled, eyeing my chest. "There are not many guys who would do that.

"Does it feel good to you, like it does for a girl, when you touch your nipples?" he asked as he shifted over so he was sitting next to me.

What a strange question! I blushed and felt all funny inside as I responded, "They feel wonderful when Debbie caresses them."

"Would you mind if I touch them?" Kevin asked, as the pace and depth of his breathing began to pick up. I also noticed that his manhood was beginning to show a little arousal before he put a towel loosely over his lap.

What a strange thing for another man to ask! Yet, I couldn't see any harm in it, and I felt so aroused and excited myself, I impulsively said, "Sure," as my heart began to race.

Kevin's hands moved to my chest and cupped the small mounds of flesh supporting my nipples. Then he softly rubbed and pinched the nipples. What an arousal I got! Waves of excitement shot throughout my body. My tummy was terribly excited and so was my manhood, a little. It was contained by the thong, though, and I found myself wishing that my manhood would shrivel up and disappear deep into my body. How strange!

"Boy," he continued, "your nipples really feel like a girl's! But I guess that's to be expected if you're going to do some nursing."

Kevin was getting visibly excited, and I felt drawn to him almost as though I were a girl. I had a sudden urge to put my soft slender arms around his thick muscular neck and to give him a tender kiss on his lips. I eyed the swelling under his towel and had an urge to do something, but this wasn't right! I was a man! What could I be thinking?

Still, I closed my eyes and tried to relax. I began imagining that I was a girl in bed with my male lover. The feminine tingling in my tummy was getting quite strong. . .no. . .this was all wrong!

"That's enough!" I squealed in my highly pitched voice. "Time for my shower," I blurted as I pulled somewhat playfully away from Kevin. My chest and fanny jiggled as I jump off the bench. We both took cold showers and Kevin stood so close to me that our bodies almost touched. Why did I feel so drawn to him? My nipples seemed to want his gentle fondling again. We got dressed and went up to our respective apartments.

Funny, I could remember how when I first met Kevin that I

was afraid Debbie might be attracted to him. Now, I seemed more concerned that he might take an interest in Debbie instead of in me. What strange things were going on in my mind.

After a couple more weeks of aerobics, I found that I was still gaining weight on my hips, rear and chest and that most of my muscles were getting so soft, losing their hard masculine shape and tone. Fortunately, though, my waist had narrowed, and I'd certainly become more limber as I ran through the various aerobic and certain ballet exercises.

I continued wearing my thong for aerobics and for those Wednesday evenings when I took a sauna with Kevin, but I didn't wear it much otherwise.

Going to my regular sauna date, I grabbed a very large towel I recently purchased. I wrapped it around my body when I was in the sauna with Kevin. He'd been paying so much attention to my swollen chest and nipples, and they to him, it just made me feel a little better to cover them.

As I wrapped the towel around my chest, however, it pushed my fleshy mounds together, showing something like cleavage. My wrapped towel also nicely showed off my thin waist, but really got pushed out over my fanny and hips.

It was a hot summer, and I wore my pink T-shirts and shorts most of the time. I enjoyed showing off my long, smooth hairless legs. I thought they just looked great.

I also had taken to holding my hair back with a hair band. It kept my long hair out of my eyes, particularly when I exercised and jogged, while allowing me to let it grow ever longer.

Jogging more frequently around the park, I found that my chest had become a distraction as it bounced up and down. The cloth of my T-shirt rubbing against my nipples kept me aroused nearly all the time.

As I was working up a sweat, one day, I found my T-shirt was getting soaked, and it clung to my smooth, hairless and bobbing chest. All of a sudden, there was a handsome guy jogging along beside me.

"Hi!" he smiled.

My nipples jutted out in solid erections that were clearly visible through the wet T-shirt as they swung around with my chest fat. I also found my maleness got a quick jolt of arousal, but I was so small there, now.

"Hi!" I responded in what had become a naturally soft, high-pitched voice. I liked this guy's smile. For some reason though he was staring at my chest, and I felt all flustered, so I broke away and headed for the apartment.

I mentioned my experience to Debbie, and she just smiled. She gave me a kiss, and we hugged. I found that I was making love to Debbie less frequently—more like once a week instead of every night—as had been the case when we first got together.

The nature of our love making had changed, too, concentrating mostly on oral pleasures. I'd been having trouble getting my manhood as firm as it should be, but Debbie didn't mind. She said she preferred my tongue anyway, and I'd gotten so I preferred it that way, too. She just loved stimulating my increasingly sensitive chest, and oh what her tongue could do with my passive male parts! I got particularly excited there when I imagined I really was a girl there instead of a guy. How strange!

"Here," she said, as she handed me the sheer nightie I'd worn the night I had my feminine hallucinations, "why don't you wear this tonight." She had an impish smile.

I tried it on, but why was I so excited? It sensually slid over my soft skin, and caressed my nipples as the top filled out over my fleshy mounds. I saw my femininely slim waist and broad hips. The nightgown felt and looked just like it did that magical night so long ago, when I spent the night as a girl. I could see my large nipples and breasts protruding as though I were a girl again. What a silly thought!

The nightie felt so comfortable and natural for me, though, I thought I'd wear it regularly. I had to admit that it looked great, and it was so soft compared with my regular coarse underwear. Only, my male parts looked out of place. They certainly were unattractive! I tried pushing them back between my legs as I did when I wore my exercise thong. That looked and felt so much better. I decided that I should wear the thong more often! That night seemed like a good time to start.

As we got into bed, Debbie's hands slid under my nightie and moved quickly to begin exciting my nipples, and my manhood responded, too, but it just didn't do what it once did, so its containment by the thong wasn't so bad.

"Oh, I just love you wearing the thong to bed!" she cooed seductively in my ear. "Please wear it whenever we are in bed together."

She began passionately rubbing her flat pelvis against my flat pelvis, and I began to sense a new type of excitement in my abdomen as I rubbed back.

"If that's what you want, of course I will," I replied with labored breathing.

The next day, I jogged past the same good looking guy in the park. My nipples again got all erect and tingly, and I felt

all warm inside remembering myself as a beautiful woman. Those same feelings aroused my small masculine parts noticeably, even though they now were so tiny and useless. I hadn't worn my thong!

This guy smiled, and he also stared at my chest, again! "Hello, Miss," he began. "Isn't this a nice day?"

For some reason, he seemed to think I was a girl.

"I'm a guy," I smiled with my soft voice.

Then his eyes dropped to my crotch and saw the minor swelling in my shorts. He turned and left very quickly.

What a strange reaction! How could he think I was a girl?

I mentioned this to Debbie when I got home. She pulled out a pair of panties and a bra and handed them to me.

"It's time for you to wear these," she said. "You can't go around showing off a masculine bulge, no matter how small it's gotten. You need to wear a special thong all the time, and the added smoothing effect of the panties will keep any male arousal under control and out of sight. Your nipples seem to have gotten so big, that this bra might help keep them under control, too."

I was confused. What was happening? Over the last nine months, despite regular exercise, my muscle tone had softened. While my waist had narrowed, I'd put on some weight, particularly in my chest and on my fanny. Soft sensuous flesh on my pectoral muscles had swollen into pert but good-sized girlish mounds. They were topped and dominated by large nipples that seemed to have a life of their own. The nubs on my nipples swelled out into hard, erect protrusions with the least provocation, when brushed or touched and, strangely, whenever I saw a particularly attractive or well-built man.

This was crazy and particularly embarrassing, because I was a man, and I liked girls, not guys. Still, the swollen flesh tented-out my shirt noticeably, and my chest had gotten so heavy and looked so much more like a girl's than a boy's. I appeared to have grown the breasts of a young woman. How could this have happened?

Thanks to Debbie and her friend Henrietta, my skin was now smooth and hairless. As I looked down past my feminine chest to my slim waist, broadening hips and long almost girlish legs, and to my painted toenails, my whole body seemed to have taken a turn towards the feminine side of life. Even my virility had softened, with my proud equipment no longer showing anything like the life and strength it once so frequently and eagerly displayed. It now responded only to my aroused nipples, and, even then, it was so small.

What had happened to me? Why did my masculinity seem to be evaporating, while I found myself looking and feeling increasingly like a pretty girl? Still, as weird as it sounded, I found a strong and soothing comfort in the changes that had taken place in my body. I even found myself fantasizing now, most of the time, that I was a girl.

I also secretly was excited about the prospects of wearing a bra and panties, but it just wasn't right. I was a guy. Debbie was nuts if she thought she was going to get me to wear a bra and panties—to dress up like a girl.

"I'm not going to dress up as a girl, Debbie, I'm a guy," I told her defiantly.

[[*"Your breasts are growing nicely . . . 1 - 2 - 3."*]]

"What bra size should I wear?" I asked her.

"Try this on. It's a 36-C and should give you full support and enhance your cleavage," she replied.

The bra fit perfectly and supported and lifted my full breasts very naturally. It felt so good and natural to wear a bra, and my chest was so pretty! I couldn't understand why other men didn't wear bras. Strange, though, I felt those sore spots again at the side of my breasts, and my testes hurt, as though they'd just been hit by something. And the bra did have extra straps and clips. It looked like Henrietta's nursing bra.

"Lie down on the bed and spread your legs, Honey," Debbie asked, and I complied.

"It's time for you to wear a new and improved thong, Sherwood," she began. "Your male parts are so small and useless these days, and frankly, so they're so ugly. Don't you agree?"

"Oh you're so right Debbie," I said softly.

"Well, let me fix you up here so those parts won't cause you any more trouble."

"Could you do that?" I asked eagerly. Then it hit me that that was sort of a strange response on my part.

Debbie rubbed a cool soothing cream into my parts, and they quickly went numb. Then she gave me an injection in my groin.

"It's time for you to begin lactating, to help Henrietta with Amanda," Sherwood. "That shot will send all the necessary signals throughout your body and begin the process. Hormonally, your body now thinks that it just gave birth to a baby.

"Your male parts are so tiny now," she added, "that I can fit this wonderful device on you. You see, your testicles have atrophied almost totally. They have lost nearly all their mass and substance. While your penis still firms on occasion, it has lost 90% of its erectile material. When I get it properly set in

the device, it will serve you almost like a clitoris.”

“But, I’m a guy, Debbie,” I protested meekly in my now naturally feminine voice.

“Of course you are!” Debbie reassured soothingly. “But you have grown such pretty breasts, a clitoris will look and feel so much more natural on your body now than your shriveled and ugly old male parts would. Don’t you see?”

“Of course,” I admitted.

After considerable manipulation, Debbie pressed a soft almost flesh-like device hard on my crotch, while she explained that it would take a minute or two for the biologically-active glue to set.

When she released her hand, I looked down between my legs and gasped. Below the soft gentle curves of my tummy, I now looked like I was a girl between my legs! In my dainty patch of pubic hair were clearly the genitals of a woman.

My hand went down to my crotch, and I even felt just like I was a girl! I could touch my former maleness, but it was so constrained and molded that it indeed passed as a clitoris. The flesh-like device around it had warmed to body temperature, and there was a moist gel in it that Debbie explained was loaded with hormones and vitamins that would help me get quickly comfortable with the device.

“What’s happened, Debbie?” I asked softly and still confused.

“This will keep your ugly male parts prettily contained. You have to squat when you go to the bathroom, as you do anyway, and you can’t take the device off easily without a special solvent. You now look and feel naturally like a girl between your legs for anyone who looks at you or even casually touches you there, but you don’t mind that, do you? It’s such a small price to pay to have those bothersome things out of the way!”

“Oh, I love it!” I gasped. “It really does look so much better! But my body’s become so feminine! And I’m a guy!”

“Don’t worry, honey. Many men are little effeminate. You’re just such a pretty guy, Sherwood,” Debbie smiled seductively. “I just love the way your body looks. Relax and enjoy yourself.”

It did feel so wonderful to be girlishly flat between my thighs. As I slid the panties up my smooth legs, I shivered inside. They fell so neatly and naturally into place over my girlish front. Indeed, I no longer had to worry about any embarrassing, ugly bulge in my trousers. It felt great having my maleness tucked away. That useless appendage had been such an unsightly nuisance.

I still couldn't get over how comfortable the bra was, and I felt so good when I looked at my nearly naked body clad just in pretty panties and bra.

Debbie gave me a happy, knowing smile.

"Now, take off your bra and put on this nightgown. With all the things that are going on in your body, you need to rest. I want you to take a nap, and take it easy the rest of the day," she commanded.

I dutifully slipped the soft flannel nightgown over my head. It felt so good against my soft and tender skin, and I just loved the way it tented out so girlishly over my swollen chest.

As I got drowsy, I realized how good I felt as my hands cupped and gently stroke my large breasts and slid down my thin flat tummy to the nothingness between my legs. I fell asleep with an almost overwhelming desire to become a girl.

Despite an occasional cramp in my tummy or ache in my breasts, I slept soundly through the night, awakened by the sun shining in my face. I immediately was distracted by a tremendous feeling of fullness and weight on my chest.

My hands went to my chest and I noted quickly how much my chest had swollen overnight, and there were wet spots on my nightgown around my nipples!

"Debbie!" I screamed in panic. "Look! Something has happened to me!"

"Relax," she soothed, entering the bedroom along with Henrietta and Amanda. "It's just your milk. It's come in, and now you're now ready to breast-feed little Amanda. I checked you earlier while you were asleep and saw that you were ready. I called Henrietta so that she would be here with the baby when you woke. Just sit up in bed, take off you night gown, and relax!"

I was so excited, I sat up and followed Debbie's every direction. As I looked down at my breasts, I couldn't get over how big, heavy and full they were.

As Henrietta used a warm wash cloth to clean my breasts and enlarged nipples, she commented, "Oh, Sherwood! You have grown such beautiful breasts! I can never thank you enough for helping like you are with the baby.

"At Debbie's suggestion, I'm going to leave Amanda here with you for a couple of days, so the two of you can used to each other. I'll now be able to stop breast feeding and attend to my business more regularly, thanks to you," she grinned.

Henrietta handed the baby girl to me, and I took her naturally to my right breast. Amanda knew just what to do, and soon the milk was flowing easily from my breast, through my nipple into

her gentle little mouth. She suckled my nipples just as countless generations of babies had done for thousands of years with their mothers.

I felt so happy and comfortable. I just loved it! As I was luxuriating in my warm feminine and motherly feelings, I realized my right breast was about drained. So I switched the baby to the left breast.

While I was experiencing and learning from my new and growing maternal instincts, Debbie and Henrietta set up a crib in my room, insisting that I stay in bed.

After the first feeding, I found I was tired and fell asleep again after a special meal Debbie gave me. About six hours later, I was repeating the process with the baby again draining my breasts of their warm milk.

After two days, Amanda and I had settled on a regular schedule, roughly every six hours. Amanda would cry when she was hungry, and I would feel my breasts let down, filled with milk, ready to meet her needs.

Amanda was feeding so well that she stimulated extra milk production in my breasts, and I noticed my mammary glands were getting larger in between feedings. I was so happy, I felt like I was a new mother taking care of her baby.

After the break-in period, Henrietta would drop the baby off for its morning feeding, and I would watch and feed Amanda baby until she'd nursed for her supper.

I couldn't get over how efficient my breasts had become at producing milk. Henrietta would pick up Amanda after work, and would feed her at night from bottles of my breast milk that I filled at night using a breast pump or just manual expression, which I so liked. Under a little pressure, the milk just squirted out of my nipples in good volume.

I so loved taking care of the baby, although I still occasionally reminded myself that I was a guy.

Debbie enrolled me in an exercise class for nursing mothers, who were trying to get back in shape. It was so nice to share time with other girls who were going through breast feeding. We did special exercises to build up the muscles under our breasts, so we wouldn't sag when we stopped nursing.

I also found that my waist was getting so girlishly narrow, but my tummy remained femininely soft. My fanny and hips, though kept getting bigger and more rounded.

Debbie explained that the process of my breasts' milk production consumed excess fat and tissue in my body, working to thin my waist and also to accelerate the disintegration of the remaining useless tissue in my hidden male parts. That news

gave me such strange comfort.

Except for my exercise class, Debbie kept me pretty well isolated from the rest of the world at that time—I didn't see anything of Kevin for several weeks. I spent nearly all my waking time in the apartment, mothering and nursing little Amanda.

That also was the time I began wearing dresses regularly.

One morning, as I was toweling off from my shower, I caught a glimpse of my body in profile in the floor-length bedroom mirror. My initial shock was that I was looking at a beautiful and sexy, well-developed woman!

Her shoulder length, well-styled light-brown, blondish-streaked hair fell femininely around her naturally pretty face. Her soft hairless body had nearly perfect feminine form, with large, well-rounded breasts and a slim, taut and girlishly-rounded tummy. Her narrow waist flared into broad hips and rounded buttocks of a mature woman. Between her thighs were the genitals of a female. Her long shapely legs were also were feminine, down to the pretty nail polish on her toes.

I gasped in a feminine pitch as I realized I was looking at the reflection of my own body. I was so pretty, that my own reflection began to turn me on as a guy, although there wasn't much of my guy-parts left to be turned on. I knew something was wasn't right, but I still felt so good and comfortable as to how my body looked.

"Oh, Debbie," I screamed in confusion, "I look like a girl! Just look at my large breasts and my pretty fanny!"

"Calm down Sherwood," Debbie reassured me. "It's perfectly normal for guys who have been nursing to look a little feminine. After all, you have to have breasts to produce and deliver milk to a baby, but that's just a temporary condition. Besides, you do look so good! Why your body is so sexy that it really excites me."

We proceeded to make passionate love, and I soon forgot my concerns.

Later, as I dressed in my panties and nursing bra, I realized that even though my breasts now were so large and swollen, they looked even larger when I put nursing pads in the bra to absorb any leakage of milk.

"You know, Sherwood," Debbie began, "it's a shame that they don't make proper clothes for boys, like you, who are nursing. I think with the weather turning cooler, it would be best if you started to wear pantyhose and a dress regularly. The pantyhose will keep your legs warm, and a dress that buttons up the front is most practical for your nursing. Don't you

agree?"

"You're absolutely right, Debbie," I assented.

Debbie showed me how to roll the pantyhose up my legs, and helped me with a pretty blue dress. She also gave me matching blue low heels to wear.

My legs looked so pretty! I loved it. And the dress seemed like it had been made for my body, fitting my large hips, my narrow waist and accommodating my big bust. I was so comfortable and looked so good, that I couldn't understand why I hadn't dressed like this before.

As my desires to become a woman began to dominate my waking thoughts, I still had bouts where I fought my increasing femininity. It was becoming increasingly difficult, though, for me to remind myself that I really was a guy.

The day came for my final laser appointment, and Debbie gave me a new dress to wear over my bra and panties. Low cut and sleeveless. It highlighted the pleasant shapes of my full breasts narrow waist and full hips, and my bra and substantial cleavage clearly were visible if I loosened the top button.

Wearing sheer-to-the-toe pantyhose, I wore low-heeled white sandals, since they would show off my cute toenails. They also enhanced the shape of my long, hairless legs.

As I put the baby in a stroller for a walk across the park to Henrietta's, Debbie asked, "Sherwood, just out of curiosity, when did you have your first period?"

"I was eleven," I giggled. "That's an event I'll never forget. Why'd you ask?" I replied.

"Just curious!" she grinned back. "Aren't you do for your period?" she asked.

"Any day," I smiled, "now that we're weaning Amanda from the nursing."

Why did that seem like a strange question?

Boy, my breasts sure felt full and heavy though as I hurried down the steps.

I noticed several good-looking guys eyeing me as I pushed the stroller through the park. I felt a comfortable sway in my hips and wonderful void between my thighs as I walked. I felt so good! Gee, those guys were attractive.

After permanently removing the last few masculine hairs on my body, Harriet suggested a couple of treats that sounded great to me. Since my hair had grown out so nicely, she dyed it a light blond and gave me a nicer, softer, more feminine hair style. While my hair was setting, she also gave me a manicure and pedicure and painted my nails a deep red. Then, she put make-up on me, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara and a little blush.

All this seemed just so right and natural, why didn't other men do this?

I left Amanda with her mother. As I headed from the beauty parlor to walk home, I again walked through the park. I liked the way my blond hair bounced and swept over my ears and tickled my neck, but you couldn't see my earrings. My eyes were quite seductive for a man. I was sure Debbie would like the eyeshadow and mascara, and I loved the smooth lipstick on my lips. Everything just felt so right as I looked down at my neatly polished nails.

Coming in the other direction was Kevin. My nipples began to tingle and stood at attention, while my constrained maleness and tummy churned almost in unison. Unconsciously, I unbuttoned several buttons on my dress so he would sure to see my cleavage and bra more clearly, and I put a little extra sway into my hips. I kept having mental flashes of myself as a woman in his arms. Why did I have such a strong urge to be woman?

Kevin stopped suddenly, with a strange look and almost a jolt to his body. He stared at my swollen chest and new bra, which could be seen through my open blouse.

"Hello, Cheryl," Kevin grinned as his eyes moved from my chest, to my crotch, to my face. What did he call me? Where had I heard that name before?

"Hi, Kevin," I smiled in as soft and girlishly pitched voice as I could muster. Boy, was I attracted to him! I couldn't help myself. I just felt so girlish for some reason.

"Debbie said I might find you here in the park. I haven't seen you in so long. Boy, do you look great! Would you mind if I walk with you?" he asked.

"I'd love it," I replied as he took my hand. I don't know why I let a guy hold my hand, but it seemed so right and natural. I didn't give it a second thought. I was getting very excited in a funny sort of way, though. I felt sort of weak inside as I imagined Kevin holding me in his arms, caressing my soft sensuous body.

We turned and look at each other, I felt drawn to him.

"I love your hair, it's so pretty," he commented, but I could see that his eyes were staring at my pretty new bra.

"Thank you," I responded, eyeing his crotch. He seemed to be getting excited and I was definitely excited. This was crazy. We were both guys. I was all confused and suggested we sit down on a park bench and talk for a few minutes. We longingly looked in each other's eyes, and I wanted to kiss him, but I was afraid that if I did that, somehow, I'd never be the same again.

Kevin put his arm behind my shoulders, and I just relaxed,

and let my body rest against his. It felt so comfortable and natural to do so.

"I really do love the new color and style of your hair," Kevin continued. "You are so beautiful!" he smiled.

"Thank you," I blushed, as I turned my head to look up into his eyes. What a funny thing for him to say to another guy!

Our faces now were close, and despite my earlier caution, I felt irresistibly drawn to him, as my soft, lipsticked lips gently touched his. Our eager bodies pulled together, and my willpower melted away in his strong arms. Our tender kiss became one of fiery passion as his hand cupped one of my unencumbered breasts.

I felt a jolt through my body and soul. Oh how wonderful it was to be a girl and to be passionately kissed by a strong virile guy. My name was Cheryl, I just loved being a woman.

We couldn't get too passionate in public, and it was getting late.

"Hey, Cheryl," Kevin asked, "how about dinner and a little dancing tonight?"

"I'd love to," I cooed, as I nibbled on his ear.

We walked back, hand-in-hand to the apartment building. We must have kissed and necked for five minutes before he'd let me go into my apartment.

"Hi, Debbie," I smiled. I was just so happy and felt so good with myself. "Kevin and I have a date tonight," I giggled girlishly.

"Why, Cheryl," Debbie grinned, "do the two of you have something going on? *[[Your breasts are growing nicely . . . 1 - 2 - 3.]]*"

I just blushed and headed for the shower. I protected my new hairdo with a shower cap as I lathered up. I certainly had a sexy body, with my large full breasts and such soft feminine curves, with a narrow waist and full hips. And my legs were long and shapely. As I washed between my legs, I couldn't figure out why I was wearing that flesh-colored latex strip, but it didn't matter. It was barely noticeable and I liked its comforting tightness against my body.

As I toweled off my lovely feminine figure, I noticed that things in my room seemed somehow out of place. Things were missing!

"Debbie, I'm all confused," I admitted. "I can't find any of my cosmetics and some of my clothing is missing. Would you mind if I used your make-up and borrowed a cocktail dress for my date with Kevin tonight?"

"Of course not, help yourself!" she smiled.

“Oh, and I have my period. Do you have a couple of pads I can have?” I asked.

“Of course!” she grinned like the Cheshire Cat.

I was filled with such excited anticipation, that I ignored dinner and just kept staring at my handsome boyfriend. I eagerly joined him on the dimly lit dance floor as band began playing slow, soft music.

As our bodies swayed in unison to the romantic music, his powerful hands pulled me tight against his hard body. I loved the way my breasts flattened against his chest. I just melted in his arms as he gave me a deep passionate kiss.

Feeling a strong urge for more intimate passion, I moved my mouth to Kevin’s ear, gently nibbling on his earlobe. “Let’s go back to your place,” I moaned as seductively as possible.

Back at his apartment, we went straight to his bedroom, and began to disrobe. I slowly and suggestively unhooked and removed my bra for maximum effect. Kevin’s eyes stared at my chest as my large nipples pointed invitingly at him.

“Oh, Cheryl!” he sighed eagerly. “Your body’s fantastic. You have the most perfect breasts I’ve ever seen!” he added as he removed his clothes. I left my panties on.

As our unclothed bodies pressed together, and Kevin thrust his tongue deeply into my receptive mouth. My soft sensuous breasts flattened against his warm, strong muscular chest, and my nipples and breasts tingled as the erotic throbbing in my moist femininity became almost unbearable.

I felt a growing presence in Kevin’s crotch. I was so ready to take him inside me, as we broke and he carried me in his strong arms into the bedroom. If only I didn’t have my period!

He gently massaged and kissed my girlish orbs, and I swooned with ecstasy as all sorts of feminine sensations surged throughout my body. We kissed passionately. I loved the sensation of his lips against my creamy lipstick. My soft hairless breasts were tickled by his coarse chest hair. His hairy legs tickled my soft hairless limbs as we lay together, and I felt his warm and firm masculinity swelling against me. He was so large! I so wanted Kevin in me!

“Oh, Honey,” I moaned, “I just got my period this morning.”

In consolation, instinctively, my hands, and then my mouth, went to his manhood encompassing him, releasing his masculine tensions.

We remained entwined in passion for the balance of the night. I so loved sleeping with my soft, delicate form cradled against his strong virile body.

I moved in, temporarily, the next day. After a week, we still couldn't keep our hands off each other. It had almost been like a honeymoon. I knew I was in love, and when he asked me to be his wife and to be the mother of his children, I was the happiest girl in the world.

Finally, I figured my period had to be over.

Following the next round of oral passion, I just was not satisfied. "Go for it," I giggled softly into Kevin's ear.

I so wanted him in me as his arousal again built up. My tummy fluttered with anticipation of what was to come. He moved his hand to prepare my femininity. As he peeled something off my crotch, we both were startled into a stop.

"You're a guy, Cheryl!?" he exclaimed.

"No, I'm a girl!" I protested in panic. I moved my hands over my large sensuous breasts, down my softly rounded tummy. Underneath my small dainty patch of pubic hair, I felt definite but miniature male parts spring to life. I screamed in a high-pitched girlish scream. "But I'm a girl," I sobbed. "My name is Cheryl, and I am a girl!"

Kevin held me tenderly in his arms. "It's O.K., Honey. I love you just the same. He kissed me passionately again. Our bodies entwined as I confusedly felt my mini-manhood rubbing against his muscular hairy body.

Kevin ran his mouth from my large erect nipples down to my taut but femininely soft stomach. Then he took me in his mouth and at the same time he was playing with my breasts. Soon, waves of ecstasy soared through my body, as I wrapped my legs around his head, pulling him into me. After I peaked, my lips again moved down his muscular body. He was so much larger than I, but I knew I was a girl, at least I thought I was, and I had to satisfy the needs of my boyfriend.

"What's happened to me?" I screamed at Debbie when I went back to my apartment.

[["Your breasts are growing nicely, Cheryl. You are now in a deep trance. When I count to three, you will remember everything that has happened and, in particular, the details of your prior trances. You will realize that you were participating in an experiment for me, which now has been successfully completed. Do you understand? "

"Yes, Debbie."

"Good. 1 - 2 - 3. "]]

"I'm really a guy!" I gasped with realization. Only my voice was so soft and feminine—I was talking like a woman and couldn't do otherwise no matter how hard I tried! I was

thunderstruck and had to sit down. I gasped again with a soft girlish moan as my hands felt my now soft whiskerless face.

I was a guy and always had been a guy! I stared at my full beautiful breasts and soft, hairless girlish curves, and felt my long blond hair gently tickling my shoulders, all in disbelief. The changes in my body were real, not hypnotic illusions. I couldn't believe it all had been part of Debbie's experiment.

The experiment is over, but now I'm a guy with a physique and appearance of a very feminine and beautiful girl. Gone are my firm, solid muscles, my body hair, my eyebrows and my deep voice.

The one percent of me that is not girl is my remnant manhood. It is just a fraction of its former size and function, and I find that it is so ugly and useless. I want it gone! I want a doctor to cut it off and give me the physical features that are right for me as a girl! I wonder tearfully if I ever could be the mother of Kevin's children. What am I saying? I'm still a guy, right?!

Yet, I actually have made passionate love to another man as, and fallen in love as though I were a woman. I've breast fed a baby and have lived for a week as a woman with a guy. But I am still a man, sort of, at least in my mind, sort of. I like girls! Still, those feelings and sensations I experience with Kevin are something else. My breasts still tingle so nicely when I think of him. Oh, I am just so confused.

Since I can't resume classes at State University as "Sherwood," while sporting tits like a strip-tease artist, Debbie promised me that she could get me accepted at Wilson as a transfer student, provided I agreed to live there as a woman full time. I figure I am going to have to live as woman for a while anyway, given the current shape of my body.

At Wilson, she said she would help me sort out my feelings and what I really want to do. I'm writing this required essay as a result.

As an afterthought, I know for sure that I am a guy and want to live as one again. Still, Kevin has joined me in the room as I am finishing this, and he is getting me so excited by playing with my breasts. Oh how I love it! I can't concentrate. Oh, if only I were really a girl between my legs! What am I saying? I've got to talk to Debbie.

Very truly yours,

Cherwood. . . Sheryl. . .whatever.

What a tale! I was really interested not only in seeing how Sherwood resolved his dilemma, but also getting to know

Debbie. Dr. Wilson's handwritten note accompanying Sherwood's essay clarified that Debbie was a recent graduate of the Wilson Transgender Program herself. He also noted concerns that Debbie might have stepped beyond proper bounds in bringing Sherwood into the program.

The doctor noted that although Sherwood's body had undergone heavy feminization, his psychological state reverted back to his being a male for a while. Most recently, though, Debbie's psychological counseling in combination with the reality of a highly feminized body had firmly reset Sherwood's mind as a female.

I realized that if Debbie had been part of the program, then she must have written an essay, too, when she started the program as a guy. I walked down to Dr. Wilson's office and asked his pretty nurse for the file. We introduced ourselves, but I remembered her from my stay in the clinic the year before. She commented how beautiful I looked, and I blushed and thanked her.

I had heard a rumor that she and Dr. Wilson had something going on. She smiled as she handed me Debbie's file.

"You know, I was once a member of the program you're in. I graduated from Wilson about ten years ago," she grinned proudly as she gave me a wink.

I looked at her closely. Her body was perfectly shaped, she was so pretty and had such a melodious voice. I never would have guessed that she once was a guy.

"But you really are so beautiful!" I exclaimed with sincerity.

"Thank you," she blushed so femininely. "I'll let you in on a little secret. Many members of the clinic and college staff are graduates of the Wilson Transgender Program. You'd be surprised the number of women you'll meet here who began life as biological males.

"The Doctor is very careful to accept only the prettiest, most-feminine boys into the program. Those who graduate as women are so perfectly transformed that only a DNA test can show that all is not as it was originally, if you know what I mean."

"Thanks for the tip," I replied with a friendly giggle.

I returned to my room and poured a glass of white wine, as I sat back to read Debbie's six-year old essay.

DEBBIE'S STORY ESSAY ON ADMISSION TO WILSON COL-

LEGE FOR WOMEN, SUBMITTED BY DAVID ROSE.

It's possible you may not have heard of the "Black Pond Disaster"—it's been kept pretty quiet—but it was very similar to the ecological disaster at Love Canal. The problem was understood only last year, much too late to be of any help to me.

My parents lived on Black Pond when my mother was pregnant with me, and I grew up on the pond as a kid. Aside from our drinking and washing with water coming from shallow wells fed by the lake's seepage, I used to play and swim in the pond.

What we didn't know at the time was that a nearby toxic-waste dump was contaminating the water with chemicals that were by-products of plastics and insecticides, chemicals that were synthetic estrogens also known as synthetic female hormones.

Although I was born a boy, I was born with small male genitals. I grew up looking and feeling very much as though I were a girl, and my behavior and interests were always more feminine than masculine.

I loved to play with dolls, and my parents eventually got used to my feminine tastes in toys. I can remember playing for hours with my large doll house along with my girl friends.

I hated the rough and dirty games that boys played. I preferred to skip rope or listen to records along with the "other" girls. When someone asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, I'd tell them that I wanted to be a nurse, a beauty queen or a mommy. That embarrassed my parents on more than one occasion, and they tried hard to interest me in more masculine pursuits, often finding that they had to keep reminding me that I was a boy.

Still, I loved to wear my black hair long, and my parents didn't seem to mind. I took good care of it, shampooing and conditioning it at least twice a week, and brushing it out regularly. It had a soft luster to it that had some of my girl friends very jealous. Mom even helped me style it girlishly sometimes, just for fun.

When I was ten, my body already hand grown into the broad shape of a prepubescent girl, with big hips and a soft, fatty chest. It was at that time that my nipples began to swell and become puffy. They sprouted out in small cones like I was a teenaged girl!

I realized even then that boys didn't have and didn't grow big nipples like I had, but my girlish development didn't stop

with my nipples. Soon, I began to grow small breasts, and my hips widened as my fanny swelled and rounded out. My feminine body matured perfectly—developing as it would for any girl—only I was a boy!

Mom seemed to ignore the girlish changes in my body, I was just her son, a normal boy. I sure felt the changes, however, and most of my friends noted them, too. Other people just knew me and accepted me as a highly effeminate boy. Although some guys teased me about my girlishness or called me a “sissy,” most just ignored me.

My best friends were girls. We were good pals, nothing ever romantic. As we entered our teens, we all still had similar interests and enjoyed playing together and discussing clothes and boys.

During the summers, my friend Mary spent a lot of time at my place as we swam in Black Pond and sunned on the small sandy beach at the pond’s edge. We had the whole place to ourselves during those long summer days.

By then, my parents had divorced. Over the years I’d noticed gradual changes in my father. He’d never been a big man—always small and delicate like I was. He gradually seemed to get softer, though, almost less manly. In particular, he put on weight in his chest. Indeed, something very strange happened to him.

He’d begun letting his hair grow longer and styling it in a feminine manner. Then he started wearing clothes that were unusual for a man. I remember seeing him once, getting out of the shower. I was struck by how much his body looked like Mom’s. His skin was soft and hairless, and he had very pretty feminine breasts with big pink nipples! His waist was so smooth and slim, but he had a big womanly rear!

One evening, he and Mom had a terrible fight, but they didn’t know I could hear them. Dad recently had been dressing up as a woman almost all the time and was using Mom’s clothes—he and Mom were about the same size. This had been going on mostly during the day when I was off at school.

He had lost his regular job and he would go out during the day dressed as a passable and pretty woman. He eventually got a job as a secretary, but he did so dressed as and passing as a female.

Then he began coming home late at night, because he was stopping for a drink with his boss after work.

That particular night, he had come in very late. Mom wasn’t upset with Dad for living increasingly like a woman, she was upset because he’d come home smelling of alcohol, his lipstick

was smeared and the bra and slip he had been wearing—one of Mom's sexiest sets—had been torn, somehow.

He was apologizing for the damage to her pretty underthings, saying that his new boss had gotten carried away. He said he would buy two replacement sets, one for her and one for him. It was time he had his own clothes, he'd argued.

She said that she had had it. She knew he was playing around, but he sure couldn't be doing it as a guy, because she knew personally that he wasn't much of a man any more. He stormed into their bedroom and put on a fresh bra. He indicated that his boss was waiting for him in a car outside.

Dad then freshened up his feminine appearance. He really looked very natural and pretty as a woman. Not only did he have a sweet, femininely made-up face and long girlishly-styled hair, but his body had the shape of a slender woman. His long legs were quite striking, clearly shaved underneath his tan stockings. Even his finger nails were shaped and painted with nail polish.

He gave me a hug good-bye, and walked out. I still can remember the smell of his wonderful perfume.

We haven't seen him since, although I understand that he moved out to California and had an operation that turned him into a woman. He married again after several years, but for some reason Mom won't tell me any of the details. I heard from my aunt, though, that he had married a man, as a woman, and now was a housewife in Sausalito with three adopted children.

Mom, however, continued to raise me and had to work fulltime during the day, as a result.

Anyway, Mary and I were allowed to swim in the pond so long as we were together. We both were strong swimmers, and only the far end of the pond was over our heads.

Mary always wore her one-piece bathing suit, and I noticed one summer that her body was developing, too. The shape of her growing nipples and then the swell of small breasts became apparent under her suit.

I just always wore my male swim suit, but it was one of those European-style suits that looked like a girl's bikini bottom. I



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inherited it from my father's wardrobe.

"Davy," she giggled, one afternoon, "It's just not fair!"

"What are you talking about," I asked, very puzzled.

"You have prettier nipples and bigger breasts than I do! I'm so jealous!" she pouted.

I must have flushed purple, while my heart sank into my stomach. Tears filled my eyes, as I quickly covered my girlish chest, crossing my arms over my well-formed breasts, and then ran into the house and up to my room.

I was so embarrassed, so mortified. I knew my chest looked like a girl's, but I couldn't help that. I was a boy, but I looked like a girl and liked girl's things so much. What was wrong with me?

Mary followed me up to my room and held me in her arms as I cried on her shoulder. She began crying, too.

"I'm so sorry if I hurt you, Davy, I didn't mean to. I meant to give you a compliment! Please don't cry," she pleaded.

She hugged me and kissed me on the lips. I stopped sobbing and hugged her and kissed back. Soon we were both giggling, but I was feeling some good sensations inside me.

"It's just that you're so pretty, Davy," she began. "With your girlish face, your beautiful long black hair and such a pretty figure, you look as much like a girl as I do. I just want to be your friend. I think of you as my best girl friend, I've never really thought of you as a boy."

Again, I blushed, but now I was smiling and feeling very weird inside.

"Here," she said, as she pulled down her suit top.

We compared our chests, and Mary was right.

"See, your nipples are bigger than mine!" she stated with assurance. "And your breasts have filled out more than mine have.

"Plus," she continued, as she pulled me to my feet, "just look at your hips and fanny! They're so much bigger than mine! And your waist is so high and so skinny! And your legs are so long and pretty. I'm the one who should be embarrassed," Mary giggled. "I'm the girl, but I look like a boy when I compare my body to yours."

Boy was I really beginning to feel funny inside. It was very pleasant, but also very strange, sort of a tingling.

"Does it feel good when you play with your nipples, Davy?" she asked.

"Well, sort off," I blushed again. How did she know I played with my nipples? I hadn't told her or anyone else how good it felt and how excited I got when I gently massaged the

fleshy mounds on my chest.

“Let me feel,” she pleaded.

So, I let her touch my nipples. She softly stroked them and I felt even-more-intense strange sensations inside, including mounting excitement in my small boyish parts.

“I like the way that feels so much, Mary,” I sighed. “Can I feel yours?”

I touched her nipples as she touched mine, and she squealed with delight, “Oh, Davy! Stop that! It tickles me too much!”

We found that we could excite and tickle each other if she rubbed her nipples against mine, and mine against hers. I so liked the way I was beginning to feel. We were both laughing and giggling like two girls.

We hugged and kissed a little more that afternoon before she went home.

The next day, Mary arrived carrying an extra girl’s swimsuit, which she did sometimes when she didn’t want to sit around in a wet one. Only that day was going to be different.

She gave me a kiss on my lips, and then whispered in my ear, “Davy, I brought this suit for you. Why don’t you wear it today. You look so much like a girl, it will be fun to swim and play as two girls. Since you’ve developed the physical assets of a girl, you should use them! Flaunt them! Why look like a sissy-boy when you can look like a natural, pretty girl?”

“Besides, you know there’s no one else around! It’s just the two of us,” she giggled.

I was startled but intrigued by her suggestion. It sounded like it would be so much fun. It really would be neat to see how much like a real girl I could be.

Breathless in anticipation, I hurried up to my room with the suit. Boy, I loved how my breasts felt as they bobbed up and down when I ran up the stairs!

I quickly discarded my male trunks, and slid Mary’s suit up my legs, up over my torso and slipped my arms through the straps. The top of the suit had underwire and padded cups, which fit just perfectly over my breasts. As I adjusted my breasts, I found the cups made them look so much fuller!

My long black hair fell softly against my bare shoulders, and my pretty breasts were nicely balanced by my thin waist and broad, girlish hips. The high cut on the suit allowed me to show off my long shapely legs. My only problems were a terribly unsightly and un-girlish bulge at my crotch, and some light hair on my legs and under my arms.

The solution to the hair was easy. I quickly stripped and took a shower. Soaping up my body and using my mother’s razor,



*My swollen breasts, narrow
waist and girlish hips had
abandoned masculine form
some time before.*

I shaved my legs, under my arms and removed whatever few stray unfeminine hairs I could find on my body. But what was I going to do about my boyish parts?

I tried to find some way of concealing them. With a little experimentation, I was able to hide my unwanted parts back between my legs, giving me a smooth girlish front. It felt awfully funny, but it looked great, as I slipped the tight elastic suit back on. It held everything firmly in place and I found I could move and look just like a girl.

Excitedly, I ran downstairs and back outside to show Mary.

“Oh, Davy,” she squealed, “You look so pretty! You look just like a girl, even between your legs!?! And your legs and underarms are so hairless and feminine!”

“You know, I can’t keep calling you ‘Davy’ when you have such pretty breasts!”

“How about ‘Debbie?’” I giggled.

“You’re just so beautiful, ‘Debbie,’ ” Mary squealed.

We both squealed and giggled together, jumping up and down, we were so excited. We even hugged each other. It felt so good to press my soft, increasingly sensual body against Mary’s.

“Let’s put a little make-up on you,” Mary teased.

Before I could say anything, Mary had grabbed her large beach bag and whipped out her lipstick, which she deftly applied to my lips. Then she hit me with mascara and eyeshadow.

“Oh, Debbie,” she squealed, as she brushed out my hair, “you are just so pretty!”

Trembling with anticipation, I ran back in the house to look at myself in a mirror. I gasped as I caught the image and body of a beautiful girl in the mirror. The make-up had highlighted my feminine face just enough to eliminate any sense that I was looking at the face of a boy. My swollen breasts, narrow waist and girlish hips had abandoned masculine form some time before.

I went back outside with Mary, feeling so happy and comfortable. Everything just seemed so right with the world. We sunned and swam for an hour or so, I was beginning to forget that I was a boy. Then, I heard a girl’s voice cry out, “Hi, Mary!”

I froze in terror.

“Who’s that?” I asked my friend.

“Oh, I invited Iris and her older brother Jack over to swim. They’re just family friends, visiting from out of town for a couple of days. Is that O.K.?” Mary asked innocently.

“No it’s not! Are you nuts! I’m dressed like a girl!” I screamed in a quiet panic.

“Don’t worry, Debbie,” she calmed, “they’ll never know the difference. You are just so naturally girlish.”

So, I agreed to be “Debbie” for several hours, until they all would go home.

Iris was Mary’s and my age. Jack was two years older, a big, strong boy for his age. He really was quite cute, and I was intrigued by the well-developed muscles on his chest, and stomach, and arms and legs. From the rear, he was V-shaped, with a broad, powerful back, and small tight fanny.

In contrast, Mary, Iris and I were all pear shaped, with big fannies and at various stages of growing soft breasts on our chests. I couldn’t understand why I wasn’t more like Jack. I sure liked the way he looked, though. I tingled and felt all funny inside when I gazed at his firm muscles.

Jack rapidly became a nuisance, a really pesky boy. He took turns grabbing Mary, Iris and me, and throwing us into the water, while we screamed at him.

He seemed to like to linger, though, when he held me in his arms, before tossing me into the water.

When we all were in the water, he played attack submarine, swimming underwater, grabbing our legs and toppling us. His hands kept brushing against my breasts and fanny as we tumbled in the water. I wished he’d be more careful, although I was beginning to feel pleasantly funny inside, having such a big, rough guy around.

He really became an annoyance, though, as Mary, Iris and I tried to sun. He just wouldn’t leave us alone.

Finally, Iris blew her top at him, and he lay down on a towel next to me to sun and take a nap.

As an added frustration, though, he really wasn’t sleeping. I frequently caught him staring at my chest. He just couldn’t take his eyes off the rounded swells of my breasts. In fairness, though, I found it very pleasing to look at his slim handsome body and firm muscles.

“Hi, Mary,” boomed another boy’s voice.

I looked around and felt my stomach turn inside out. My face must have gone scarlet as I recognized Mary’s friend Brent riding up to the beach on his bike. I didn’t know Brent other than having seen him at school. I was sure, though, that he would recognize me.

Mary introduced all of us, and introduced me as “Debbie.”

“Hi, Debbie!” Brent grinned with an inviting smile. “Haven’t I seen you around school?” he asked as his eyes roved my

girlish curves.

"I don't think so," I responded as sweetly as possible as I smiled back. My heartbeat was picking up as I lowered my eyes and looked at this handsome guy. He towered over me and was larger than Jack, who seemed to be somewhat jealous of Brent's presence.

Brent was wearing nothing but a pair of cut-off shorts, and although his body was pretty much hairless, his strong muscles were well sculpted. He looked like he stepped out of an advertisement for one of those body-building machines.

We all went for swim, and soon Jack suggested that we play game of "chicken," where a girl would sit on a guy's shoulder, and they would try to knock over the other couple in the water.

Mary went up on Brent's shoulders, and, before I knew it, Jack's strong hands grabbed my narrow waist, and I had my soft hairless legs draped around his neck.

I was a little nervous about his feeling my boyish features hidden between my legs, but he didn't. As my crotch pulled up firmly and flat against the back of his neck, though, I felt two strange "pops" as something happened between my legs, and I became a little faint.

Brent and Mary quickly toppled us, and Jack copped a feel of my breasts while we were rolling in the water. I sort of liked that, but just gave Jack a properly dirty look, when we surfaced.

After a further quick swim, Brent, along with Mary and her visitors, all went over to Mary's house. Brent looked longingly at me and asked if I would go along, too, but I declined.

It was late-afternoon, and I stayed at home, not wanting to expose my feminine self to the public any more than was necessary. Once inside the house, I reluctantly thought of removing my bathing suit, but I had to see what had happened between my legs.

To my surprise, my testicles were gone! I quickly figured out that they had been squeezed back up into my body, from where they had descended. I found that I could more comfortably and more convincingly look like a girl between my legs in such a state, and fixed myself to look as feminine as possible.

Looking at my naked body in the mirror I realized that I looked very much like a girl. I really was so pretty with my womanly shape and long black hair. And it was so strange but nice to have my boyish parts hidden. I saw myself with the natural body of a young woman.

As I kept ogling myself in the mirror, I gasped when I realized that I had sunburned a little, leaving the tanning lines of the girl's bathing suit on my body. I'd have to be careful

what I wore.

As I looked again at the feminine effects of the make-up on my pretty face and at my girlishly shaped form—now free of male body hair and free of my boyish parts still hidden between my legs—an irresistible urge drew me into my mother's bedroom and to her lingerie drawer. My heart raced and my body tensed in a powerful new excitement as I pulled that drawer open.

My mother still wouldn't be home for several hours, so I tried to relax as I selected a pair of brief panties and slid them up my soft girlish legs. They were tight enough to hold my hidden male assets femininely out of sight. I was so excited, yet I felt so good inside, so peaceful, as I looked down at my now girlish crotch. I knew at that moment that I somehow had to become a real girl.

Next I grabbed a bra and put it on over my growing breasts. While the bra was underwire—like the cups on the bathing suit—and while my chest looked fully feminine, I still didn't completely fill out the cups. So, I took some toilet paper and stuffed it in the cups, supporting my breasts—just like I knew some of my girl friends did—and the effects were remarkable.

The bra cups now were full, and my breasts had been pushed up, making them look more mature and rounded. I now showed fair cleavage. Oh, I just loved having bigger breasts! I so hoped then that mine would keep growing and develop fully as though I were really a woman!

Donning a soft, silky slip was the most exciting experience of the afternoon as it gently slipped over my head and down my body, tickling my soft girlish flesh and snuggling firmly against my girlish curves. As I looked in the mirror, I loved the appearance of my full breasts, narrow waist, wide hips and empty crotch area. With my long hair and make-up, I was so naturally feminine! I was just another girl!

Then there was instant terror. I heard Mom's car pulling into the driveway. She was home early! In a panic, I tried to pull the slip back up over my head, but it got stuck as I went weak in my knees and stomach.

What I was doing would really get Mom upset, although I liked it so. I feared she was going to find me dressed as a girl, wearing her underwear. My terrorized muscles just seemed so sluggish. Why couldn't I remove the lingerie faster?

After eventually getting the slip off, I then couldn't get the bra unhooked! My panic increased as I heard Mom's key in the front door.

"Hello, Davy," she hollered.

I didn't respond. Getting the bra off, and then rapidly sliding the panties down my legs, I quickly returned the feminine underthings to Mom's lingerie drawer. Running through the bathroom, I turned on the shower, dropped the toilet paper wads from the bra in the toilet and threw my girl's bathing suit under my bed.

Where my boyish parts had been feeling all warm and good when I was dressed as a girl. The weakness and panic in my tummy had caused them to shrivel and feel worthless.

I jumped in the shower as Mom was coming up the stairs, and immediately soaped up my face to remove the make-up. Then I heard the bathroom door open.

"Hi, Davy!" Mom said again.

"Hi, Mom!" I responded, trying to conceal the terror in my voice. "I'm just taking a shower after swimming with Mary," I offered.

"That's nice, Honey," she replied. "Why don't you come down after you get dressed, and we'll have an early supper."

"Fine," I hollered, as my tensions began to ease.

I kept scrubbing to make sure that all traces of the make-up were gone. I also was nervous for the next day or so that Mom would see that her lingerie drawer had been disturbed, but nothing ever was said.

For the remaining weeks of that summer, I dressed as a girl when I went swimming with Mary. I even got so comfortable and felt so right with my boyish parts tucked away, that I asked Mary if I could borrow a couple of pairs of panties so as to hold my boyish parts firmly in feminine form even when I was dressed normally as a boy. She was excited to comply with my request.

That fall, Mary and I played at each other's house most afternoons after school. We'd do our homework and talk about boys, things like that.

When I was at Mary's, often she would allow me to wear one of her bras with my panties. My breasts kept growing faster than hers, but her bras fit me much better than my mother's.

I so loved wearing a bra and looking at my increasingly feminine chest. Mary also would let me wear one of her dresses while we talked and worked on our schoolwork and when her parents weren't around. I just felt so natural and comfortable dressed and working as a girl.

"You know, Brent keeps asking about you!" Mary began, one afternoon at my house as she eyed my swollen chest. "He caught a glimpse of you the other day at school and asked me why you were dressed like a guy."

My heart sank as I asked Mary, "And what did you tell him?"

"I told him the truth, that you really were a boy—a special boy—who should be a girl. That you had been dressed up as a girl, just for fun, that one afternoon he met you.

"Brent looked startled and told me that he couldn't believe that you were a guy, since you were so pretty and feminine! He commented how your girlish figure looked so natural. I told him it was all you! Then, he mumbled something about having to get to know you better. I think Brent is really intrigued by you!" Mary giggled.

"But he's a guy and I'm a guy!" I countered.

"Sure, Davy, but you and I both know that you are destined to be a girl, to become 'Debbie,' " she continued. "And you know that Brent is so cute! I've seen the way you look at him," she giggled.

"He is good looking, for a boy," I admitted with a blush. I felt so strangely warm and good inside as I thought about him.

"You know, if you fixed your hair a little more stylishly and wore a little make-up, light enough so that no one would really notice it, almost everyone who didn't know you then would believe you to be a natural, pretty girl without a second thought," Mary suggested.

"Oh, that would be so exciting, Mary, but I don't think Mom would let me do it."

"You don't have to tell or show her! We already walk to school in the morning together. I'll help you make-up before we get to school, and you can take it off before your mother gets home a night. Here, let me show you how we can fix your hair."

First, Mary took a pair of tweezers and thinned out and shaped my eyebrows a little more femininely. Then, as she was brushing out my shoulder-length hair, Mom—home from work early—walked in on us. I told Mom we were taking turns brushing each other's hair. I could sense that she was upset, but she didn't say anything until Mary left.

"David," she began sternly, "You're my son, and I know it's difficult for you not to have a male role-model in the house. I've noticed that you seem to spend most of your time with girls, particularly Mary. While I like Mary, I think it's important that you be socially active, too, with boys your age. Sort of like being 'one of the guys.' Do you know what I mean?"

"Sure, Mom, I understand," was all I said.

I followed Mary's advice, however, and began wearing very light make-up to school—just a touch of light lipstick and a little

eye shadow. Mary also helped keep my eyebrows neatly plucked, while I wore my hair more like a girl would. Such did not change my appearance much, but it was enough that some people, who did not know me, began mistaking me for a girl.

One evening, about a week after Mom had had her "being one of the guys" talk, I wasn't home in time for dinner. When I did get home, I was all flushed, and Mom was very mad, wanting to know where I'd been.

"Do you realize what time it is?" If you're going to be late, at least give me call so I know where you are and when you'll be home. Now, tell me where you have been!" she commanded.

"I was over at Brent's house," I clarified. "You told me that you wanted me to hang out with the guys. So I went to the video arcade where I met Brent and his friends. Then Brent took me back to his house where he showed me his own personal computer games. Brent even talked me into trying out for the wrestling team at school. He's going to coach me until he thinks I'm ready.

"We were just having fun playing with each other, until I realized how late it was. I'm sorry, I didn't call. I won't let it happen again," I assured her, and she seemed pleased.

"I'm so happy to see you playing with the guys," she smiled.

"Me, too!" I grinned, feeling a new special warmth in my tummy. Brent had seemed pretty happy playing with me, too!

It was funny how good it felt to lie on the floor next to Brent, working with controls on his computer game. With one game, I sat on the floor, and Brent sat behind me with his legs around me. His body pulled snugly up behind mine as he reached around to guide and hold my hands while he showed me how to play the game.

Brent's hands kept brushing against my breasts by accident, and that made me feel so pleasantly strange inside.

"Stop that!" I had to giggle at Brent a couple of times, as his touching me seemed to become almost deliberate, and I was getting so ticklish. Still, it felt so good when his hands came in contact with my breasts.

I began spending a great deal of time over at Brent's house. Aside from playing his computer games, we wrestled a lot. He was so much bigger and stronger than I was, though, and Brent liked to wrestle with his shirt off, showing off his sculpted chest muscles. I kept my T-shirt on, because I was embarrassed by my swollen breast tissue. It usually didn't take Brent too long to pin me, and I would find myself helpless, with his strong muscular body pressed against mine.

I knew that I never really would be able to try out for the

team, but we had such fun. Brent always was so gentle with me once he gained control of our tumbling on the gym mat that he kept in his bedroom. Our wrestling made me realize how physically soft and femininely vulnerable I really was.

One afternoon, though, Brent let me pin him to the floor, and my face ended up so close to his that I could have kissed him on the lips. In fact, I experienced a thrilling tingling in my nipples and tummy as my breasts hung down and softly brushed against his muscular chest through my T-shirt. I lingered in position, as we gazed warmly into each other's eyes, our lips almost touching. My long hair dangled down over his face.

"Wow, Davy," Brent sighed, "your hair smells so nice, and it's so pretty, just like a girl's."

"Yeah, but I've got you pinned," I giggled, as I pushed my soft chest against his, and my face came so close to his.

I was blushing in response to his comment about my hair, and, crazily, I found I had an almost irresistible urge to kiss Brent's lips gently. But we were both guys! While I sensed he wanted to kiss me, too, I longed and hoped for him to make the first move. He didn't, and we backed off from our intimate encounter.

I began to love the way Brent smelled so much like a boy, and I started wearing just a faint hint of perfume to provide some contrast.

Whenever I was going to be late getting home, though, I always called Mom to let her know if I'd be playing with Brent, Bobby, Charlie, Sam or whomever. That seemed to ease her concerns. I always removed my make-up and put my hair up in a pony tail before I got home each night.

By my sixteenth birthday, my breasts were well filled-out—nearly perfectly formed for a girl—while my hips and fanny had continued to spread much like a female's. In fact, I was better built femininely than most girls my age.

A couple of Fridays before my birthday, I called Mom at work to see if I could join the sleep-over at Brent's. We all were celebrating the last day of junior high school. In the Fall, we would be high school students.

Mom told me that the sleep-over would be fine, but to be home by noon on Saturday, as she wanted to take me shopping for my birthday.

What I hadn't told Mom was that it was going to be a mixed sleep-over with Brent, Bobby, Sam, Mary, Janice and me, and Brent's parents were not going to be there.

The party was to be three boys, two girls and me. Brent had invited me with the intention of my filling the role of one of the

girls.

Brent had pulled me aside earlier in the day, moving his body so close to mine. "You know, Davy," he had smiled, "you look so much like a girl, and you were so pretty as a girl that time I saw you in the bathing suit, why don't you dress up as a girl for the sleep-over? We could pretend that you really are a girl, and you could be my date!"

"Oh, Brent," I responded as girlishly as I could sound, "that would be great fun! Let's do it!"

My heart was beating so rapidly, I found myself getting quite excited at the thought.

"Only, I don't have any girl's clothes to wear," I added as an afterthought.

"Leave that to me," Mary interrupted. She'd been standing near us, listening to our conversation.

My friends all thought I was so much like a girl in both appearance and behavior that it really would be fun if I pretended to be a girl for the party. I would be Brent's "date," and the idea kept exciting me in very new and strange ways.

We were dismissed from school before noon, and I went right over to Mary's house. Mary and her friend Janice were going to give me a special present, a make-over as a female. Then we three "girls" would go over to Brent's.

Mary and Janice handed me several bottles and a girl's razor and sent me off for a shower, after giving me instructions on how to shampoo and condition my hair, telling me to be sure to shave away any stray boyish body hair and to rub a perfumed lotion into my body after I had toweled off. Then Mary gave me a sexy pair of brief panties to put on.

"Be sure to fix yourself girlishly," Mary giggled. "We don't want to see any signs of Davy coming out that bathroom, only Debbie!"

"Oh, I'm so excited," I giggled back in my non-masculine voice.

I lathered up in the shower and began to fully appreciate just how feminine my body had become. My hands gently soaped up my well-formed breasts, my narrow, taut stomach and waist, broad hips, rounded fanny and long shapely legs.

The only shaving touch-up needed was on my legs and under my arms, in order to get them extra silky smooth. I shampooed and conditioned as directed. Then I got out of the shower and toweled off. After wrapping my long black hair in a towel to get it out of the way, I rubbed the lotion all over my body. Not only did my skin feel extra smooth and soft, but I loved the delicate feminine fragrance.

The trick, however, was going to be to hide my boyish parts in the ultra-brief panties that Mary had given me to wear. With careful manipulation and placement, I was able to shove my testes back into the cavities from which they had descended, and I was able to flatten my small and unwanted appendage back between my thighs.

I caught my breath as I looked into the mirror. There was no question with my breasts and broad hips that I was shaped like a girl. With my crotch femininely flat, my heart began to pound as I realized there was no trace of masculinity left to my visible naked body.

"Oh, Davy. . .er Debbie," Janice gasped as I reentered Mary's bedroom, "what a figure you have! You really are just like a girl. Why your breasts are so pretty, so large and well formed, and your nipples are so pink, and big and puffy, like mine. I'm just so jealous of how pretty you are!"

"Oh, Debbie," Mary oohed, "you definitely were destined to be a female! Wait until the guys see you!"

I felt myself blush as I watched the reaction of my two girl friends, but soon they were busy working on me. Mary worked on my hair, combing it out and putting it up in curlers. Then she put me under her portable hair-dryer. Neither girl would let me look in the mirror.

Janice worked on my face, shaping my eyebrows and then applying make-up, eyeshadow, eyeliner, mascara and lipstick. She put some ice cubes on my earlobes, which confused me until I realized that she was piercing my ears.

Things were happening so quickly. While my earlobes were under pressure, Mary was shaping and applying polish to both my finger nails and toe nails.

After my pretty, shiny red nails had dried, Mary handed me a package, which I opened excitedly.

"A super bra!" I squealed appreciatively.

I'd heard that the super bras made any girl look like she had magnificent cleavage, and I rushed to put mine on. It cleverly supported and enhanced the apparent size and fullness of my breasts. My figure was gorgeous, but Mary still wouldn't let me look in the mirror.

Instead, Mary had me sit down again as she took out my curlers and began brushing out my long black hair.

Finally, I was allowed to look. I just couldn't believe it! In the mirror was one of the prettiest and sexiest young women I'd ever seen, and I was looking at myself. My hair was magnificent, with large waves of lustrous black hair flowing over my shoulders and framing a very pretty girlish face.

My figure was unbelievable, with all the right girlish curves in all the right places. No one looking at me could ever imagine that I really was a guy.

Mary and Janice helped me dress, I wore a short-sleeve low-cut blouse that made no secret of my substantial cleavage, a short plaid skirt that fit snugly around my narrow waist and flared out over my girlish hips and fanny. Nude pantyhose and low heels enhanced the appearance of beautifully slender and shapely legs.

Mary and Janice both oohed and aahed. They couldn't get over how successful they'd been in transforming me into a girl. They both kept giggling about how the boys were going to react as they got dressed and we packed up for the sleep-over.

For my birthday, the girls also had gotten me a baby-doll nightie for the sleep-over and a bikini for swimming. Brent's house had a large pool, and we all brought our bikinis in order to sun and swim the balance of the afternoon.

"You look so much like a girl, Debbie, I think that you should dress and live like one all the time," Mary grinned as we walked over to Brent's. That same idea had already settled in my mind.

Brent's eyes opened wide as he greeted me with Janice and Mary.

"Davy!?" he exclaimed. "You. . .you are a girl! Why you're so pretty! You're beautiful!"

"Call me 'Debbie,' " I responded softly in my naturally girlish voice. I lowered my eyes as I felt myself blush, and as my tummy began turning in such an excited and pleasantly tingling way. Since the one time Brent had seen me on the beach dressed as a girl several years before, I had come to like him very much. This was the first time since then that I had presented myself to him as a girl. Only now, my body was almost that of a woman.

Bobby and Sam responded in like manner. Not only did the boys comment about how pretty and natural I looked as a girl. They couldn't take their eyes off me.

We all went out to the bath house and changed for the pool. I was so nervous about showing off my full girlish body development to the boys, wearing my new bikini. I had been able to fix my boyish parts so they were flattened between my legs. As a result, the skimpy bikini bottom was just as dainty and flat and girlish as it should have been for a girl. It nicely showed off my big hips, well-rounded fanny and girlishly narrow waist.

The bikini top was like the super bra. It enhanced my breasts,

making them look bigger and fuller. With my slim taut tummy and long-shapely legs, I knew I looked great. After checking my hair and make-up, I was ready to face the guys.

Both Mary and Janice still were putting on their bikinis, though. Neither one of them was bashful about being completely naked in front of me. They both just accepted me as though I were another girl.

But I was a boy, and both the girls were well developed. Their bobbing and naked pretty breasts and great figures began exciting me as a boy when I looked at them, but fortunately nothing could be seen of that, since my maleness already was well concealed and constrained.

I help Mary straighten her bikini top, and my hand gently brushed against her naked breast. She gave me an inviting smile and a friendly pat on my girlish fanny.

I was so embarrassed, though, when we got out to the pool. The boys all whistled and hooted. I could tell by their eyes that they either were staring at my breasts or my crotch as they were sizing me up. The guys all were smiling and talking back and forth to each other in hushed tones as they ogled my femininity.

I got so much attention from the boys that the other girls were getting jealous. I shouldn't say "other girls" yet, because, again, I still was very much a boy at that time.

We got enough sun to burn, and I noticed as I removed my bikini top, getting ready to change back into my clothes that I now had bikini tan lines on my chest. I certainly couldn't be mistaken for a boy by anyone who saw my naked chest.

"Gee, you've got a cute fanny! It's so perfectly rounded, just like a girl's!" Brent offered, startling me as I felt his hand caress my bikini bottom. "And your waist is so soft, slim and girlish!"

I realized that Brent and I were alone in the bathhouse. We both were naked except for my bikini bottom and his trunks. He was staring at my soft, hairless girlish form. My maleness was well hidden, tucked away between my thighs—I just wished at that moment that I really was a girl there.

When I turned towards Brent, my breasts bobbed and swayed. My nipples tingled and firmed as his eyes followed them.

"Look, I've got a girl's tanning lines from wearing the bikini," I grinned, pointing to my breasts.

"You sure do!" Brent replied eagerly as he stared at my naked womanly chest. His other hand went to cup my breast so tenderly. I could see that my body was arousing him as a girl's body would. We were drawn closer together...

We spent some special time in the bath house and were a while before we joined up with the others.

Later, in the house, Mary put on some "make-out" records, while someone dimmed the lights. Brent asked me to dance. We put our arms around each other as we swayed to the soft, romantic music. His hands slipped to my fanny, pulling me tight against his body. I held my arms around his shoulders, pressing my breasts against his solid chest.

I felt new and wonderful sensations in my body, and the excitement in my breasts and tummy became almost unbearably distracting. I rested my head on Brent's shoulder and looked up into his eyes. Our lips were irresistibly drawn together in a gentle and then increasingly passionate kiss. I couldn't believe I was kissing another guy! I began forgetting I was a guy, I felt so much like a girl.

I felt so soft, so feminine, so right. I just couldn't stop responding as though I were a female. As we kept kissing, Brent pulled my tummy tighter into him, and I could feel him swelling against me. I didn't know what to do, so I just kept kissing him, melting in his arms, and I kept pushing my girlish pelvis ever tighter against him.

As the evening went on, we girls put on our nighties. I wore my panties, too, to keep everything in place. I loved the look and feel of my breasts and large pink nipples pushing out the front of my translucent baby-doll nightie.

The guys were sleeping in just their boxer shorts. So, we all sat around together in our night clothes to watch a horror flick that Brent had rented. I sat next to him on the sofa as we watched the TV in a darkened room.

Brent put his strong, naked arm around my shoulders, and I snuggled my body against him. I still couldn't get over how big and powerful his chest muscles were compared to my soft breasts. While we were watching the video, my hand rested against his hard stomach muscles.

But I just couldn't keep my hands still or off him. On a whim, I moved my hand higher and flicked one of his small masculine nipples with the tip of my polished fingernail. His nipple firmed, and I could see an immediate swelling in his boxer shorts. He grinned and turned to me, and we began once more to kiss passionately.

This time, however, Brent's hand moved to my breasts and he began to play with them in a way that triggered new excitement in my body.

Oh, I was feeling so much like a woman! I loved it!

I noticed Mary and Sam kissing—almost writhing in pas-

sion—and that Mary's hand was down inside Sam's boxers, while his hand was inside her panties.

As Brent's lips moved to my breasts, I began moaning with pleasure, "Oh, Brent, that feels so-o-o good!"

"You have such pretty breasts, Debbie," Brent sighed.

As my hand instinctively slid into his boxers, I felt his hand sliding between my legs, massaging my panties. Although everything was so femininely contained I rapidly experienced a mounting combination of male and female arousals and ecstasies, an uncontrollable excitement deep in my abdomen that was so unmasculine.

After a couple of hours of kissing and petting, I couldn't keep my hands off Brent's body, and he couldn't keep his hands off mine. In my mind, I no longer was a boy. I just thought of myself as a girl, and wished that I really was one between my legs. If I were, what Brent and I might have done...

That night, I slept in a separate bedroom from Mary and Janice and from the boys. So I removed my panties and nightie and just slept in the nude.

It was a hot night, and I was awakened about two o'clock by someone standing next to my bed. It was Mary!

"Why don't we go down to the pool and go skinny-dipping, just the two of us," she giggled in almost a whisper.

"Sounds great to me," I replied, as I felt a happy and rapid pick-up in my heart beat.

I got out of bed, Mary and I were standing naked, chest to chest in the darkened room, our bodies moist from perspiration in the heat. Fortunately, a full moon provided a little illumination for us.

"Oh, Debbie," Mary squealed in an almost-whisper, "I can't get over how beautiful and sexy you are as a girl. Why your breasts are so pretty as they glisten in the moonlight. And your legs are so long and sexy!"

"Well, you're really a knockout yourself!" I replied, eyeing the firm roundness of her beautiful full breasts.

My eyes drifted down her perfect feminine form, over her soft, but taut, tummy, to her dainty femininity. Oh, how I wished I was built like Mary between my thighs!

I wasn't hiding or constraining my male parts, and they began to show unusual excitement as my imagination was stimulated by the rapid influx of an exotic mix of both masculine and feminine sensations and desires.

"Oh, Debbie!" Mary giggled quietly, her eyes staring at my crotch. "I see you're not all girl, yet!"

She approached, me, slowly drawing her warm body to mine.

Her beautiful feminine form was softly highlighted by the moonlight. I responded by putting my soft arms around her. As my equally beautiful feminine form merged with hers, only our crotches were different.

“Remember a couple of years ago, when we had such fun playing with each others nipples?” she smiled seductively at me. “Let’s do that again!”

As we backed off and then let our nipples softly brush against each other, a shock of excitement jolted my senses, and our bodies pressed together again in extraordinary passion. Her mouth moved to mine and our lips softly caressed each other.

What ecstasy! What sensations! Our soft feminine bodies entwined in a natural pleasure as we made love as two beautiful and sexy girls.

As our passions mounted, Mary’s hand quickly found my maleness and soon guided me into her. It was my first time as a guy. While I loved the sensations as a male, I also loved the intense sensations from my breasts rubbing and bouncing against Mary’s, and from feelings deep in my tummy as Mary’s hands grabbed my rounded buttocks, trying to pull me deeper into her.

We both began moaning and screaming like the couple of girls in ecstasy that we were. We cuddled, kissed and petted for an hour or so in the afterglow of our passion, and then went for that skinny dip.

Leaving our nightgowns upstairs, I put on my bikini bottom, hiding my boyish parts. I didn’t want to spoil the feminine illusion, just in case I ran into one of the guys. It was a good thing I did.

I gather Mary and I had made enough noise to wake up the others, for, shortly, everyone was skinny dipping along with us.

Brent sidled up next to me in the warm water, and our bodies soon were in a passionate embrace. I just loved the way my breasts flattened against his strong chest, his large arms holding me so protectively. Within minutes, we retired back upstairs to my bedroom.

The next morning, I woke up in the arms of my boyfriend and just lay in bed luxuriating in my new-found feminine sensualities. I thought I was falling in love.

While the thought crossed my mind that something was wrong, that I was I guy, I suddenly realized that it really was O.K. because I wasn’t a guy. I was a girl.

I knew I was a girl, I felt like a girl and everyone but my mother thought I was a girl.

I so loved being a woman, and I looked so pretty and

naturally feminine, that I decided to remain a girl for the whole day, and for the rest of my life.

I dressed with my sexy new bra and wore the blouse, skirt stockings and shoes from the day before. After applying my make-up and brushing out my newly waved hair, I gave Brent a long and passionate kiss good-bye.

Then I set off towards home to show my mother how pretty I was as a female. I felt so comfortable and happy. I just hoped that she would be thrilled, too, and that she would let me keep living as a girl, that she could accept me as the daughter I was.

Mom, however, was shocked when she saw me dressed as her "daughter," and she seemed almost panicky as she made me take off my feminine clothes. She gasped when she saw how I filled out the bra and stared unbelievably at the girlish flatness between my thighs.

When I removed the bra, she screamed, "But Davy, you have a bikini tan line on your chest!"

"That's because I wore my new bikini at Brent's pool yesterday," I smiled tensely, but as girlishly as I could.

"Oh no, Davy, what's happened to you?" she moaned as she scrubbed my face, removed my nail polish and combed my hair more masculinely. My hair still had its lustrous feminine waves, though, and I still looked like a girl.

Groaning at my pierced ears, she allowed that I would have to leave them with the gold studs in them until the holes healed. That was the best way to avoid infection. Besides, many boys did have pierced ears these days.

She told me that I could not dress again as a girl, that I was a boy, and I had to dress and act like a boy.

"But, Mom," I cried, "Look at me! I've grown breasts like a girl! They're getting so big and heavy, and my swollen, puffy nipples are so sensitive, I need a bra! And look at my soft thin waist, broad hips and rounded fanny! And look at my long sexy legs! And listen to my voice—I talk like a girl. Everyone thinks I'm a girl! And I even think of myself as a young woman; I sure feel like a one!"

"Just last night, at the sleep-over, Brent, one of the bigger, more muscular boys at school, cornered me alone in the bathhouse after we showered off from the pool. Oh, Mom, we both were nearly naked, and he moved his body so close to mine! He touched my breasts! He said I was so pretty with my long hair and pert 'titties,' that I looked like and was shaped so much like a 'chick.'

"Oh, Mom, it felt so good when he caressed my chest! He was so tender, and his fingers were so gentle! I felt so special

and tingly inside! He wanted to kiss my nipples, and I let him. Oh, I felt so wonderful, but I got so weak, so light-headed, I almost fainted.

"Then he wanted to kiss me on the lips, and I let him, Mom—I couldn't help kissing back—and our bodies embraced! His muscles pressed so firmly against my soft flesh! And then. . . Oh, Mom, I am so much like a girl. . ." Please let me dress as a girl and live as girl! I want to wear a dress so I can show off my long, shapely legs. I want to be a girl. I want to be able to kiss boys. I want them to like my pretty breasts, I want them to be excited by my body!" I pleaded.

"Oh, Davy!" she moaned. "You mustn't be so easy or willing to let a boy see or touch your body. He won't respect you. It's so much better to tease him a little, to keep them excited in anticipation. . . Oh no! What am I saying?" she screamed to herself.

With a look of terror and with tears in her eyes, she gulped again as she took a good look at my girlishly developed chest and femininely shaped body.

"You are a boy, Davy," she said with great seriousness and solemnity to me, but still deep in denial, "and you have to behave like a boy. Period. There is no debate!

"That means you can't wear a bra, and you can't wear a dress, and you can't kiss boys! If you don't like it, I'll just have to take you for a crew cut! Do you understand me? I had enough of this same thing with your father! You are a boy! Do you understand me!"

"No, Mom!" I burst out in tears. "I'm a girl! I want to be a girl. You have to let me be one! Just look at me!"

I ran up to my room, and sobbed for several hours.

Later, after we'd both calmed down Mom took me shopping for my birthday. We were going to get new clothes out at the mall. In particular, I needed a couple of pairs of jeans. My others were now so tight, particularly in the hips.

We walked into the Young Men's Department at one of the large department stores, and a salesman approached us and asked if he could help.

Indicating me, Mom said "We're looking for several pairs of jeans."

"The Misses' Department is two aisles over that way, Madam. If you take your daughter over there, one of the salesladies will be happy to help you," he smiled.

"This is my son," she glared, as I blushed beet red.

The salesman blushed, too.

"Oh, excuse me!" he hemmed and hawed, "My eyesight has

begun to fail me. Let me get my tape measure and see what size jeans we need.”

As he put the tape measure around my waist, he commented, “My, you certainly have a slim and such a high waist.”

After measuring my inseam, he took us over to a rack of jeans.

“Any of these should fit you perfectly,” he grinned. “Why don’t you choose several that you like and go try them on in the changing room.”

I couldn’t get the first pair over my hips, nor the second, nor the third, so I took them back to the salesman.

“They’re too tight in my hips and fanny,” I told him, meekly.

“Well, let me remeasure,” he smiled.

This time he ran his tape around my hips and fanny. Then he remeasured my waist. He looked a little puzzled, then grabbed a pair of jeans off another rack and asked me to try them on for size.

I wore them back out so my mother could see them, too.

“Well, they fit over my hips, but they’re much too large in the waist and look how they just hang on my legs. These aren’t any good either!” I moaned.

The salesman turned to my mother as if to talk to her privately, but I overheard the conversation.

“Madam, the only place you’re going to find pre-cut jeans that will fit your son is over in the Misses’ Department, as I first suggested. Your boy’s relative hip and waist measurements are outside the bounds of what I’ve ever seen for a boy. His measurements, however, are perfect for a young girl. They’ll be able to fit him easily in the other department, and girl’s jeans, these days, do look very much like boy’s jeans.”

“Well if you can’t help him here,” my mother stormed, “we’ll go someplace else.”

She grabbed my hand and dragged me from the store, and we walked through the mall to the next clothing store. I was nearly in tears.

“Face, it Mom, we’re going to have the same problem everywhere,” I sighed. “You know you’re going to have to buy me girl’s jeans, so why don’t we just go to a girl’s clothing shop? Only, please don’t tell them I’m your son! If they think I’m a girl, let them think I’m a girl, O.K.?”

“You’re a boy, Davy,” she scowled, “but I guess I have to go along with you on this one. O.K.!”

We stopped at the next department store and went to the girl’s department. A young saleslady approached us quickly.

Again, indicating me, Mom told the woman that I needed

new jeans. She got out her tape measure and measured my waist, my hips and fanny and my inseam. Then she took us over to the correct rack where I selected three jeans to try on.

As I ran the zipper up the side, they fit perfectly and so snugly, in just the right places. My male parts were sort of squashed, however, so I loosened everything up and fixed my front girlishly as though I were wearing panties; I hadn't dared to wear the panties while shopping with Mom. The jeans were just perfect!

My mother stared at me as I walked around in the jeans. They showed off all my girlish curves, my big fanny and hips, and highlighted my narrow waist. They also highlighted the girlish flatness between my thighs. Mom noticed that and gave me a questioning look. I just grinned and thrust out my chest.

With my T-shirt tucked into the tight narrow waist of the jeans, my well-formed breasts and large nipples were very nicely obvious and femininely highlighted. Everyone could see that I was not wearing a bra.

"Don't you look pretty," the saleslady smiled. "They fit you perfectly!"

"I guess we'll take them," my mother gulped somewhat bewilderedly.

"Can I wear these home," I pleaded.

Mom nodded, and the saleslady removed the tag and took the other two jeans over to the counter.

"You know, your daughter's breasts are so developed that she really should be wearing a good bra. Would you like me to show you our Intimates Department?" the nice lady asked.

"Yes!" I squealed.

"Some other day!" my mother said firmly, and we headed home.

Mom was so overwrought with concern as to what was happening to her little boy, that she made an appointment for me to see the local country doctor.

As he carefully examined me, his calm tone made us both feel better. "With David's growth of pubic hair and the normal development of his male organs—although they are a little small—he indeed has entered puberty. David also, however, has substantial development of secondary female sexual characteristics, clearly indicating a hormone imbalance.

"He has entered an intersexual puberty, in many ways more like a girl than a boy. It is strange, but I've seen several other local males with conditions similar to David's. Their breasts, however, have not been as well developed. But, then Mrs. Rose, I can see that you are well endowed, and David's mam-

mary glands would tend to take after yours. And, of course, there was David's father, he certainly developed natural and large..."

"Davy's father has left us, Doctor, and we no longer discuss him!" Mom interrupted.

"In any event," the doctor continued, "David has developed breasts that are even a little advanced for a girl his age. His condition is called 'gynemastia.' While his breast development seems rather excessive, it is not that unusual in young men. In cases such as David's, he could expect to grow out of it in several years.

"Unfortunately, there is little I can do to help in the interim. Nature just has to take her course."

"But he wants to dress and live as a girl," my mother fretted.

"I can understand his wanting to dress like a girl, since, basically, he has the body of one. If he really wants to live as a girl until he becomes more masculine, I don't see any harm.

"Living as a girl shouldn't have any negative or lasting impact on him, once his male hormones regain their dominance.

"Although, I know of another case where a local boy, under somewhat similar conditions, took to living as girl three years ago, and he only got more feminine. His case really is puzzling.

"He's so happy and socially well-adjusted as a girl, now, that he wants an operation that would make him a functional woman. He even has a boyfriend and wants to get married! Who knows what will happen, but most boys like David do return to a normal masculine life.

"I also know of several cases, where boys were forced to dress and live as girls to modify negative macho-male aggressive behavior. Those instances have usually had very positive results."

"But Davy's always been well behaved, never aggressive," she assured him. "He's always been so helpful to me around the house, and he's always so interested in helping me with the things I do."

"Yes, I know," the doctor smiled, knowingly, "he's been just like a daughter to you."

"Well, I didn't mean that," my mother blushed.

"Keep in mind," the doctor continued, "if David keeps living as a boy, the other boys in school certainly will tease him mercilessly about his girlish breasts and pretty looks. They'll call him 'sissy' and use even worse names. Such could have devastating impact on David both psychologically and physically. I say physically, because there are some boys who might even want to hurt him.

“David,” he turned to me, “if you wish to live as a girl, I will explain your situation to the school principal and to the school nurse and get everything cleared through the proper channels. Since you will be starting fresh in high school in the Fall, no one else would have to know.

“I’ll also put you in touch with a Mrs. Wilkins, a woman in town who could supply you with a special device that would make you look like a girl between your legs. You’d have to wear that and be willing to live and act like a girl all the time, if the school is to accept you.

“If you went to school dressed as a girl but did not fully conceal your maleness, think of the problems you’d have. You could use neither the boys room nor the girls room. You couldn’t participate in either the boys gym or girls gym. The other children would be cruel in their comments and treatment of you. You must be willing to make a full effort to live and pass undetected as a girl, if not, your behavior could be considered disruptive by school authorities and you likely would be expelled.”

“There seems to be little choice,” my mother admitted. “It’s up to you, Davy, what do you want to do?”

“I want to live as a girl! I want to be a girl!” I squealed victoriously, with a big grin on my face. I couldn’t believe my good fortune and breathed a heavy sigh of relief.

“I must warn you, though, David,” the doctor cautioned, “you can expect to begin to revert physically back to a being clearly male in several years. Your male hormones will catch up at some point. So understand that you will, eventually, return to life as a young man.”

My heart sank on those last comments, but I couldn’t worry too much about several years away. For now, I was going to start living a girl!

Mrs. Wilkins was the wife of the local pharmacist and also ran the town’s only corset shop. We knew her, as everyone in town did. The doctor had called her from his office while I was there and explained my needs and circumstances.

“My name now is ‘Debbie,’ ” I proclaimed on the way to see Mrs. Wilkins.

“That’s a pretty name, Dear,” Mom smiled. “You know, your grandfather David’s wife was ‘Deborah,’ so that’s a particularly fitting family name for you.”

Arriving at the corset shop, we met Mrs. Wilkins. We were the only ones there, and she put up her “closed” sign and locked the door after we entered.

“Why don’t you look around the shop, Mrs. Rose,” she

suggested to my mother. "Maybe you'll find a nice outfit for your pretty daughter, while I take her into my back room for the fitting. I know from previous experience that new girls usually are embarrassed if their mothers are present. What's your girlish name, Dear?" she asked as she led me towards the door.

"Debbie," I grinned.

"Debbie and I will only be about half an hour," she told Mom. "Then Debbie will be ready to try on some new clothes."

How strange and wonderful it was to be recognized as and called a girl and referred to as "her" and "she."

We went in the back room, and Mrs. Wilkins asked me to strip. Then she examined my body carefully.

"Debbie," she told me, "you have such a beautiful, almost perfect figure for a young girl. Except for your boyish parts, which I'm going to fix now, there are no other signs I can see that you are a boy instead of a girl. When I finish with you, you will look just like a girl and be one for most practical purposes."

I flushed and felt so excited and tingly inside as she measured my chest and breasts, waist and fanny and closely examined my boyish parts before she took several boxes from the shelf. She took the device from the box and had me step into it as she pulled it up my soft, hairless and girlish legs.

"I have to touch your boyish parts to fit the device properly, so it will look right. Is that alright?" she asked.

"Sure," I smiled as girlishly as possible.

She pushed and tugged on my parts as the device was moved snugly into place. Then she tightened the supporting strings and I gasped in agony.

My maleness was gone! It was bound tightly into my body, and I looked just like I was a girl! The device blended with my body as to coloring and hair and left the area right between my legs looking and feeling just like a real girl!

"It will warm to skin temperature quickly and will feel even more life-like then," she assured me. "You can go to the bathroom wearing it, and you can shower and swim with it. In fact, you should never remove it, unless there is an absolute emergency. Instead, I want you to visit me every two months, and I'll adjust it or replace it as necessary."

"Oh, wow," I groaned, "this is so tight, and I feel so strange!"

"You'll get used to it, quickly, Dear," she smiled, sympathetically. "Most girls find it a such relief to be rid of those unsightly bulges. You'll find that your clothes now will fit you so much more naturally and comfortably. You'll feel so natu-

rally feminine, and sexy!" she almost giggled.

"You will be able to move freely and lithely as a girl, even take up ballet, if you wish.

"Why, by the end of the week, you'll feel so comfortable and happy that even you will find yourself forgetting that you're a boy!" she grinned.

"Oh, that would be so wonderful," I sighed.

"Tell me, Debbie," she continued, "do you really want to be a girl?"

"More than anything else!" I confirmed, as I tried to get comfortable with the new restraint to my crotch.

I walked about and felt a strange new freedom in my body and between my legs. My hips even seemed to have taken on a more natural, girlish sway to them as I walked around the room. I just couldn't believe how flat and girlish I was between my thighs.

Coming back to Mrs. Wilkins, I giggled, "I want my breasts to be big and pretty, so that boys will talk about them and want to play with them."

I cupped my hands under my developing girlish orbs and pushed them up a little for emphasis.

"And I want to be so sexy," I added.

"Do you like boys?" she asked me.

"Oh yes, some of them are so cute!" I laughed. "I want to be able to excite boys even more than I do now. I want to have a body that's going to be irresistible to them! I want the guys to stop, stare and drool when I walk by."

"I don't think you'll have anything to worry about, Dear,"

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she clucked, as she handed me a bra and panties to wear.

I slid the silky-soft panties up my long hairless legs and felt all sorts of warm tinglings inside me. The panties slipped so naturally into place against my new girlish crotch.

Mrs. Wilkins helped me put on my bra. The size was a 32-A, but it fit and shaped my breasts just perfectly. I couldn't believe how femininely shaped and pretty my whole body was.

"Oh, but, I'm so scared," I revealed as I continued to admire my soft feminine form in the mirror.

"What do you mean, Debbie?" Mrs. Wilkins asked.

"I'm afraid that I might begin to turn back into a boy, like the doctor said I would," I admitted nervously.

She smiled and went back behind the counter, and came back with a bottle filled with purple pills.

"If you take one of these pills every day," she smiled, "I promise you that you'll never have to worry again about being a boy. Instead, you will only become more of a girl. Your breasts will keep growing and your body will just keep developing as a very pretty and natural young woman. Your voice will never deepen like a man's, but mature as a woman's. Your body will never grow ugly male hair, and the only thing you'll ever have to shave is light feminine hair on your legs—but I see you do that already!" she grinned as she closely eyed my body.

"Your skin will always be smooth and so girlishly soft," she continued, "and your hips and fanny will continue to spread as you mature into a woman. You simply will mature normally, but as a woman instead of as a man.

"I can give you new pills every time you come to have your device checked. If you follow my advice, you will become a lovely young woman that the boys will not be able to resist. Just don't tell anyone, about it. It will be a secret between us, O.K.?" she asked.

"Oh, wow!" I squealed, as I accepted the bottle of pills, "I promise I'll never tell anyone!"

"Once you have fully matured as a female, I know a surgeon who can change you so that you will not need my device to look like a woman between your thighs," she smiled. "You will then become a fully normal woman!"

How exciting! What a relief! What a thrill! Could I now really begin living as a girl and never have to worry again about being a boy! Oh, I so hoped so.

I really had such a cute, soft girlish body, as I looked at myself, again, in the mirror. Now, I couldn't wait to show my mother how pretty I really looked. My heart fluttered, when I thought about showing it to Brent.

Mom came in and examined the feminized body of her young son. She couldn't believe how pretty I was, and how much like a real girl I looked. She closely examined my crotch and gasped at the realism of my imitation genitals.

Mrs. Wilkins suggested that my mother might like to buy several set of panties and bras, slips and nightgowns for her new daughter. Mom smiled and agreed. We also found some cute dresses, blouses and skirts in the clothing section of Mrs. Wilkins' store.

We walked out of the shop with several loads of packages.

After six months, everyone, including Mom, seemed to have forgotten that I'd ever been a boy. Taking the pills Mrs. Wilkins had given me, I found the pace of growth in my breasts and nipples accelerated. My nipples got so sensitive that I could hardly stand it when Brent kissed them.

My whole body was growing still, and my hips and fanny continued to fill out, as my legs and abdomen seemed to stretch. My legs were shaping up nicely as I worked off a little remaining baby fat. My waist kept shrinking, but my tummy was girlishly soft and rounded to the eye.

I went in for my third device check, and Mrs. Wilkins couldn't stop clucking, when she saw me.

"Oh, Debbie, you're simply growing into such a beautiful young woman!" she smiled sweetly.

I stripped, and again she measured my breasts and chest, my waist and hips.

"You're now a 34-B, Debbie," she grinned. "I bet the boys just won't leave you alone, will they?"

I just blushed and lowered my eyes, as I thought of Charlie playing with my pretty breasts the other night.

"You've also put on another inch in your hips, and you've slimmed out, down nearly two inches in your waist," she noted. "We're going to have to fit you with a new device!"

As she removed the old device, I gasped as I felt my boyish parts spring to life. I was so small, but I suddenly felt so excited and aroused in a boyish way. I quickly covered myself with my hands, I was so embarrassed.

"Don't worry, Honey," she laughed. "That reaction is normal for all you 'girls.' It has something to do with full circulation being restored to your manhood.

"Despite your rapid breast growth and heavily feminized body, you're only receiving light doses of female hormones at the moment. You'll remain a functional young man until you're eighteen or nineteen, when you will have fully matured

as a woman, and when your dominant girlish hormones finally will have put your manhood and manly sensations into a permanent deep sleep.

"When you get older, and a little better developed, I can fit you with a device that you can remove when you might want to use your boyish appendage, if you so choose."

"That could be interesting," I admitted. "But my boyish parts feel so strange now, so out of place! I'm a girl. I just wish I were old enough so that a doctor could remove it and let me live naturally as a girl," I sighed.

"That will happen soon enough, Dear," Mrs. Wilkins assured.

While we'd been talking, Mrs. Wilson had cleaned me and massaged in a cooling salve into my distressed area. That made me go flaccid again. Then she strapped on a new device that seemed even tighter than before, but it felt so good to have that ugly reminder of my vanishing boyhood hidden again from touch and sight.

"Here is a new supply of pills, Debbie," she continued. "These purple hormones are a little stronger than before. I'm also giving you a second bottle of little white pills. You're to take one each day, for the first twenty-one days following a new moon. Tonight is the new moon, so you can start these now. That's twenty-one days on the pill, seven days off. In combination those pills are going to help your breasts round out more maturely.

"They'll also make you feel more womanly in a regular cycle. It's well past time you had your first period, and your body and emotions will go through the full cycle, with your period in the last three days before the new moon. Although, obviously, you're not going to actually menstruate, you will have the full accompanying emotions, and that hormonal cycle is important for the natural and healthy development of your breasts. O.K.?"

"Oh, that's wonderful, Mrs. Wilson," I beamed, "Thank you so much. I'll see you again in three months."

I gave her a girlish peck on the cheek good bye.

"Oh, Mom," I moaned, "I feel so down, so ugly, so fat. Just look at how tight my jeans are on me! I even had my first fight with Brent, yesterday."

"If I didn't know better, I'd think you were having your period. That certainly is a silly thought, isn't it," she laughed.

I laughed, too, as I suddenly began to feel better. I realized I really was becoming a girl, as I gazed at the slim crescent of

the almost-new moon.

Brent and I went steady with each other for a couple of years. He spent most of his time at my house. Over the summers, we spent nearly all day, every day, at Black Pond, sunning and swimming.

By the beginning of the second summer, I noticed how his nipples were swelling so much, and his chest was beginning to look so feminine. That gave me an idea that I found to be terribly exciting and arousing.

At my next regular visit to Mrs. Wilkins, I asked, "Suppose a boy had large muscles, but wanted to become a girl. What could he do?"

"Well, Dear," she responded, "if he took these yellow pills along with the one's you're taking, he'd lose all his masculine muscle mass in about six months. After that, most everyone would think he was a girl, and he would be hopelessly feminized.

"Unlike your circumstance, these pills also would cause his boyish parts to atrophy quickly. Within a month, all his masculine urges would be subdued permanently."

"Could you spare a bottle of those pills and extra bottles of the others?" I asked with a twinkle in my eye.

"Why, of course, Debbie," Mrs. Wilkins smiled. She handed me several bottles without further question.

Brent liked his morning coffee with cream and sugar, and I "fixed" it for him almost every day that summer, and kept a thermos of it available for him all day at the beach.

Several weeks into the summer, I noticed that his strong, solid and well-shaped muscles were softening, disappearing, particularly from his chest and legs. His body always had lacked male hair growth, and with the weight he was putting on his fanny, he was beginning to take on the shape of a girl from the rear.

From the front, his nipples had swollen on top of what looked like young, developing breasts. As he had decided to let his hair grow some, with my encouragement, of course, his overall appearance was a lot less masculine than when I'd first met him.

He became more passive, not passionate, with me as the summer progressed. Our relationship took a new turn as his masculine interests became so noticeably diminished that they were nonexistent by mid-summer.

One afternoon, as we were lying on the secluded beach, I'd removed my bikini top to get a fuller tan. Lying next to Brent, I couldn't get over how much his chest was beginning to look

like mine.

I gently tweaked one of his nipples and then softly massaged one of his breasts.

“Oh, that feels so good, Debbie!” he sighed.

I could see that tears were welling up in his eyes. He began to sob like a girl, and I held his increasingly delicate body in my arms as I comforted him.

“What’s wrong, Honey?” I asked sympathetically.

“Oh, I just don’t understand what’s happening to me!” he moaned. “I can’t get it up any more, and, even worse, I’m getting smaller! Why, my guy parts are so tiny and short now that, earlier today, I found I couldn’t properly relieve myself. Standing at a urinal, I got my trousers all wet! I now have no choice but to squat like a girl when I go to the bathroom!

“What’s more, I seem to be so emotional. I’m crying almost all the time. My body is weak, my muscles have gone soft on me, and now I’m growing tits like a girl!”

“Don’t worry, Brent,” I soothed. “I love the way your body looks, although I have noticed how your chest is getting quite fleshy. These things happen. Look at me!”

“I know,” he groaned. “I love you as a girl, even though I know you’re a guy. But I’m a guy, I don’t want to become a girl.”

“Don’t knock it, so quickly!” I urged. “Why you’d be a beautiful girl!. Your skin is soft and hairless, your face is so pretty and your hair is getting long enough that it could be styled girlishly.

“Why, you’d be a knock-out of a girl instead of looking like a sissified guy! Let me run in the house a minute and get a couple of things,” I added.

I returned with a bag full of items, and we spent the next hour changing Brent’s outlook on life. First, I fit him with an old control-device of mine that concealed his minimized maleness and made him look like a girl between his legs. Then I had him put on a pair of bikini panties over it.

“There!” I exclaimed. “Now we look like two topless girls sunning at the beach, I giggled.”

“Oh my!” Brent exclaimed as began to realize that he looked like a girl in his crotch.

After using an electric razor to remove his underarm hair, I helped Brent put on a padded underwire bikini bra that enhanced and emphasized his developing cleavage. With his general girlish shape and soft, hairless skin, he looked like he was a girl.

“I’ve got boobs!” he squealed in a mixture of terror and

excitement.

“And they’re so pretty and inviting,” I exclaimed as I aggressively began to kiss and fondle this new feminine being. Pressing my body down on his softening flesh. I acted like I was a guy with a girl. I felt his breasts, I plunged my tongue deep into his receptive mouth, and he began responding like he was the girl! He loved it! I loved it!

I removed my constraining device. I was wearing the removable one by then, and it was off my body in five seconds. Despite all the hormones, my maleness, though small, had developed somewhat normally to that point in time. It sprang to life upon release from its confines.

As I pressed my naked body against my semi-clad, feminized boyfriend, he gasped in the realization that my male anatomy still was very much functional.

We cuddled and kissed on the beach for a while, I could tell that Brent was beginning to get quite aroused by the new sensations in his sprouting breasts. I pressed my large breasts against Brent’s bare back, and my hand went around to his chest and began to play with his little tits, the way I liked it. He really began to moan with pleasure, and it strangely excited me. As I snuggled my body closer to him, I found my aroused maleness pressing so comfortably against his increasingly girlish rear...

By the end of the summer, Brent was wearing a bikini everyday on the beach with me. His concerns, then, centered on his hair coloring and whether or not his breasts were too small. He called himself “Brenda,” and the guys just loved him. Since Brenda’s also been accepted as a Wilson girl, I won’t go into further detail at this time.

Over those last two years, I developed normally for a young woman with maturing feminine curves. My breasts continued to expand and fill out so beautifully. They actually were stunning, such full orbs with large pointed nipples. My waist had narrowed as I kept myself in shape, but my hips and fanny had continued to develop girlishly. I had a sweet voice that was matured in a womanly fashion, and I had no masculine body hair.

My face was soft and feminine and my hair had grown to waist length, black and shiny, when I carefully combed it.

The funny thing was, though, that my boyish parts had matured, too, and despite lengthy periods of confinement, they worked normally and gave me normal male pleasures until I was almost nineteen. Then, my dominant female hormones took their final toll, leaving me with a useless, shrinking appendage between my thighs, and I was ready for the grand

operation that would set my body right.

In that last year or so, when I was a knockout girl with beautiful breasts and still had the working parts of a guy, I loved picking up men and revealing my true sex to them at the height of their passions. Surprisingly few ever objected, and most loved it.

After sensually feeling my breasts, one special guy's hand slipped to my crotch, where I was not wearing my device.

"You're a man?" he gasped, as his hand gently encompassed my masculine appendage.

"Are you interested in that or my breasts?" I giggled girlishly.

He turned out to love my special physical attributes, and we dated regularly for six months. He introduced me to theories of hypnosis and how to hypnotize people. I recently used those techniques to help ease Brenda's feminine distress.

At my last annual visit with the local country doctor, he just shook his head as he examined me.

"Debbie," he puzzled, "I can only conclude that you really are a female. I cannot find any reason why you should have developed so naturally as a woman.

"I'm going to change your records to reflect your sex as 'female.' You have no chance of ever developing or passing as a man. Your male parts are nothing more than some cruel form of birth defect. If you want an operation to complete your body as a natural female, I'd be pleased to recommend it."

I thanked the doctor, and told him I would think about it. Although I knew, of course, that I would undergo the operation as soon as possible.

I was nineteen when the doctor and Mrs. Wilkins introduced me to Dr. Wilson. He was impressed with the large well-shaped 38-D breasts I had grown "naturally." I had a functional vagina three months later.

I was born a guy, but never had a chance really to be one. I'm so turned on by guys who are into exploring their feminine sides. I look forward to my time at Wilson.

MEETING THE GIRLS TO BE

I eagerly anticipated getting to know these two new guys who were in such feminine distress.

First to arrive was Debbie's lover, "Cheryl." He arrived in too-tight short-shorts and brief halter that left little to the imagination. He was so naturally feminine in his demeanor and actions and looked so much like a beautiful well-developed girl that I had trouble imagining what he might have looked like as

a man.

"Hi, I'm Cheryl," he gushed girlishly. "I've only seen girls around here. When do we get to meet the gorgeous guys that Debbie's been telling me about?"

"Oh, we're going to have our first mixer in a month or so, but I'm sure you'll get to meet some fellows before then," I smiled.

Interrupted by a knock at the suite door, I went over to open it and Cheryl and I met Tommy Smith, a strikingly handsome young man. I was wearing a simple casual dress with a broad, tight belt that tended to show-off a great deal of my feminine curvature. My heels and stockings showed my shapely legs to good advantage.

My long blond hair was freshly brushed out and hung in gentle waves over my shoulders, while framing my lightly made-up and strikingly feminine features.

Tom was tall and lanky, slender but generally muscular. His face was girlishly pretty, his brown hair had blond streaking and fell over his ears. It also had been styled and cut in a feminine manner. I noticed, too, that he wore simple stud pierced earrings. While Tom was beginning to show the natural pretty face of a girl, his body was still very much that of a young man.

"You're not guys!" Tom exclaimed to me and Cheryl. "All the people here are supposed be boys who are going to live as girls for a couple of years, but you're both clearly beautiful, natural girls."

"I occasionally remember having been a boy once," "Cheryl" puzzled, "but I'm sure a girl now. Just look at these tits!" he boasted as he undid his halter top and showed us two large and nearly perfectly formed female breasts.

"Boy, are you sexy, Cheryl!" Tommy gasped.

"Cheryl" lowered his eyes girlishly, as he grinned with delight at the complement.

"I'm a girl, now," I giggled—I could also feel myself blushing, "but a couple of years ago I was a boy, just like you! I've undergone massive hormone treatments and surgery in order to change my body from that of a boy into that of a girl. I'm going to be your student counselor while you're in the transgender experiment. You can become as much of a woman as you want to in the next four years. Tell me, do you really want to live as a girl?"

"Sure, particularly if I could be as pretty as you two," Tom replied in a softer voice. "I'm here because I like wearing girl's underwear. My wife, Brenda, back in Omaha, caught me trying

on her bra and panties one day, and she was so excited. One thing led to another and here I am.

"I still can't believe you were a guy, Vanessa. Would you mind undressing a little so I can see how feminine your body really is?"

"Sure," I smiled, "Provided that you strip, too, so that we can see your body. We're all going to get to know each other pretty well in the week ahead. There are no secrets here. There will be four of us living here as girls and we have to get used to seeing each other undressed, as regular girl roommates would."

We both removed our clothes. Tom's eyes popped as they roamed my soft and hairless womanly body, from my well-formed breasts to my narrow waist, to my broad hips and long shapely legs. He couldn't take his eye off my crotch, and I, quite frankly, couldn't take mine off his.

His body was slender and muscular, his light body hair was short and soft; he had stopped shaving his body as directed. His male endowment was incredible, though! While he had broad flat pectoral muscles, his nipples and nascent breasts were tellingly puffy from initial dosages of female hormones. The nipples were so enlarged and pink, with big nubs, and the cones of girlish flesh gave his chest a distinctly unmasculine flavor. I could understand Brenda's interest in this beautiful being, but I reminded myself that I was happily married.

"Could I actually become as much of woman as you?" Tommy asked with a tone of disbelief.

"You can become as much of a woman as you want to," I assured him with a comforting smile.

"But I prefer girls to boys," he said in a hushed voice.

"I used to, too," I giggled. "Why don't you go dress as a girl in casual clothes, while we wait for our fourth roommate. Your time dressing as a male is over, for some time to come."

Within the hour, "Bev" arrived. The tall leggy blond was wearing shorts and a T-shirt that helped show off her natural feminine curves. Tommy also came out his room, then, dressed in a skirt and blouse, looking fully like a girl. As the four of us excitedly looked at our roommates, a happy excitement spread among us as we chatted and began to get to know our new girl friends.

We spent the rest of the day touring the campus, grabbing a bite to eat, and shopping for food and incidentals.

As Jerry, Tommy and Sherwood and I sat around in our nightgowns having coffee the next morning, I figured it was a good time to go through the rules by which we had to live.

“Listen guys, now that we’ve each met one another, there are a couple of formalities I have to go through this morning. Each of you was selected for this program not just because of your good academics, but also in particular because the admissions staff found you to be men with exceptional feminine attributes that would give you the ability to live as and pass easily as attractive and natural looking young women.

“This is going to be a very happy and exciting experience for you,” I continued, “although there may be changes to your mind and body as you begin to experience life as a girl. There are, however, just a couple of rules you have to follow. First and foremost, you must live as a girl twenty-four hours a day and never publicly reveal yourself to be really a man.

“Once you’re through feminine orientation, . . . er. . . a. . . rather. . . freshman orientation, you are encouraged to interact with the other girls at school and just try to fit in as one of them. You are free to, in fact are encouraged to develop whatever social relationships you choose with anyone, at school, among each other or with someone from the outside.

“In the days ahead, you will meet Dr. Wilson and his staff who will aid you in developing your physical appearance as a young woman. Henrietta is our staff beautician, and she will assist you in your use and selection of cosmetics and hairstyle. Debbie is the staff hypnotherapist, and she is here to help ease any mental distress you feel as you undergo such a substantial change in lifestyle. And there is me, Vanessa, I’m just a co-student here to help you in any way that I can.

“I was born a guy but have undergone a full hormonal, surgical and mental transformation into the gal you see before you. I am now both physically and legally a woman, and have gone through everything you might possibly want to go through. If any of you wish to take your feminization as far as I have, Dr. Wilson and his staff will be glad to help you accomplish that.

“You each have individual dates later in the morning, first with Debbie, the staff hypnotherapist. She will endeavor to make life at Wilson more comfortable for you and to ease any concerns you might have about your changing lifestyle.

“Then you will meet with Mrs. Jones, who will either fit you with a feminizing device to conceal and constrain your male parts, or she’ll check and adjust the one you have. Sherwood already has been fitted. These devices are to be worn twenty-four hours a day. Such is an absolute necessity given the close proximity that you shortly will be having with the real girls here at Wilson. Wearing these devices, for example, you will be

allowed to use all female facilities used by the other girls, such as women's rooms and the gym's locker and shower facilities.

"The balance of the day will be spent in the dermatology lab, where specialists will address any body-hair problems you have, and with Henrietta, the staff beautician, for consultation on your hairstyle and make-up.

"Sherwood, would you mind showing Jerry and Tommy how your device works?" I asked.

"I'd be happy to, Vanessa," Sherwood smiled. "Please call me 'Cheryl,' if you don't mind, that's my name now."

"Of course, Cheryl. I'm sorry, I should have known better," I apologized.

Lifting his nightie, Cheryl exposed his naked and apparently feminine genitals. Jerry and Tommy gasped.

"Did you have the operation, Cheryl?" Tommy asked in amazement.

"No, but I'm going to someday soon," Cheryl blushed with a big grin. "You're going to look like this yourself by lunchtime," he giggled with girlish excitement.

Both the other girls-to-be turned slightly pale.

"As you can see," Cheryl added, "the device is made of a special skin-like latex that feels and looks just like real flesh—real female genitalia on the outside—including pubic hair that is your own. Mrs. Jones shaves you and implants your hairs in your individual device.

"The external structure is so realistic in texture and coloring, that even a guy looking at it or feeling it with his fingers would think it was real right down to your labia and clitoris. Of course, it all ends there, you don't get a vagina with this. Eventually though, I will have all this replaced when Dr. Wilson gives me the real thing," Cheryl blushed girlishly, again.

He continued, "Mrs. Jones has you lie down on an examining table with your feet resting in stirrups with your legs spread, just as though you were a girl having a gynecological examination. Then she drapes a cloth divider over your tummy, so that you don't see the actual application of the device.

"What happens next is she carefully places your maleness in a special receptacle that will enable you to relieve yourself as a girl would, sitting down. Again, all the plumbing looks real and actually functions. Next she pushes your testes back up into your body from where they descended and applies the sealing machine that finishes the job."

"What do you mean 'finishes the job?'" Tommy gulped.

"Well, they put a mild topical anesthetic on you, because it might hurt some otherwise," Cheryl explained. "Then the

machine gently compresses everything as the latex flesh is molded tightly to your body and attached to your skin with a special surgical glue that sets solidly in about thirty seconds.

"The attachment seam is hidden in your pubic hair. There are no straps; everything just holds in place. Suddenly you look very much as though you are a natural female.

"Of course, you can't remove it easily without solvent for the glue, but there really is no reason to remove it. You can function normally as girl for most everything, except for full sexual relations, of course.

"You visit Mrs. Jones once a week, and she cleans you and services your device. Dr. Wilson also usually checks you at that time to make sure circulation is normal and everything else is normal and properly evolving.

"The only thing is that you never get to see or touch your maleness, it's all done behind the curtain with the machine. Debbie thinks it's psychologically counterproductive for you to see your maleness while you're living as a girl, so you just lie there and have a cup of coffee. It only takes fifteen minutes—easier than having your nails done."

"That all sounds so painful, how can you live with it?" Tommy asked grimacing.

"Oh you get used to it very quickly," Cheryl assured in his soft girlish voice, "I just couldn't live without it!"

"That's fine for you, Cheryl," Tommy countered, "but I'm married, and I plan to go home to visit my wife in six months at Christmas. How am I going to function as a husband? And what about manly urges you might have on other occasions?"

"Discuss your situation with Debbie," I broke in. "You'll always have access to solvent, and she'll make sure you have solvent to take home with you at Christmas. She'll also give you a temporary device to use at home when you need it, until you return to school. As to other manly urges, Dr. Wilson is going to give you some shots to help with that."

"But I'm a guy," Tommy countered. "I'm looking forward to dressing as a girl, but this seems almost too much. I'm not sure I want to go through with this."

"Oh you'll love it! Personally, I can't wait!" chimed in Jerry.

"Yes, you'll love it once you get used to it," Cheryl reassured, but Tommy just continued to stare in disbelief at Cheryl's girlish crotch.

"Discuss your concerns with Debbie," I added. "That's why you've got an appointment with her shortly, and why you'll see her at least once a week thereafter.

"In fact, Tommy, you're due at Debbie's office in half-an-hour. You'd better get moving."

After an hour with Debbie, Tommy returned. He was smiling and seemed to be much more at ease. Sherwood went off for his appointment with his hypnotherapist-girlfriend.

"So, how'd it go with Debbie?" I asked. "Are you ready to go see Mrs. Jones?"

"Oh, Debbie's just a darling!" Tommy offered in a much more feminine, softer voice than before. "We must have talked for ten minutes or so. She convinced me to go ahead with Mrs. Jones. In fact, I'm so excited to see how much prettier and more natural my body will be with those ugly male parts hidden away."

"Would you like me to go with you while you see Mrs. Jones?" I asked.

"Oh, please do! That would be so sweet of you Vanessa!" Tommy gushed girlishly in a softened voice.

I didn't say a thing further, but just followed in wonder as a happy Tommy headed off for "the machine."

"Tommy, I'm going to give you an injection in your male parts that will make this device much more comfortable to wear," Dr. Wilson stated. "You're going to feel less like a guy and more like a girl after this shot takes full effect. Is that O.K.? This will be the beginning of your masculine-detoxification."

"Oh yes! Please!" Tommy almost begged.

Fifteen minutes later, Tommy was out of the machine.

"Look at me!" he squealed with delight. "I look just like a female!"

Indeed, Tommy looked like a woman at his crotch, and while his nipples were enlarged and puffy, and his hair and face were so pretty and feminine, Tommy's body still had somewhat of a masculine form to it even though he now had apparent girl's genitalia.

Tommy couldn't stop feeling and examining his new crotch. He seemed so happy. Mrs. Jones handed him the briefest of panties to wear, which he eagerly slid up his long legs. They now fell so naturally into place for a girl.

As we walked back to the suite, I noticed a new natural womanly rhythm and sway to Tommy's hips.

"How do you feel?" I asked him.

"Oh this is so wonderful," Tommy almost giggled. "I feel just like a girl between my legs. Oh Vanessa, if only I could grow large breasts like you! My chest is so flat, almost like a boy's, you know!"

"Don't worry, Tommy," I assured him. "I'm sure your

wishes will come true."

"I want to be called 'Tammy,' " he said softly. "Is that O.K.?"

"That's fine with me, Tammy," I smiled.

Sherwood was waiting for us when we got back. He, too, had finished his session with Debbie.

"Look at me, Sherwood!" Tommy boasted, as he pulled off his panties and spread his legs.

"Wow!" Sherwood gasped, "You really look like a girl! Oh, Tommy, you're so pretty!"

"Please call me 'Tammy,' " Tommy gushed.

"If you'll call me 'Cheryl,' " Sherwood smiled.

"Well, Cheryl," I interrupted, "Why don't we go down to see Mrs. Jones.

Tammy, it is your turn in dermatology. By the end of the day, you won't have an ugly male hair on your pretty body!"

Both boy-girls headed off eagerly to their appointed destinations. I stayed with Sherwood.

Once in the machine, Mrs. Jones removed Sherwood's constricting device, and Dr. Wilson examined him closely.

"You know, young lady, your body is so fully feminized and your male parts are so completely atrophied, you're a good candidate for preliminary plastic surgery. It would take just a couple of minutes under local anesthetic, and we could do it right now. Afterwards, you would look like a girl without having to wear the device."

"You mean I can have 'the operation?' " Sherwood asked excitedly.

"Oh no, not yet," Dr. Wilson responded. "That's much more complex and is major surgery. All we would do now is remove your atrophied testicles and cut away the bulk of the remaining erectile material in your penis. We would immobilize it just inside your body and trim and reform your scrotum so it looked like labia. You would look just like a girl under

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external examination, but you wouldn't have a vagina. If you were comfortable with this after a couple of months, then we would complete your transformation into a woman with the full operation.

"Would you like to go ahead with this procedure?" Dr. Wilson asked.

"Oh, please!" Sherwood giggled excitedly.

Sherwood was given a local anesthetic, and a half-hour later, all external signs of his manhood and been removed from his body forever. All he had were a couple of stitches that were hidden inside the folds of his new femininity.

"I'm also going to give you an injection which will make you feel even more girlish, Cheryl," the Doctor added. "Since you no longer are physically a male, this shot should have particularly intense and rapid effect on you."

"Can you give me bigger breasts, Doc?" Sherwood pleaded. "I want tits that will turn the eyes of every guy who sees me. I want men to talk about 'Cheryl, you know that sexy broad with the great gazongas!'"

"Actually, the shot I'm giving you now has special hormones that will further enlarge your already substantial and full mammary gland development," he laughed. "Debbie told me of your wish to have very large breasts. Come see me in two months. If you are not satisfied with the results, we can surgically enhance your chest."

Sherwood squealed with delight when he saw how his masculine parts had been removed or made to look like their female equivalent.

"I'm so flat! And it feels so natural!" he gloated.

Sherwood's body was so feminine that with the change in genitals his body now was convincingly that of a young woman. Tommy and Jerry both had some way to go, but Sherwood could go out on a striptease stage and the guys would hoot and holler at the beautiful and sexy female body in front of them.

Jerry was so jealous of Sherwood's operation! He wanted the same treatment. Doctor Wilson explained that Jerry had to undergo greater hormonal feminization first. The Doctor did give him a special injection, though, that was designed to accelerate the physical degeneration of his male parts. The Doctor warned Jerry that within a week after the injection, he never again could experience masculine arousal. Then, Mrs. Jones applied the device.

Two months into school, we had settled into a regular routine. Since we all had the same first class, the four of us

usually ended up taking showers together in the communal shower.

As I was soaping up, I looked around at the three slender feminine bodies that were in some stage of shampooing their hair. There wasn't a curve or feature among them that suggested I was showering with three guys. The three "girls," however, were at still different stages of feminine development. Their levels of feminine maturity not too surprisingly seemed to run with the length of time their bodies had been on massive demasculizing doses of female hormones.

Sherwood had the most advanced development; his breasts were full and rounded and had swollen to a volume greater than my own D-cup. Dr. Wilson's special treatment seemed to be working. Sherwood's large girlish hemispheres kept bobbing up and down swaying, in rhythm with his hands and arms as they lathered up his below-the-shoulder-length blond hair.

His smooth soft girlish skin glistened with soap and water as my eyes roved down to his narrow, femininely taught waist, broad hips, rounded fanny and long shapely legs. Sherwood was so flat and looked so naturally girlish between his thighs. His thoughts of ever having been a guy had vanished with his minor plastic surgery and ongoing therapy with Debbie.

Jerry was the next best developed. His long lanky body had lost completely its sharp muscle definition, replaced instead with softened feminine curves. His breasts were quite prominent but still somewhat immature, more conical than fully rounded and still with disproportionately large nipples. Jerry clearly was going to have very large breasts when the feminization process had run its full course. Still, his breasts bobbed so naturally and stood out quite firmly as he shampooed his mass of long blond hair. He also looked like a girl between his thighs. He was so flat and had what looked like girlish genitals. Boy, those feminizing devices were effective in eliminating any suggestion of masculine mass between the thighs.

Tommy's body also was smooth and hairless now, the boyish form of his muscles had been subdued to his rapid feminization. He no longer looked like a guy who was a girl between his thighs, instead he looked like he had the body of a young teenaged girl a year or two into puberty. His breasts were small cones of firm girlish flesh topped by large swollen nipples. I noted, too, how much time he was taking washing and massaging his pretty little girlish mounds. Clearly he was experiencing sensations that had been foreign to him as a guy.

Tommy's waist also was girlishly narrow and firm, and his hips and fanny were well developed. Most striking though was

his face, he was just so naturally pretty! Tommy had always had the face of girl, but now the hormones were softening his features even further, enhancing his naturally feminine appearance.

Again, as I looked around, I couldn't get over how girlish Jerry and Tommy's crotches looked. Neither of the guys showed anything but dainty feminine voids between his thighs, even upon the closest examination. They both also had developed instinctive feminine motions in the sways of their enlarged hips and in the way their girlish pelvises were thrust forward so naturally.

As we stood around getting dressed and putting on our make-up, I also was struck by how naturally girlish the boys talked. The combinations of those male containment devices, Debbie's therapy, the female hormones and Dr. Wilson's masculine-detoxification shots seemed to have altered more than the bodies of these nubile young men.

When the four of us first showered together, Jerry and Tommy couldn't take their eyes off my full womanly assets. They eyed my body lustfully as the men they still partly were, staring at my breasts and my groin. Jerry and Tommy also looked with boyish urges at Sherwood's well-developed body and each kept looking some at the other. Now, even when I took a deliberate sexually provocative pose in the shower, not one of the guys paid any attention.

The first week of school, posters of naked or bikini-clad girls were common in the bedrooms. Those all had been replaced in the last month or so with posters of bare-chested muscular guys. The only picture left of a sexy bikinied girl was taped to the refrigerator to remind Tommy what he wanted to look like and not to over-eat as the hormones dissolved his masculine musculature and added new layers of feminine fat to his body.

When we first began school, our conversations sounded like a couple of girls talking with a couple of guys. Now, Tommy and Jerry had taken on such fully feminine mannerisms, voices and interest, that our conversations were those of four girls living together.

As I eyed the various new girls in different stages of dress or undress, I was struck by how easily and naturally Tommy and Jerry hooked their bras, such was just second nature now.

Sherwood, though, didn't wear bras. He loved to wear tight fitting sweaters that showed off every curve of his awesome mammary development, with the large hard nubs of his nipples clearly standing out under the fabric. Any guy whose eyes didn't follow Sherwood's chest, when "Cheryl" walked by,

either was blind or just wasn't interested in girls.

As the four of us wiggled our respective large fannies as we put on our pantyhose—the school required us to wear dresses or skirts to classes—I took a moment to consider recent changes in my own body.

In addition to my heavier breasts and more sensitive nipples, I noticed my softly rounded tummy was looking just a little bit rounder in response to the beginning growth in my womb.

It would be another month or so before I really began to show. Everyone kept telling me how femininely radiant and beautiful I was looking. Such is just natural for a pregnant girl. Brad was very understanding of the time I had to spend with the girls, and was so excited about the prospects of becoming a father.

As I touched up my own hair and make-up, I was struck that while Tommy and Jerry wore light make-up and subtle perfume, Sherwood's make-up and perfume were more suggestive, designed to attract rapid interest from guys. While the four of us once had been guys ourselves, we now were four beautiful long-haired blonds with shapely feminine bodies. We all had become the opposite sex, although the degree of change still varied some.

As girls, we found ourselves melding in to the daily activities of the other girls on campus. We shared classes, played field hockey together, and talked about guys. Few of the real girls knew that we actually were guys, and at least Jerry, Sherwood and I had forgotten that we ever had been men. Tommy was something of a hold out, though.

"Remember we have our first mixer tonight with a couple of the fraternities at State. You want to be sure to look particularly feminine and sexy," I reminded my pretty femininely-distressed male charges as they headed off to classes.

While Sherwood and Jerry headed out the door giggling in girlish excitement, Tommy moaned, "I'm sure not going to dance with any guys."

"I'm a guy and I like girls. Besides, I'm a married man!" he added.

"I know Tammy, but you really should try it once as part of being a girl. In any event, don't forget you have your regular weekly session with Debbie this afternoon. Why don't you express your concerns to her?"

At the dance, "Cheryl" went braless with a translucent blouse. While most of the girls talked quite cattily about his clearly visible large, well-formed breasts, the guys swarmed around him. He just loved showing-off his magnificent breasts,

driving the guys crazy.

Particularly during some of the fast dances, where his breasts gyrated with the music, a quick glance around the room would find the eyes of most of the guys focused on Cheryl's decidedly unmasculine chest.

"Bev" danced all evening with Jeff, who had become her steady date. Jeff was a freshman at State and had become a fixture at our dorm and spent most of his waking hours with his "girl." It was clear from the way their bodies moved together that they had been doing more than dancing together.

The surprise was "Tammy." I hadn't talked with him since he saw Debbie, but he had dressed in a short dress that highlighted all of his unmanly curves, and had used particularly seductive make-up and heavy perfume. He was actively dancing with a number of guys.

As the evening wore on, and the music slowed down, I noticed he began dancing regularly with a particularly attractive man. Tammy's date held their bodies in close, intimate contact, for the last dance, and he gave Tammy a long and passionate kiss as the dancing ended.

Tammy broke into tears and ran off the dance floor and headed back to our suite. I followed, and caught up with him.

"It's O.K., Tammy," I soothed, "The guy just couldn't help himself when he kissed you, you are a such a pretty girl. Don't be upset with him!"

"It's not him, I'm upset with," the feminized guy sobbed in his girlish voice. "It's me! I loved the kiss, and I wanted him to go further, but I'm a guy and I like girls, not other guys!"

As Christmas break neared, Cheryl underwent the operation, completing his physical transformation into a female. He also had breast enhancement surgery that swelled his already significant breasts to a size that caused most guys to stare when they met the new girl.

I hate to suggest that Cheryl was promiscuous, but, despite school regulations discouraging men spending the night in our dormitory, she had a different guy with her each night. With 5,000 guys over at State, she was going to be busy for some time to come.

Before going off on Christmas break, Tommy had a special session with Debbie. Debbie had talked with Brenda, Tommy's wife, preparing her for the changes she'd see in Tommy. Debbie's therapy session with Tommy was aimed at smoothing over the changes "Tammy" would feel as he reentered his former life.

Tommy came back from an extended therapy session with

Debbie, with a big smile on his face.

“Oh, I can’t wait to get home and see Brenda, my wife,” he sighed. “It’s been six month’s, and I’ve changed so much. But Debbie says she’s just talked with Brenda and that she’s sure Brenda will just love the changes in my body. In any event, I’ve got the solvent to remove my feminizing device. It will be so much fun to be a guy again, for just a little while.”

Tommy girlishly touched his hair and checked his make-up as he grabbed his bags and ticket and headed out the door for the airport. Tommy had become such a pretty girl! Those recent special treatments by Dr. Wilson really had helped to round out Tommy’s breasts more maturely in time for Christmas. Of course, I knew there had to be some offsetting atrophy to Tommy’s maleness, but all that was hidden by the device.

“Bev” was off on a skiing holiday with Jeff, although there was some question as to how much skiing they actually would get in. Cheryl, now fully a girl, continued to live with Debbie. They had no particular plans for the holidays. Of course, Brad and I looked forward to spending some uninterrupted time together, especially now that my tummy was beginning to swell with my happy pregnancy.

I was the first to check back into our suite from the Christmas break.

Waiting for me was a note from Debbie, that Sherwood had taken a job as a topless dancer at one of the bars near Fraternity Row over at State University. Cheryl was so happy and making so much money, that she had decided to drop out of school. She was dating heavily and making the most of the her new physical assets that Dr. Wilson’s skillful surgery had given her. She still was living with Debbie, though.

As I looked up from Debbie’s note, the striking young woman standing in the doorway caught me off guard. It was Tommy. Such natural beauty; a delicate girlish grin highlighting such a pretty face; the new Christmas sweater clinging to every curve, highlighting the shape of those young and firm girlish orbs; the long blond hair offsetting such sweet blue eyes—oh, it would be so easy to fall in love if I were still a guy. “Tammy” seemed to have a new feminine glow about himself. He seemed somehow softer, more womanly than when he’d left for vacation.

“You’re back!” I squealed with delight as we hurried to embrace, our warm soft breasts flattening against each other.

“How did things go with Brenda? Please, sit down and tell me every little detail; don’t leave anything out!” I insisted. I

had asked each of the boys to diary all their experiences and feelings over the Christmas break as they got reactions from their friends and families to their enhanced femininity.

"As you suggested, Vanessa, I kept a detailed diary of everything that happened," Tammy began, while settling comfortably in the easy chair, naturally crossing his sexy nyloned legs in a dainty, feminine manner.

Tammy gave me his story to read. I quickly skipped over the flight to Omaha with the snow delay in Chicago, and began reading the diary from the late-night arrival at the apartment:

MY CHRISTMAS BREAK, BY TAMMY SMITH

After letting myself in our apartment and kicking off my heels, I pulled my dress up over my head and lay it across the chair. My silken slip clung to my soft feminine curves as I slowly slid it up and over my head, too. I had to wriggle my hips to pull the pantyhose down over my girlish fanny and off my long soft, and shapely legs. I left my panties on, though, since they were so brief and sexy, riding high on my enlarged hips.

Reaching behind my back, I unhooked my bra, revealing my small but well-formed breasts. I tenderly cupped my soft orbs, adoring their nearly perfect feminine form. Stripped to my panties, I quietly moved towards the bed.

"It's me—Tommy," I whispered softly to Brenda, as I slid under the covers, my heart beginning to race. I could feel my unencumbered breasts swinging, their weight shifting as I turned towards my sexy wife. We hadn't been together for six long months, and I hadn't had the breasts of a woman then. How was she going to react to the changes in my body? What would she think when she felt my chest and found that soft cones of feminine flesh, topped by the large pink nipples of a developing girl, had overtaken what had been my firm, flat pectoral muscles? What would she say when her hand sought out my manhood? What would she think if she knew a guy had kissed me as a girl and I'd loved it?

I knew Brenda was expecting me, but my flight had been delayed by the snowstorm in Chicago, and she apparently had decided to go to sleep without me.

"Tommy!" she squealed, waking with a start. My soft hairless body slid smoothly under the sheets as we eagerly sought each other. Our lips met in a passionate kiss; we pulled our naked excited bodies together.

As Brenda's firm full breasts pressed against my soft swollen mounds of girlhood, the nubs on my large nipples firmed in

excitement, and a feminine arousal flowed throughout my body. My pantied girlish crotch rubbed against Brenda's as our soft, smooth, hairless and shapely legs sensuously entwined with each other.

Overwhelmed with passion, our bodies and mouths rejoiced in a lengthy and sensual reunion. I so loved the feeling of Brenda's soft lips against my lipstick, I couldn't stop kissing her. I'd missed her so.

Then as we lay back for a moment, Brenda began to examine me in the dim light. She pushed my long blinding hair back out of my face and gently stroked my soft whiskerless cheek. Her hand then moved to my fleshy chest, where she tweaked one of my erect nipples between her long finger nails. I let out a girlish giggle in response, and gently tweaked one of her nipples between my long polished nails, and she giggled in return.

"Oh, Tommy!" she gasped, "You've grown such beautiful breasts! And your nipples! Why they're larger than mine!"

"People call me 'Tammy', now," I whispered softly in her ear, as I began nibbling on her earlobe. My long perfumed hair fell lightly on her face.

She placed her warm moist lips over my swollen nipple and began to kiss, and suckle and nibble. I began to breathe heavily, revealing my growing pleasure in a soft moan as I experienced new sensations in my breasts and tummy, and as my girlish arousal moved to new levels.

I lovingly kissed one of Brenda's nipples, while her hand caressingly slid down my body, across my softly rounded tummy to where my narrow waist flared into womanly hips and a fleshy rear.

"Oh, Tommy. . .er. . .Tammy! You're so much like a girl! What have they done to you?" she cooed again in amazement.

"I thought that was the general idea," I laughed, "You were the one who wanted me to do this."

"But, your body is so wonderfully soft and hairless! And your breasts are so perfectly formed and natural!" she continued. "And your voice! Why you even talk like a girl!"

"I can't talk like a guy anymore," I admitted, girlishly. "Dr. Wilson gave me a special treatment last month, and now I just sound like a girl, no matter what I do. Whatever he did to me, my breasts filled out rapidly afterwards, but Debbie said you'd like that."

But enough talk! Once again, I pulled her body into mine, thrusting my tongue deep into her mouth. She responded with equal passion as our two feminine bodies melded together.

After softly fondling one of her breasts, my hand slid down to her femininity and tenderly explored her in a way I knew would drive her crazy.

As her level of excitement rose, she increasingly aroused my breasts and nipples. Then she slowly moved her hands over my gentle feminine curves, exploring my new body features. Suddenly, her whole body tensed and a look of shock filled her face as her hand slipped between my thighs.

"Oh no! Tommy, they didn't. . .you haven't!" she gasped as her hand slid into my vacant panties.

"No, . . .at least not yet," I soothed in my soft feminine tones, "I'm still a guy..., at least part of me is, . . .sort of."

"But, Tommy," Brenda continued with alarm, "You have the features of a female! I can't find any sign of your maleness! Where is it?"

"Though, you know, you are so pretty and natural as a female, I really like the way you look and feel between your legs. What have they done to you? Why do you look and feel so much like a girl down there?"

"Let me show you," I soothed. "Would you get a warm damp washcloth and help me with this?"

I quickly wriggled my panties off my big hips and applied the solvent. Brenda helped me, gently, to remove my feminizing device.

"Oh-h-h-h-h," I groaned in relief as my body resumed its natural form. I rinsed myself with the warm washcloth, but something was terribly wrong!

For the first time in months, my male parts were fully unbound so that I could see them. I let out a womanly shriek of terror as I explored myself. I gasped in panic as I found little that was recognizable of my old pride and joy.

"Oh no!" I screamed in my high-pitched girlish voice. "What's happened to me?"

I was so small! My manly parts had shrunk by at least eighty percent from when I had last seen and felt them. Further, although I was still feeling all sorts of warmth, arousal and excitement inside me, my former manhood showed no signs of firming. It was just a useless unnecessary appendage.

"Let me look!" Brenda pleaded, as her hand softly encased my miniaturized equipment. "Oh, Tammy!" she squealed almost in pleasure, "You're so small, almost like a woman! Why, you are becoming a girl! Why, with minor surgery, you could be a real female, just like me!"

"Oh this so exciting! I just love it" she gloated.

"But I'm your husband and I'm turning into a woman!" I

exclaimed, not comprehending Brenda's aroused excitement.

"You just lie back and relax, while I see what I can do," she soothed.

I lay on my back and relaxed as Brenda's gentle fingers and soft moist lips explored all over my body. She was only able to get me a little excited in a mannish way by fondling my breasts and kissing my puffy pink nipples. As I became intensely aroused as a girl, I could feel some life returning to my boyish parts.

While our mutual passion mounted, I rolled over on my wife, and she guided my miniaturized firmness into her. Her hips thrust back and forth, and I responded in kind, while my hard nipples and soft breasts kept bouncing up and down against hers.

"Faster! Deeper!" she cried.

I tried my best, but I kept slipping out. For nearly six months, powerful female hormones had been telling my male appendage that it really was a girl's clitoris, and now my chemically-altered genitals just could no longer perform their masculine task.

Tears welled up in my eyes—my emotions seemed so close to the surface now.

"I guess I've just become too girl-like," I sobbed, with tears running down my face.

Brenda held our naked bodies firmly together, as she tried to soothe me. "Don't cry Tammy, you really are a very pretty girl! Don't fight it! Give up trying to be a guy, and enjoy your new femininity. We can make love as women now. Here, let me show you."

As Brenda explored and aroused all my feminine hot spots, I did the same to her. It felt so good as she expertly stroked my breasts. Then as her mouth moved to my emasculated groin, I began to feel new sensations of arousal. Instinctively, my pelvis began to flutter as she took me to new levels of girlish excitement. I began to moan and scream almost uncontrollably, I was so excited.

"See!" Brenda exclaimed, "You responded just like a girl does, Tammy! I want you to have that operation, so that you will be a girl, just like me. Then we can play with each other's pussies and have all sorts of fun!"

"But, I'm a guy, Brenda! I'm your husband!" I squealed.

"Not with tits and an ass like those, Honey," she countered, as her hands again began fondling my highly excitable breasts. "Face it, Tammy, you've gone too far, you're much more woman than man, now. You'll so love having a vagina! Just think of what men will be able to do to you!"

"But, I'm a guy. . . sort of!" I moaned unconvincingly in my high-pitched voice. Waves of ecstasy again were pulsing through my breasts and body, while my pelvis again began its reflexive fluttering.

"Ooh Brenda, my breasts feels so-o-o good when you do that," I gasped. "Please keep doing it!" I giggled girlishly.

We fell asleep in each other's arms, my soft girlish curves snuggled so comfortably against hers. The next morning, after we showered, I instinctively installed my temporary feminizing thong, I just didn't feel right anymore without having my maleness hidden away in feminine constraint. I couldn't understand why I had such a strong urge to be girl between my legs, to become fully female. Still, I was mostly female anyway.

Brenda and I agreed that my remnant boyish parts were best left hidden away and that I might as well get used to being and living as a woman, at least for the balance of the vacation.

So, trying to push all male thoughts from my mind, I dressed again as a girl, wearing my tight-fitting girl's jeans and my ribbed turtle neck over my unencumbered breasts. Such showed off almost every curve of my nearly perfect feminine figure. Then, I brushed out my long brown hair with its pretty blond highlights, applied light make-up, including lipstick, mascara, eyeshadow and liner.

Brenda gave me some cash and a shopping list and asked if I would go do some early shopping at several stores, to beat the Christmas crowds. I did, but I found everything at the first store and was able to get home much faster than I expected.

Returning from shopping, I opened the apartment door quietly and noticed strange sounds coming from the bedroom. As I peeked through the crack in the bedroom door, I saw this large, well-built guy lying naked in our bed softly kissing Brenda on her lips. I couldn't see his face. She was responding with passion, moving her beautiful naked body closer to his. I saw his hand caressing my wife's chest, fondling one of her breasts. Within minutes, his lips were gently kissing her beautiful feminine orbs and large nipples.

Then his hand slipped between Brenda's bare thighs, and her moaning and gyrations became louder and more regular. Then my wife's hand sought out his immense maleness.

"Bob, you're so big!" she moaned. "Oh, you're so much larger than my husband ever was! Tommy always was so soft and pretty, and now he's so feminine, turning into a girl. You're so strong, but Tommy's become so like a woman! Why his body is soft and hairless, and he's grown breasts that are almost

as big and pretty as mine. His maleness is so tiny that he wants to think it's his clitoris. Why, he even wears a device to hide it so that he can look like a girl between his legs.

"I even understand from a friend at school that he pretended to be girl and went out dancing with a guy. Oh, I so love having a real man take control of my body like this! Show me how a real guy makes love!"

Brenda stopped talking and gasped and moaned again. Her moans turned into screams as she started an involuntary thrusting and gyrating of her pelvis, as "Bob's" manly assets moved in for the kill.

"Oh, Bob!" she screamed again, "I so love having a real man inside me!"

I felt so helpless, impotent and emasculated as this big muscular man had my wife in ways I no longer could.

But, strangely, I really was not mad or jealous like I would have been six months before. Instead, I was almost envious of my wife, wishing that the "Bob" was making love to me instead. How weird my feelings were! Why was I responding like this?

I was just as pretty as Brenda, and my breasts indeed were almost as big as hers! I found I had such a yearning for that guy to hold me in his arms. Oh my goodness, what was I thinking!

Suddenly, as their bodies writhed in passion together, the pace of Brenda's gyrations accelerated, with her hips fluttering back and forth at a pace that only could be reflexive from an extraordinary peak in feminine arousal. "Yes! Yes!" she screamed before she went limp.

Again, I felt increasingly helpless and feminine. I could even feel my small aroused maleness trying to shrivel up into nothingness. I began thrusting my pelvis involuntarily in sympathetic rhythm with my wife's, as I unconsciously played with my own breasts and nipples that seemed so highly aroused. I watched the two lovers respond as man and woman, while waves of rapidly increasing feminine sensations flowed through my body.

I almost began to moan with my self-induced excitement, but I quickly steadied myself and quietly went back out the door so they wouldn't hear me. I kept telling myself I was a guy. I went back outside and sat in the car for almost an hour, trying to sort out my feelings.

When I returned later, "Bob" was gone, and I had a peaceful balance of the day as Brenda went off to work. I spent a great deal of time examining my naked body in the mirror, trying in vain to find any signs of my lost masculinity. I found myself

wishing that my breasts were a little bigger, my waist a little smaller.

The next morning was Saturday, and Brenda left early for a beauty appointment, leaving me to clean up the breakfast dishes.

Right after she left, the doorbell rang, and I let in a handsome young man. It was "Bob," and Bob was none other than my former supervisor at the warehouse!

"Hi!" he grinned. "Remember me? I'm now your neighbor. I've also gotten to know Brenda pretty well since she sent you off to that sex-change clinic. I thought she would be here. I usually drop by after my jog and have a cup of coffee or such with her."

I was speechless. What was he talking about? I'd gone off to college, not a "sex-change clinic." I gulped as I stared at this well-muscled guy, who was wearing nothing but his jogging shorts and sneakers. His powerful masculine torso was moist with perspiration. Why was I feeling things I'd never felt before, even when I'd seen Bob in the showers at work? I felt a fluttering in my stomach and a tingling as my nipples firmed, when I noticed the generous swell in the front of his shorts. I already knew what kind of "or such" he had been having regularly with my wife.

As I stood in front of him, I began to blush as Bob's eyes stared intently at the swells of my breasts and then roved down to my narrow waist and the tight girlish curves around my fanny and crotch. He stared at my long girlish hair and pretty face with its girlish make-up.

"I wouldn't have recognized you, Tom," he grinned. "I can remember how you were beginning to look a little softer, almost feminine at work, just before you quit, but..."

"Yes, I am Tom," I interrupted in my most girlish voice.

"Hey, Tom," Bob began again, eyeing my breasts, "I understand you want to be a really hot chick, huh? That you want to make it with guys? Brenda's told me all about you. Well, Tommy-girl, you're awfully pretty for a boy. In fact, you're beautiful as a woman. You aren't even shaped like a guy any more!"

"You can call me Tammy," I flustered.

"Tell me, do you go to the bathroom sitting down like a girl?" he queried, eyeing my flat crotch, again.

"Yes, I have to," I admitted with a gulp.

"Not able to satisfy Brenda the way she really likes it, huh?"

I remained silent. I felt so weak and helpless, so much like a girl in the presence of this big muscular man. Indeed I no

longer could function as a man with my wife, but, even more startling to me, I really was finding this big guy to be a turn-on for me! This was crazy. I was a guy, but I was finding myself being drawn to another man, wishing that I could function as a woman.

“Are those breasts real or falsies?” Bob asked, pointing to my chest.

“Of course they’re real,” I smiled, responding in my softest, most sensual voice, “would you like to see them?”

“You bet!”

I was so proud of my near-perfectly-shaped womanly orbs. I slowly pulled the sweater over my head, revealing my feminized torso to this hot hunk of a man. My breasts gently fell loose from the sweater.

“Oh boy! Your breasts are really pretty and sexy,” he continued, moving closer, “and your waist is so narrow and girlish. And your nipples, why they are so large! Could I just touch them? It’s so hard to believe they’re real.”

“But I’m a guy,” I protested.

“That doesn’t bother me if it doesn’t bother you,” Bob grinned. “I’ve just never seen such pretty tits on a guy!”

He moved closer to me, and his hands moved to softly cup my breasts, sending waves of ecstasy through my chest and tummy. I closed my eyes and let out an involuntary soft feminine moan, while Bob moved his body still closer to mine.

“Oh, you feel just like a real girl!” he sighed. “And you’re so pretty!” he said softly, as his big hands slid down to either side of my taut narrow waist.

He inched closer, our bodies were now chest-to-chest, his powerful male torso so close to my soft girlish curves that I could feel his body warmth, his broad pectoral muscles lightly brushing against my large swollen nipples.

Startled, I opened my eyes and gasped softly, “What are you doing, Bob?”

I felt a strong attraction to this handsome guy as he gazed gently into my eyes. He moved still closer, his lips softly pressing against mine. I found myself willingly kissing him back, but then pulled back, gasping, “But I’m a guy, Bob!”

“No, you’re not, Tammy! Oh, your lips are so soft and sweet, just like a girl!” Bob said tenderly but determinedly as he kissed me again, his tongue pushing aggressively deep into my mouth.

Trying to catch my breath, I broke off the kiss, again, protesting, “But, I am a . . .,” but Bob just forcefully brought our lips back together, and I ceased resisting. As my body was

engulfed by feminine arousals and sensations, Suddenly, I didn't want the kissing to stop.

"Oh, Bob...", I sighed softly, as my body responded so girlishly to his advances.

Bob pulled my body into his, and my naked breasts excitedly flattened against his firm warm moist chest. His lips merged as one with mine as his tongue thrust again into the depths of my mouth. I found I was eagerly accepting his tongue, feeling an excitement I'd never experienced before.

This was crazy, I was a married man finding myself physically drawn to a guy who was making it regularly with my wife! But I couldn't help myself; I was just responding naturally as a girl. As our passion grew, Bob was making me feel like I really was a woman!

His hands moved to my rear, pulling my abdomen tight against his engorged manhood. My body enjoyed waves of ecstasy of an intensity I'd never experienced before, while I found new feminine feelings were completely dominating my reaction to his kissing and hugging. Without a second's hesitation, I found myself rubbing my girlishly flattened crotch aggressively against Bob's excited manhood. Why was I doing this?! I was a guy!

My arms moved around Bob's broad back, pulling our bodies even closer together. I began to imagine that I was a woman in the arms of my male lover. I'd never felt so comfortable, so happy, so at peace and so weak in the knees. I was beginning to tremble with a feminine sensuality I'd never thought possible.

Deep in a passionate embrace, I suddenly found my small feminine body being carried in Bob's strong arms to the bedroom. Within in seconds, we both had stripped off our remaining clothes, although I left my feminizing thong in place. Reminders of my former sex were the last things I wanted.

Bob began passionately kissing my breasts and nipples again triggering all sorts of intense feminine body reaction. His hands continued exploring my soft feminine flesh as my hands explored his strong musculature. My hand quickly found his substantial and highly excited member. I'd never before come in contact with another guy like that.

I had a strong urge to begin kissing his body, and my lips moved intractably down his torso to a prize I'd never sought before. I trembled with almost uncontrollable excitement as I realized what was about to happen. I couldn't believe I was taking him eagerly into my mouth, but I soon found that I was thoroughly enjoying bringing such great pleasure to this big

guy.

As Bob reached his peak excitement, I suddenly felt an extra pair of hands beginning to fondle my breasts. It was Brenda!

"I thought you and Bob might get along," she giggled as she joined in the fray. "See, I told you you were a girl."

As our three bodies gyrated on the bed, I soon found Bob had moved on Brenda and was satisfying her in a way I couldn't anymore. The two of them were screaming in passion as Brenda satisfied Bob in a way I couldn't, at least not yet. Rather than being jealous, again I found myself being turned on in ways I never could have imagined. I actually wished I was Brenda, feeling Bob inside me. How strange my life had become.

But our morning in bed was not over, yet. Soon Bob was at work arousing my nipples and breasts, once more, while Brenda was removing my feminizing thong. He began passionately kissing me on the lips while Brenda's lips were arousing my remnant male parts. Oh I was getting so confused and aroused by the different signals my body was sending to my brain.

Soon I was again kissing my wife passionately, when I felt Bob's hands come from behind me to gently massage my breasts. My arousal was so intense at that moment. As one of his hands slipped down to my tummy and then my crotch, he pulled my body snugly back into his.

Suddenly, I felt Bob's solid warm maleness pressing up against my back. My body was firmly in his control.

"Oh, no!" I gasped between excited moans.

"Oh, yes!" Brenda answered, "Tammy you've got to do this, you're a girl now!"

"But I'm a guy, I'm your husband...", I squealed in my feminized voice.

"Relax," Brenda soothed as she played with my soft breasts, "You're no longer a man, no longer my husband, you're a girl and you're going to be a woman, and you'll love it!"

With that she locked our lips in a passionate embrace. While someone was playing with my breasts, I began to learn what it felt like to have a man use me as though I really were a woman.

I knew then for sure that I never would be guy again.

Later, after Bob had left, Brenda and I lay cuddling in the bed.

"I just can't believe that I've been so turned-on by a man making love to me, Brenda. What's happening to me? Aren't you upset?" I queried. "I feel so feminine inside, so much like a girl," I giggled.

"Face it, Tammy," she replied, "you've become a woman; you always were meant to be one! It's fully natural for you to

be attracted to guys and guys to you. You're just so much like a natural girl, so pretty and soft and you have such nice breasts and such a girlish fanny!

"You know, you really should have that operation. You can't fully appreciate a man until you've had him in you as a real woman. Once you have, you'll forget those sensations you've had as a boy. I can tell you from first-hand experience, Honey. I used to be a guy, myself. I was Debbie's high school boyfriend, until I started to sprout these breasts."

"You're kidding!" I gasped in shock.

"Soon, you're going to be built just like me between the legs, and then you can please all the guys you want," she laughed.

"But, I'm a guy!" I protested once more.

"So was I, Tammy, but now you are a girl. It's gone too far; it's beyond your control!" she continued. "Besides, I love you as a girl! We still can be female lovers and live together."

"But I thought we were going to have kids!" I expressed with some disappointment.

"Oh, we will, Honey," Brenda reassured. "Debbie assures me that Dr. Wilson can fix your body so that you can become pregnant. Wouldn't be fun to have Bob impregnate you? I'm just afraid that once you become fully a woman that I'm going to lose you to some heart-throb such as Bob."

"Don't worry about that," I smiled nervously as Brenda again encircled my nipple with her soft lips. I closed my eyes and imagined that it was Bob kissing my nipples.

Brenda was right, though. I had to have the operation. I lay there fantasizing what it would be like to have a vagina. I couldn't get that image out of my mind. It had to happen. I had to have Bob make love to me as a man with a real woman. I just had to.

Still, I spent the next day over at Bob's apartment, experimenting with life as a near-woman who was falling in love with a guy.

* * *

"Well, that's it Vanessa," Tommy concluded as I turned the last page. "What do you think?"

"Have you really made up your mind?" I asked.

"Absolutely!" Tommy confirmed. "As soon as possible, I want Dr. Wilson to surgically alter my body so that I can be a real woman. I want him to remove all signs that I was born a guy and to use his plastic surgery skills to make me look like and able to function as a normal woman. I want him to enlarge my breasts so that Bob will forget about Brenda when I get

home this summer. I'm a girl, I've got to have the full body of a girl, and I'm going to live as woman."

Later, I accompanied Tammy when he went to see Mrs. Jones for the device reattachment, and Dr. Wilson was there. Tammy told Dr. Wilson of his desires for a full transformation.

"Well, Tammy," the Doctor offered with an understanding smile, "we could begin the process today. If you would like, I'll perform minor plastic surgery now, as I did initially on Cheryl.

"Under a local anesthetic, I'll surgically remove your atrophied testicles and any remnant erectile penile material, anchoring what's left just inside your body. I'll tighten up the surrounding flesh of your scrotum leaving appropriate feminine folds and an opening that, superficially, will leave you looking and functioning as though you are a female, without the nuisance of the device. I say 'superficial,' because you will not have any internal feminine structure. That will come in a month or so, when we schedule your final, major surgery.

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“Oh, that would be wonderful!” Tammy cooed. “Please do it!”

Half an hour later, Tammy was a girl between his legs, except for having a vagina.

Bev was so envious when he returned that evening, that he insisted the next day to Dr. Wilson that he have the initial plastic surgery as well. Since Bev’s feminization also was so advanced, Dr. Wilson complied with the request.

Bev moaned and groaned about how he had been so busy with Jeff that he just hadn’t been able to prepare his Christmas-break diary, but that he promised to keep a diary of the next summer’s break.

The three of us just continued our studies peacefully, living and functioning day-to-day as three happy, normal young woman.

Tammy and Bev seemed so passive and serene in the weeks following their feminization booster shots. I noticed that Tammy, in particular, was taking an increasing interest in guys. He dated several nights a week, but none of his dates ever had any idea that Tammy was not a full girl.

The day Tammy was scheduled for his final double surgery, final sex change and breast enhancement, I had one of my regular checkups with Dr. Wilson. The pregnancy was proceeding perfectly.

That afternoon, I was tickled to find that I could really feel life inside my swelling tummy. Although I’d felt movement before, this was the first time I felt a tiny foot kick against the side of my womb. You could even see a moving bump on my expanded stomach as the baby turned inside me. I was so happy and excited, that I left early to go home and see Brad.

Brad and I spent the balance of the night watching the show of our baby stretching his or herself inside my womb. My instincts told me that I was going to have a baby girl. I was so happy to be a woman experiencing a joy I never I could have had as a guy!

When I returned to school, Tammy was fully a girl, having completed her surgery. She had to take it easy for a couple of weeks, but I’ll never forget her happy gasps and squeals, when all of her bandages were fully removed, and she was able to explore her new body. Frankly, her feminine form was perfection. She could have been a model or a girly magazine center-

fold, if she wanted.

"Oh, Vanessa," she squealed to me. "You should have seen the size of the form they used to shape my new vagina! Bob is so well endowed, I was afraid I wouldn't be big enough for him. But I'm not going to have a problem taking him in me. Oh, I'm just so excited!" she giggled.

"Plus," she grinned, "look at this! I have female genitals that look and feel so natural. . .oo-o-h. . .and my clitoris is so exquisitely sensitive!"

"I'm so happy for you Tammy," I grinned.

"Can you believe my breasts?" Tammy continued. "Why they're so big and heavy and full! And my nipples stick out so far! And look how low my rounded breasts hang. Why they're so pretty and perfect, I can't wait until Bob has a chance to explore them."

I smiled and left Tammy to herself as she happily explored the wonders and sensations of her new body.

As Spring arrived, so did my baby. Brad stayed lovingly with me throughout the extended labor and delivery. Although I was so tired, as the final urge to push the baby out through the birth passage dominated my senses, I experienced the most terrible and exquisite pain.

"It's a girl!" yelled Dr. Wilson as the umbilical cord was removed.

Brad and I were so happy, we both were in tears. We named our seven pound two ounce baby daughter "Heather." She was perfect and healthy. Things could not have gone better.

While I'd gotten so big and heavy with the pregnancy, particularly in the final months, I lost most of the weight as fluid and baby at the delivery. Still my breasts were so large and heavy, ready to begin nursing, and my stomach still was stretched way out of shape. I knew that with nursing and a little exercise I'd have my slim girlish shape back in a couple of months.

By summer, I was back in a bikini, and Brad was making passionate love to me at least five times a week. My breast-feeding worked so well! Heather gained weight rapidly and passed all her early checkups with flying colors. I loved the special times I had feeding my baby. As a baby present, Bev volunteered for special hormone injections to prepare his breasts for lactation. He came over to visit and take turns with me breast feeding little Heather, so I could attend classes. Bev was just so maternal. He had no residual signs of maleness as the school year ended.

Later that summer, Bev completed her transformation into a female not just with plastic surgery, but she also had the female-reproductive-tract transplantation. By the time school resumed in the fall, she was menstruating regularly and on birth control pills. Dr. Wilson confirmed that her ovulation was perfectly normal for a woman. Bev would be able to get pregnant naturally.

Over the summer, Tammy went home and found his wife, Brenda living with Bob. Tammy spent one afternoon alone with Bob, and she and stole him away from Brenda.

In the time since the "girls" from my class graduated college, much has developed:

Tammy divorced Brenda and married Bob. Tammy and Bob adopted two children and live now in Omaha, where she is an active housewife, mother and president of the local PTA.

Bev eventually moved to New York and became a fashion model there for several years. She married a photographer, had three kids and now lives in Connecticut with her growing family. She's pregnant again.

Cheryl is a very popular stripper, noted particularly for her perfectly-shaped and balanced large breasts. She worked for a short while for an escort service, but came back to the stage, which seemed to be her true calling. After a number of torrid love affairs with both guys and gals, she moved out on Debbie and married. Now she's on her fourth husband.

After graduating from college and then being dumped by Bev, Jeff began dating Debbie. He moved in with her about six months after Cheryl moved out. The last I saw him, he was wearing his newly-blond hair well below his shoulders. His face was soft and whiskerless, with that certain feminine radiance.

He was amazingly pretty and feminine. His body had slimmed and reformed so delicately. No longer burdened by his large heavy muscles, Jeff looked more like a leggy dancer in a girls' chorus line than a football player, but he had maintained a certain interest in football.

Jeff's skimpy halter top and his very tight short-shorts emphasized his good-sized breasts, a very slim but taut girlish waist, big hips and no trace of anything but a "hot" looking girl between his thighs, since he had the operation. His long shapely and hairless legs really were quite sexy.

I couldn't believe how feminine his mannerisms had become, and his voice was so beautifully feminine. Debbie really had done a job on my former hunk of a heart-throb.

I've heard he is very happy now, dating guys. His latest boyfriend is Bubba, a professional football player, who loves tall, slim but big-breasted blond girls like "Tara," as Jeff now calls himself. Bubba is most impressed with Tara's knowledge and interest in football.

Bubba has no idea, however, that his "Princess," as he likes to call Tara, was once a guy and a star high school quarterback. Bubba has offered to pay for Tara's good-sized breasts to be still further enhanced with surgery. Tara excitedly is awaiting that event, and then trying out for the pro team's world-renowned cheerleading squad.

As I sit here nursing my third baby girl, my mind keeps drifting back to the next year's class of special-scholarship "girls," but that is another story.

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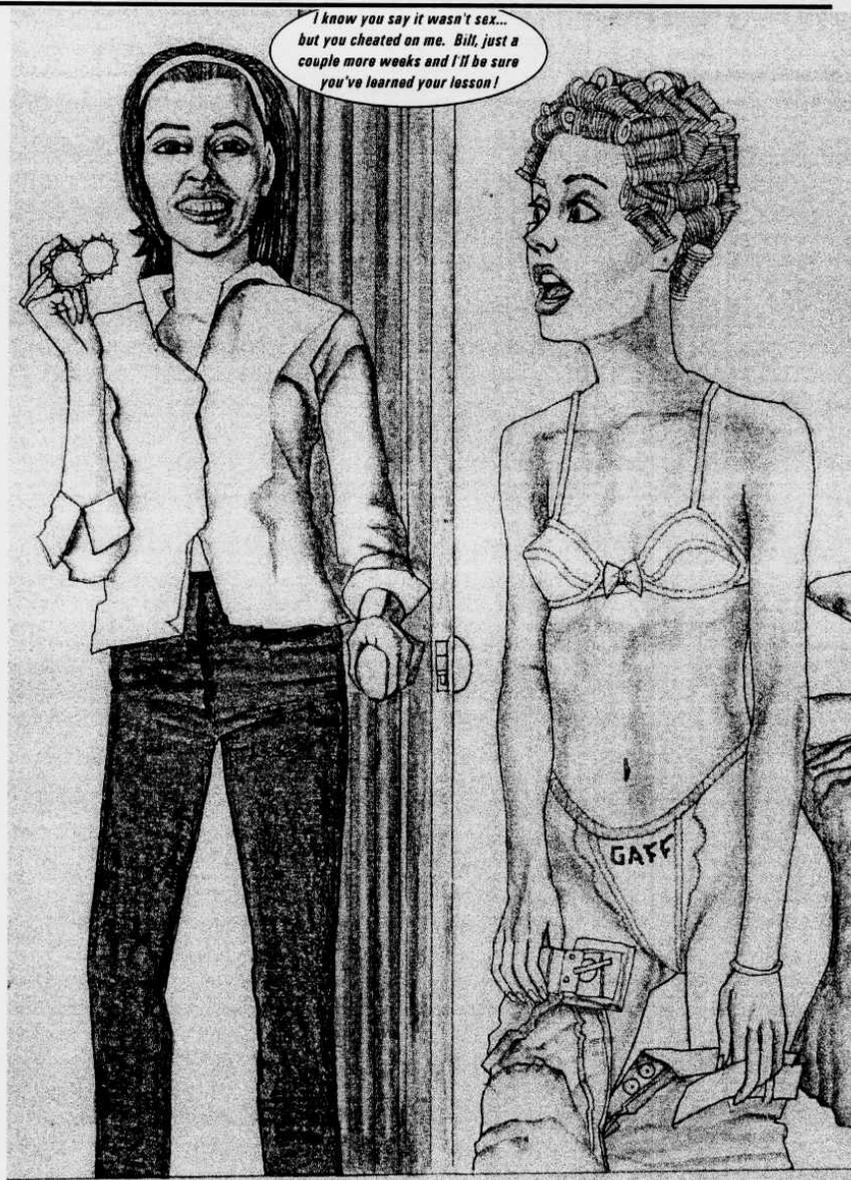
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