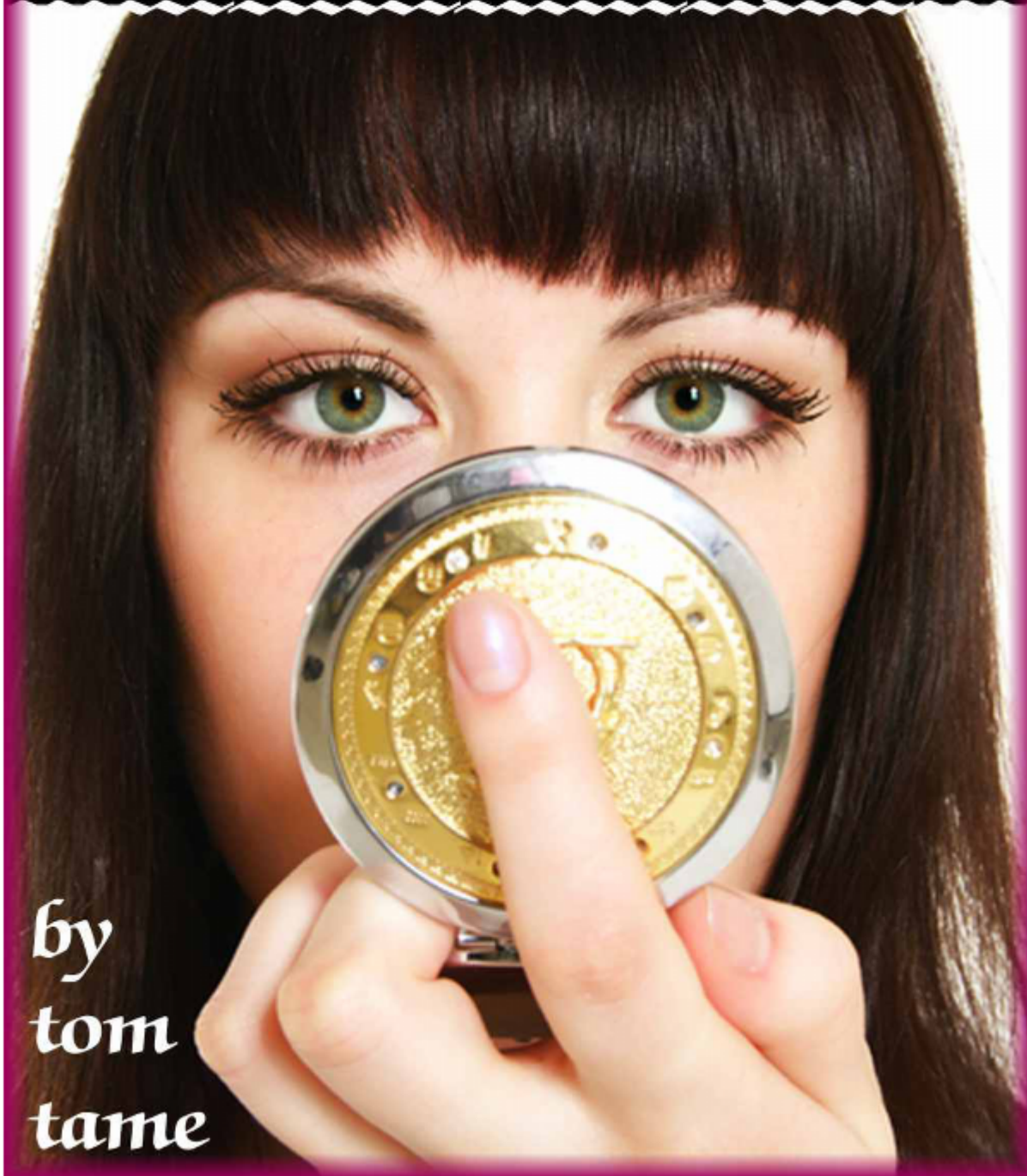


So, You've been
Into A **TRANSFORMED**
WOMAN?!

A Guide to New Boobs...

~ ~ ~ ...for the formerly Boobless

by
tom
tame



So, You've Been Transformed into A Woman?!

A Guide to New Boobs...

...for the Formerly Boobless

by

Thomas_the_tame@yahoo.com

Cover Photos and Interior Photos / Illustrations provided by
<http://www.dreamstime.com/>

©2014 All Rights Reserved by Thomas_the_tame@yahoo.com

Introduction

* * *

If you're reading this, you have either "accidentally" been transformed (or you're in the process of being transformed) from a flatulence-connoisseur, brillo-chested, bristly-faced MAN into a buttery-soft, overly emotional, curvy-as-an-Irish-road, boob flopping WOMAN, who is already realizing that her butt looks big in everything and that she has an alarming lack of really cute shoes.

Or you bought this book because it has the word "Boobs" in the title.

Either way, you're stuck with it now . . . unless you hit the "refund" button (coward).

So, you're a girl now (or quickly becoming one).

Stop you're sniffing. Find a tissue. Blow. Wipe. Wipe again. Blow again. Wipe again. Wipe-wipe-wipe. Good. Let's not have our nose looking like a glazed donut (it's unflattering); and pouting (whether you realize you're doing it are not) with red, puffy eyes and that hurt-kitten expression is only going to entice your transformer(s) (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) into making things worse for you.

Be calm. Be patient. Sit. Listen. Trust me. I know about these things.

First things first:

The "How" of your little transformation is irrelevant. Perhaps your wife, girlfriend or secretary has been whispering little subliminal, hypnotic suggestions to you in your sleep and you've suddenly developed a keen interest in the shade of her lipstick and the silky glimmer of her stockings. Perhaps someone slipped feminizing nanobots in your morning coffee. Perhaps you "accidentally" invoked the wrong spell (or the right spell the wrong way) or just happened to pick out the one bodysuit in all creation with a faulty zipper (and you're in danger of violating the "Touched by Semen" and/or Female Orgasm rule) or you didn't realize that the school / hotel / resort / institute you were about to attend was going to immerse you in so much femininity conditioning that the neon "Estrogen" sign in your head was going to buzz with enough brightness to make you forget what it was like to pee designs into the winter snow (all of which mysteriously ended up looking like penises).

The fact is you're here, and however helpless you may feel, let me

reassure you . . . you are far *more* helpless than you probably realize.

I know, you're thinking I'm not helping, but I promise you, the sooner you realize you can't fight it and can't escape your impending *girliness*, the sooner you can get on with getting revenge on your transformers or very possibly (and far more likely) fucking them (and perhaps everyone else).

Second, what you're experiencing is absolutely normal, but also (I'm afraid to say) utterly inevitable. I've seen hundreds of these cases and I can promise you, if you don't have boobs now, you soon will, but the good news is "girls" like you tend to be gorgeous, if occasionally dumb and almost entirely submissive. There will be money. Lots of it. There will be drama. Lots of it. There will be other women, whose sisterly, motherly and sometimes lesbian-ly tendencies you will bring out, but there will also be men, lots of them, and if you thought *you* were bad as a guy, well. . . .

But let's not broach that particular topic until you're ready for it, okay?

Instead, let's begin at the beginning (which is this introduction).

Are you ready?

Have you checked your lipstick? Are you wearing your favorite pair of panties? I know, you don't *want* them to be your favorite, but they are, and that's okay. A pretty pair of panties never hurt anyone. In a universe of complexity and ambiguity, where obfuscated concepts of good and bad swirl around one another like cream in coffee, where innocence is deceptive and evil is extra tricky, panties are the one item that are always positive and good and reliable. They make everyone happy and best of all, they're non-fattening.

Now, before you go launching into the next chapter, let's have a little girl talk. . . .

Girl Talk # 1:

So, anyway. . . .

This book is not intended to be read from beginning to end like a good fiction thriller. It's a reference book. Whenever you're ready to confront the new "girly" issues that arise (and boy will they rise, not unlike that old stiff member you used to wave like a flag in your lover's--oops, sorry for the reminder, let's start over).

When you're ready or as issues come up, choose the appropriate chapter, sit back with a warm cup of Chamomile tea (with or without nanobots, which taste strangely like slightly soured lemons) and gorge

yourself on the thorough details of this inordinately long, but somewhat well planned, self help guide to being a newly transformed(-ing) woman.

Oh, and congratulations on your new boobs! Trust me. You're going to like having them. A lot.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction

How do I Sleep with Boobs?!

Boob Exercise # 1

Why do I have to wear a bra?

Where do I find a "really good" bra?

Why are my boobs so big?

How do I put on a bra?

Is there ever a time when I shouldn't wear a bra?

My nipples are my friends (in fact they seem to be everyone's friends!)

Boob Sensitivity Ratio (BSR)

Boob Sales

Why are my boobs always in the way?

I got body-swapped. How do I know if my boobs are real?

Why are they calling me "Bessy"?

The care and feeding of your boobs

Boob Exercise # 2

No, seriously. How do I sleep With boobs?!

Yeesh, I'm All Jiggly Now?!

Am I fat?

Girl Talk # 2

Why is she making me diet when all I want to do is die?

WTF?! When I stop, my jiggly bits keeps moving.

The 'C' Word. No . . . the Other One.

Do I--do I like boys now?!

Dick, yes. Dick

Where in God's name is my DICK?!

I still have my dick. Why won't she let me touch it!?

Hair?! AUGH?!

Why does it have to be constantly in my eyes!?

Does it really have to be this long?

So, I'm blonde now. Why does it make feel so giggly?

I have to be somewhere and I can't do a thing with my hair!?

Advice

Tears, huh? What are they good for?

I know I'm pouting but I can't stop it!

I huff and I puff and I fall apart!

Why do I cry at EVERYTHING and for every occasion?!

Why Do I Suddenly LOVE Grinding My Ass Against Boys?

Um, the "pounding" music is making me think of, um--I don't want to say!?

Why Am I Suddenly Addicted to Buying Cute Shoes?

Why did I just spend my entire paycheck at a shoe store?!

Flats are for feet, not tires

Girl Talk # 3

High heels. Really?!

Why does she make me wear heels every second of every day?

Ugh! How do I walk in these things?

Why Can't I Pick Up This Penny?

Why must my fingernails / toenails be glossy?

Why must my fingernails / toenails be glossy, pink and matching?

Why must my fingernails be so long?

What is a "French Tip" and should I close my thighs when one gets near me?

Why Am I Suddenly Addicted to Lip Balm?

Why do I suddenly want my lips to be kissable?

Okay, but why the lip balm addiction?

Dear Miss Clitoris

Okay. I give. Why does it have a hood?

Why is my clit teasing me?

How Did Nanobots Get Inside Me!? Please Say Orally!

Pink!?

Why must all my clothes be pink?

My Makeup, My Mayhem

My face is stiff and smelly and it feels like I'm wearing a mask!?

Why can't my face be shiny!?

Why must my lips be shiny!?

Really? What's all the fuss with my eyelashes!?

Um, yeah, so . . . how do I--!?

What in the Hell is an "eyelid crease"!?

Um, yeah, so . . . how do I--!?

Chocolate!

Why is chocolate suddenly like Heroin to me?

The Effect

How Do I Know If I've Been Hypnotized, Master?

Obedience is pleasure; pleasure is obedience

Okay, so how do I UNbrainwash myself?

Bitch!

Why is she being so mean to me?

Kill Me . . . Kill Me, Right Fucking Now?!

Um, so, yeah, like . . . I think I'm getting my (gulp) period.

Why is my uterus strangling me?

What exactly is "spotting"?

I've still got Mr. Happy in my pants. Why is she handing me a tampon?

What advice can you give me for dealing with Aunt Flow's visit?

OMG!? I'm Like Totally a Total, Like, Total Bimbo!?

Like whatever?!

Sex!?

If I go through with it, is it all over for me?

I've still got my man lump, why am I suddenly craving sex as a girl!?

WTF!? I just had an orgasm without my cock being touched!?

Must they use every single hole?

Preggers

What . . . am I gonna do!?

Help! I Just Got Body-Swapped! What Do I Do?!

I woke up and I'm not me anymore!

She promised me this was temporary, but now I'm having doubts!

Help! My Secretary Has Tricked Me Into Changing Places With her?!

Oh man! I made a bet and now I'm screwed!

Oh man! She found out about [insert whatever] and now she's blackmailing me!

Help! I Can't Get This Bodysuit off?!

The zipper disappeared and it won't come back!?

Someone gave me a bodysuit. What should I do!?

I'm being taken over by the female soul that was in my bodysuit!?

Brands, "Zippers" and Release Instructions!?

Help! I'm Stuck In A Virtual World And I Can't Get Out?!

What is a "sim" and why do I always end up as a girl in them?

NISE (Non-Immersive Simulated Experience)

FISE (Fully-Immersive Simulated Experience)

Yeah, so how do I get out!?

Help! I've Been Abducted by the CIA / NSA / Witness Protection Program
And Now They're Feminizing Me?!

Help! This Hotel / Institute / Resort Is Not What I Thought?!

Why do I feel like a feminized prisoner?

Why isn't she helping me?

Please, tell me how to get out of this!?

Help! This magical medallion, spell, etc. isn't working anymore?!

What exactly is a "Zulo" anyway?

Why did that "Wizard" at the Spells R Us store grin so much?

Afterword

How do I beat this thing?

Chapter One

How do I Sleep with Boobs?!

* * *

You now have boobs. They're not your typical boobs. Trust me on this. If they were normal boobs, they wouldn't be as nearly sensitive as they are (see Figure 1: Boob Sensitivity Ratio Chart). You have the boobs of a man that has been (or is being) transformed into a woman. These types of boobs are very special. (Bimbo Note: *Isn't that cute? You have "special" boobs! Yay!*)

Many issues may arise from your special boobs.

But first, let's conduct a little exercise.

Don't worry. No one is calling you fat and saying you need to exercise, no matter how fat you may feel. (See [Yeesh, I'm All Jiggly Now?!](#))

It's not that kind of exercise. Well, it is, sort of, but you'll see.

Boob Exercise # 1

Preparation:

For this exercise you should be wearing proper attire (or actually *not* wearing proper attire). You may wear whatever you like on your bottom half, but you should NOT be wearing a brassiere or a top of any kind. Your breasts should be bare.

Exception:

If you have been forcibly cross-dressed (or simply "persuaded"), you'll need to keep your brassiere on and a blouse of some sort. (Why not something in shimmering pink?) If you have not yet been fitted with good quality prosthetics, you may be exempt from this exercise until such time as your prosthetics arrive. (You won't have long to wait.)

Items you will need:

A mirror. A small exercise trampoline or treadmill. If neither of those is available, the exercise can be performed without them. If necessary, "selfies" (pic & videos of yourself performing this exercise) may be sent to me for "analysis".

How to--:

Begin by jumping up and down for 20 minutes. You may also run in place. The important thing is to keep your bare breasts vigorously bouncing. Watch them in the mirror. Maintain your focus on the nipples and the full breasts and their hypnotic motion as the reverberations ripple through them. Notice how they both move as one and separately. Notice how the breasts have no readily apparent structure; they appear as gelatinous jiggling masses.

(Bimbo Note: You will NOT, repeat NOT, get black eyes from bouncing your boobs up and down in this manner, no matter how hard you bounce. Okay, sweetie? Yay!)

Next, stand in place and swing your torso back and forth. (Bimbo Note: *torso means "chest"*.) Again, maintain your focus on your breasts and their motion in the mirror. Notice that the breasts are always behind your swing. In fact they are frequently in complete opposition to the position of your upper body as it moves and they may be gently "banging" together. (Again, to ensure proper technique, you may take "selfies" and send them to me for, um . . . feedback.)

Finally, pick them up with your hands, using a cupping "hand-bra" technique, and squeeze them together. Now pull them gently apart. Now Pick them up and drop them several times, watching them jiggle until they come to rest on your upper ribcage. Push them up until they are perfectly round and make the male part of your brain perform salivating back flips. Do NOT play with the nipples. In your condition, it will only further your progress into total *girliness*. Remember, every orgasm, every shiver of pleasure is one more high-heeled mincing step into being the girl that *someone* obviously wants you to be.

When you are finished, you may hydrate and rest (catch your breath), but do not cover your breasts. (And NO nipple play!)

Conclusions:

Lesson 1:

Your breasts work with and against you.

They are not detachable (excepting prosthetics and even then

you may be a personal witness to the miracle of surgical glue). You can use them to draw attention, distract and melt male resistance, but they will also magnetically draw EVERY male eye, all the time, no matter what. You have NO control over this. Burying them in sweaters and sweat suits will tamper male reaction by an estimated 3.2%, but if your breasts are of fair to large size (and transformed boobs inevitably are), a future of discreet and indiscreet male attention should be expected.

Question: When you were male and you saw someone that looked like you bouncing down a sidewalk, where was your gaze?

Lesson 2:

Breasts chafe.

They are sensitive things and they weigh one pound each at a minimum. (Because of your transformed nature, they probably weigh a lot more.) As the unsupported breast bounces, it tugs and pulls, creating distress not only in the bare breast itself, but also in the surrounding tissue. They also cause 61% of all known traffic accidents. In short, your breasts will get sore. Your breasts will develop a chafing rash. The vigorous shaking and jiggling will make your nipples sing with a new kind of pain. They will become tender, and not in that good "*ooh, la, la, why am I suddenly so squishy down there*" way.

Final Lesson:

Find a really good bra. Wear a really good bra. Keep wearing a really good bra.

Yes, I know, they have lace and they're usually terribly feminine and you don't want to give into this utter *femaleness* just yet, but there are many areas where you can put up a heavy (if ultimately futile) resistance to your eventual slide into total *girliness*; this is not one of them.

Why do I have to wear a bra?

See [Boob Exercise # 1](#)

Where do I find a "really good" bra?

If you have been (or you're currently being) transformed into the girliest girl you can be, it's likely the person responsible will make do at first with a simple hand-me-down (i.e. a borrowed bra). While it may seem to play right into their plans for you, a good quality, well-fitted brassiere can only really be acquired at a store that specializes in such things. Stores such as Victoria's Secrets will not only find you a pretty bra (which may not be high on your requirements at this particular moment), they will measure you and find you the *right bra* (which no doubt will also be dripping with lace and probably pink and make the evolving girl inside you absolutely squeal with delight.)

While your transformer (e.g. girlfriend, secretary, etc.) may lead you to believe that you must be bare breasted to be measured properly, it is likely this is being done to stimulate you, embarrass you and "soften you" to their will (a.k.a. "sisterly guidance"). The fact is a good bra measurement can be done with your clothes still on. However, there's no point in fighting it because typically the store clerk will either be in cahoots with your transformer or will simply enjoy being wicked to you, possibly because you are displaying shy, submissive, "sissy" traits. Women are frequently wicked to each other when they smell each other's weaknesses (see [Bitch!](#))

The other option, and perhaps the preferable one, is to shop for a bra on your own. Female retail clerks frequently take pity on lonely-looking submissive girls, especially if they suspect you have been newly transformed. However, there are many barriers to this plan, such as (but not limited to) the following obstacles:

Barriers to Solo Bra Purchasing

A.) I have no money

- 1.) All my credit cards and identification are in my formerly male name
- 2.) Who carries cash anymore?
- 3.) My god! Who knew one bra could cost the same as a mortgage payment?!

B.) I'm terrified to go out and be seen

- 1.) The only clothes left that fit me are skirts and heels
- 2.) What if someone recognizes me? (Applies mostly to cross-dressers and sissies)

C.) I'm unable to physically leave or go anywhere

1.) My days are spent being hypnotically-brainwashed into femininity

2.) I'm bound with ropes or handcuffs and gagged and/or plugged

3.) I'm far gone enough that my wife, sister, secretary, etc. ordered me not to do anything without her permission and I cannot disobey.

D.) I'm a Bimbo and I'm probably not going to make it to the store, but will most likely be picked up by several really sweet guys who want to give me money for absolutely no reason at all if I get into their car and promise to be "nice" to them (whatever that means).

Solutions

A.) You're in luck, because though all women have an inherent desire to be wicked to one another (see [Bitch!](#)), it is equally true that all women consider themselves "sisters" and have enormous sympathy/empathy for one another, especially regarding heartbreak and men. The best ploy is to insinuate the following to the retail clerk:

"My boyfriend / husband cheated on me, lied to me, was mean to me and now he's making up for it by letting me use his credit cards and I'm going to fucking break the bank!"

B.) Skirts and heels are your future. You might as well get used to them, because you'll be wearing them until such time as you're allowed to squeeze yourself into that sausage casing you're wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. calls "slim fit jeans" (but which in fact are just an ingenious way of ensuring that your red satin thong becomes a part of your rectal canal and that every man within a 3-mile radius suffers an injury. (See [Bitch!](#))

C.) As soon as the spiral / subliminal recording stops or the gag is pulled from your slobbering lips, beg and plead for a good bra fitting. Your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. will be very pleased.

D.) Good luck on your new career as a Porn Queen, whore and/or White Slave in an unknown Middle Eastern country.

Why are my boobs so big?

Fact: Your new boobs will only get bigger. They will never get smaller.

Fact: Your new boobs will only get increasingly more sensitive.

Fact: Your new boobs do not belong to you. Yes, they are attached to your frame, but the deep truth, which is even now sinking deeper into your feminized mind, is that your breasts and nipples are meant for everyone else's visual, tactile (and sometimes auditory) entertainment.

Your boobs are big and getting bigger because you have been (or you're currently being) transformed from a boob-obsessed male into the object of your desire. While some girls grow naturally large breasts and others grow them surgically, the nature of your transformation dictates (Bimbo Note: *I like totally said "dick"*), that your breasts be large and provide the utter most sensation (a.k.a. nipple-gasms) possible.

Also, boobs always feel bigger to the holder than to the beholder. Whenever you ogled the soft mounds of the girl in your class, work place, gym or favorite porn site, you put no thought into their weight, size and unwieldiness. Your thoughts were only on having them pressed into your face, "*motor boated*", rubbed along your chest and/or used to sleeve and pump your cock for maximum visual and tactile cumminess. Now that these mammoth mammaries are residing on your slender frame, pulling you ever forward into an awaiting pair of hands (and sometimes clamps), you will begin to note such issues as back pain, shoulder pain, and an ever increasing giggliness. You may also find that you tend to bounce on your toes far more frequently.

Bimbo Note: It does not matter how big your boobs are. You will want them bigger. It will become a matter of pride to have the biggest, roundest, softest most perfect boobies you could possibly have.

How do I put on a bra?

Look, it's just us girls here. Unless you have been a completely sheltered virgin, you have watched with attention to detail (a.k.a. one hand down your PJs) as your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. skillfully strapped their buppies into their holsters.

Just in case, however, I will offer the following step-by-step instructions:

Brassiere Anatomy:

Brassieres are composed of the following: Cups (2), straps (2), band (1).

Your nipples go into the cups. Your arms and shoulders go into the straps. The band wraps around your torso (just under

your breasts). Clasps come in several varieties, the most common being traditional hooks and the more modern tab / slot.

Traditional Back Closing Brassieres

Step 1: Pinch one end of the clasp between finger and thumb and hold the bra up.

Ensure that the band is not twisted.

Step 2: Wrap the band around your waist so that the cups are behind you.

Ensure the band is not twisted.

Step 3: Fasten the clasps.

Ensure the band is not twisted.

Step 4: Rotate the band and bra until the cups are touching your tummy.

Ensure the band is not twisted.

Step 5: Draw your bra up your torso. Insert your arms into the straps. Untwist the straps (if necessary). Position your nipples into the inner most depths of the cups.

Question: Is the band twisted? Perhaps you should consider mincing the short distance between where you are now and total bimbo-ness.

Modern Front Closing Brassieres

Step 1: It's just like slipping into your favorite sweaty T-shirt (which your wife / girlfriend / secretary always not-so-secretly hated). Insert your arms into the straps and pull the band behind your head so it's resting on your upper back. (Ensure the band and straps are not twisted.)

Step 2: Pinching both clasps, pull them so that the hooks can be hooked or so that the tab can be inserted into the slot. (Bimbo Note: *Yum!*) Once the tab is inserted, give it a little twist until it is secure. (Bimbo note: *Yum-Yum!*)

Step 3: If your boobs suddenly spring out and yell "SURPRISE!", repeat Step 2.

Strap Adjustment:

A well fitted bra will have the straps adjusted correctly, providing solid support while not lashing into your skin like a whip on a slave girl's back.

If within thirty minutes, you feel the desire to shoot someone in the face and you're not currently in the "PMS" portion of your menstrual cycle (see [Kill Me . . . Kill Me, Right Fucking Now?!](#)), then the straps are too tight.

If women are scowling at you and men have glazed expressions and you're getting what feels like diaper rash under your buppies or you feel as if someone is dribbling two basketballs beneath your chin, the straps are too loose.

Bimbo Note: Don't worry about brassieres. They're decorative in nature and you won't be wearing them that often.

Is there ever a time when I shouldn't wear a bra?

Yes, under the following conditions:

- 1.) You're dressed in the perfect evening gown
- 2.) Before, during and after sex (it should be spinning on one blade of the ceiling fan).
- 3.) On any stage where there is a pole, a litter of dollar bills, a really, really bad D.J. or a surprising amount of water, oil or Jello.
- 4.) When you're employed in any of the following occupations: porn queen, whore, hooker (there's a difference), slave girl, "dancer", professional girlfriend, around anyone wealthy (believe me, this is an actual occupation), in any profession where the pay goes up as the amount of clothes you're wearing goes down.

My nipples are my friends (in fact they seem to be everyone's friends!)

Your nipples are pert little thermostats that precede your entrance into every room and not only proudly announce the temperature and ambience, but also demonstrate how aroused you are, how much humiliation is currently circulating inside you, and how many more orgasms you have left before you've slipped the rest of the way into deep, submissive, total sexual girly servitude.

Your nipples as you may have noticed (or are currently noticing)

have grown exponentially in size and sensitivity. In most cases, they will be the size of an eraser head on a yellow number 2 pencil. In more advanced cases, they will actually be larger than your clitoris, and will in fact have the ability to bring you to your knees in a whimpering, puddled shrieking mess.

This is solely because of you're "transformed" nature. Normal girls have normal sensitivity and size. Some girls place their nipples in their Top 10 List of Erogenous Zones, others understand they are considered fun little play-toys by their lovers, but do not personally achieve meaningful satisfaction from their stimulation.

Unfortunately, your nipples are now what the Germans refer to as *Überschlampezart*, meaning *Super Slutty Sensitive*.

Question: How many nipple flicks does it take to get to the squishy center of a transformed, bimbo-sized *gurl*?

Answer: Sixty-nine (+/- 10).

You will notice as well that your nipples are suddenly incapable of being concealed. Honestly, you could don a lead brassiere that even Superman's X-Ray vision couldn't penetrate (Bimbo Note: *Yes, I know. Giggle if you must*) but somehow your little nips would still make their perky presence known. Their indentations will mar or make every blouse, gown, sweater or Tee shirt that you own.

Again, it is not my mission to contribute to your feelings of total girly helplessness. Stay strong. Stay smart, but know that you are in fact totally helpless and becoming more girly by the second.

Boob Sensitivity Ratio (BSR)

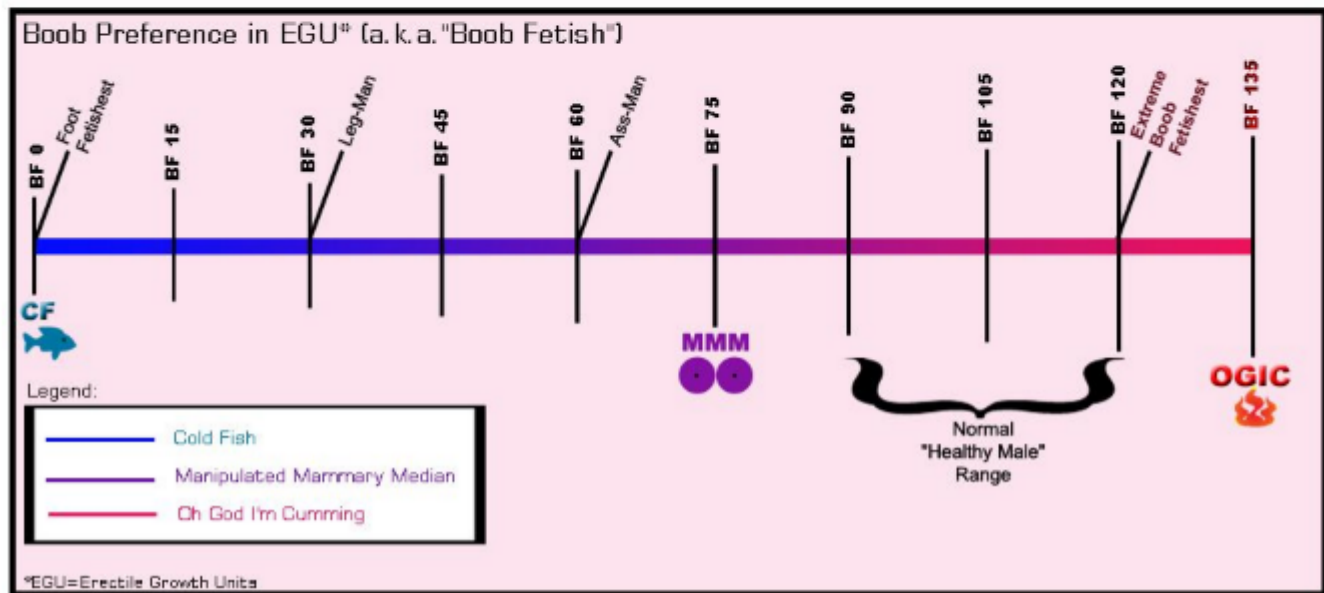
It has been discovered that your previous boob preference as a former man has a direct bearing on the size and sensitivity of your new girly boobs.

For example, as you can see in the figure below, if as a man you had a breast preference of 0, you would've most likely have been a so called "ass man", and therefore probably would have a boob sensitivity rating of CF.

Most men, however, fall in a normal range of BP 100 - BP 120 and have a sensitivity of MMM, meaning they have normal to frequent nipple-gasms, though they are entirely bearable and usually not preferable over clitoral or deep vaginal stimulation (if you are so endowed).

If you were unfortunate enough to have preferred breasts beyond all else (BP 135+), you probably spent every waking moment in strip clubs and therefore are most likely now at a boob sensitivity rating of OGIC, which means even the gentlest jostling of your nipples will send you hurtling headlong into a type of pleasure that is unrelenting and at the minimum "transformative".

Figure 1 Boob Preference Chart



Boob Sales

Selling:

As you have always suspected, there really is nothing a good pair of boobs can't accomplish. While their original purpose may have been to feed babies, they quickly developed "side effects". If you were a caveman interested in continuing your genetic matter, you quickly summed up the worth of any cave girl in your path. Did she have good child-bearing hips? Check. Did she have a good healthy rack that would produce lots of milk for plenty of babies? Check. By the time Mother Nature "switched on" the nipple (Bimbo note: *oooohmmmm!*) to encourage mothers to feed their infants, boobs became a giant success and very nearly (but not quite) the main attraction of the female body.

Soon the concept of "money" was born and a *ménage à t`rois* of business took shape (literally and figuratively). Boobs+marketing=*beaucoup* bucks.

Webcams, strip bars / clubs, prostitution, escorting (there's a difference), modeling, "modeling" (a.k.a. porn queen), porn queen and

dating are all examples of you using your boobs or your boobs using you or both you and your boobs using your boobs to get something you want, whether it's money, love, sex, a new car, sex or even sex.

And before you ask . . . yes, under the right circumstances, a good jiggle of your pretty new boobs can get you out of speeding / parking tickets. Although tears work just as well.

Buying:

Note: If you are the victim of a defective bodysuit or you have already been completely transformed into a consummate boob-jiggler, this section will not apply to you. Here we discuss the purchase of boobs and boob-paraphernalia for those poor souls who are being forcibly dressed or feminized through "persuasion" by their transformer(s) (e.g. wives, girlfriends, secretaries, etc.)

More likely than not your wife, girlfriend or secretary (etc.) has approached you with a devious guess-what-I'm-going-to-do-to-you-now grin. Perhaps she had the items nestled away in a bag or box away from your prying eyes. Perhaps she had them hidden behind her back. Perhaps she blindfolded you, tied you down and you suddenly felt something odd applied to your chest, only to be released minutes later to discover you had been given boobs. This shouldn't have been a shock to you. From the first time she talked/forced you into dressing, she probably plopped her rolled up socks or panties into the sad empty cups of the bra she'd strapped on you just to "fill you out a little".

Honestly, you should've seen this coming, but you didn't, and you're not alone. Men don't think like women. Even if you'd been a mind reader, it wouldn't have done you any good because 90% of the time your wife, girlfriend or secretary (etc.) had no idea she was going to push you this far until you were already caving and whimpering and simpering and mincing and bobbing your little curtsies in a futile effort to please her. Even those women who started with a meticulous husband, boyfriend, boss (etc.) feminization plan had no idea you'd be so easy to manipulate.

The point is you're probably reading this either wearing a bra filled with "goodies" or you are becoming acutely acquainted with the steadfast miracle of medical-grade adhesive.

So, let's give you some information about what exactly you've gotten yourself into, shall we?

Boob retail comes in two varieties: those that cater to woman and those that cater to men. There may in fact be those that cater to milking

cows, cats and other animals, but let's keep our focus tight on this one.

Boob Type:

If you have non-realistic boobs, you are being drawn in slowly. Perhaps you are in the early stages of your feminization. Perhaps you put up a fuss and this was far as she was able to persuade you. Either way, these are only the first step. Once you've acclimated, once you're used to them, she *will* introduce you to the more realistic type.

Non-realistic boobs include foam and gel inserts and are usually symmetrical, come with or without nipples (sometimes sold separately; batteries not included), and are made to fit into most bras. Occasionally a specialty bra may be required. They may be weighted to simulate natural jiggliness or non-weighted to simply help you adopt the proper girl shape. While you may think you're escaping some of the more feminizing effects of not feeling your breasts bounce with each high-heeled step or the stretch and pull of them on your skin, the sight of your new boob shapes in the mirror and your cleavage always looming and swaying below your chin is enough to gently nudge you further towards *wanting* to feel the bounce, jiggle and stretch of more realistic boobs.

Remember, you're being feminized. This is a process, not a one step dead end. You're being manipulated. Once she's acclimated you, you'll find she simply and easily draws you along to the next level, most likely using your own libido and fantasies against you (which you not so cleverly revealed to her in minute detail when she was whispering sweetly in your ear with her hand wrapped around your dick).

If you have realistic boobs, you've traveled much farther along down Femme Street and you're probably staying at the YWCA. Now your boobs are carefully sculpted to match your frame and preferred cup size (i.e. "her" preference, not yours, which is to say the least . . . "big"). She has picked a color closest to your natural pigment and used glue and makeup to make the seams seamless. While these come in both weighted and light-weight style, there's no need to guess which she's picked out for you. She doesn't just want you to *have* boobs; she wants you to *feel* them. The first time you complain about shoulder or back strain, you'll notice a sharp grin on her face. She's got you feeling and behaving and whining like a true girl and you both know it.

Realistic boobs tend to be asymmetrical, meaning there is a "left" and a "right". You'll know if they're on right, because there's nothing worse than having cross-eyed nipples. They allow for some heat transfer, and although full sensitivity has not yet been achieved technologically, be on

the lookout for hypnosis sessions or the use of NLP language (see [How Do I Know If I've Been Hypnotized, Master?](#)). Make no mistake about it: if she's using either of these two tricks (or both), your descent into submissiveness leaves you incredibly susceptible to her suggestions. When she tweaks or pinches your nipple, you'll *feel* it, and when you feel it that first time, it's all the convincing your mind needs for her suggest that your new boobs aren't just *attached* to you; they *are* you.

They are firmly attached, aren't they? You can shower, dance, swim, fuck (or more likely "be" fucked) and they're not going anywhere. Medical grade adhesive (which she's almost certainly used) is the type of glue surgeons use instead of sutures. Why would she use this? Because she wants you living, breathing and sleeping in them 24/7 until they become such a part of you that you no longer even question them.

The next step after this is hormones. This could be mysterious injections, pills or creams that swell up your chest and make your boobs soft and supple and most likely "switch on" your nipples, turning up the volume on their sensitivity until they are full blast and bring you to your knees every time they're played with (and while you're on your knees, she may have other plans for you).

If your boobs are made of your own flesh, then you are near the end, my friend.

Keep a close eye on your tackle-box.

Why are my boobs always in the way?

Remember how every now and then one or both of your testicles would just get shifted around in an uncomfortable position? Or your little tally whacker would find itself slung left when it really wanted to sling right? That's no longer a problem for you, because it's either gone or securely pinched away. Now, your boobs are a much bigger problem. (See [Why are my boobs so big?](#))

First, your boobs are not safely tucked away in a pair of pants where you can discreetly or not so discreetly (i.e. baseball players) shift them into a better position. No, your boobs are now always two nipples ahead of you. They are literally your introduction into every room you enter.

Remember how no one used to look at you when you walked in to a room? Now, everyone looks at you. You are either "fresh meat" or "competition". More importantly, you'll notice that they are not looking at *you*; they are sizing up your boobs.

If you're Dorothy and this is Oz, you might as well close your eyes,

click your heels (see [Why Am I Suddenly Addicted to Buying Cute Shoes?](#)), and repeat: "I am my boobs. I am my boobs." Eventually, gazes will rise to meet your eyes, but not for very long.

Your bra, miracle modern invention that it is, will pinch, bunch, shift, rub and slip. If it's a bikini, you'll be lucky if a gentle wave doesn't push it off and carry it out to sea, leaving you stranded in the water with only a self-imposed hand-bra and a mad dash for your towel to comfort you. If your bikini has a tie anywhere on it, you can double knot it, but it ruins the look (which you suddenly care about), and most importantly such ties are basically fishing lures for the fingers of men. You won't have to act surprised when some laughing jerk unravels it, leaving you bare-chested on the beach or at the pool party (which you'll be forced to attend), you genuinely will be shocked and dismayed and your newly installed modesty and shame will head straight into triple-double-overdrive, leaving you deeply vulnerable and weakened.

You want tips now, right? Your boobs get pinched randomly by the best bra you can buy. Your boobs slip sideways beneath you and get tangled up in your arms as you try to sleep. Your boobs swell up and sometimes get sore for no apparent reason. They bounce uncomfortably when you try to exercise or walk fast. They're always being grabbed at, twisted, mangled, kissed, licked and sucked.

Tip # 1: Bra straps are there for a reason. Use them. They're only good for minimal adjustments, and it's a bit like trying to straighten twisted curtains using only the drawstrings, but they can get you as far as the next rest room where you can take the "girls" out and give them a proper talking to. Wag finger. Look stern. Use a confident tone. "Behave and stay in your cups or you won't get anymore nipple play . . . ever!"

Tip # 2: Cup both breasts in the palms of your hands, hand-bra style, and give them a gentle, yet forceful shake to remind them who is boss. If you're on stage, on camera or on a webcam, you'll be the master (mistress?) of this technique soon enough. (See [Boob Sales](#))

Tip # 3: Once they're out and being played with, they're not really yours anymore. Like it or not, they belong to the player. They're toys that you started out sharing, but quickly lost possession of. Do NOT make whimpering noises and whine and say "ouch" and plead with someone to stop, because they're hurting you. They won't stop. They'll increase the intensity of their manipulations and your flushed face and bit lip will only give birth to their evil, satisfied grin. You CAN try making soft, quiet whispered suggestions if you like, which is sometimes effective. "Mm, I really like it when you kiss them, lick them, breath warm air across them."

I got body-swapped. How do I know if my boobs are real?

There is an easy tell for this. Allow the male part of your brain to remain dormant for just a few minutes and answer the following in-depth questionnaire below:

In Depth Fake Boob Questionnaire:

1.) Are your boobs perfect? Yes / No

Results:

If you answered "Yes" to any of the above questions, your boobs are not real.

Explanation:

Normal girl boobs are not perfect. If you have natural boobs, you will notice certain irregularities and/or inconsistencies. One boob may droop slightly lower than the other (thereby leading to the phenomena known as "favorite boob" or being "right boobed" or "left boobed"). One nipple might be slight larger than the other. One areola may be slightly more oblong or darker or lighter or have more pleasure bumps around them. Those are all signs of natural boobs.

Why are they calling me "Bessy"?

They are calling you "Bessy" as a tease. They are referring to you as if you were a dairy cow, probably because you've begun to lactate (or soon will begin). Perhaps it was a side effect of the formula you tested on yourself or was tricked into taking by your unsavory business partner, employee, etc. Perhaps, your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. has fed you enough hormones to trick your feminized body into producing milk. Either way, the deeply emotional effect of lactating, of being "milked" by hand or worse, professionally pumped by a tireless, unrelenting teat-sucking machine, will advance your feminization at a significantly accelerated rate.

If you felt helpless before, your days of maintaining some semblance of your old male self are severely numbered now. Frankly, if you're in this predicament, your feminization was over before it began.

But, let's continue on the off chance that you're not yet too far-gone.

Lactation is a normal function of the female body, usually occurring in the fifth or sixth month of pregnancy. If you are fully female and you are pregnant, then you are much further down the feminized

rabbit hole than can be covered in this reference.

In all other cases, there are certain aspects of the "milking" experience that will be far more destructive to your male psyche than others. Again, unless you had an accident in your lab (and even then I'd check the notes with extreme caution), then an external transformer (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) is almost certainly to blame.

The central goal of most feminizations is the surrender of masculinity while the victim enters into a state of A.) heightened submissiveness, B.) heightened dependency (often on the very person responsible for the transformation), and C.) sensations of extreme arousal. Nothing is more powerfully effective on a man undergoing feminization than feeling helpless in their new female / feminized body. As "her" new breasts enlarge, swelling, aching and becoming heavy with milk, an intense cocktail of female hormones saturates "her" formerly male brain, altering perceptions and creating a deeply emotional "bonding-attachment" state, which the transformer can use to their advantage. More importantly the lack of perceived control over "her" own body produces such a sense of utter futility that frequently the victim simply shifts from male to female thought patterns without even realizing it. Once the "shift" is accomplished, the humiliation of being teased (with phrases like "Yes, Bessy" and "Time for your milking!") and of actually being milked is simply too much for the male ego. It relinquishes control to the manufactured female submissive state, which makes it all but impossible for the victim to affect a return.

But . . . that's not the worse can happen.

In lactation, there is a term that is used to describe the sensation of the breasts preparing the glands to release milk. It's called "let down", and it's this that more effectively seals the feminized door permanently shut than anything else. The gentle indistinct tickle, the tingly sensations, the little rush of warmth and the feeling of the nipple and breast growing fat until it begins to dribble and leak milk can (and usually does) produce a deeply emotional, vulnerable state, most notably characterized by deep enigmatic sobbing. The subject experiences a cathartic cry without knowing why. Anyone who embraces and provides comfort to the subject at this point will be the focus of a powerful, chemical bond. The subject will experience overwhelming sensations of "love", gratitude and utter trust to the comforter, which will be deeply rooted in their mind from that point forward.

The transformer can deepen the feminizing-lactation experience with simple, but rather insidious techniques. A list is presented below (not

all inclusive).

A.) Forcing the victim (e.g. husband, boyfriend or ex-boss) to focus on a picture of a baby while being milked, thereby conditioning "her", then producing the picture at a later date to trigger "let down" and the leaking of milk usually in a public place.

B.) Forcing the victim (e.g. husband, boyfriend or ex-boss) to play a game where "she" struggles to not to let her breasts leak milk when presented with baby-scented clothes borrowed from a friend with an infant. The powerful baby smell again triggers "let down" and increases the victim's sense of helplessness. (Requires minimal prior conditioning.)

C.) Playing the recorded sounds of a baby crying to force a victim to leak milk in deeply humiliating circumstances (such as in front of the wife, girlfriend or secretary's new male lover). (Requires minimal prior conditioning.)

Actually, now that I think about it, you might want to hide or delete this book as soon as you're finished reading it. You don't want your transformer (e.g. wife, girlfriend or secretary) to find it and use any of these techniques against you.

The care and feeding of your boobs

Boobs, like all small pets, require daily upkeep. You should care for your boobs with constant attention. Attention can come in the form of gentle rubbing, caressing and stroking, but should also be accompanied by daily moisturizing with exceptionally over-priced, sweet girly smelling lotions. A generic baby oil could be used instead to save money, but what are you . . . a baby?

Proper nutrition is important. Drink lots of water to cut down on salt retention, which can cause significant swelling in your boobs. FYI: Your boobs will naturally swell and unswell on their own through various parts of your menstrual cycle (see [Kill Me . . . Kill Me, Right Fucking Now?!](#)). Drink lots of milk and indulge in the types of fatty dairy products where the dairy cows are given tons of hormones injections. If you are on a hormone regiment (whether you're aware of it or just have a sneaky suspicion), you'll know it's too much when lactation occurs. (See [Why are they calling me Bessy?](#)) A good healthy balance of feminizing hormones is

when you find yourself always in the condition of being a little weepy, feeling "soft" inside and constantly pouting.

Men will want to pinch, bite and place clamps on your nipples. This will hurt. A lot. But when you cum (and you will cum), it will be far more intense than you ever thought possible, thereby creating a submissive addiction to being pinched, paddled and punished like the naughty girl you are. After a good naughty girl punishment, take the time to apply lots of lotion. Do NOT plead with your tormenter to give the "girls" a rest. This will only tempt them into giving you another session right then, right there (A. to teach you a lesson about who tells who what to do and B. because they can).

Boob Cleaning / Boob Care

Cleaning is a simple 1-2-3 step process.

1. Apply soap and rub until a lather is formed
2. Rinse
3. Take pictures / videos and send / post them so that I can analyze your technique

Care is also a simple 1-2-3 process

1. After your bath or shower, apply a lotion of your choosing
2. Rub it in. Rub. Rub. Rub. All over. Don't forget underneath. All around the nipple. Yeah, that's right. Rub it in, baby.
4. Take pictures / videos (lots of them, from every angle) and send / post them so that I can analyze your technique

Boob Exercise # 2

Preparation:

You will need: fingers, clamps or clothespins or paperclips, body lotion, time, a towel.

Exception:

For the cross-dressers and/or *sissies*. Stuffing or wearing prosthetics doesn't exempt you from this exercise. Just ask your wife / girlfriend / secretary, etc. They are likely already in the process of "sensitizing" your nipples just as described below.

How To--:

First, relax. Take deep breaths. Listen to some soft music (nothing

with a pounding beat; pounding music is for another exercise). Close your eyes and let your mind wander.

For this exercise, do not censor your daydream. You may find it startling at first when your feminized imagination curls your toes with images of cuddling against the hard, hairy chest of a tall, dark and brutally handsome man or feeling your mouth salivate at the idea of placing his stupendously large cock fully in your mouth or even picturing yourself becoming the kneeling enslaved fuck-toy of your wife, girlfriend or secretary's new lover. If this startles you and ruins the experience, take a break, luxuriate in a shower or warm scented bath and return at a later time. Eventually, as the pleasure rolls in, taking you with it, you won't be able to resist it anymore.

Next, over your clothes or lingerie or PJs, simply allow your hands and fingers to wander on their own around your breast area. Don't force it; don't insist on making a beeline for the nipples. It's not a Ouija Board; you're not secretly shoving the paddle around to freak out your friends. It's a simple exercise in learning the secret names of your new boobs so that you can befriend them (and introduce them to new friends).

Finally, learn the language of your nipples. You'll find the more aroused they become, the more stimulation they ask for (often in silent little whispers that will say things like, "Mmm, oooh, twist me a little. Mmm, no, the other way. Oh. Yes. Like that. Now both of them at once. Harder. Harder! HARDER! Oh, my fcking GD!"), and so on. This might be a good time to experiment with clothespins, clamps or some paperclips (or any other office products if you happen to be serving time as your former secretary's new secretary).

Your nipples are not unlike radio dials in that you are tuning them to a certain frequency. When the signal is strong, you'll know it. If you're still uncertain, employ the "Dipstick Technique".

The Dipstick Technique:

Wet your finger, long and slow (you may need a mirror or a video camera in order to do this correctly), then simply slip your hand down between your legs and allow your wet finger to slide at its own pace down between your swollen, puffy sex-lips. Take your

temperature. Are you warm? Are you hot? Notice the weather down there. Is there a chance of rain? Can you feel the stormy stirrings of an brewing hurricane? If so, your "Dipstick" is registering strong reactions to your nipple play and you should continue.

Exception:

Cross-dressers and *sissies* will benefit from an absence of any cock fondling, even if it were free and not currently tucked away in a gaffe or locked away in a device. You can however use a generous amount of lube and complete the exercise in another more emotional way.

Nipple-Gasm 101:

Here are some indications of an impending "Nipple-gasm".

First, your nipples may become so taut and stiff that they will actually feel like little cocks that you can stroke and rub and flip beneath your fingers.

Second, you may notice that your thighs are clamped intensely and severely together so forcefully that your knees actually ache. Your knees and legs may experience intense trembling or a weak, shaky sensation. You may experience shudders across your shoulders. You may experience a deep tension in the small of your back. You may experience an overall "shakiness" in your joints and muscles.

You may hear the loud moaning of a female that sounds remarkably like one of your favorite porn stars from when you were still a boy. Hint: the moaning female is now you.

You may experience "pooling" or an inordinate amount of moisture collecting between your clamped thighs, trickling down the crack of your ass and soaking the mattress. Strangely, this will turn you on even more so.

You may discover certain thoughts appearing your mind, such as (but not limited to):

A.) *What--what is happening?!*

B.) *Oh, God, this CAN'T be happening!*

C.) *Oh, dear God, it's actually happening!*

D.)

*Ohmygodimcummingimcummingimcummingohgodohgodo
hgod!*

Conclusions:

Nipples are good. Feminized boy-turned-into-girl nipples are the best. Once played with and properly sensitized, you can have the confidence of knowing there is no return for you. Relax and enjoy the rest of the ride down into total *girlhood*.

No, seriously. How do I sleep With boobs?!

The answer to our chapter title question is this:

On your back, on your side or carefully positioned between extra pillows. (Did you ever wonder why women like so many pillows around the bed? Now you know.)

I would also recommend some type of sleepwear. This could be a peignoir or baby doll lingerie or a long sleep shirt or the shirt of your wife's, girlfriend's or secretary's (etc.) new extra manly lover. She's probably already in the process of addicting you to his manly smell anyway.

Chapter Two

Yeesh, I'm All Jiggly Now?!

* * *

Am I fat?

Oh, honey. Yes. You're fat. You're a girl now. Girls are fat. You're a girl; do the girl math.

Now, get a tissue. Blow. Wipe. Wipe again. Dab at your eyes to catch the mascara before it runs like rain in a town with a tar factory. The "wet raccoon" look has its place for garnering pity-kisses and/or pity-fucks, but it's mostly unglamorous (except in carnivals and trailer parks).

Why did I call you fat? (See [Bitch!](#))

Now, let's chat.

Girl Talk # 2

When you were a guy, your ideal, healthy range of fat ownership was about 3% of your overall body mass. The average percentage of fat for most men is around 15-18%. If you're an American, it's probably around 68%. Now, that you're a girl, your ideal healthy range of fat is about 15%, but the normal, average range is 30%.

Think about it. Thirty percent! One third of your female body is *designed to be fat!*

Okay, so think about being a guy now. Remember how you loved touching your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.? Remember how soft she was? That wasn't the lotion. That was a subcutaneous layer of fat just below her epidermis. Oh, the lotion made her sweet smelling, but it only worked to soften the upper most layer of her skin. The real softness that dimpled beneath your probing finger and thumb came from her fat.

Keep thinking like a guy now. Remember how you used to become absolutely mesmerized by watching her ass jiggle as she walked away from you? That was fat. Remember pinching that utter, dreamy-soft flesh of her inner thigh? Fat. Remember how her breasts jiggled in every top she wore, how they bounced so delightfully as she rode your cock like a horny cowgirl at a rodeo famous for its extra-long corndogs? Fat. What did you think her boobs were made of? Vanilla pudding?

Sweetie, if you're a girl or becoming one, you're rounder and curvier and softer than you've ever been before, and that's all fat. It's fat that's giving your face that youthful, soft appearance. It's fat that's filling

out that tight blouse. It's fat that's filling out that tight skirt. It's fat that's giving your hips the exact shape necessary to act like handlebars for that boy (or girl-with-a-strap-on) who is plowing you like the luscious fertile field (with rolling hills, no less) that you have become.

Your world now revolves around fat, feeling, eating, not eating, and fitting into I-have-to-lay-down-on-the-bed-and-evacuate-my-lungs-to-zip-them-up jeans.

Why is she making me diet when all I want to do is die?

Because she can. Our culture has a double standard, and since she's a woman, she's suffered because of it; she's been taught to torture herself because of it (i.e. treadmill, rice cakes, salads with no oil just vinegar, etc.). She was born (through no fault of her own) on the wrong side of the body image tracks. In our cultures, it's perceived as okay for a man to have a little extra girth, some extra man-boobage, but unacceptable for a woman to have the same (well, except for the boobage).

She (e.g. your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) has spent her life trudging (in heels, no less) through a world of airbrushed supermodels, airbrushed bikini models, airbrushed actresses, airbrushed singers, surgically enhanced strippers, porn stars and Californians, watching every guy (including you) swivel their head around like a barn Owl in a field full of mice every time some thin, bountiful beauty bounced by. (They actually sell makeup that is airbrushed on now. Did you know that?) Our culture has made the pronouncement that her worth as a human being is directly related to her beauty and fitness. (For exact equation, see [Endnotes](#)):

You were a guy. You couldn't understand. You didn't understand. You were never going to understand. You were incapable of understanding, because it didn't really affect you (other than listening to her explain how it affected her, but after 3.2 seconds that sounded a lot like a softly humming airplane engine in the distance). It took you ten minutes to get ready to go out (and that's because you played video games for eight). It took her an hour minimum, and that's because she spent three hours the night before laying out clothes, holding them up to herself in the mirror and running over the last three deserts she had in her head and reasoning out a way for rice cakes to become truly delicious if only she could find the right fat-free, sugar-free, calorie-free topping.

Well, now you're a woman, and she's got you right where she wants you. Now, you're going to *understand*. Now, you're capable of understanding, because it's your fat, it's your ass and your weakening self-esteem that's in play. Now, *she's* going to listen to *you* with a satisfied

smirk as you whine that you don't like that skirt because it gives you an "elephant butt". When you burst into tears because you're "fat and nobody loves you", she may hug and shush you with sympathy, but inside her a sadistic streak has peaked to an all time high, leaving her secretly grinning like the Cheshire cat during a blackout.

In short, it's revenge. Not just on you, but all men, and as you are a man that's within easy reach, you get the first and last crack (and all the ones in between).

Note: If you're being transformed by your secretary, you'll probably notice that you've been asked to take her place "temporarily" and because "it's the only way". Have no doubt: the draconian dress code you imposed on the weight, appearance and fashion style of your secretaries is now yours to rigidly follow. You really have only yourself to blame, and that's her point, isn't it? Are those 6" heels hurting your feet? Hm, what a pity. Can't breathe in that tight top? Aww, poor baby. Can barely walk in that tight skirt? Yes, sweetie, but it's *your* policy, remember?

WTF?! When I stop, my jiggle bits keeps moving.

Yes. You jiggle now and not just in the boobs. Your ass jiggles. Your thighs jiggle. Your upper-under arms may even experience some jiggliness. There's no part of you that doesn't jiggle.

First, you will get used to it.

Second, you will never really get used to it. I was just trying to make you feel better.

Third, every part of you that jiggles is a calling card for the male gaze.

Fourth, this will piss you off at first, because you just want to be left alone in your ex-male, feminized / girlified humiliation and shame.

Fifth, after you've adjusted (as much as you can adjust to such a predicament), it will piss you off even more when a man *doesn't* ogle you at least a little. After all, you chose a nice top today, because you were feeling sort of daring and sexy. You put the "girls" on display and that asshole (e.g. cop, passer-by, store clerk, waiter, etc.) didn't even bother to notice?!

Sixth, body image, self esteem and tears will now follow. You'll have lots of those "I'm fat and ugly and nobody loves me" thoughts. This is entirely normal. Sadly, the one thing that will give you solace (See [Chocolate!](#)) is one of the many things that will make you fat and ugly and make you love yourself less, which will lead to everyone else following

your lead.

Seventh, there will be gyms. There will be lots of "girl talk" about your weight, interspersed with yummy desert tips, interspersed with not so yummy diet tips, interspersed with clothing tips. There will be lots of fad diets (e.g. grapefruit cleansing, fasting, no sugar diet, sex diet (you'll fall for this every time, because you sort of want to), and none of them will work.

Chapter Three

The 'C' Word. No . . . the Other One.

* * *

Do I--do I like boys now?!

Well, let's be honest. Didn't you always? True, you didn't want their wang brushing up against your wang. You didn't want a meeting of the wangs. You weren't sword fighting, wang to wang, but you did like guys. You had friends. You had eyes. You even had taste (no matter what the women in your life thought), and as much it tends to break male egos like raw eggs on concrete, you were a witness to other men's attractiveness.

So, now let's discuss: MALE LATENT HOMOSEXUALITY!!!

That's a corker, isn't it? Nothing shuts a dinner party down like standing on the dinner table in your dinner boxer shorts with your dinner bottle of merlot and screaming that little nugget at the top of your lungs. Incidentally, considering your currently feminized body (breasts, butt, hair, lips), if you did that now, it would probably elevate the dinner party to a new level (i.e. slut-festival). So the big MLH term up there is just a terrible way to describe the fact that none of us are 100% heterosexual. This isn't a bad thing. Look, you had guy friends (perhaps even guy enemies, one of whom may be doing this to you right now), and you knew for a fact which of them was attractive, even more attractive than yourself, and which of them was the most attractive in your circle. This doesn't mean you were sending invitations out to their wang signed cordially by your wang, but you liked them, their personality, their friendship, and you could rate their attractiveness on a scale of 1 to 10. You didn't because you were a guy and guys don't do that kind of thing, but you could have. Did your friend have really pretty blue eyes? Did he have a good physique? Did he have nice hair? A nice smile? You could see why women would like him, why they would want him, and probably did.

Women have a lot less trouble with this sort of thing. In our little culture(s), it's considered sexy for two women to get drunk and lock lips and squirm their naked sweaty bodies against each other even if they're both confirmed heterosexuals. There are no fragile male egos involved. They're not waking the next morning and going on a vision-quest to try come to terms with what they did the night before. "Why did I do that?

Am I secretly gay? So secretly gay that even *I* don't know I'm secretly gay? Is there a greeting card that covers this?" No, these girls are waking up the next morning and thinking, "Shit. I was really drunk. I hope I don't get a reputation as a slut now. Why is my husband jerking off to his cell phone?"

My points are this: 1) You were always attracted to men to some degree; 2) Your male ego is fragile for a reason and is most likely being used against you now; 3) Being feminized / transformed is more than just a physical "I've got boobs" kind of thing. The hormones, the expectations, the new female heterosexual mold you're finding yourself being pressed into means your taste for love, lovers and being taken on all fours from behind by a man with a dick or a woman with a strapon the size of Montana is almost certainly in your future.

Dick, yes. Dick

In keeping with the sentiment above, the truth is you always loved dick. You loved the shape of it, the feel of it, the stroking, the teasing, the buzz of pleasure, the way it leaked and oozed at the tip and the squirting. . . . Holy Sacred Moon-Cow! The squirting is/was amazing! Granted, the dick you deeply loved was the one that was attached to you, the one you were born with, but you came to know it as only the owner and lover of a dick can. As a man, your dick was the central most source of pleasure in your world. There wasn't a day that you didn't hold it lovingly, abuse it lovingly, play with it lovingly, stick into the vacuum hose lovingly, you just never had to worry about it going off like a loaded fire hose in your face before (well, maybe once when you were in your confused yoga position seeing if you could suck yourself off, but that doesn't count).

The thing that will unravel your male psyche the most is that if you still have a portion of your male brain left, you *still* want to see a dick spurt its loving spatter all over a woman's face, butt, chest or belly. All those porn movies where the woman licked her lips and went "mmm yum" like a purring kitten when she felt the warm splattering cum drops land gently and softly on her skin has left you ripe for the switch.

Let's face it. Even when your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. somehow convinces *you* to kneel down before another man's cock, all those porn movies are still playing in your head. You can't help it. It's not your fault. You're in a no-win situation.

Your No-Win Situation:

If you're still in touch with the guy inside you (Bimbo Note: *mmm*,

right?), then you have years of watching women modeled as sexual objects. Now that you are that woman, the desire remains. Now that you are that woman, the man in you still longs to see "her" fall under the spell of a good cock, to see "her" love and worship cock with her hands, with her mouth and her entire body. The pressure to fulfill that role is nearly irresistible. In fact, it's more pressing because now *you* are the actress in your own very live-action porn film. You can make "her" squeal and moan and squirm and smile and purr and lovingly worship that cock until its hard and twitchy and spurting just like you imagined in your wettest of wet dreams.

This is why a very clever transformer (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) will often place a mirror nearby for your virginal cock sucking audition. Your already deeply conditioned vanity (from hours and hours of makeup and dress-up) will naturally draw your gaze to your pretty reflection, and then you're nice and trapped while you watch "her" go to town on a cock in the sluttiest ways possible. Only, when all is said and done, it's you the next morning with the sour aftertaste of semen in your mouth; it's you who is flaking dried cum off out of your hair. Honestly, it's the morning-afters that do more to girlyfy and sluttify you than all the cock sucking in the world.

If you're no longer in touch with the guy inside yourself (Bimbo Note: *Awww*), than you already identify as a girl and it's perfectly okay for a girl to kneel down and suck a guy off or give him a rub until he squirts his man juice over your pretty face, boobs, belly, ass. It's just what girls do.

See? You can't win.

Where in God's name is my DICK?!

It doesn't matter.

I know. I know! Me telling you your dick doesn't matter is like an advisor running into the White House and screaming "California has just DROPPED INTO THE OCEAN?!?" while the President simply waves him away with a quiet, "Meh."

Of *course* your dick matters. It or the memory of it is how she (e.g. your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) is controlling you. What I mean is it doesn't matter if it's actually magically disappeared or just locked away. The effect is the same. The theme park is shut down. The Mister Happy Hands ride is closed for renovations (permanently).

This is usually the first step to disconnecting you from your masculinity. Your dick *is* your masculinity. I mean, there are a lot of things that make / made you masculine, but we don't construct buildings

in the shapes of really good farts. We don't raise monuments to remind us of our fine crop of rich, fertile back hair. No, we build buildings in the shape of phalluses. Our monuments to great men are really monuments to our dicks. Every second your dick isn't readily available to you is another second where your connection to your masculinity is weakening. She (e.g. your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) knows that. You know that. She has your dick now. She could bring it back if she wanted to, but she doesn't want to. She may have even started out thinking this would be temporary, just a lesson she wanted you to learn, but you spent all that time whining and pouting and stamping your little heeled feet and crying and caving and making her feel powerful, that now it's impossible for her to go back to the way things were.

Once you lost control of your dick, once she gained control of your dick, the slippery slope was coated with slippery oil and angled so that no pair of stilettos could climb it once again. (See [Why Am I Suddenly Addicted to Buying Cute Shoes?](#))

I still have my dick. Why won't she let me touch it!?

First, let's discuss some of the methods she (e.g. your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) uses to accomplish this:

- A.) Guilt is a popular device.
 - a. "If you truly love me and it's not just about you getting off, then prove it."
- B.) "Caught red-handed" guilt is a variation.
 - a. "You care more about watching porn and/or strippers than about being with me."
 - b. "You cheated on me. Are you really going to say no to anything I ask you to do?"
- C.) Caught pink-handed is yet another variation.
 - a. "Have you been wearing my panties?"
 - i. Honestly, if this is you, you were asking for it and you know it.
- D.) Challenging your pride / ego is another method frequently used
 - a. "I bet you couldn't stop touching yourself even if you wanted to. Shall we say 3 days?"
- E.) Sweet talking
 - a. Without a hand job
 - i. "I wanna try something. It'll help us become closer and

it'll lead to really great sex. That is what you want, isn't it?"

b. With a hand job

i. "Tell me your fantasies. Mm. Want to hear one of mine?"

F.) Honesty

a. "I want to control you and this will help me do it."

b. "You've always wanted me to take more control. Well, this will help me do it."

And so on and so on and so on. These are just a few of the methods your transformer (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) may have used. It's hardly a comprehensive list. In fact, there are so many tools that it's a surprise we're not all in panties, skirts and heels right now. (No comment.)

Now, let's discuss the effect of not touching your cock and what not having orgasms is doing to you.

First, she doesn't have to take away your access to your cock for very long. Within days, perhaps hours, your body begins to crave a release.

Dopamine levels rise in your brain. Dopamine is a neurotransmitter / neurohormone that is a vital component in reward-motivated behavior. In other words, once she's controlling the dopamine levels of your brain, it isn't hard for her to swiftly create a powerful addiction to anything she wants, including her, feminine clothes, makeup, perfume, high heels, etc. She doesn't even have to let you have an orgasm as a reward. In fact, it's to her advantage NOT to let you have an orgasm, but just to play and/or tease you to raise the levels of dopamine.

Oxytocin levels also rise. Oxytocin is the so-called "cuddle chemical" or "love hormone", most notable for its effect as a behavioral-modulator and creating intimacy. Women with newborns have a dramatic increase in Oxytocin levels, which explains why they bond so deeply with their infants. Now, she (e.g. your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) is using this effect to bond you to her. An indirect side effect of Oxytocin rarely discussed is an increase in fear and anxiety. You can just imagine what she's doing with that, right?

Anytime you find yourself participating in your own feminization and wondering why in God's name you're letting her do this to you and why in God's name you're going along with it, you now have the answer.

She's turned you into a junkie with your own brain chemistry, and she's made herself your dealer. First, you're addicted to it because of the reward/pleasure system she's set up inside your brain. Second, you naturally want to please her because she's made you feel extremely close to her and made you extremely anxious about disappointing her.

Most importantly, she doesn't have to feed you drugs or perform brain surgery. All she has to do is replace your hand on your dick with hers, and why would you stop her? It feels amazing. All that attention. All that stroking. All that whispering instructions into your aroused receptive mind, then stopping the moment you hesitate or seem about to disagree.

The good new is that this is a demonstration of how truly powerful your dick is.

The bad news is she's now in control of that power.

The extra-bad news is that you're now deeply and biologically fucked.

Chapter Four

Hair?! AUGH?!

* * *

Why does it have to be constantly in my eyes!?

Hair is now your delivery system for you new femininity. It is a wide open broadcast to every person around you that you are a girl. Like it or not, not only does it catch and reflect light, but it uses that light to draw the eyes of potential suitors down to your other attributes, such as your eyes. Bangs hang in your eyes with that exclusive purpose in mind. The other bonus (which you may or may not be aware of) is the "look factor". The look factor is what you do with your eyes: where you aim your gaze; how you aim your gaze; and what do people see in them when your gazes "catch".

If she (your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc.) has gone out of her way to ensure you have bangs, she is also ensuring you have to A) look out from under them, forcing you into a shy, submissive gesture which men find alluring and B) constantly brush them from your eyes which is a gesture that again draws a man's gaze through the movement of your hand.

Depending on your level of girlification, you may feel a certain spark when a man's gaze catches yours in this fashion. Whether or not you feel an attraction to him, you'll experience the sensation of being much shorter than him, of having to look up at him. The sensation of having a man gaze *down* into your eyes makes any woman feel small in comparison, which is more than likely yet another female feeling your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. wants you to have.

Other than visual cues of sexuality, you'll note that you've been given a rigid care taking system for your hair, which will involve very specific formulas of shampoos, conditioners, deep cleansers, brushing, etc. As a female, your hair is 112% more important. You're now expected to not only attend to the flattering appearance of it, but also the feel of it (silky and soft) and the scent of it. Your hair is now a delivery system for scents that are not only connected to your pheromones, but that are artificially formulated in the shampoos, etc to associate with femininity. It's no accident that the top of your head is now at the exact height of a man's face, more specifically his nose.

Does it really have to be this long?

If it's not already long, you'll note that she is encouraging you to grow it out. She may for the meantime be replacing it with a wig, but be assured, she wants your hair to be natural and long and feminine. It has to be long so that she can coerce you into female rituals, such as going to the salon (which in most cases is far more extensive than just a haircut), washing, brushing and curling it in the mornings, using a dye or rinse in it (FYI: there is 88.2% chance that you will "go blonde"), and generally experiencing the nuisance of it. It will be in your eyes, flying into your mouth and always getting messed up by the wind. She longs to hear your lipstick painted lips finally form the words, "Is my hair alright?" When you do, she knows she has you.

So, I'm blonde now. Why does it make feel so giggly?

Ah, you're a blonde and there are so many stereotypes associated with being blonde that you've believed your entire life that now you're feeling an almost subconscious pressure to fulfill the role. Blondes are: dumb, happy, giggly and sexually promiscuous. These are all broad generalizations that have no bearing in reality, but they are what they are and they will be in the eyes of every man, woman and child who looks upon you. With your internal "I'm a blonde" stereotype program running in the background of your mind, reinforced by how everyone sees you and treats you, it's only a matter of time before you begin to act the way you and everyone else expects you to act.

If she's made you go blonde, it's an indicator she's hoping to dumb you down a little, brighten your mood and generally increase your level of feminization / girlification. This could be the first clue of where she is hoping you'll end up (i.e. a bimbo).

I have to be somewhere and I can't do a thing with my hair!?

A ponytail may be your best and it's the easiest style to adorn. It's not necessarily the right style for more formal events but it can pass.

There are more styles than can be mentioned in ten books of this type. Usually in feminizations, your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. will enjoy turning you into her own personal Barbie doll, upon which she can style and cut and have fun making you over. If you've been body swapped, you may be expected to take on this task yourself.

There are several recommendations for how to learn quickly, the most notable being a visit to a salon. Be aware that the women at the salon are very good at preying on your insecurities and uncertainty. Bring credit

cards, lots of them, because they will not only attack your hair, but you'll suddenly find yourself flat on your back with one girl scrubbing your face, another girl working on your fingernails, and yet another doing God knows what to your hair. It will be expensive, but they have you where they want you and you might as well make good use of them.

If you have the presence of mind and have not been rendered unconscious by the fumes of the chemicals (e.g. nail polish, dyes, permanent creams, etc.) ask for an easy to take care of hairstyle. Ask for advice on how to keep it up, what to do, when to do it and anything else that pops into your pretty little head. Not only will they be eager to share all the knowledge they have, but they will sell you ever product they have in the shop. Out of 10 bottles of what you will buy, 3 of them actually work, but you won't know which ones.

Advice

There are a lot of things, including having you learn to do your hair, that she will use to further feminize your or girlify you, you can't beat them all. Choose your battles wisely. This isn't one you should fight. Don't panic if you suddenly enjoy standing in front of the mirror playing with your own hair, holding it up, brushing it out, wondering what you would look like curly auburn locks. Girls find it fun and if you've been girlfied enough, so will you.

Chapter Five

Tears, huh? What are they good for?

* * *

I know I'm pouting but I can't stop it!

Yes, you are, and no, you can't.

Let me make a few educated guesses now:

1. You just started finding yourself pouting and maybe didn't even realize you were doing it and now you're finding yourself doing it a lot.
2. It either is accompanied by or is a result of feeling rather small and childish.
3. Shock of shocks, it got you what you wanted and now you're realizing you actually have a little power and you're afraid it's going to be your response to everything.

So, you want to know, why, oh why are you pouting all of a sudden?

Girls have very few defense mechanisms. God knows they can't take a man on at arm wrestling or any other kind of wrestling for that matter (not and win anyway). (FYI: most wrestling attempts between you and any man will end up with you pinned beneath his hot, sweaty body, nose full of his pheromones with your wrists solidly captured and trapped in his fierce unrelenting grip. You can't get away. You can't even move, not even so much as an inch. He has demonstrated quite viscerally now that you are absolutely, physically helpless against him. Note: Hot, sexy things *will* start to happen.)

Being shorter than every man around will have a disastrous effect on your sense of strength. Compared to a man, you're not strong anymore. You can't get that lid off the pickles anymore. You can barely get your tiny hand *around* the lid, but he can unseal it with one twist, making you feel weak and foolish. A thousand things like this will begin to occur you daily. You no longer have rippling muscles. Oh, you have got some rippling going on, but it's not from muscles. (See [Yeesh, I'm All Jiggly Now?!](#)) Eventually, like it or not, your brain will come to the rather apt conclusion that in an arena full of gladiators, you're a kitten that wandered in from nowhere and will be swiftly eaten unless one of the big brawny bodybuilders take it upon themselves to rescue you.

Sympathy. Got it? That's now one of your highly effective defense mechanisms. You can't stop a man from doing anything he wants to you,

but you *can* appeal to his sympathy, to his innate desire to be your *protector*, but for him to feel big and strong and sympathetic, you must feel and act small and weak and in need of a good cuddle.

I know what you're thinking: "But . . . isn't that kind of manipulative?" Yes. Yes it is, but what else you have got in your arsenal? I'll stay here while you look down at yourself and notice how slender your arms are now, how tiny your wrists are now, how small your hands are now. This is it. This is what you have to work with.

However, this is just the tip of the iceberg. Your new girly brain is learning to compensate in all sorts of ways. Pouting. Crying. The "silent" treatment. Verbal obfuscation (e.g. "I'm not crying because I wanted you to want me. I'm crying because I wanted you to *want* to want me.")

Also, pouting makes you look cute. Kittens are cute. They need protection. They like to be picked up and cuddled until they purr dreamily away and begin to lick things. Do you see where I'm going with this?

Pouting also increases your attractiveness, which is now your biggest defense mechanism as a female. Pouting slims the face and highlights your cheekbones, both traits associated with female beauty, but most importantly it simulates the full lips of an estrogen-rich (and therefore highly fertile (i.e. *fuckable*)), fully developed, youthful, sexy female face.

If he feels sympathy for you, he won't want to hurt you.

If he wants to fuck you and keep fucking you, he won't want to hurt you.

Pouting is now your subtle way of eliciting one and hinting at the other.

I huff and I puff and I fall apart!

You do, and there's nothing you can do about it. You will cry because you're thinking about everything you've lost. All of the privileges and freedoms of a man: lost. All the good old times with your good old drinking buddies: lost. Your ability to drink beer and not get fat: lost. Your ability to pee standing up: lost. You will cry because your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. is being mean to you. You will cry because your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. is being *sweet* to you. You will cry because *she* started weeping and you can't help feeling sympathy for *her*! (See? It works on everyone! That's what makes it so effective.) You will cry because you realize you're crying and you can't stop (i.e. the so-called self-feeding Weep-Loop (not to be confused with "Weepy Loops", the failed hormone-rich cereal created by the merger of Merck Pharmaceuticals and

Kellogg's)).

You'll also cry because of Post-Menstrual Syndrome (i.e. "PMS").
(See [Kill Me . . . Kill Me, Right Fucking Now?!](#))

Why do I cry at EVERYTHING and for every occasion?!

There are several reasons you're finding yourself sobbing again and again and again, quite often daily.

As a man, you barely ever cried, right? Or maybe you felt a little gurgle in your emotional center, but it went away pretty quick. Despite what the women in your life accused you of, you weren't *trying to not* cry. You just didn't. It wasn't there. It was an empty pocket.

Now that you're female (or quickly becoming one), that pocket is not just brimming with tears; it's trickling down your legs and you're afraid it's going to look like you piddled yourself.

Fact: Women on average cry 60% more than men.

I know. It's completely *not fair!* No one asked you if you wanted to be a girl! You were happy being a boy! Go ahead and pout. Sniffle all you want. I didn't do it to you, but you're in the middle of it now and you can only go forward.

Feeling better? Good.

Your new feminized / girlified body has a ton of reasons to cry more, and here are some of them:

- High levels of hormones such as prolactin and progesterone can build up and become toxic. Such hormones are released in significant volumes through--what? You guessed it! Tears. Oh, and also in that puddle you make on the bed in which you will find yourself inevitably sleeping because he's on top and he rolls to the side, leaving you to stew in your combined sex juice.
- You now sweat less than men. Men can release a lot of their toxins through sweat. Yours now leak out your eyes. (Warning: Do NOT go taking whiffs of male sweat to remind yourself of what you used to smell like. While you might find the bulk of it stale and stinky, it's also rich in pheromones which do strange things to your girly brain (i.e. *sexy time*).
- Your female body has larger tear ducts, therefore when you do cry (are you sniffing *again?*!), you gush like a broken hydrant rather than just leak a little like the man you used to be.
- Stress hormones such as cortisol are released through tears. Considering your current predicament, you probably have a lot of reasons to be stressed, such as the deep and overwhelming

- loss of your dick (and/or control thereof).
- It elicits sympathy even from the person(s) responsible for your transformation. It also connects them to you and creates a powerful sense of intimacy. Use it. Use it wisely. Use it well. You might just be able to work your way out of this.

If you're really trying your best not to give into all those female urges, then here's a list of things to stay away from that will almost certainly make you sob like a teething baby:

- Anything to do with weddings: actual or images of dresses, brides, wedding / engagement rings, Bride magazine, etc. God help you if someone proposes within twenty feet of you because that is a giant cue for the waterworks to begin.
- Anything to do with babies: actual or images of cute infants, happy, glowing pregnant women with a proud, doting husband nearby.
- Anything to do with romance: actual or images of men "finally getting it"; TV shows that deal with drama and a single man/woman picking from a list of potential "life partners"; chick flicks where a bunch of girls become "sisters" because of their close friendship, but where one of them gets sick with cancer while "the boy" waits until the last minute to realize he can't live without her, etc.

Chapter Six

Why Do I Suddenly LOVE Grinding My Ass Against Boys?

* * *

Um, the "pounding" music is making me think of, um--I don't want to say!?

Sex. Thrusting sex. Rhythmic thrusting sex. Is that what's seeping into your pretty little head now?

Ah, but it's not exactly making you want to surrender your happy cherry blossom, is it? It's making your *body* think of sex in a deep down way you might not be clearly aware of, which your male brain may be interpreting as just the desire to *move*.

Like it or not, you're the fairer sex now. You have the pretty feathers in all the bright, pretty colors meant to attract the not so fairer sex. You have your girly pheromones that exude from your girly "perspiration" glands (cause girls don't *sweat*!) that paint one single conceptual portrait of complete focus in the male mind. . . .

Bait.

That's right. You, your voice, your smell, your pretty eyes, lips and hair, and your soft and curvy figure are all now . . . *bait*. You're a comely fishing lure, flashing bright in the crystal blue tropical water, calling sweetly to all the men. *Come find me. Trap me. Devour me whole. I'm yours if you can catch me.*

Unfortunately, your new girl brain knows something that you do not. It knows that if you *move*, if you toss your hair, shake your ass, shake your boobs, you will garner more attention. So, it will trick you, and your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. will help it.

Somehow, some way, you will be talked into attending some sort of event--a club, a party--that will have music. If a guy asks you to dance, unless you're too drunk to say no (which is far likelier now that you have so much less body mass combined with your memory of being able to toss back a couple of beers without difficulty), you'll be able to fend him off without issue. If, however, they play that pounding, driving music, you'll discover a burgeoning, compelling urge to *move your body*.

This pressing urge to *move your body* will nag at you, and your girl brain will trick you, because that's what girl brains do, especially to male brains, especially to male brains wrapped up and trapped inside girl

brains. Your girl brain will whisper in its seductive, charming, flirtatious way. "You don't have to dance *with a guy*. You could just *dance*. See? Girls dance by themselves all the time! It'll feel good. You're all stressed, because of everything that's happened; getting up and *moving* to the *pounding* beat will feel really *good*. It will make you feel *free*. Don't you want to escape for a while? Don't you want to feel *free*?"

Most men are self conscious about dancing. Women are not. Women know they can do the chicken dance and they will still look sexy. Even if they look foolish, it will be a sexy foolishness, because with breasts, hair and asses, they're all soft and jiggly and they can't help looking any other way.

Even though you've dedicated your ass to remaining tight-knit friends with your chair, the music will be infectious enough that it will finally get to you. The girly drinks (possibly pink) will help lubricate your downfall. Even if you manage not to succumb to the driving beat (*sex, sex, sex, sex*), you'll eventually make a fatal error. Perhaps you'll tap your pretty nails on the table. Perhaps you'll tap your heel. Perhaps you'll bob your head and have to sweep your hair out of your eyes yet again. Perhaps, oh, poor you--perhaps you'll even do a quick, cute little mini-dance in your chair, just to show that you don't mind the music as much as you thought you would.

When this happens, she (wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) knows she has you. She may try standing and dancing in front of you with a grin. "C'mon, let's dance. Just us. No guys, k?" She may even grab your hand and pull you out on to the dance floor. Either way, she knows once she's got you out there the needle has received the thread (Bimbo note: *um . . . yum?*), and a pretty little party dress is about to get sewn. Once you're up and moving, you won't want to stop, because it *does* feel good. It *does* make you feel free. It also *does* cast a net of attracting pheromones, inherent in your perspiration (girls don't sweat) and your hair. Yes, hair is an excellent device for delivering whiffs and puffs of your *desire-me* cocktail. Have you noticed how you toss it, then stroke it, running your hands down it? You're practically *milking* it of pheromones!

Congratulations. You are now a pretty, spinning little fishing lure, all bright and shiny, and the piranhas have noticed you and have begun to swarm. You won't even notice it first. There will be just a guy nearby (or several). He's dancing. You're dancing. You're certainly not dancing together, but you are dancing right beside one another. What's the harm really?

That's when you feel something you haven't felt for a long time,

and you sorely miss. Power. All the power of your strong male body has been ripped unwillingly away from you. All the power of your naturally dominant male psyche, gone, but when you see the look in *his* eyes as they caress your curves, as his gaze travels up and down your figure like a drunken driver on a lush, Irish road, you'll feel powerful.

Oh, of course, you don't *want* him. You're not really a girl, after all. You're just trapped in a girl's body (for now), but what's the harm in making *him* want *you*? That's fun. That's exciting. Not only can you make him want you, you can make his eyes pop out of his head, just by giving your bosom a little shake. You can make him hard with just a swivel of your hips. You can make him drool. You can make him dizzy. You can make him want to buy you drinks. You can make him want to buy you a car. You can make him want to buy you a rent-free apartment in downtown Manhattan.

Then, of course, your girl brain is on fire. "Let's *really* tease him. Let's *really* get him going!" Make no mistake about it; your girl brain wants to get laid, but being the girl brain that it is, nothing is easy: He has to *work* for it. The next thing you know, his hands have grabbed yours or they've wrapped around your wrists in the pretense of playfully spinning you around, but which is in fact mimicking a heated session of pin-you-down-and-plow-you sex. (Now, new and improved, with extra *pounding*!) The next thing you know, his hands are smoothing down over your curves, making dangerously close passes across your forbidden, highly erogenous terrains. The next thing you know, you've backed against him so you can give him strong whiffs of your perspiring body (girls don't sweat), rich with pheromones. He's got a nose full of your hair (more pheromones), and you're rubbing that hard-on of his (that you caused) with your soft ass. The message is clear and singular and cannot be mistaken. "Don't you want this? Hm? Don't you want to *pound, pound, pound* this?"

His response, and the response of his body, will be equally clear and singular. "Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes." (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*)

Here is where you've made (through no fault of your own) your second fatal error, because all the time you were spreading that little pink mist of *want-me* pheromones around him, he was pushing his *surrender* pheromones into you. You may not realize it, but you've been getting a nose full of his sweaty, manly smell and it has been working its magic on you. Why do you think he keeps dancing so close to you? Why do you think he keeps finding a sneaky way to get his arms around you? Your face is at the level of his armpits now, and where do you think his most

productive sweat glands are? The glazed look of lust and desire in his eyes will trigger harsh alarms in your head. The male part of you will panic, "Oh shit! What am I doing?! I've got to get out of here!", but with panic comes adrenalin, and with adrenalin comes a flush of stimulating chemicals throughout your body, causing a steep rise in your blood pressure and heart rate, releasing dopamine and other natural *feel good* neurohormones in your brain.

Now, a girl who has been a girl all her life will know that she's caught herself a big catfish and can set about making the decision to throw him back or keep him on the hook, slip him into the basket and take him home for dinner. But you're not a girl, remember? Your leftover male identity is in crisis now. It's not that you've made this guy want you. (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*) It's that you suddenly and irrevocably have discovered that your *body* wants *more, more, more*. Suddenly it occurs to you that this place has rooms in the back. It has coat closets. It has bathroom stalls. It has a back alley. Suddenly, you're envisioning how easy it would be to slip into one of them, hike up your skirt, feel his rough fingers shoving your panties aside as something much nicer and larger shoves its way deep inside of you. Then it's simple. Then there's no more thinking, there's just *moving* and feeling *free* and a whole lot of. . . .(*Pound.*) (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*) (*Pound.*)

This is the type of thing that frequently acts as the final straw that breaks the camel's back, because rest assured, even if you manage not to sequester yourself with him in a back corner and get bounced deliciously on his cock to the beat of the music, your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. will *know*. Girls know when another girl wants it. Guys may be dim when it comes to this sort of thing (you probably were), but girls *know*. They sympathize. They empathize. What you're feeling in your bones (and squishy panties) she will pick up on and feel in her bones (and squishy panties).

She *will* use this against you. Deny it all you want, but from then on, she's got an emotional trigger inside your head. At any time of her choosing she can remind you of how bad you wanted that boy at the club. You can shake your pretty head and pout all you want, but the flush of your cheeks and your freshly licked lips will expose you. You will remember the *beat*, the *lust* of your body wanting that boy's body right on cue (her cue). You will remember the intense, predatory look in his eyes, and you'll like it so much that it will scatter little tingly-pimples across the surface of your skin. Just the memory of *him* will make you shiver. God help you, you'll even get a reminding ghost whiff of his sweat.

When your resistance to utter girlification is at its peak, she'll trigger this memory in your head, and while it may not send you hurdling down Femininity Lane, it will be enough to cause *doubt*. Maybe you *did* want that boy in the club. Maybe you *are* really a girl, and always were. Maybe she's right about everything. Maybe. . . .

Maybe you should go dancing again and forget your cares.

(Pound.) (Pound.) (Pound.) (Pound.) (Pound.)

Chapter Seven

Why Am I Suddenly Addicted to Buying Cute Shoes?

* * *

Why did I just spend my entire paycheck at a shoe store?!

Because as a man you bought shoes for one of two reasons:

- 1) For work
 - a. Boots
 - b. To go with your suit
- 2) For every other occasion (e.g. sneakers)

Now that you're no longer a man, you're buying shoes for any one of the following reasons:

- 1) Because you're no longer a "hunter", but a "gatherer", which means "gathering" a.k.a. "shopping" is now fun (i.e. emotionally rewarding and highly addictive).
- 2) Because both men and women find sexy, shiny high heels exciting and erotic, and now that you're a woman (or quickly becoming one), you can't help buying shoes that you wished your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. would've worn (but which you will swiftly realize makes you feel like you're walking on red hot coals after only one hour of wearing them).
- 3) Because now that your feet are so cute and smooth and soft and sexy, you can't help wanting to dress them up.
 - a. Seriously, did you notice the feelings that came over you when you saw that cute pair of pink flats with the little white-and-yellow daisy on the sides? You wanted them right away, didn't you? They were your new best friend. Why? Because they were just so . . . so . . . *girly* and cute!
 - b. Did you notice how you felt when you slipped your feet into them and wiggled your toes?
 - c. Did you notice that little emotional orgasm that vibrated your girly insides when you looked at your feet in the mirror and realized that you had to--simply *had* to--buy them, no matter what they cost?
- 4) Because shoes are to your feminized, girly brain what boobs used to be to your male brain. There is an infinite supply and variety of them and the world is always making more, and honestly, you

want them all. You just do.

Flats are for feet, not tires

"Flats" are girl slang for shoes with no heels that have no mal intent. They might be "ballerina" shoes or just slip-ons, but they are now your lifesavers. Flats are your "spares" now. Whenever you simply can't take one more step in those arch-killing, toe-squishing, sexy fuck-me-from-behind-and-make-me-meow-like-a-kitten stilettos, you have your flats. You can carry those pedimanglers for the rest of the day and you won't complain, because your flats are cute and sexy on your feet AND you still get to possess your sexy, daring red patent man-killers, even if they are only dangling from your fingers. The male equivalent of this is getting to suck on your girlfriend's nipples even as you finger-roll the nipples of the high-priced stripper she bought you for your birthday.

Girl Talk # 3

Girl, get yourself several pair of really cute flats and stash them like a hooker stashes condoms, like a rapper stashes drugs, like fat people stash donuts, like Presidents and Prime Ministers stash pardon-buddies. Put them in your glove compartment. Roll them up and put them in your purse. Stash them in public places you frequently visit. Don't worry. No one will take them. You'll see that when you go to stash them behind the trashcan at the park and find three other pair already stored like a squirrel's nuts by other women.

High heels. Really?!

Yes. Really.

"The higher, the better." Remember that? Remember thinking that when you were a guy. Remember thinking you wanted her to leave her heels on while you fucked her doggy-style? No? Well, have no doubt, *she* remembers it (e.g. your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.)

The effect of high heels on a woman's body is to *sexualize* it. There is absolutely no other reason to wear heels. Women don't wear them for their functionality or usefulness. They don't wear them for the excellent wireless reception. They don't wear them because they can attract rescue helicopters when the cruise ship's captain drunkenly forgets the definition of "reef". They only wear them because it makes them feel, move and act *sexy*.

When a woman adorns her little fetish-peddlers with high heels,

you'll notice the following effects on her (now your) body:

- A.) An increased sense of helplessness
 - a. You can't walk very fast. You sure as hell can't run. You're not going anywhere. You're certainly not "getting away".
 - b. You probably reach for a comforting hand or a stabilizing arm when going up and especially down stairs.
- B.) Walking causes increased pelvic rotation and vertical motion of your hips (i.e. your hips and ass now sway in a sexy near-perfect figure eight.) Think of the motion of that stripper's thonged ass as she effortlessly convinced you (with a giggle, no less) to surrender every dollar, cent and coupon you had on your person the night of your friend's bachelor party. Remember it? Mmm, right? Now that's *your* ass moving like that, and all she had to do (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) was raise the heels of your feet by a mere four inches (or more).
- C.) Remaining preternaturally still like a bunny in a pack of wolves won't help. Just standing in heels forces your body to:
 - a. Arch your back
 - b. Thrust out your boobs
 - c. Thrust out your ass
 - d. Engage your core muscles, thereby flattening your abdomen
 - e. Force your posture into a perfect little S-curve of desirableness

Why does she make me wear heels every second of every day?

Because she knows that if she does, your Achilles' Tendon will shorten and weaken. If she keeps you in heels long enough, eventually you'll find it unnatural and perhaps even painful to walk in flats or on bare feet, thereby permanently relegating you to sexy pumps for life. Most importantly, even if you manage to walk on your flat feet, you will retain most of the exaggerated sexualized movements that wearing heels forced upon you. You may not even be aware of it, but your ass and hips will continue to sway in an exaggerated fuckable fashion. You'll continue to thrust out your butt and bosom. You'll continue, because that's now your new normal. The exaggerated sex-specific aspects of your gait will not only be mentally conditioned into you; you'll find yourself helpless to move any other way because the muscles and tendons of your legs and feet have *adapted*. The muscles that allowed you to walk like a man have now atrophied. The muscles that force you to walk like a woman are now in

firm control.

You're stuck, but even you have to admit, those cute little bows on the toes of your sexy new pumps are simply *to die for*! Right?

Ugh! How do I walk in these things?

Ah, the age old silent question of toes, arches, heels and that little part of the female brain that says, "I can't wear these. I'll break my neck, but--but they make my feet look so *sexy*!"

First, heels are unnatural. Your new soft, jiggly body is not designed to walk in heels. Even with your altered center of gravity, you were not meant to walk around with the heel of your foot propped up on stilts like a circus clown with a death wish, with your toes squished and clamped and your arches arching like a porn star's back. Even girls have to learn, and since you are now a girl (or quickly becoming one), it's your turn, sister.

4" Heels or Less

The good news is someone (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) is starting you off slow, acclimating you by increments. If you were a frog in a pot, the water would be just coming up to a nice simmer.

First, don't fight the way the heels make you stand and move. Second, it's still just walking. You've been doing it your entire life. You know *how* to walk, right? You acquired the knack around the age of two. There are only a few small tiny little (mostly insignificant) differences between the way you used to walk in guy shoes and the way you'll need to walk in high heels. 22 to be exact.

How To. . . .

1. One foot still goes in front of the other, but now one foot goes slightly *more* in front of the other. One ankle will slightly swivel around the other. It's a bit like dancing. (See [Why Do I Suddenly LOVE Grinding My Ass Against Boys?](#))
2. Keep your toes pointing forward. Don't point them outward or you'll have a duck walk, which is only sexy to duck hunters, and those boys are a bit, um, *rough*.
3. You still put your heel down first, then your toe. Heel-toe, roll your foot from the heel to the toe. You might even try thinking, "*Heel-Toe, Heel-Toe*" at first. Don't try to walk on just your toes. That comes later with the *Only-Good-For-*

Fucking Heels.

4. While you are landing your foot on your heel first, you won't actually put your weight on your heel. Your weight (*I am NOT calling you fat!*) will actually be distributed mostly onto your toes with a little on your arch.
5. You'll notice a slight re-alignment of your posture. Go with it. You may even try exaggerating it at first, until it becomes unconsciously natural (it will). If your back wants to arch, let it. If your boobs and butt want to jump out in front of you (and behind) like proud invitations to the world, let them.
6. Don't bounce. Glide. Glide as if you weigh nothing, as if you are made of nothing, as if you're just a little puff of pink fluff floating in the breeze.
 - a. Try thinking, "*Light as a feather. Light as a feather. Light as a feather.*" (If you find yourself thinking this (or something like this) without meaning to, See [How Do I Know If I've Been Hypnotized, Master?](#))
7. Even with gliding, your boobs will bounce. You'll feel every tug on your bra straps, every jiggle on your chest, every gaze and every pair of licking lips of every person you pass. Get used to it, because you can't do anything about it.
8. Roll your shoulders gently back. There's no hiding your boobs. You might as well not even try. They're on display. They can't not be on display. Gently pinch your shoulder blades together until your nipples become the little sexy calling cards everyone wants them to be.
9. Hold your head up. Look straight ahead. You'll need to practice this anyway to avoid making eye contact with the endless gazes fixated on your bouncing boobs.
 - a. A good reminder to keep your head up is to gently toss your head from time to time, flipping your hair out of your eyes. You'll be doing this often enough that it will become an automatic reflex.
 - b. Imagine you're a puppet (that should be easy considering what she (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) has been doing to you. Imagine there is a string pulling your head up into the sky, elongating and stretching the rest of your body below.
10. Let your arms relax at your sides. At a standing position, you'll notice your wrists lay against your now substantial female

- hips. (*I'm not calling you fat!*) When you've rotated your shoulders slightly back, your arms may hang slightly in behind your now substantial female hips. (*Seriously, not fat!*)
11. Let your arms swing naturally. You'll notice they begin to swing slightly outward to avoid colliding with your now substantial female hips. (*I'm SO not calling you fat!*)
 - c. An alternative is to relax one hand around your purse strap (which you will soon have, if you don't already).
 12. Hold your elbows slightly close to your sides, but keep them relaxed. This will cause your forearms, wrists and hands to bow out delicately. It's very feminine, I know, you don't *want* to be feminine, but you can't do anything about that now. That bridge has been crossed, set on fire and erased from the map.
 13. Activate your "core" muscles. (Bimbo note: *Tighten your tummy, sweetie.*) Not overly so, but you should feel your belly flatten a little.
 14. If you feel like you're mincing everywhere, your stride is too short. Save this for the higher *Fuck-Me-Heels*, which will force you into a helpless walk and state of mind.
 15. If you feel your hair, boobs and hips bouncing with the same rhythm of a three-year-old playing a bass drum (heavy and out of sync), your stride is too long.
 16. Listen for the sounds of your heels to gauge your stride.
 - d. *Chuh-click, chuh-clack!* means you're coming down on your heels too heavily. If you sound like a horse, you know you're off.
 - e. *Click-click-click-click*, means you're landing straight on your toes or on your heels and toes simultaneously. If you sound like a pecking bird, you know you're off.
 - f. *Cl-click cl-click cl-click cl-click*, means you've got it right. Now just do it for six more hours until your muscle memory kicks in and it becomes automatic. (A REM sleep between practice helps cement the action deep in your mind so that it becomes natural.)
 17. Don't lean too far forward, unless you're going uphill, and try not to go uphill. It's not sexy.
 18. Don't lean too far back, unless you're going downhill, and try not to go downhill. It's not sexy.
 19. Strive for "soft" knees. Straight knees give you a Nazi-Robot

- walk. Knees bent too much should be reserved for your *I-just-got-fucked-all-night* wiggle.
20. Cross one foot slightly in front of the other. A good tip is to gently skim your thighs together as you move. (*No, seriously, they're not fat. In fact, I'm totally jealous, okay?*)
 21. Shoe style dictates walking style:
 - g. Clunky heels / kitten heels (*rowr*) can receive more weight (*Again, not fat!*) directly on the heel.
 - h. Thinner, taller, *stab-me-in-the-heart* stilettos will need more of your weight (*not fat!*) on the toe. At this point the heel is like a blind man's walking stick: it taps the ground to gauge distance and surface texture, but he's not trying to shove it into the sidewalk and balance himself on top of it (unless he's in *Cirque du Soleil*).
 - i. Wedge heels are almost like walking normally. You really can put a lot of weight (*fine, here's a damn rice cake, little piggy!*) directly on the heel.
 22. You're not going to like this, but it helps. Think girly. Feel girly. Be girly.
 - a. *Even if you have to think, "I'm a girl. I'm a girl." to make it happen.*
 - b. Before you begin, close your eyes, take a few deep breaths and let everything hard and strong and manly in you go. When you open your eyes again, accept who and what you are now. Feel soft and delicate and graceful and light and your heels will begin to love you. You already love them (we both know you can't help yourself); it's time for them to return the favor.

6" Heels

Same as above, but even more so. Your hips sway a lot more. Your thighs skim a lot more. Your stride shortens and your sense of being girly and helpless will increase tenfold.

Only-Good-For-Fucking-Heels

Anything above 6" is only good for the bedroom. If you're at this stage, see [Sex!?](#)

Walking Upstairs

Remember what I said about rolling through your heel to

your toe? Forget it. Wrap your slender fingers with your pretty painted nails around the railing and land both heel and toe as one on each step. It should be a single, united landing of your foot, but the good news is you get glimpses of your pretty polished toes, don't you? Providing she's put you in open toed-shoes, which she (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) tends to do to give you that little nudge towards total femininity.

If you find yourself walking upstairs with a man (e.g. "sympathetic" ex-lab partner, wife/girlfriend/secretary's new lover, etc.), you'll also find yourself reaching out for his hand or arm for balance. Even if you manage to resist this urge, the second you stop concentrating on it, your feminized hand will just zip out there on its own. It's not your fault. Blame the heels. And let's be honest. Would you rather be behind you, getting a close-up view of your ass squeezed into that tight mini-dress?

Note: It's a well known fact that if you accidentally give a man more than three flashes of your panties (i.e. "panty-shots") in a single day, he'll have you bent over something or someone in order to give you a deep and thorough "plowing" before the Sun has set. FYI: the pheromones his aroused body exudes because you got accidentally got him all hot and bothered will pretty much leave you helpless to stop him.

Walking Downstairs

There are two techniques:

The most common technique is to touch down with your heel and gently roll down onto your toe. You'll have a lot more pressure on your heel at first, which is a bit dangerous and unsteady if you're wearing stilettos. Your foot will be bent awkwardly forward for a second, but a quick shifting of your body and a roll to your toes will set you right and allow you to descend somewhat gracefully. Hold onto the handrail for security and balance.

Sideways down-stepping takes longer, but is a safer way to travel downward. If it's just you and/or your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc., this is utterly without risk. If, however, you are accompanied by a man (e.g. "sympathetic" ex-lab partner, wife/girlfriend/secretary's new rather manly lover), his impatience with your helplessness, girliness and slowness will probably have him slinging your diminutive little body over his shoulder, caveman style. You may scream. You may squeal. You may even pound on his

back (they love it when you do that), but he's taken control of you now in a deep, significant way. He's relieved you of gravity and responsibility. He's relieved you of control over your own body, which will zap your sense of helplessness into the upper stratosphere. Your blood pressure will rise, thereby creating a flush throughout your body, including a pronounced blushing of your cheeks.

Listen to me: Don't, I repeat, *don't* struggle! It will only land one of his hard male hands firmly and with a loud *CRACK!* on your soft posterior, and when that happens, everything resistant and intelligent in you will melt. You'll feel small. You'll feel naughty. He will only encourage those feelings, and if your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. is nearby, she won't be of any help, because she'll be glad it's not her, and will be keenly aware that it's helping to further feminize and girlyfy you, which is exactly what she wants.

Chapter Eight

Why Can't I Pick Up This Penny?

* * *

Why must my fingernails / toenails be glossy?

In evolutionary terms, when our cave-sisters faced frequent episodes of starvation, there were certain visual cues that let men know when women were they healthy enough to "knock up" easily and get a healthy boy out of the deal (who wouldn't spend his days crawling backwards, barking like a retarded dog because he ended up being not quite "right" in the head). One of those visual cues was hydration. People who are well hydrated have moisture in their bodies. Moisture glistens. Suddenly a glistening girl (lips, eyes, skin and nails) was a "sexy" girl. Concepts like "sexy" and "pretty" were born because they were easier for cavemen to say than, "I want fuck this girl more than I want fuck that girl."

Glossy nails quickly became a female burden and a female staple and now that you are (or are becoming) female, you'll find that your interest is drawn not only to the appearance of your own nails, but also to the nails of every woman who crosses your path. It happens "behind the scenes" at first, and you probably won't take a conscious notice, but soon (e.g. weeks), you'll not only be able to "dish" about another girl's nails ("I like that color!" "Ugh! What's with the black?" "Cute designs, but too busy"), but you will most likely have developed a style of your own. This style will no doubt be heavily influenced by your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. After all, you once loved her (and probably still do), and now that you're becoming more like her (and she is persuading you to use her as your model, because it's amazingly flattering and a giant boost to her self-esteem), you'll find yourself emulating her. Even if you barely noticed her outrageous green and yellow fingernail polish as a guy, you'll find yourself drawn to those shades now. If you loved the way her nails flashed sexy-glossy red, you'll feel the desire to paint your nails sexy-glossy red.

Note: Early feminization / transformation is often characterized by more subdued colors such as pink to increase sensations of girliness and meekness. (See [Why must all my clothes be pink?](#))

Why must my fingernails / toenails be glossy, pink and

matching?

Color soon followed gloss in the evolutionary theme park (FYI: if you ever visit, stay away from the Darwin Rollercoaster--it's a killer), because certain colors naturally draw the eye and once the eye is drawn, the "sexy" cues (a.k.a. hydration) are more easily delivered. The coloring of nails probably started out as a method of concealing unhealthy nails. Mother Nature's natural nail polish colors--Malnutrition Yellow, Fungal Black Smudge and Calcium-Deprived White Polka Dots--were entirely unpresentable, and a tad too honest for the average vanity of the average cave-girl, which meant they got fucked less, protected less and killed more (i.e. bait). So, color was applied, nails were shaped, men were fooled and dicks were raised. It worked so well that an entire race of Asians was soon created to help staff nail salons across the globe.

Your fingernails must match your toenails (and possibly your purse, blouse and/or lipstick, maybe even complement your eye shadow), because the girl brain is a natural color organizer. Girls don't just notice colors; they *feel* colors. Colors match. They contrast and they complement. This is an area of expertise for your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. that you know nothing about. She is keenly aware of how colors will make you feel. She is also keenly aware you won't have a clue that it's happening. Every day, all day, you'll be getting little zaps of *feeling* from the colors she's "persuaded" you to wear, and you'll be none the wiser.

Have you noticed that she wants you in open-toed sandals? Do you think that could be so you'll get a thousand glimpses during the day your glossy pink toenails? She's installing a girl's vanity in you, and the key to doing that is attention to detail. There's nothing more detail oriented than:

- Stuffing cotton balls between your toes
- Slathering cuticle softener on your nail beds
- Using a Japanese POW torture stick to push your cuticles back
- Moisturizing your nails and nail beds and cuticles
- Shaping your nails with finer and finer grits, leading up to the mysterious "buffer" to apply natural shine
- Priming your nails with a smoothing basecoat
- Applying not one, but two coats of a very feminine color polish (i.e. pink)
- Applying not one, but two glossy topcoats
- Walking like a duck to the freezer to get ice cream while you wait for everything to dry
- Spending the rest of the day "checking your nails" when you're not

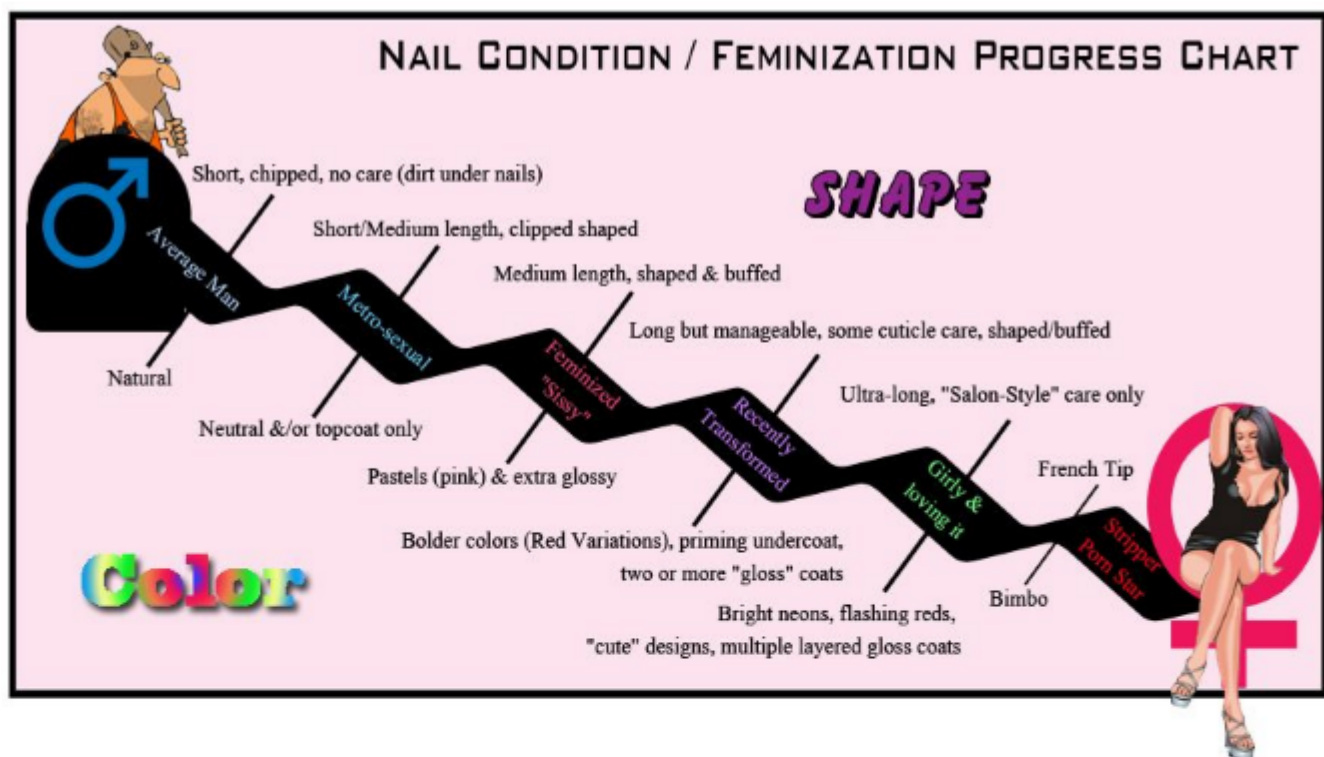
busy "checking your face / lipstick".

Think about it: You just spent several hours in a highly-ritualized self-feminizing practice that--despite the pungent jet fuel odor giving your nostrils and possibly your brain chemical burns--some part of you enjoyed.

Honestly, the CIA couldn't brainwash you into panties faster than this.

For the newly feminized / transformed, you can often track your descent into utter femaleness by the color, shape and/or attention you're providing to your nails. See Figure 2 below. Note: If just the mention of the word "fingernail" had you gazing at your pretty hand before you, considering another topcoat, running (not walking) for the nail file or buffer and/or on the phone making an appointment with the nail salon, you do not need Figure 2.

Figure 2 Nail / Feminization Chart



Why must my fingernails be so long?

Your fingernails are long to increase your sense of helplessness. They are long to discourage you from smudging your makeup. They are long because long fingernails are a trait you associate with being female and this is yet another little way to "nudge" you down the path of

femininity. Make no mistake: all those little nudges will eventually add up (if they haven't already) to one big shift in your awareness of yourself, which may sound a lot like this in your head. "Shoot, I'm already acting and thinking so much like a girl; I might as well just be the best girl I can be. Besides, my nails look so pretty today."

What is a "French Tip" and should I close my thighs when one gets near me?

Congratulations, you're a bimbo (or quickly on the road to becoming one). Now, no one is saying if you indulge in the dreaded "French Tip" or have it forced upon you, that there is a dance pole in your future, but there is.

Girls can participate in "French" manicures. Girls can wear French Tips, but you're not really a girl, are you? A French Tip is to your feminized fingernails what pink lip gloss is to your feminized lips. It's the same as wearing that frilly pink party dress that turns your face the color of a ripe beet. You know, the one drenched in white lace with the white socks and the Mary Jane shoes? The one only an eight-year-old girl would wear to a girl's frilly birthday party? It's the epitome of femaleness for your fingers.

If you're not quite that far down the girly road just yet, let's define this for you:

A "French Tip" is most often characterized by the following:

- An ultra-white nail tip
- Perfectly "squoval" nail beds (i.e. square + oval="squoval")
- Frequently formed by the application of false nails
- Frequently squared off nail tips (sometimes slightly rounded)
- Frequently long enough to be virtually unmanageable to all but natural-born girls (and even then)

If you've been talked into (or find yourself craving) French Tips, it is highly likely that she (e.g. your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) has a Bimbo-like outcome in mind for you. (Bimbo note: *Like, duh, right?*)

Chapter Nine

Why Am I Suddenly Addicted to Lip Balm?

* * *

Why do I suddenly want my lips to be kissable?

You have two features on your face that are now more important than your personality, skill set and intelligence combined: your eyes and your lips. Now that you're a girl, the appearance of your lips--the color, softness and glisten of them--is considered far more important than any words or ideas that come out of them. Every man's gaze will linger on your mouth (when they're not busy stealing glances at your boobs). That's because whether they know it or not, they're thinking about all the things they could do to them, with them and on them. I know, right? *Men!* Have you forgotten what it was like to have a male brain that travels instantly to downtown central Porn City? Now that, you're a girl, suddenly you're thinking about sweet, intimate things first, like what it might be like to kiss that man who is suddenly gazing down deeply into your eyes, making you feel small and adored. The point is your lips are now receiving far more attention than they ever have before.

If everyone suddenly began staring at your collarbone every day, all day, you'd find yourself lathering it with attention to make it the most attractive collarbone in history. It's a subconscious response to attention.

Now you may be in the early stages of your transformation and may be thinking there is no way in Hell that you would be kissing a man, but the fact is your girl brain is already six steps ahead of you. You may not be intending to kiss any man, but your girl brain is working to at least keep the option open.

Girls like options. Girls like to be kissed. Girls like to keep the options of being kissed open.

If you think your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. isn't aware of this, being addicted to lipstick, lip gloss or lip balm is the least of your problems.

Okay, but why the lip balm addiction?

You used to want to be hard. You wanted your muscles like iron, your grip like steel, your skin like bronze. Not to belabor the fact, but have you looked in the mirror lately? There's nothing hard on you now but your

elbows and skull. You went from a life of "hardness" to a life of "softness". Your new girl brain is as devious as all girls' brains are, and it knows exactly how to make you want what nature wants you to want, whether you want it or not. The only thing "hard" heading your way is something you probably don't want to think about yet. (See [The 'C' Word. No . . . the Other One.](#))

Maybe you once used some sort of lip balm as a guy to get rid of that chapped, scaly appearance that girls don't particularly want to press their lips against. It doesn't matter, because the first time you rubbed that creamy ointment on to your supple lips as a girl, everything changed. The first time you saw your lips glisten and felt how soft they could really be, your girl brain had you right where it wanted you. Not only did you find yourself tasting the balm as you subconsciously licked it away (don't worry, it only has a few calories), but the very habit of applying it soon became a girly affectation that was quickly and deeply ingrained in you.

Let me guess. It wasn't actually your own girly instinct that popped that tube of lip balm into your nimble little fingers that first time, was it? It was your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. who told you to rub it on and give your lips a little smack to seal it in. She knew what you're now learning and that is that you would quickly get used to having your lips feel smooth and soft all the time. You get so used to it, in fact, that you start gliding your tongue over them constantly because the texture is so pleasing, which not only rubs off the balm, but also makes your lips dry from the constant licking. There's also the little matter of the balm blocking your body's signal to your lips to make new cells, which also leaves them feeling dry and chapped.

Lip balm is by its very design, intended to be addicting you always buy more. See?

Now, you're gliding that soothing balm over your lips every 20-30 minutes, aren't you? Or is it every 10 minutes now? Have you really even noticed how often you're applying it? It's official; you're addicted. You're addicted to a very girly action and you're doing it again and again and again. You're doing it in public, and you can just imagine what is going through the mind of any guy who watches you apply something creamy and glistening to your lips, can't you?

It doesn't matter though, because when you smell that sweet, sugary, slightly medicinal balm fresh from the tube, when you feel it creamy and smooth and soft on your lips, your girl brain goes "mmm" and when a girl goes "mmm", people move Heaven and Earth to make her go "mmm" again.

Chapter Ten

Dear Miss Clitoris

* * *

Okay. I give. Why does it have a hood?

The good news: You basically still have a penis.

The bad news: You won't be flopping it around in long, early morning stretches or giving it nice firm lathery handshakes in the shower any more.

The bad news: Your new "girl penis" is much smaller and hidden and is a little teasing bitch who will quickly place you under the thumb of the girl or boy who knows how to put her or his thumb on it and make it sing.

The good news: Your new "girl penis" is *much* more potent.

Let's compare.

Your good old boy toy had approximately 4,000 sensory nerve endings that buzzed, burned and blew like a gusher when it was humming along (or receiving a "hummer") at full capacity. This inevitably and easily (ridiculously so) triggered supernovas of exquisite *shit-fuck-god-fucking-yes* convulsions you liked to call your "orgasms" or your "sorry baby, heh, I'll go get you a towel" fun times.

Your new girl toy has over *8,000 sensory nerve endings* and when they all line up into a great orgasmic eclipse, they in turn trigger 15,000 other nerve endings spread deliciously across your bucking pelvis.

What does this mean?

This means if your boy toy gave you supernovas, your new girl toy will give you the big bang (and this can be taken literally if someone else's boy toy squirts his "creation" juice inside your womb).

Girl, at that level of sensitivity, it's *got* to have a hood. If it didn't, you'd top out in the first fifteen minutes of your day and then get rubbed raw. You'd be afraid to move, and if you did, it would be around a pole.

FYI: the clitoral "hood" is what you would think of (when you were still a boy) as "foreskin".

The good/bad news: You're not just a girl (unless you've been body swapped). You're a boy *transformed* into a girl, so it's no longer 8,000 sensory nerve endings playing 15,000 harp strings that make you scream out your religion every time someone (possibly you) decides to play a

symphony on them. Your transformed nature is at its very nature a magnification of 10x.

Get used to passing out. Get used to falling utterly into a cloud of deeply convicted *love* and *devotion* every time someone pulls your pretty little pink trigger. You can try to resist it. You can use your intellect to instruct yourself to the contrary, but the fact is your body, your hormones, your girly brain gets saturated with a cocktail of chemicals which will swiftly and judiciously put your intelligence to sleep. Your common sense will dive into a coma, leaving only your doe-eyed attraction and soulful admiration of the guy or girl who knew exactly what to say, what to do and how to "get you off".

Nothing you've ever felt as a boy can prepare you for this. The fireworks that set off in your body and brain will surpass anything you've experienced so far. Your cock was nice and powerful, but compared to it, your clit, well, it's impossible to describe.

As a warning, let us examine a sample transcript of the train of thought of a transformed girl as she evolves through the stages of clitoral progression.

Stage 1 - Attraction

Why is he looking at me like that? Okay, I know, I mean, I'm pretty sexy like this. I mean, I would want me, too, if I was him. I know that, but I would never--he can't--I mean, I can't-- I am a guy! God, why is it so hot in here?

Stage 2 - Contact

No, I can't do this. I'm still a guy inside . . . right? I'm still me, not--oh, that's so nice though. He's so tall and he smells so good and he has such a nice smile and his voice is so deep and his arms feel so good around me. It's--it's just one kiss. Just one hug. We'll just stay like this for a little bit longer.

Stage 3 - Intimate Contact

We--we won't go all the way. I'maguyI'maguyI'maguy! We'll just--just make out . . . for a while longer, but--have to get his hand off my nipple or--or--that's better now I can think again--God, he's such a good kisser! No! I didn't mean put your hand down . . . there. Don't. Stop, please. Have to tell him. If he'd stop kissing me long for me to catch my breath I'd--mmmmmmmmmm. Ohhh, no . . . please . . . not inside . . . so that's what it's like to be "wet". No. No. Don't put your thumb on my--on my. . . . OHHHH! Don'tstopDon'tstopDon'tstopDon'tstop!

Stage 4 - Penetration

Y-yes, p-please, p-please, please, please, I'll do anything you w-want . . . just . . . don't stop. God, please, I'll be anything y-you want me to be. Yes, yes, yes, use me! God I LOVE it when you go DEEP inside me like that! F-Fill me up! I-I can't stand this. It's--it's too much! I-I can't--no, please . . . don't stop! I'm soooo close! Yes, yes, yes, I'll promise you anything. Anything. Yes . . . even that.

Stage 5 - Big Bang

GLTZCHZ~MY-MY-MY-FU-FU-FCK-FCK-FCK! . . . can't. . . oh, plzz--THANK YOU!!!

Stage 6 - Big Bang II

Wha--?! WTF?! WTF?! WTF?! Ohhhhhh! OHHHHH! W . . . T . . . FCK!?

Stage 7 - Big Bang III

Th-this . . . is . . . insane . . . can't . . . I can't possibly . . . no . . . no . . . NO . . . NO! . . . NO! NO! NO! . . . yes, yes, yes, yes, yes--

Stage 4-8 - Big Bang IV-VIII

. . . p-please? . . .

Stage 9-* - Big Bang IX-*

. . .

Stage 10 -

Yes. Yes. If that's what you want. Yes. Yes. Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. I'll--I'll try, Sir. Yes, Sir. I'll do more than try, Sir. OW! That hurt! Look what you did! Now my poor little tushy is all red. Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir. What--what kind of meat did you want on your sandwich?

Why is my clit teasing me?

Note: this section applies mostly to victims (willing or not) of "body swaps". Most "transformed" girls have overactive clits that leave them breathless and wanting just walking down a hall.

It is possible that part of the motivation of your new girl brain (or any girl brain for that matter) to "tease" comes from the fact that a girl is teased by her own body.

Mother Nature is a bitch of a Mistress, and no more so than to the women under her care. For example, Mother Nature wants all good girls (bad girls, too) to get nice and knocked up and continue the species, but She also drives her girls to be a little selective. So, Mother Nature gives a woman a soft, curvy body and packs it like an overstuffed can of tuna with desires, pleasure, tingles, lusty flushes of heat and thigh squirmy wetness,

then twists a woman's head with the need to have someone rub her back and feet and help her get out of chairs when she's fat and pregnant and helpless. So, a girl--whether or not she realizes her body has conspired with MN to get a "bun in her oven" --develops, almost without realizing it, a set of "criteria" for the kind of "mate" who will stick around and run to the store at 4:15 A.M. to acquire at her whim the pickles and fried clams she needs to dunk in chocolate sauce for her strawberry milkshake "chaser".

Mother Nature accomplishes this selectiveness criteria a myriad of different ways, but the most pertinent to this conversation is the so called "clit withdrawal".

Of all the wicked ways Mother Nature works against girls, this is the most nefarious. As your newly transformed (-ing) girl body cycles into higher and higher states of pleasure and arousal, blood engorges your pretty little clitoris and wakes up the nerve endings and starts the process of lighting the fuses on all the fireworks for the evening festivities. But, (and here is where it gets most fiendish), as your new girl body gets intimately close to that great fiery-gushing climax, your clitoris . . . *retreats!* Yes, your clitoris will actually withdraw like a turtle into its trembling, desperate shell! In other words, just as your girl body reaches that magic moment, Mother Nature shuts off the valve that will help hurdle you over the falls.

Why, oh why, would this happen?

Because if a guy really wants to "get you off" (no matter how tired, shaking and dripping with sweat he might be), he has to work for it, and so do you.

You'll experience this as: *I'm close. I'm close. I'm CLOSE! . . . Wait, I-I-I lost it?*

Not only will your little clit swim away from your frantic fingers, it will pull backup inside you and leave you hanging like a cat on a screen door.

This will be experienced by you and whoever is playing with your curvy little body as . . . *frustration!*

Frustration is a filter, you see, but the answer to frustration is foreplay.

Trust me. If a guy or girl (wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) spends hours, days or weeks "winding you up" emotionally, physically and verbally, it won't matter if your clit packed its bags for a visit to the moon. You will start cumming emotionally the moment your clothes come off (and sometimes before it if they've done their job right), progress through

cumming mentally (i.e. headspace shutdown) and end up screaming the name of your chosen deity at the lovely elderly couple that live in the apartment above you.

Chapter Eleven

How Did Nanobots Get Inside Me!? Please Say Orally!

* * *

First, as you may or may not well know, nanobots are tiny microscopic robots that do tiny microscopic things like clip off of one little arm of all your male X chromosomes and turn them into delightfully svelte female Y chromosomes.

Second, they taste a little like slightly soured lemons.

Third, if you are tasting them or have tasted them, it's too late.

They're in you. They're changing you. Go to bed and get ready for the big reveal. Soon, you will have a pretty head with which not to worry about things.

There is no need to be concerned about *who* infected you. You'll soon find out. When your girliness is utterly in place, the offending party will reveal himself / herself / itself (in the case of abducting, girlifying aliens from the planet *Estrus*).

Congratulations! You now have (or will soon have) boobs!

Find a nice pair of panties and play.

Mental changes are almost certainly on the way. Anyone who can program nanobots to girlify you, usually can't help themselves when it comes to remolding your personality to fit their idea of:

A). The perfect woman, mate or slutty enterprise (i.e. porn)
(See [OMG!? I'm Like Totally a Total, Like, Total Bimbo??](#))

B.) The perfect girly revenge

(by spouse, ex-lover, business partner, secretary, etc.)

C.) The perfect slave girl, maid, cuckolded ex-husband now turned sissy-voyeur, etc.

Chapter Twelve

Pink!?

* * *

Why must all my clothes be pink?

There are several answers to this.

The first answer is that there is nothing truly inherently female about pink. Girls don't naturally fall in love with pink as children; they're conditioned to it. Before they're even born, their rooms are composed in washes of pink and white and lace and other delicate colors, usually pastels, to condition them to mildness, gentleness, sweetness. They grow up surrounded by pink, receive pink gifts, and therefore learn to associate pink with the color of being a happy female.

It's likely your wife, girlfriend or secretary is using the same conditioning on you. After all, they have the evidence of their own perceptions to suggest it was successful. Plus, your face turns a bright shade of pink when you're subjected to the color, because you grew up as a boy under the same conditioning, but with drastically different results. Pink is for girls. Blue is for boys. As a boy, you knew you must like blue, and not pink. You must dress in blue, not pink. You must be drawn to the blue aisle in the toy store and avoid the pink aisle. You developed a conditioned aversion to pink.

Now, this conditioning makes you vulnerable. Your ego reacts strongly to being dressed in pink or being forced to sleep in a room painted pink and decorated with pink lace. Being forced into pink is an abject symbol of being forced into femininity. Being forced into pink creates little cracks in your male ego, which allows her to apply pressure and insinuate ideas through those cracks into your "pretty head" which in turn creates yet more cracks in your ego, which makes you more vulnerable, which paves the way for more of her persuasive suggestions. Soon, she's flaking off huge chunks of your ego left and right and making all sorts of changes in you, peeling away the marble block to reveal the luscious female nude beneath, and you're standing there in your pink glittering heels, muttering "but--but--but" with no clue as to how she's doing it.

It is no more the color pink that does this then it's the wedge that actually splits a log for a lumberjack. It's just another tool in her very large arsenal, and because of your childhood conditioning, it is every effective.

The other answer is that when you gently fold back the lips of a

woman's vaginal lips, you quite often see a glistening pink color. This is similar to the theory that the traditional heart, so prevalent during Valentine's Day celebrations, is actually an allusion to a woman's posterior.

In any case, your future and present is almost certainly coated, slathered, glistening, twinkling and woven deep with pink. It could be glossy pink lipstick. It could be a tight, ultra short pink mini-dress. It could be a little girl's frock, absolutely dripping with pink frills and white lace.

Soon, you'll hardly notice it anymore. You'll be used to it. You'll even come to expect it. If she's truly skilled or has some help from another wife, girlfriend, secretary or one of those online Dominatrices you loved to play pretend with, she may even have you craving the color pink.

If you now feel the compulsion to smile and curtsy, then this chapter is probably lost on you. It may be and probably is too late.

Chapter Thirteen

My Makeup, My Mayhem

* * *

My face is stiff and smelly and it feels like I'm wearing a mask!?

The earliest known "makeup" usage was by the first century Egyptians who painted their faces with a substance known as *Unquent* to protect their skin from the Sun and prevent wrinkles. The last known "makeup" usage was by you, either this morning or more likely mere minutes ago when you were told to or naturally felt the need to "freshen up". Maybe your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. made you "put on your face" this morning or maybe you've fallen deeply enough into her trap that you no longer feel you can go out without at least a little mascara and some lip gloss. Like it or not, you're the fairer sex now (or quickly becoming so), and part of that means having 1/3rd of your brain dedicated to being (or becoming) the prettiest little sex object you can be.

The "why" is simple and notoriously unhelpful. The "why" is that Mother Nature wants you to get knocked up and will use your curves, lips, skin and eyes as bait to make that happen. Your boobs can be seen from a distance, as can your ass and your hair, but eyes swaddled in lavenders and pinks and smoky grays create lusty desires close-up, as do glistening lips and blushing cheeks. Whether you are completely girlified or only partly feminized (or becoming so), Mother Nature has her hooks in you. You may have once been the strong one, the silent one that gave chase to the prettiest bird in the flock, but now you've been relegated to a pretty peacock costume, designed to create allure, desire, and to be the center of attention.

Whether or not you *want* the attention is irrelevant. Sure, you're thinking you don't *want* to attract men. Not even a little. It doesn't matter. You will, and Mother Nature has set up a little tripwire in your head that will trigger off a little irrational loop in your thought process that tricks you into thinking that you're doing it "for yourself". Female beauty and desirability doesn't just work on men; it works on women, too. Women, believe it or not, are just as fixated on other women as men are, and now that you are a woman (or quickly becoming so), there's a part of your brain that will cause you to deeply desire a little (or a lot) of face paint so that it's the prettiest, sexiest painted face it can be.

It's maddening, too, when you're not used to it. The foundation

coats your entire face and makes it feel like you're literally putting on a mask. The brushes tickle your cheeks and eyes with an almost unbearable (but quickly forgettable) annoyance. You'll be lucky if you don't poke out your eye at least once when jabbing that eyeliner pencil around. Your lips will feel tacky and you'll get lusty whiffs of the powders and creams all day (which, like it or not, will also tickle your brain constantly, reinforcing and conditioning utter femininity into your self-image). Worst of all, your face is now off limits. You can't touch it. It's a forbidden prize, and just that fact will create a heightened sense of value and preciousness in your mind. Suddenly, the face you used to nick with a razor and slap around with acid (i.e. cologne) has now become one of the most highly valued assets you own (in your mind).

The good news is you get used to it. Eventually, you develop a routine, a regiment (or your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. develops one for you). Eventually, you or "she" will create a style, a sense of fashion. Eventually you'll somehow just know what kind of skin tone you have and whether you're a "Winter" or "Summer". Don't ask. It will just happen. Eventually you'll find those "girly" magazines not just interesting, but compelling. Eventually you'll naturally begin to examine and perform in-depth analysis on the makeup of every girl friend, actress, model and female passer-by. You'll be learning as all girls learn: by noticing in acute detail what every other girl in the world is doing.

The bad news is you'll become 82.8% more fixated / obsessed on the appearance of your face, and choosing / applying makeup will delay your readiness time by 61.4%. It will also increase your self-esteem's dependence on makeup by 77.7% , and will increase the time spent thinking, trying, testing, analyzing, educating and discussing about makeup by 71%. It may also reduce your ability to calculate percentages by . . . well . . . a lot.

Now, since you've been reading this, you've probably licked your lips a dozen or more times. Sigh all you want, but we both know it's time for you to check your face. Good luck.

Why can't my face be shiny!?

Your face can't be shiny because when it's shiny it looks oily and unpleasant. You may have never consciously noticed this as a guy, but now that you're a girl (or becoming one), your gross vegetable oil, french fry face will disturb you to no end. There's nothing you can do about it. Get your brush and your puff and apply that powder that you balked at buying because it's crazy expensive, but after only one usage made you fall

in love with your skin (just like a girl, just so you know). If you like, you can still complain and whine to throw off your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc., but it probably won't do you any good. It will, however, make you feel better and more in control for awhile and that's good because feeling good sends good chemicals into your skin and helps it to look smooth and clean and polished. See how it all fits together?

Um, yeah, so . . . how do I--!?

Don't use a brush to apply the powder. Use the puff. Press the puff into the powder, knock the excess off and "press and roll" it into your skin. Pressing into your pores gives you that soft, smooth-as-glass complexion you're looking for (whether you know it or not). Use the brush to lightly knock off any excess. Don't apply powder to your cheekbones. Powder gives your skin a soft, matte complexion. Some shine to your cheekbones gives you the illusion of a "glow".

Why must my lips be shiny!?

They don't have to be shiny, but they probably will be. You'll probably want them to be because you're still a guy inside and you feel a strong attraction to girls with glassy, glossy, glistening lips. It draws the eye like a shiny fishing lure in a pond full of piranhas. Against the backdrop of your soft, dreamy complexion, your lips will "pop" and set the tone of your emotional state for that day. For example, wearing bold red lips with oodles of gloss will tell everyone that you're feeling bold and sexy and that your lips are meant for and ready for:

- Kissing
- Sucking
- Grinning
- "Marking" your territory
 - Rims of glasses
 - Cigarette butts
 - Cheeks
 - Lips (others')
 - Shirt collars

Wearing pink lipstick with oodles of gloss will tell everyone that you're feeling girly and sweet and that your lips are meant for and ready for:

- Being kissed
- Being "persuaded" to suck
- Issuing your best "little girl" voice

- Issuing "yes, Daddy" kisses on cheeks
 - Marking your territory with lipstick prints
- Pouting
- Smiling sweetly
- Biting your lower lip as you consider what you're being asked to do actually falls into perfect alignment with what part of you really *wants* to do

There are a billion or more "looks" for your lips that demonstrate a myriad of emotional states. The insidious side-effect of lipstick is not only does it put your "heart on your sleeve", but it can be used to manipulate your state of mind. You may not be feeling particularly sexy. You may be feeling nervous and fearful and utterly emasculated, but one look at your bold, red glossy lips in the mirror (no doubt with your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. standing behind you, grinning ear to ear) can and most likely will have the effect of altering your state of mind. You'll find it easy to "become what you see" and to act out the role that the pigment and shine of your lips is dictating.

Believe me, your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. knows this and is most likely using it against you.

Um, yeah, so . . . how do I--!?

Lips scrubs and softeners and lips smoothers and primers are optional. Line your lips with a lip pencil (draw the shape you want to see; it's okay to exaggerate a little). If you're not good at coloring "within the lines", that may actually work to your advantage. It's time you figured out that you as a girl (now or soon) won't really rely on what you see, but on what you want to see.

You may want to fill in your entire lip with the pencil, but this is optional. Apply the lipstick within the pencil lines to your top lip. Press your lips together to transfer the color. Blot with a tissue to preserve the pigment and remove the oil of the lipstick. Re-apply and smooth out any gaps or clumps. Blot. Blot. Blot. Blot. Apply gloss.

Note: There is no way to kiss, eat, drink, suck cock or make it through the day without smearing or wearing off your lipstick. You will have to fix, reapply and fix again. It's the burden of females. Good luck.

Note: If you're far-gone enough that you've been fucked or sucked cock and your lipstick is smeared and your mascara has run, don't be in a hurry to fix your face. Think back to when you were a guy. Her ruined makeup was your delight, wasn't it? It meant you'd transformed her into a

slut. If you're going to be a girl, you might as well give back a little, don't you think?

Really? What's all the fuss with my eyelashes!?

Remember all that time your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. spent trying to get you to make eye contact with her? She liked getting "lost in your eyes" and visa versa. Girls tend to have better facial expression analysis skills and making eye contact helped her to "read" you better. She's still doing it, I promise, which is how she always seems to know what's scrambling around in your pretty little head every time you blush and look away or every time you get another gander at yourself in the mirror and realize how much further towards utter *girliness* you've gotten.

Movement naturally attracts the eye, so big long waving eyelashes will naturally draw attention to your eyes. Dark lashes will make your eyes seem whiter, which will make you look healthier and therefore more attractive. Longer lashes will make your eyes look wider and more innocent which will help elicit trust. Curled lashes will make you appear more stereotypically feminine which help do all of the above. Eye contact is how you will get your way as a girl. Your muscles are practically non-existent now, so intimidation is out. Your deep commanding voice is no more. Big beautiful sweet innocent-looking pleading eyes will work in your favor. It may be your only shot at having any influence at all on what's happening to you.

Um, yeah, so . . . how do I--!?

First curl your lashes. It's a device, small, metal like a guillotine with scissor handles, like you're about to hold an inquisition of your poor lashes. Press it to your eye, slip your lashes through, hold it against the base of your eyelashes and squeeze. Count to 10. Slip it out a little. Hold. Count to 10. To "set" your curl, use water-proof mascara and apply very little. Dip the little fuzzy wand and scrape most if off. Coat. When it's dry, curl again.

That gets the curl, now to get the black lashes that every girl (and now you) wants. Dip the mascara wand into the contained. Scrape off the excess (which will drive your miserly male sell nuts because of how much you waste), touch the wand to the base of your eyelashes and brush up in a zigzag motion.

What in the Hell is an "eyelid crease"!?

If the eyes are the windows to the soul, then your soul is about to be draped with pretty pink curtains and dripping with oodles of soft lace. This does answer a few questions about why girls like curtains so much, doesn't it? Subconsciously, they think of it as eye shadow for their room. Go figure.

You can't hope to fathom the puzzle that is eye makeup. Complimentary colors, contrasting colors, shades, pigments, girl eyes become a little canvas that girls like to paint for themselves. Morning looks (complete with "concealer"--don't ask what they're concealing--the answer is . . . everything), natural looks, evening looks, hot date looks, cold date looks, 3 A.M. looks, it goes on and on and on. Your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. will probably be treating you like her favorite doll, dressing you and making you up at her whim, which means you'll receive far more experimental looks than she would ever try on herself, but in the meantime, she'll be whispering as she applies your powders, creams and other unknown substances. "A touch of 'Morning Dew' in your crease to catch the green of your eyes. . . ." You may think she's whispering to herself, and maybe she is, but you're still listening, which means you're learning whether you like it or not.

She'll also be passing the makeup torch to you. No doubt, she'll be having you "practice" (if she hasn't done this already) and submit your new crayon drawing to her for grading. There's nothing a girl likes more than "grading" another girl's makeup. You may get letter grades, "Hmm, C+ for effort. Try again." You may get rather enigmatic criticism (and lots of it). "Too much smoke, not enough glitter, the pink is garish and clashes with the lavender. Try again." If your response is (as you're removing your eye makeup for the 12th time that day), "What in the hell does she mean by 'too much smoke'?" then you're probably either in the early stages of your girlification / feminization or your resistance is paying off.

If, however, you find her mysterious feedback begins to make sense, "Ohh, she's right. I should've blended more and used less of the midnight blue", then your male self is slipping away and will soon be gone. When she starts giving you grades of A and A+, then you know you're close to the end. When she stops grading you entirely and just smiles and makes little comments like, "That's a good look for you," then you'll know you've blown past the point of no return and probably have lost all desire to be anything other than what you already are.

When she starts asking you for advice, "Where did you get that eye shadow? How did you get it to feather like that?" you won't need this reference anymore.

FYI: The eyelid crease marks the point where your eyelid folds over, which allows your eyelids to rise, which allows you to witness your face getting rounder, softer and infinitely more feminine, whether you like it or not.

Um, yeah, so . . . how do I--!?

For a basic look, buy / use a basic eye makeup combo, which comes in 3-4 complimentary shades: a lighter shade(s) for highlighting, a mid-town shade and a darker shade. Highlight the eyelid under the crease across the expanse of the eye. Highlight under the arch of your eyebrow. Color in the space between with the mid-tone. Blend with a clean brush. Darken the outside corner of your lower eyelid (under the crease) and blend this into the highlight and into the crease. Pencil in liner beneath your eye along the lash line, blend with a small brush. Pencil in liner above your upper lashes using a thinner to heavier line as you move towards the outside of your eye.

Chapter Fourteen

Chocolate!

* * *

Why is chocolate suddenly like Heroin to me?

Because you're a girl now (or quickly becoming one).

If you're only being feminized, it may be the female stereotype that's having an effect on your mind. If you have now great quantities of "girl juice" (e.g. estrogen, progesterone, etc.) flowing inside you and helping to round out your new curves, there are very real reasons why you've suddenly discovered the soothing, pampering, stimulating effects of chocolate on your female body.

Chocolate can be broken down into three distinct aspects:

1. The Melt
2. The Flavor
3. The Effect

The Melt

If there's anything you're learning about being a girl, it's that under the right conditions, girls "melt". Far more than just the caress of a lover's touch on your soft skin, the look in your lover's eyes, the right tone, the right words whispered at the right time act like a seductive spell that will simply make you go "soft" inside. This manifests itself more often than not by an extremely compelling urge to be held and cuddled and kissed, all items that make a girl feel protected, loved and reassured.

Going from a hardened state to an absolute liquid creamy state is to the female mind a perfect reminder of all things female. The chocolate that surrenders itself to your warm tongue, transforming from a hard, well presented package to a luxurious, silky mess is like the melting kiss of a lover, placing you effortlessly in its power. It doesn't just make you soft; it makes you "want" to be soft. Your body melts under his touch (or that of your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) Chocolate now has power over you, because it has power over your body and part of having a female body is finding someone or something to surrender to, finding someone who can make you "melt". A simple piece of chocolate in your mouth is a sensual experience with erotic implications.

The Flavor

The moment chocolate surrenders to the warmth of your tongue, it releases its fragrance and its flavor. Because of the new composition of your female body (see [Am I fat?](#)), there is a natural drive to keep it soft and curvy. This means certain fattening foods are now nearly irresistible to your brain. Chocolate with its loads of sugar and heavy cream fit so perfectly into this, that it's a surprise women don't attack Hershey and Ghirardelli factories every 28 days, demanding free gift baskets.

The flavor of cream and cacao and sugar on your tongue is the perfect fulfilling blend of fat, bitterness and sweetness that utterly satisfies a woman in ways that nothing else in the world can. The fragrance becomes like a heady cologne that swiftly puts all worry, concern, nervousness, depression and the dizzying antagonistic effects of menstruation into a perfect coma. As your thinking mind is lulled to sleep, the reasonable mind is tempered and the soft, melty part of your girl mind awakes into a sensual daydream. We call this the "mmm" experience.

The Effect

Once ingested, the stimulation of chocolate acts swifter than cocaine up a hooker's nostril. It's faster than a trophy wife's legs confronted with an expensive diamond necklace. Chocolate quickly delivers several chemicals into your new girl body that stimulates you into the perfect state of utter sensual arousal. The caffeine jump starts every area of the body, including the heart and brain, to assist the sugar into loading its pleasurable, heroin-like effects. There is even a substance that uses the same chemical loads that your brain uses when it experiences "love" (i.e. phenylethylamine). The "rush" chocolate produces is really unlike any other rush other than that of love, sex and surrender. It's not only addictive, because of its perceived "forbidden" nature (i.e. "oh god, this is going straight to my hips, I just know it!"), it's also taboo, and because it's human nature (especially female nature) to want what we can't / shouldn't have, this makes it all the more attractive.

Packaging

One final note should be made about the presentation of chocolate. Girls tend to not only like being made to "melt"; they also enjoy being pampered. Nothing caters to women more than a finely

formed, carved piece of chocolate. Pay close attention to the boxes, the ribbons, the bows that Chocolate uses to enter a girl's life. If someone is giving you chocolate, it's probably not because they want to fuck you (jewelry is far better for that). Although, they most certainly do. It's because they most likely want to soften you up through a good pampering. They want to see the joy sparkle in your eyes, the glazed over sensual expression of utter pleasure swimming in your pretty head. They want to hear you go "mmm" and make other girly moaning noises. They want to see you go soft for them and surrender your lips to theirs for a kiss of gratitude (which can be used to springboard into something fat hotter, wetter and sheet-changing).

You may resist a myriad of things during your transformation, but being pampered shouldn't be one of those. Now, with that said, once you're "softened" and malleable, it is not unlikely that she (your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) will use this state to suggest and introduce things that will carry you further into girliness. This can't be helped, but honestly, of all the things that have been and possibly still are being done to you, this is the least offensive. You should give yourself permission to utterly enjoy this one.

Chapter Fifteen

How Do I Know If I've Been Hypnotized, Master?

* * *

Obedience is pleasure; pleasure is obedience

So, first of all, let's set the record straight:

Hypnosis is **not** some magic spell that can turn you into a sex slave and have you doing the bidding of your Mistress / Master after just once trance. It's a very scientific technique that can make you *want* to be a sex slave and do the bidding of your Mistress / Master after just one trance. See the difference?

It's only as dangerous as you allow it to be, but once you allow it to be, it's pretty damn dangerous (at least in the world of men getting femmed). You're probably hoping that your mind is too strong and you'd never fall for whatever she tried to do to you in a trance. You've probably even heard some of the clichéd philosophies that you hope offer protection such as, "All hypnosis is self hypnosis" and "You can't be hypnotized to do something against your basic nature" and a myriad of others. Let's address those two and I'll leave the rest to your imagination, having made my point.

"All hypnosis is self hypnosis."

You have lots of practice going into hypnotic trances. You're in "trances" all the time, throughout the day, every day: watching TV (porn), daydreaming at work (remembering porn), browsing on the internet (porn). . . .

Every sexual fantasy you've had has been a sort of trance with you as a slave to your desires. Have you ever fantasized about something that was keenly embarrassing? Did the taboo nature of it make it that much hotter? See? You've been practicing all this time and didn't know it. You've been setting yourself up for your own plummet into hypnotically suggested girliness for years. All she did was exploit it. Now instead of enjoying your own sexual fantasies, you're enjoying the sexual fantasies she's putting in your head and she's probably using hypnosis to make it doubly exciting.

Hypnosis is just a daydream, guided by someone else. In this case, a daydream that you may be tricked into repeating

subconsciously with trigger words and mantras that help keep your mind occupied while she (your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc.) conditions you with pleasure and desire to want more.

"You can't be hypnotized into doing something against your basic nature."

Do you think grandma really wanted to give up her life savings to that con man on the phone? Do you wonder why men and women fall in love with people they've met only on the internet and then start sending them cash? Do you wonder why you bought one particular brand of merchandise over another brand of merchandise, even though the competing brand was probably just as good and even a little cheaper?

People are malleable. You are malleable. Your wife, girlfriend, or secretary, etc. figured out that the first time she gazed at you with her sweet, soulful eyes and convinced you to do something you didn't really want to do. The more she does it, the more she establishes the formula of persuasion in your mind. The more she influences you, the less you resist, the easier it gets. She's been training you from day one, only now she's using that power to get you into panties and conditioning you to feel jabs of sexual ecstasy every time you think about them.

How do you know if you've been hypnotized, you ask? Here are some telltale signs:

You have a "mantra" or a set of "mantras"

A "mantra" is a word or phrase that she's convinced you or your subconscious to use to condition yourself. This is not necessarily something you go around saying aloud; it might very well be something that's running in the background of your thoughts. If you pause every now and then and listen to your own mind, you can catch it. It could be something as sophisticated as "Pleasure is obedience; obedience is pleasure" or something as simple as "I'm a girl I'm a girl I'm a girl."

You're feeling pleasure toward ideas you never considered before

Conditioning is a process of associating pleasure or pain with a

certain behavior or idea to encourage you to behave and think a certain way. Positive reinforcement (i.e. conditioning with pleasure) is far more effective than negative reinforcement, but if you have ever received the "silent treatment" from your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc., then you can bear witness to the effectiveness of negative reinforcement.

Your brain is in constant flux. It is constantly forming new neural pathways and re-writing itself. It learns easiest through repetition. It only takes 5 or 6 times of repeated associations to begin your conditioning. You will most likely be down the path of conditioned behavior before you even realize what she's doing. Once you realize it you will still have the ability to resist, but more than likely she's made it highly pleasurable to simply go along with it. If you do resist, she may pout or give you the silent treatment or refuse you sex, attention and affection until you relent for just one more time, but one more time becomes ten more times and soon several weeks / months have passed and your brain has re-wired itself. Voila! Just like that, you're a guy who loves wearing panties.

The next thing you know she's throwing out all your boxers and you're spitting and stuttering, but she seems oddly serene and confident that you'll go along with it. Why? Because she knows if you put up a fuss she can just use a combination of positive and negative reinforcement and you'll cave.

You feel pleasure at everything she suggests

The first step in conditioning you is for her to associate the idea of pleasing her with the idea of great sexual excitement in your mind. Once she's got that installed, the rest comes easily. To do this, she may exploit a little thing known as "pattern interruption".

Our brains have a little short circuit of disbelief and befuddlement that leave us open to suggestion when something we expect to happen suddenly doesn't happen. All she has to do to access this is interrupt your pattern or intervene with a daily habit. For example, you use the same drawer to store all your boxers. Day after day, year after year, you open the drawer and expect to see them, and there they are. Then one day, shortly after she's somehow "persuaded" you to wear panties for a few days, you open the same drawer at the same time of day and there are no boxers, only a pretty, colorful pile of panties.

Your brain sputters. There is disbelief. There's confusion.

There's distress. What is happening? Where are your boxers? Surely, she wouldn't have removed them. Would she?

Then she is suddenly next to you, smiling warmly, blushing and standing very close, smelling sweet, kissing you, patting your pantied package with her hand (i.e. "good boy" positive reinforcement) and taking advantage of your moment of vulnerability. Like a snap of the fingers, even though you remember resisting and refusing and arguing with her, you've suddenly agreed to never wear anything but panties again. Worse than that, you find it exciting, very exciting. You have a hard-on the size of the Washington Monument and you're not sure if it's the idea of wearing panties that is turning you on or the fact you wearing panties from now on is turning *her* on.

She doesn't give you a blowjob, even though she somehow softly suggests the idea. No, she gives you a few simple strokes, smiles and kisses you and rubs her soft body against yours and the moment she sees acquiescence in your eyes (before your lips ever utter a single sound of reluctant agreement), she walks away.

She's not rewarding your verbal agreement, after all. She's providing instant gratifying pleasure to your mind the moment it surrenders. Once she has your mind conditioned with pleasure at the idea of obeying her, she can tie a trigger to it. A popular trigger phrase is "Good boy", which is both patronizing and positive and brings up the image of being trained like a dog. If you find this both arousing and humiliating, then she's done her job. Suggestions become infinitely more powerful when they are associated with deep emotional responses.

Now, any time you even *think* of trying to defy her or argue with her, she can simply tell you what she wants and add "Good boy" and you'll find yourself going along with her even though consciously you may be objecting and wondering what just happened.

You find yourself not thinking about things

Once she has you in a deep hypnotic trance, she has access to your subconscious, which is like a playful child and far less inhibited than your conscious mind. It's a simple matter to convince you to simply not think about things that might create anxiety in you when you're awake. There are numerous ways to do this, but one of the ways is detailed below.

She might use circular "yes" logic:

"Would thinking about being a girl when you're awake cause you concern or stress? Do you dislike feeling stress? Would you rather not feel stress? Would you rather feel a sense of serenity and peace and happiness? Would you like me to help you feel peaceful and happy and not feel concerned or stressed? Would you like to smile and think about how good it feels to be a girl rather than feel any stress over it? Would you like that to happen? Is that happening now? You're smiling. Are you feeling happy and peaceful? Is it becoming more powerful with each passing moment? Aren't you glad you're a girl? Aren't you glad I'm here to help you?"

Honestly, I just wrote that and even *I* am feeling more peaceful about being a girl. Wait . . . what?

A long string of questions or statements that require nothing more than a "yes" response from you can be used to circle your logic around to where she wants you. It's seductive. It feels good, and it's very effective.

You find yourself with "blanks" in your memory

It's easy to forget things. You forget things all the time. We are creatures of habit and whenever those habits are broken, we're left vulnerable. If your keys aren't where you expect them, regardless of where you actually set them down, your brain doesn't know what to do.

Using conditioning and pattern interruption and "yes" logic, it's a simple matter of having you simply not concern yourself with whatever memory she thinks might get in the way of your progressing girlification. If this doesn't work, she can employ a technique known as a "screen memory".

A screen memory is an image or memory you think of instead of the memory she doesn't want you to think of; it's a bait and switch; it's misdirection; it's a vivid imaginative manhole cover over the deep things happening in your mind.

For example, instead of the deep suggestion she just put in your head to start imagining what it might be like to suck cock for her, she'll have you cover up that rather concerning suggestion with something else. Perhaps it's another memory, real or imagined. Perhaps it's an image, something benign like a peaceful green meadow. While your subconscious follows her instructions, causing your mouth to salivate and your sense of taboo electric-desire to increase, your conscious mind suddenly finds itself thinking about

that peaceful green meadow. Then you're standing there craving the feeling of cock in your mouth, none the wiser, convinced that the desire must have come from you because you simply don't remember her suggesting it.

Teaching you to forget usually starts out simply enough through the use of progressive "convincers". First, just as a gag and just for fun, maybe she has you forget your name or the number 6. As a gag or just for fun, she'll install a trigger so she can repeatedly make you forget your name or the number 6 whenever she wants. She does this often as a gag and just for fun. Once you're accustomed to that (i.e. conditioned), she can begin having you forget other things, perhaps even forgetting that you've forgotten. Then she may have you forget the entire trance. Then she may have you forget that you've ever been tranced. Then she can install whatever feelings or desires she wishes and you'll have no memory of it.

You experience a dreamy feeling even when awake

This is called a "waking trance". It just means you feel completely awake but you're suddenly highly suggestible. She may train you to enter this state through the use of a trigger word and end the state with a snap of the fingers, causing you to forget the whole affair, yet still follow instructions or she may suddenly break into her "hypnotist's tone of voice". This is usually a rather low, sultry tone that is both seductive and direct. It's most certainly the tone she's learned to use when she was formally placing you into a deep trance, and the one she used the entire time you were under.

While you may not remember the trance itself, you probably will remember having these little dreamy wake up moments throughout the day. Every moment you're suddenly blinking your eyes and looking around, wondering what you were just doing is another moment where she's conditioned you or reinforced or implanted a suggestion. You'll have plenty of chances to catch these moments, because she will probably be zapping you frequently throughout the day. She may even do it by phone or through the use of text messages. She'll want to do this frequently to catch your behavior as it happens so she can mold you on the fly and give you immediate feedback (i.e. positive / negative reinforcement).

**You're taking pills that seem to make you feel floaty and
nice**

There are plenty of easy to get drugs on the market that make you agreeable and suggestible. Many mood altering pharmaceuticals and narcotics are especially useful for leading you to the changes she wishes to make. Once she has you habitually taking them, it becomes difficult to stop because you're so agreeable to the idea of taking them.

You're laying on your back with headphones listening to strange whispers and watching a 3D television screen with provocative images and lots of words and phrases blipping too fast for you catch them all

This is just straight out brainwashing and you'll know if it's happening.

Okay, so how do I UNbrainwash myself?

You can't. Not really. Reversing such clever and deep conditioning is notoriously difficult. What you can do, however, is seek out another hypnotist to discover and undo the suggestions you have already received.

You should be extra cautious about picking out another hypnotist, because you may very well have been programmed to pick out a particular hypnotist as a safeguard in case you tried to escape. You may end up picking out the very hypnotist that she (your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc.) contacted to learn her techniques.

Also, if you're already fairly girlified, you may want to pick out a female hypnotist. A male hypnotist when confronted with a helpless girl (as you're quickly becoming) may find it difficult not to take advantage of you, and your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. may have programmed you to encourage it. This might in fact be the final push she was hoping for to turn you into a total slut. Still, it's a risk you'll have to take.

Chapter Sixteen

Bitch!

* * *

Why is she being so mean to me?

First, she may or may not be actually behaving as a so called "bitch". Second, she is being mean to you because is now perceiving you as just another girl, regardless of how you're probably still perceiving yourself.

Women are conditioned socially from the time they are little girls to the time they are adults to behave as pleasant and as agreeable as possible around men. The "bitch" side usually only comes out in a few particular situations, such as dating, sports / business competition, etc. The moment she begins to think of you as not quite so manly--and let's face it, anyone adorned in lacy pink panties will not exactly be exuding masculinity--her "bitch" or "mean girl" side will begin to surface.

Part of persuading you to behave and feel more girly is socially conditioning you the way she was conditioned as a little girl: to be submissive, passive and agreeable. Once you've begun to slip down this rabbit hole, you'll notice that she begins to ascend to "queendom". Once she truly gains a sense of power over you, whether you're aware of how much power she's gained over you or not, she will naturally find she achieves better results by altering her personality. You'll notice and perhaps wonder why she's suddenly being cool toward you, dispassionate, unsympathetic and even bossy or stern. She will behave this way because of the effect it has on you.

By the time she is truly behaving as a "bitch", you're probably scurrying around like a panicked maid to carry out some chore she mentioned in passing.

There are plenty of theories on why women are bitches toward other women, but remember, you're not a woman. You're far worse than any woman she's ever known, and in her eyes (whether she's aware of it or not), you deserve far worse treatment. Through no actions of your own you had attained a place of natural dominance and privilege in society and you let her take it all away from you. You're not her husband, boyfriend or boss anymore; you're a transformed girl who is on the absolute bottom of the pecking order. You shiver and shudder and blush and squirm with arousal at her every command, and even though she's directly responsible

for creating those reactions in you, she will subconsciously blame you for not being stronger. She will use your rather aroused responses to justify more cruel and stern treatment, and unfortunately for you, this will push you even further down into completely girliness.

Your only chance is to begin to adjust your own perceptions of yourself. You should attempt to take on the role of a girl who can display open defiance. Most, if not all, of these roles will involve major concessions on your part. You'll have to give up on the idea of being a man again and progress forward to a level where you can gain some traction. Some goal roles are suggested below:

- Teenage daughter - There are few more openly defiant female roles than this
- Competing Dominatrix - Be female utterly and then get empowered.
- Feminizer
 - Feminizing her new husband, boyfriend or boss using the same techniques that worked so well on you
- Manipulative secretary - You have the role that was perhaps once hers. Work it right and you can influence her and other men in the office the same way she did
- Manipulative best friend - no one can make a girl take bad advice like a BFF.

Note: She's not stupid. She may very well perceive what you're trying to do. Be prepared. If necessary, you may need to seduce other men, perhaps even other women, perhaps even her. It will be a long, hard battle (literally). Good luck!

Chapter Seventeen

Kill Me . . . Kill Me, Right Fucking Now?!

* * *

This is the one chapter no one wants to read, but every recently transformed "girl" should. Stay long enough as a woman (and I'm willing to bet your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. has arranged it so that you will) and you will find yourself enduring this female rite of passage, like it or not. If you're smart, you'll go ahead and prepare. If not, you're probably fumbling through this passage right now with panic in your voice as you scream "GET TO IT! WHAT DO I DO!? WHAT DO I DO!?".

First things, first . . . stop screaming.

Second, sit down. If you have to get a towel, get one. If you suddenly burst into tears because all the towels you have in the house are "good towels", make the sacrifice.

Now, deep breathes. Let's get to it, shall we?

Um, so, yeah, like . . . I think I'm getting my (gulp) period.

You *think* you *may* be getting your period? You are. Face it. A girl is always just about to get or is busy recovering from her period. It occurs monthly remember? If you've only been a girl a few weeks, then you're quickly becoming due. Don't worry though, because it's not a guessing game: it's called a cycle for a reason. Give or take a reasonable margin of error, you can predict it. A few weeks is roughly 15 days and most menstruations occur roughly 28 days apart. See where I'm going with this? More importantly, see where you're headed?

If you're currently having your period, you won't have to guess. You'll know it. Believe me, sister, there is no *not* knowing it, okay? But if you're looking for some signs that it's on its way, here are some clues that your Aunt Flow is on the road to your house and may in fact be pulling into your driveway.

Symptoms:

- Cramps, bloating, bad temper, water retention, tender breasts, "spotting", acne, nausea, moodiness, headaches, diarrhea, constipation, food cravings, weepiness, irritableness, urge to kill, trouble sleeping, trouble concentrating, trouble remembering, cold sores, swelling of breasts, swelling of hands, swelling of feet,

fatigue, depression, feeling achy....

Well, let's just stop, because the list just keeps going on. You may feel like your body is a wreck and it's falling apart. It's not, but it will feel like it is. You may feel like you're going crazy and god help anyone who even so much as hints that you're crazy, because chainsaws, knives and semi-automatic weapons are cheap and plentiful and whoever said that obviously has a death wish. You may feel like no one understands what you're going through, even every other woman on the planet, and that it might be best to simply draw the blinds and call it a day, perhaps even a year.

Before you do, now would be a good time to go to your wife, girlfriend and/or secretary and apologize for ever having had the good fortune of being born a man. It won't help, but whining and sounding weepy as you sympathize with her plight of having been born a woman may elicit a small amount of sympathy. It won't be enough for her to change you back. She's got you where she wants you, but it may facilitate her going a little easier on her as one girl to another.

The sad thing is many of the above symptoms may occur a week or two *before* your period actually arrives and continue throughout. So it's not just 4-5 days of feeling like crap. It's one third and perhaps one half of the month and . . . get this . . . it's going to happen *every 28 days!*

Remember that drama free (except for women) smooth sailing male body you used to have and enjoy, the comfortable male body that you barely even thought about except to wonder if you were losing your hair? It's gone and those days are over.

The next bit of bad news is that pain and discomfort is transitory. You forget it almost as soon as it's gone. Even though you should know why you're starting to feel like a snake on a highway that's been run over a few times by an eighteen wheeler, the obvious truth will simply not occur to you. There may be some denial-survival methodology to this (i.e. don't think about it until you have to because it's just too depressing). Even after months of getting your period, it will still creep up on you. You'll still wake up wondering why it feels like someone spent all night tenderizing your breasts with a meat cleaver. You'll still wonder why you yelled at your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. about the color of toothpaste she picked out then sobbed openly and miserably about how sorry you are for having yelled at her and you don't know what's wrong with you.

Before we get any further, here are some things you can do to provide a small amount of relief to some of those symptoms:

- Take calcium, take vitamin E, take magnesium, take vitamin B6, take primrose oil, take Midol, use progesterone cream, use oral contraception, eat a low fat diet with lots of leafy greens, drinks lots of water, exercise, have sex (nope, not a joke, sex has been shown to shorten menstrual cycles).

Here are some basic truths that will appear in your mind as your period quite dramatically ravages your body, mind, heart, existence, etc.

- Oh, shit! I'm really a girl now! I can get fucking pregnant!
- I'm not crazy!
- I feel like I'm crazy!
- I'm fat!
- I'm a fat loser!
- My ankles feel fat!
- My ankles feel like fat losers!
- I hate you, and I hate me, and if I don't get some chocolate soon I'm going to eat your soul.

Again, the list goes on and on.

Why is my uterus strangling me?

Your uterus is strangling you because it's having to push its lining out through your cervix and then drop it down and out through your vagina. You see, your pretty little lining is like the zip-in liner of your favorite coat, only instead of simply unzipping and falling away to get lost in the back of your closet, it disconnects through spasms and contractions (i.e. cramps) and decides to pass through the keyhole of the knob in your closet door where it explodes in a lint-blotted mess. The lining originally coated your uterus in preparation for an egg to pass through your fallopian tubes, where it promptly trapped it and "nested" it for safekeeping. When everything was prepared, your body began to exude a lot of fuck-me pheromones and then made you all horny, hoping you'd get excited enough to pant out the words, "I don't care about the stupid condom. Just do me!"

Sperm meets egg, egg gets penetrated--not unlike you just did--and voila! You're preggers!

All your pretty little body wants to do is get knocked up and when you don't cooperate it, it gets a little pissed off at you, not unlike a sixteen year old throwing a tantrum (i.e. "You NEVER let me have any fun!"). It

punishes you by throwing away the whole crafts project it glued together just for you in such a manner as to make it impossible for you not to get the rather uncomfortable message about what your true purpose is on this Earth: have sex, get pregnant. Period.

What exactly is "spotting"?

Once you've "spotted", you won't have to ask. Men equate blood with death, injury, sports and an opportunity to "tough it out" and demonstrate a little masculinity. "Huh? Oh that white thing? Yeah, that's my bone. Yeah, it stings a little, you know?" Women equate blood with "shit, I'm getting my period."

The shock that freezes your body solid and shoots a deep unrelenting chill through your bones the first time you see a "spot" of blood in the gusset of the expensive pair of panties that you've finally admitted to your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. makes you feel cute and sexy will unravel you in ways you cannot comprehend. First, it's absolute concrete evidence that you are a girl in a girl's body and there's no longer any denying it. Second, the knowledge that you could get pregnant begins to seep into your mind in a deep and powerful way. Third, there's a feeling, not unlike pre-teens experiencing puberty for the first time, that you have just "become a woman" and "joined the sisterhood". There's no denying it; it's a game-changer.

Many men who have been transformed into women count "spotting" as the moment that pushed them over the edge. There was no longer any teasing, easing, bringing them into femaleness gradually. The moment they saw that dot(s) of bright red blood in their panties was the moment they felt they'd been dropped smack dab into the depths of Mother Nature's ocean without so much as a water wing.

Something changes in you and there's no describing it, and the really sad thing is there's no time to reflect. You have a period to deal with and it's coming quickly and you have to deal with it.

It's time to visit the store and buy tampons (instructions are on the box). It's time to buy pads (yes, they're not unlike wearing diapers). It's time to buy chocolate.

You may be angry, scared or hurt that your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. has done this to you, but this is not the time to push her away. Believe it or not, she will most likely enjoy guiding you through your first period, but will be less sympathetic with each successive bloodletting. She already knows it's messy and smelly and you're afraid everyone will know that you're menstruating and can smell it and can just

tell from the way you walk and make mad dashes to the restroom every hour on the hour. Men won't know or care because it's the sort of baffling thing girls do. Women may know or care but they've been through it enough times that it's not quite as penis-shattering to them as it is to you. Dogs will enjoy alerting everyone about your period by poking their noses deep into your crotch because they're dogs and your panties just became 200% more interesting.

I've still got Mr. Happy in my pants. Why is she handing me a tampon?

Ah, the "lesson". Your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. has decided that since she has you all nicely feminized (or quickly becoming so) that to truly get a sense of what it means to be female, you should experience a "period simulation". Perhaps, she simply wants you to be more sympathetic. Perhaps, but unlikely. Oh, she may in fact be hoping to elicit more sympathy from you, but it's far likelier that she's hoping the more female you feel, the closer to the gender breaking point your mind will get. She is pushing for and hoping that you'll eventually "switch over" and that your girliness will begin to feed on itself and bring you the rest of the way. When this happens, she won't have to suggest girly things to you anymore; you'll suggest them to yourself and follow through on them because of the intense excitement and pleasure with which you've learned to condition yourself. You'll be doing all the work in your own feminization with only the occasional nudge from her.

A simulated period is yet another tool that will help push you closer to where she ultimately hopes you'll go.

Handing you a tampon is one tiny little tool in her overwhelmingly large box. There are plenty of others. Here's hoping she hasn't thought of them all. If she has, then you should be prepared for some, if not all, of the following:

- Tampons
 - There are some tampons designed for men coming on to the market now (God help you) that include both "spotting" and "heavy flow" varieties.
- Matching her cycle
 - Diet
 - Clothing choices
 - "Granny panty", etc.
- Oral and anal colon stimulants designed to cleanse, but which in

fact create a temporary "flow" and more often than not erratic "cramping". These may include enemas with:

- Caffeine (to increase irritability)
- Water with red food dye
- Gelatin or anal jelly with red food dye
- Anal lubricant with red food dye
- Water consumption (e.g. full glass every 1/2 hour to simulate bloating)
- Icy-hot cream for breasts / over stimulation / O-rings attached to nipples to simulate breast tenderness
- Extra tight corsets to simulate cramping
- Mood altering drugs to simulate depression, irritability, weepiness
 - If she's already tricked you into taking hormones, be prepared for a rapid increase in dosage

What advice can you give me for dealing with Aunt Flow's visit?

Endure, sister. Endure.

Chapter Eighteen

OMG!? I'm Like Totally a Total, Like, Total Bimbo!?

* * *

Like whatever?!

I KNOW, right! I mean, like, you totally didn't see this coming, right? Or, you know, you sorta did, but you sorta kinda thought you were mostly too smart to really totally get, like, totally zapped or whatever. But here you are, right? So now, you're all like "OMG, what do I do?", and I'm all like "kay, whatevs, but I'm totally gonna help." Yay!

So, like first, you are so totally, like, filled up with warm, sexy, "fuck me" feelings, that you're all like "I can barely even think right, right? How am I gonna even get through readin' this stuff?" Guess what? Yay! You get to go, like, totally get totally used, mmm. No, I mean it. You're thinking, like, "Oh, I can't do that, because then I'll like it too much and I'll be all like, 'mm, why don't I just keep doing this and never do anything else?'" I know, right? But, see, you sort have to, right? Because every part of you totally wants it and you totally have to give your body everything it wants so you can get like 10 seconds to think like a sorta halfway normal girl, right?

Now, I mean, you totally got get totally used, k? Not like, "oh, hey, mm, that was fun". I mean, like, "oh, hey, all of you can't possibly do me at the same--mmmmmmore!" See? You totally have to get all that total "fuck me" feelings all used up, so that means totally giving in and being like a total slut for like as long as they can keep it up. I mean, if like the 5-10 guys aren't totally snoring, you know? If they're not like all limp and like "sorry, babe, gotta rest", then this is totally not gonna work.

So, I mean, it's not like this is gonna be hard, right? That was funny. I mean, like, *something's* gonna get hard. A whole lotta *somethings* are gonna get hard. I mean, all you have to do is totally not fight it. Like, totally let go. It's not like it's gonna take long, you know? I mean, you're already totally hot. Tight sleeve dress (red? oooh, so hot!), fuck me pumps (so gorgeous, right?), total "drama" makeup, glossy hot-red lipstick, teased hair (wait until you see it the next morning, right? Slut! lol), glossy red nails, all you gotta do is totally step outside, right? Club if you want or like totally just do whatevs, because they or he or whatever will find you.

Oh . . . rules! I mean, like even a bimbo's gotta have rules, right?

Okay, so if he doesn't have a totally hot car, it's like "no way!", unless he's hot, or unless he's like totally big and broad and totally towers

over you and makes you feel small and helpless and like you just want him to throw you over his shoulder with a spank to your big, soft ass, all squeals, giggles and squiggles, right? Oh, and he should totally have friends, right? Lots. And lots and lots. So, like if you can make it to Vegas or a strip club somewhere, totally cool, but wherever is whatever, right? So, coke is cool and whatever, you know, pot, pills and lots of booze, right? I mean, champagne is besties, but you know, whatever, whiskey, wine, OH! and totally hot music. I mean, you should totally give him/them a total hot lapdance, right? Grind and rev his engine until it's like full-blown total turbine *on*, right? Let him see the goods before he totally wrecks you, right?

So, now the plowing. Getting plowed is sooooo easy, and it feels sooooo good! You know, just keep saying "yes", and moan a lot and ask for more. If there's a guy nearby, reach for him, smile at him, ask for a kiss, grab his dick. Boys are so easy. Not as easy as you, but whatever.

So, once this is done, you should find you can think a little more clearly. If they're all lying around in comas, snoring, then you're probably reading this in the bathroom on your phone or a borrowed tablet / laptop. You'll know if you're cognizant once again, because if you're not, you won't have understood this sentence.

So, now you're probably feeling ashamed and worried that you've become a slut (you have), but the only way to clear your head enough to make a plan is to resolve your body's desires. Depending on the form of your transformation, this will either continue to work from now on or it will become increasingly difficult to achieve and your "clear thought" times will shorten dramatically until they disappear entirely.

In most bimbo transformations, once you've achieved mental clarity, it will last anywhere from 10 to 30 minutes. That's not a lot of time so we'll have to make this short and sweet.

The Plan

Step one: prioritize.

Priority one: UNdo the bimboism. Finding a way to transform back into your normal male self can come later once your mental clarity is returned and remains intact indefinitely.

Step two is to identify the mechanism of your bimboism.

Mechanisms of Bimboism

Hypnosis - See [How Do I Know If I've Been Hypnotized, Master?](#)

Caution should be used here. One of the guidelines in the above

chapter is to seek out another hypnotist to undo or counter the suggestions you're already received (and which are obviously working very well). A good piece of advice is to seek out a female hypnotist, rather than a male one.

Given your current form (one look in the mirror at the size of your boobs should suffice), it may be simply too tempting for a male hypnotist to overcome his own libido and assist you. Think about it (with the few minutes you have left): you're beautiful, sexy, slutty, dumb and obviously highly suggestible. Once he has you under, what are the odds that he will not take advantage of you? And honestly, you're already bimbotized, you may actually go out of your way to tempt him. You might find yourself seducing him into making your situation worse.

A female hypnotist is a better option, though not foolproof. Once you're under, you may very well spill everything about who you once were as a man. She may decide it's a form of justice and decide it's too tempting to leave you the way you are, slipping further into bimbo-ness, or she may experience some cattiness (See [Bitch!](#)) and purposefully implant suggestions to seal your fate permanently.

Magic - See [Help! This magical medallion, spell, etc. isn't working anymore?!](#)

Typically one item of magic can counter another. The problem is you're not very bright 99.9% of the time so anyone can sell you anything and you'll probably believe it. Wizards and those individuals who have schemed to transform you are firmly in control, and if they've gotten you this far, then you're firmly too dumb to outwit them. If you're fortunate enough to have done this to yourself, then explore the mental clarity procedure outlined above before you try to engage the magical item or spell that will return you to normal (e.g. have sex, lots of it, so you can think clearly).

Bodysuit - [Help! I Can't Get This Bodysuit off?!](#)

It's unfortunate that removing a bodysuit takes quite a bit of time. A few hours soaking in a cool bath to deactivate the bonding agents may be a few hours too long. As you've already noticed, the intensely pleasurable, carefree lifestyle of a bimbo is highly addicting. It's unlikely you'll be able to keep your hands off of yourself, and once you're all squirmy and wet and needy again, you may find it virtually impossible to make the final decision to actually proceed with the removal.

Virtual World - [Help! I'm Stuck In A Virtual World And I Can't Get Out?!](#)

Most virtual worlds will have administrative personnel available to assist you. Once you're mentally clear, seek them out quickly. Explain quickly and hope for the best. If you're in the world illegally, hacked in, etc. they may not be so eager to assist you.

If the Systems Administrators provide no assistance, you'll need to seek out an in-world programmer, someone who understands and can manipulate the code that has relegated you to your current curvy female form and is actively imposing your bimbo personality over your own.

The bimbo code is a rather insidious piece of programming that gently seeps beneath your own identity without your awareness or it may simply distract you quickly and re-form your thought process within the blink of an eye. It takes considerable effort to overcome because of the relentless constancy of its imposition and the high levels of pleasure it rewards you with every time you succumb. A programmer capable of rewriting in-world code is almost certainly a hacker and unfortunately may not be the most trustworthy of souls. You'll need to barter with something substantial and it's likely you only have your slutty body as collateral. If you're fortunate, he/she will keep their end of the bargain. If not, then you'll probably never know.

Conditioning

This is the hardest to beat because there are no "crutches" involved. There are no magical items to counter-act, no hypnotic suggestions to undo, no virtual world programming to be unwritten. You have probably been led step by step into developing new bimbo habits by your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. and these can be highly difficult to reverse.

Most likely this started as a game. Perhaps you were already transformed or just feminized and she suggested you start thinking differently. She probably taught you a technique or six to help you "get into the role" and to help you "feel like a bimbo" so you could act like one, and you probably went along with it because she promised you it was temporary and everything was reversible and it would be great fun.

There are hundreds of these techniques, but the most common is the "giggle technique".

The Giggle Technique

A "giggle" is usually an automatic response, but like most autonomic responses it can also be consciously controlled. The trick is to assign a

conscious giggle to an unconscious response and repetitiously link the behaviors until the conscious giggle becomes automatic. For example, every time you're feeling a little uneasy about what she's doing to you, instead of responding normally, you actively make yourself giggle instead. First, this communicates your uneasiness and allows her to quickly stimulate/distract you sexually, thereby rewarding you with pleasure and suppressing the negative feelings. Second, the giggle acts as a sort of reset button to your emotional state. Since a giggle is associated with positive feelings (humor/happiness), the act of giggling lightens your mood and decreases the potency of negative feelings. Try forcing yourself to smile when you're feeling down and you'll see the power of forced body posturing.

Once you've done this for 5 days, the giggle will begin to happen naturally and the assigning of more giggle responses can be added. Soon, you won't just be giggling anytime you're feeling uneasy; you'll be giggling every time you're in danger of having an intelligent thought, every time you're in danger of resisting, every time you're in danger of exhibiting any behaviors that she wants to suppress. You'll find yourself in a state of continuous automatic giggling, which can then in turn be used to trigger new conditioned behavior, such as an increase in arousal, an increase in flirty extroverted behavior (i.e. sluttiness) and an increase in stupid thoughts or simply no thoughts and of course a dramatic increase in openness and agreeability, which paves the way for far more effective techniques.

How to beat it

You'll find it much easier to condition yourself with new behaviors rather than to try undo the previously conditioned behaviors. If your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. is ominously present and vigilant, you'll need to do this surreptitiously. For example, every time you giggle and trigger off a new round of slutty behavior, once you're in the middle of it, remind yourself of a male memory or male behavior. This should be something hard to spot such as stroking your chin or frowning slightly. Do NOT remind yourself of your old male fantasies as that will only serve to increase your desire to become more of a slut. Trust me on this.

Eventually your wife, girlfriend or secretary will notice and this will be when you need to intensify your self-conditioning because she already has her hooks in you and has almost certainly proven quite handy at manipulating you. It will be a stand-off and you will have to win. You'll need to use dramatic male-posturing and male behavior to condition

yourself out of the bimbo state of mind.

Chapter Nineteen

Sex!?

* * *

If I go through with it, is it all over for me?

Yes and no. Sex is not a magic drug that will automatically convert you into a confirmed nympho-girl. It is, however, a powerful mechanism for deriving pleasure and there are certain inherent sensations that you'll find nudge you dramatically into loving your soft, jiggly condition. If she knows what she's doing (and she probably does), she (your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) will use sex and your own sexual desires to feminize and/or transform you, and it's very difficult to resist the excitement and conditioning pleasure of it.

I've still got my man lump, why am I suddenly craving sex as a girl!?

There are 2 reasons: one is physical; the other is psychological. They are both intricately intertwined.

Physical Factors / Psychological Factors

There are certain basic characteristics inherent in normal heterosexual intercourse. One, the woman is penetrated. Vaginally, orally, she is the receiver. Two, as the receiver, the woman is more often than not placed in the passive role. She is having something done to her as opposed to being the one "doing". Of course it's not uncommon for a woman to be active, riding the man and therefore controlling her pleasure, but she is still the receiver through penetration.

These two basic characteristics when applied to you as a feminized or fully transformed girl will have rather powerful effects. It's arguable whether the effects are more strongly felt with a man who has been feminized and still retains his male genitalia versus a man who has been fully transformed into a functioning woman. Either way, the physical sensations coerce a psychological shift, and it's this mental adjustment that is the most powerful propellant to complete girlification.

As a feminized male, inevitably the pressure to behave as a fully functional female will result in you taking on the stereotypical female role. This means, you'll be pushed or coerced into adopting a passive attitude toward your own sexuality. You'll be manipulated to feel that sex

and your sexuality is not something you control, but that it is something that is in the hands of others. You are the receiver and therefore have no control over what's being done to you.

As the receiver you'll feel an enormous pressure to find delight in being penetrated. Most feminization regiments begin with a step-by-step training involving dildos (which become increasingly bigger and more lifelike) and anal plugs. Usually this starts out gradually as just you fulfilling her or your fantasy, a way to make things more exciting, but make no mistake about it, once you set foot on this path, the pressure to advance to the next level will be enormous. The normal process is detailed below:

Fantasy oral simulation

"Pretend you're a girl and suck on this dildo while I stroke you and/or fuck you."

How does she get you to do this?

"It'll be a fun fantasy."

"Show me how you like to be sucked off so I can do it better."

"You don't complain when I do it for you. Why won't you do this for me?"

What are the effects?

You receive sexual stimulation while you adopt the female role. You receive attention in the form of positive reinforcement. Barriers are broken down which seeds the idea, however purposefully or subconsciously, of replacing the artificial dildo with a real cock. All of these combined will condition you to find excitement and pleasure at the idea of providing real oral pleasure to a man while sexually behaving, feeling and looking as a woman.

Fantasy penetration

"Pretend you're a girl getting fucked like a girl while I stroke and/or fuck you."

How does she get you to do this?

"It's just a little butt plug. It'll make everything more exciting."

"I let you fuck me in the ass. Why won't you let me fuck you?"

"Aren't you curious how it feels to be fucked like a girl?"

What are the effects?

You are made aware of the abundance of pleasurable nerve endings in and around your anus, therefore relegating it to a newly discovered erogenous zone. You are conditioned into associating the idea of sexual pleasure with the idea of anal sex (including receiving lavish attention as positive reinforcement) and being "fucked as a woman" first with a handheld anal device, then with a strap-on (a.k.a. "pegging"). Intense male barriers are broken down which leave you in a vulnerable, often highly-dependent and suggestible state (i.e. you are at her mercy).

NOTE: When paired with chastity, rapid progress toward fully accepting the female role during sexual intercourse can be (and often is) achieved. It is a powerfully effective technique with devastating, usually permanent results and it is unfortunately easy for her to do.

Anal Love 1-2-3

Start: You love good old-fashioned sex with your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.

1. She stimulates your cock while simultaneously stimulating your anus, thereby associating and cementing the two ideas with deep conditioning pleasure.
2. She continues the anal stimulation and gradually ceases all cock stimulation (intermittently at first, but leading to complete abstinence and chastity).
3. She provides sexual pleasure through anal stimulation only. Frequently the use of numbing cream on your cock or chastity devices are employed.

End: Voila. You now love getting fucked like a woman and derive as much pleasure from anal sex (if not more) than you do from your cock.

Anal Love - 5 Steps

A five-step process is also used often in conjunction with the 1-2-3 step process above:

1. Wearing small butt plugs
 - a. At first only during sex
 - b. Then around the house
 - c. Then outside the house to the grocery store or work
 - d. Eventually, wearing them continuously
- 1.a. [Optional] Using the dildo you just sucked off and have conveniently lubricated with saliva to "pleasure" yourself anally.
2. Dildo ass play with your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. adopting the dominant / male role.
3. "Pegging" - use of a strap-on dildo with you're positioned in traditional missionary / doggy poses while she penetrates you.
4. Prostate massage and/or "milking" to create a sense of sexual excitement and desperation associated with anal stimulation.
5. Real sex with a real man and a real cock penetrating you.

WTF!? I just had an orgasm without my cock being touched!?

More than likely you just had a "prostate" orgasm. Like chastity, when used with the Anal Love Procedures above, the effects can be simply apocalyptic, both physically and psychologically.

The prostate is a small gland roughly 2-3 inches inside the interior "front" wall of your anal passage. It secretes an alkaline solution to counteract the acidity of the vaginal environment, which permits the sperm to penetrate and more easily impregnate. It is also referred to as the male G-Spot.

What you may or may not know is that it can be stimulated manually to generate an intense orgasm, which is entirely independent of the penis and entirely internal. Most heterosexual men perceived the spasms and convulsion that can occur throughout the pelvis and body as female. Whether the physical pleasure is more transforming than the psychological coming-to-terms with having just had a "female orgasm" is unclear.

It is very clear, however, that your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. will use this as a means of transitioning you from the male sexual role to the female one.

"You just came like a girl, baby. How can you doubt you really are one inside?"

The prostate can be manipulated to orgasm through the use of

fingers, specially designed devices and even dildos or cocks. Once the first prostate orgasm is achieved, the male often enters into a state of utter bewilderment and suggestibility. Because of the physical pleasure involved (regardless of the psychological impact), he is usually eager to repeat the process and it's this eagerness which can be used to gradually ease him into full anal sex with a man, thereby completing the psychological transition (for all intents and purposes) to a fully realized female sexuality.

When prostate massages are used with chastity (See [I still have my dick. Why won't she let me touch it!?](#)), your body and mind will seek out the natural next place to achieve sexual satisfaction. Guess where that is?

A note about "milking"

Prostate milking is the stimulation of your prostate to coerce the draining of your semen. While the pressure of built-up semen is released, the sexual desire remains intact and in most instances can actually increase. The psychological effect of having your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. take control over even the release of your semen, leaving you utterly denied and desperate is likely to advance your feminization / girlification more than any other technique.

It creates a sense of dependency on her. It creates a sense of powerful intimacy between the two of you. It maintains high levels of dopamine and oxytocin, which serve to increase your agreeability and eagerness to please her. It can contribute to a sense of deep love and submission (i.e. slave).

If she ritualizes it, creating and repeating the act in the form of a ceremony, using the same environment, having you adopt the same body position, the same tools, the same tone of voice and choice of words again and again and again, she can actually condition you the point where your cock will leak by her command or snap of her fingers.

I don't have to tell you what this will do to you psychologically, do I?

Must they use every single hole?

If you have been fully transformed into a female, then yes, they can, will and must use every part of your body as their sexy little playground. Why? Because it's fun for them and it robs you of your sense of ownership over your own sexuality, lowers your self-esteem (which they will use to increase their control over you), and relegates your body to that of an object to be used for their pleasure and at their whim.

Chapter Twenty

Preggers

* * *

What . . . am I gonna do!?

Let me very clear about this . . . you're fucked. Not only must you have gotten fucked to have found yourself in this "condition", but any hopes you had of being a man again are gone.

I'm sorry break this to you, but in all the accounts of a man being transformed or switched into a woman and getting knocked up, there is not a single account of a man choosing not to keep the baby. There are many theories as to why this occurs, but none of them will help you. You may be considering, pondering, musing, weighing the pros and cons, but inevitably you will choose to have it or you will simply not make a choice and reach the point of no return so the choice is made for you.

So, a lot of things are going to happen to you.

You're going to get fat. Boo.

You're going to get food cravings. Hmm.

You're going to get bigger boobs. Yay.

Your boobs are going to swell and leak milk. Weird.

You're going to become extremely emotional. Sniffle.

You're going to become a little stupid. Duh!

You're going to feel like the most special person that has ever walked the Earth.

The bad news is there's no helping the panic, fear and "what-if's" that occur at 3 A.M. The good news is friends, family and people you never thought about will come out of the woodwork to make you laugh, cry, give you gifts and help you celebrate. Every conversation will be about you and the baby and how you're doing and what the doctor said.

You may think after you've had the baby, you'll switch back to being a man. You won't. Again, once motherhood has taken hold, it's a done deal.

Visit doctors. Read books. Accept the help and happiness of your family, friends, neighbors, work colleagues and of whoever managed to get one past you. Accept that it's a done deal and enjoy the ride.

And get used to strangers rubbing your belly without permission.

Chapter Twenty-One

Help! I Just Got Body-Swapped! What Do I Do?!

* * *

I woke up and I'm not me anymore!

First things first: Who are you?

If you know your body thief, then it may be as simple as tracking them down. This can be done through friends, family, neighbors, etc. Also, don't forget everyone will be perceiving "him" as you. After checking out everything you know about her, begin checking the details of your own life. More than likely "he" will be using your car, your keys, your credit cards. You'll need to do this quickly before "he" has a chance to change passwords, addresses and/or spread the word about you being a crazy stalker girl (which people will be ready to believe) in an attempt to lock you out of your own life.

If you don't know your body thief, this will make it more difficult. Perhaps you had a one night stand and didn't even bother to get her name. Perhaps she lied to you about who she really was. There are still options. Bodyswappers are not immune from identity requirements. Look around for a purse or a set of keys. She may have left identity documents (e.g. passport, driver's license). If all else fails, you can turn yourself in to a hospital and claim amnesia.

Be prepared for a difficult discovery. Most bodyswappers leave their lives in a disastrous state. After all, why should they pay bills or take care of anything if they're just going to leave it behind them soon? In a few instances, victims have been able to entice their bodyswappers back by fixing everything wrong with their lives, but this is rather rare. Her bills are now your bills. If she owed the mob money, you now own them money. No one will believe you when you try to explain you're not you anymore, but the good news is you're a girl now and girls have options for making money quickly that men don't. (See [Boob Sales](#).)

Once you know who you are and begin to contend with the aspects of "her" life that she gladly left behind, you can concentrate on discovering the mechanism of the swap.

It's unlikely "she" had a natural talent for simply shifting her consciousness into your body and visa versa. It is far more likely she used a device of some sort. Here is a list of possible mechanisms. If you discover how she did it, you may be able to repeat the procedure, but

beware; "he" will be far more vigilant than you were. "He" will far more difficult to trick than you were.

Organic chemical - she drugged you

This was most likely administered in a drink, perhaps in pill or powdered form. Remember, you have access to "her" life now, so you can follow up on any leads about how and where she acquired the drug. Remember, whoever gave it to her will know that you've most likely switched. If you're fortunate, they won't care and will be happy to make another sale.

Ritualized magic - she put a spell on you

The good news is this isn't easy and it takes a lot of time and it's a procedure that can be repeated. The bad news is if she was a self-proclaimed "witch" then it's likely she found a way to transfer her abilities into her new body as well. The good news is witches have friends, at least one of whom will disagree vehemently with what she's done. The bad news is her friend may not be as powerful as her and may not be able to help you switch back.

Brain surgery - she literally swapped brains with you

This is the least likely as it requires a tremendous amount of preparation, time, skill and resources. It will be easy to track down doctors, nurses and facilities, but hard to find the resources to switch back. You'll know if this has been done because your head will hurt, the recovery period will be long and they will have shaved your head.

She promised me this was temporary, but now I'm having doubts!

So, she sold you on the fact that this would be a fun game and you'd become closer than ever by switching bodies, lives and literally putting yourself in her shoes. Maybe it was supposed to only be for a week or a month, but the week or month has passed and she shows no signs of reversing the switch. In fact, she may even be dropping hints about staying this way forever.

First, have some sympathy. She's been a girl her entire life and has been relegated to some degree as a second-class citizen. She's always been smaller and weaker than men. She's always felt like she's been held hostage by her own body (e.g. pressures to remain thin, be attractive, PMS, menstruation, fear of rape, etc.) She's likely been patronized,

discriminated against, hit on and called names. Now that she's in your body, she's free of all that. This sense of freedom for a woman is particularly powerful and she will not be in a hurry to lose it. She can go where she wants without fear of being attacked or ogled or made uncomfortable simply because she has a pair of breasts or has her legs showing. People listen to her because her voice is deeper and more commanding. She's likely taken control in the bedroom as well and this is very freeing, and the sense of power she's receiving from using your new female body for her own pleasure is particularly exciting.

Second, enjoy the gift you've been given. She's right in that you will understand her body, her emotions, her life in a way that you never have before. You're free from the pressures to lead and be in control. You're free from the stigma of being emotional or crying. You're free to go shopping and dress up her pretty body in anyway you see fit. If you've always wished she would dress in tighter skirts and wear higher heels, now "she" can dress that way. Enjoy being passive during sex. Be a slut and show her what you always wanted but were afraid to ask. Show her how suck cock, how to ride it, how to turn your male body on. If she was too embarrassed to give you a lap dance or to dress in lingerie or to moan like a slut, now is your chance to demonstrate what it does to a man.

Third, when she was a girl, she somehow managed to persuade you to switch. She probably used her body, sexual enticement, being sweet and soft and pouting and/or pleading, promises, catching you at your weakest moment (i.e. aroused and desperate) and dropping constant subtle hints. In short, she used her sexual power to influence you. You are now a girl. Got it? You have the same gifts. If "he" shows signs of breaking, reward "him" with teasing hand jobs, blowjobs. If "he" doesn't do what you want, stop putting out, become cold. "He'll" get the hint soon enough. Just don't let "him" seduce you, which frankly "he'll" find very easy, having worn your female body for decades. It worked on you when you were a guy. Believe me; it'll work on her now that she is one.

Another thing you can try is to dramatically change her life. Even though she is now in your body, she still has a lingering attachment to her old life. If you suddenly quit "your" job, quit "your" friends and decide to strip for a living, she'll naturally get upset. You're wrecking her life, after all, but when she complains, remember you're a girl now. You have a naturally greater ability when it comes to language, conversation and manipulation. "I'm sorry, honey, but it's really starting to feel like my life now and this is what I want to do with it. If you're really that upset, we can switch back, but until then I'm making the changes that work for me." You

may think that "he's" too smart for reverse psychology and all the trickery females employ; he's not.

There is one sure-fire way she has trapping you in her body permanently and that is by getting you pregnant. Be vigilant. Do NOT let "him" control your birth control. Pay close attention to your contraceptive pills or condoms or whatever devices you use. A simple switch of pills or a pinhole in a condom or diaphragm can lead to a far deeper female experience than you ever wanted. Once you're knocked up, "he" wins. You may think it won't happen, but it will. (See [Preggers.](#))

Chapter Twenty-Two

Help! My Secretary Has Tricked Me Into Changing Places With her?!

* * *

Oh man! I made a bet and now I'm screwed!

As much sympathy as I will attempt to muster for you, it may not be as much as you feel you deserve. It's a rare occasion that a secretary "bets" her boss into heels and it usually fall into one of the following scenarios: 1. You are/were a terrible misogynist that hired only "hot" secretaries, fired those who wouldn't "put out" and administered a "porn style" dress code (e.g. tighter than tight short skirts, no heels less than 6", etc.); 2 you were a completely ineffectual administrator who actively stole ideas of the female staff, refused to give them credit and refused to promote them; 3 you accidentally hired a dominatrix (or the other secretaries carefully placed her there to achieve their victory over you).

The bet will usually be a very public one and will involve other members (if not all) of the female staff (so you can't back out or cheat). She (your secretary) will rely on your ego and machismo to trick you into an agreement without knowing all the rules. In other words, you may think you're simply going to switch desks and answer phone calls for a week/month. What you will discover is she expects you to trade "uniforms" and will employ one of the following coercers to ensure you comply: 1. "Is your male ego so fragile that it will break if you dress like a woman for a week / month?" 2. The whiskey she just poured for you when you showed up at her apartment to hammer out the details of the bet was swimming with tranquilizers / hypnotics 3. Losing the bet would be so catastrophic to your reputation in the company or to your finances that you really have no choice but to win it, which means being twice the secretary she is/was.

In all cases, your secretary will not depend on the honor system for you to hold up to your end of the bet. As soon as she gets a mere whiff of an initial agreement from you, she will begin to suggest "locks". This could be some sort of legal contract that she will keep on file "just in case" (God help you if you happen to work in a legal firm) or it could be some sort of chemical, hypnotic or other leverage device that ensures you carry through to the sweeter end. Once she has a lock in place, she has you. Although the details of the bet will become the entire focus of all your

future actions, it is utterly inconsequential to her. She already has you locked to her will and her whims; the "bet" is just a method of control, a control designed solely to feminize you until you're completely unrecognizable from your former hairy self.

How do I get out of this!?

- 1) Win the bet
- 2) Prove to her that you've learned your lesson. This will be a rather hard sell. You'll have the best luck if you actually *do* learn your lessons and can demonstrate your sincerity.
- 3) Become just girly enough that you elicit her natural sympathy, but not so girly that she finds it simply too delicious to keep you that way.

Oh man! She found out about [insert whatever] and now she's blackmailing me!

If you have not already agreed to her proposal and have been fitted with some rather fiendish heels, I suggest you do the following:

Accept the consequences: do the jail time; get fired; get divorced. However bad you think it will be, other men like you have survived far worse.

If it's more of a life or death situation, then you've practically handed her your first pair of pink panties and said, "Gee, would you be a doll and forcibly feminize me until I can't remember how it felt to pee standing up?"

There are three reasons why your secretary will blackmail you into skirts and high heels:

1. Hiding
 - a. You owe money and can't pay it back
 - b. You've embezzled money and you don't want to go to jail
 - c. Your wife found about you and [insert secretary's name here] and you don't want to get a divorce, because either :
 - i. She and her lawyers will clean you out
 - ii. She's got all the money and you'll end up broke
2. You got "caught"
 - a. You wore panties to the office
 - b. You decided to play dress-up in the office
 - c. Your gaze lingered a little too long at the secretaries' shoes,

skirts, etc. or made too many sincerely interested comments about the secretaries' hair, makeup, etc.

3. Because she can
 - a. She sees the "girl" inside you
 - b. She sees the "sissy" inside you
 - c. She has already figured out how to manipulate you.

Hiding

Once she has you sequestered away, the natural psychology of avoidance will take hold. In other words, though the consequences of your actions haven't changed, the perception of the magnitude of them will increase exponentially. She will understand this, of course, and most likely encourage it, painting vivid mental pictures of what is likely to happen if you get found. Eventually just the mention of this will trigger enough emotional terror that you'll do anything and everything she wants. At the beginning of your feminization, which she will convince you is necessary to help conceal you, you'll notice that she "documents" your transformation with photographs and videos. This is to ensure you remain under her control. After all, now you not only have to fear being revealed to your aggressor, but you also have to worry about being exposed as a "sissy", so even if you finally get the courage to face up to the consequences of your actions, she still has good blackmail material on you.

Once you're sufficiently feminized, she will most likely bring you into direct contact with your aggressor (i.e. detective, mob boss, wife, etc.) The threat of this exposure, the "close call" will have a dramatic impact on your psyche. Whether or not you are conscious of it, your mind will come to understand that the only way to escape detection in the future is to become even further feminized.

The most dangerous delusion you will face is the belief that somehow the situation is temporary. After all, they can't search for you forever, can they? Perhaps not, but by the time they stop, you'll either be so girly that you can't fathom how to return to your old self or you will have been shipped off to another country (for your own good) or an institute that specializes creating permanent feminization conditions in unwary victims such as yourself.

How do I get out of this!?

There is only one way to escape and that is to expose your self. You might take this literally and lift your pretty skirt to display your

true nature when confronted with your aggressor. (It's rare for a seasoned detective or mob thug to be surprised, but this should do it. Hint: look for a wide-eyed, slack jaw expression and the sound of a large gasp.)

WARNING: exposing your self in this fashion to your wife will not have the same results! While it may, in fact, stave off a divorce, it will also quite firmly place you in her mercy and under her power (i.e. blackmail).

You might also take this figuratively and simply turn yourself into the police, mob or wife, accepting the consequences, whatever they turn out to be. You'll also most likely have to deal with your exposure as a "girly boy" or "sissy".

Caught

Honestly, whether or not you want to admit it, you probably got caught on purpose. You can whine and squirm and stamp your little high-heeled foot all you want, but if you've been caught and are now in the state of being feminized, some part of you will have to admit that you're in sissy-heaven. You like the panties. You like the lipstick and the heels and all the attention you're receiving from the secretaries. Some will be firm and harsh. Some will be sweet and sisterly. Some may even be turned on by watching you fall from your position as all-powerful boss to being just another girl in the office (and most likely low girl on the totem pole). In fact, you may not even be allowed to remain as a secretary as they will insist you are simply too inept and must accept a demotion to intern. (If you don't like fetching them coffee and serving as pretty hostess to visiting clients, then you would do well to avoid this.)

If this is you, then there's no escape because in all honesty you don't really want one. The girls in the office will see this, of course. Women tend to be excellent judges of facial expressions. You may refuse and complain and insist that all the feminization nonsense halt immediately. The grins and knowing smirks you will see on their faces will be a direct result of them seeing your true feelings in your eyes.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Help! I Can't Get This Bodysuit off?!

* * *

The zipper disappeared and it won't come back!?

First things first. Don't panic!

Seriously, your panic and fear causes increased blood flow to the bodysuit skin, which causes an increase in your galvanic skin response (i.e. skin conductivity), which strengthens the chemical bonds between the bodysuit "skin" and your skin. The "zipper" is designed to disappear and become seamless. The bodysuit "skin" is designed to attach to you in such a way as to prevent "slippage". The last thing you want in a sexual situation or a "fight or flight" response is for the bodysuit to allow you to slip and slide inside it. Not only would it feel unpleasant, it could also be dangerous.

If you find yourself unable to access the "zipper", follow these simple steps:

1. Relax
 - Meditate on a keyword or a phrase while focusing on your breathing.
 - Breathe deeply and regularly.
 - Lie down in a dark room and visualize a safe place (but not an arousing place! Don't let yourself fall deeper into the trap of indulging in sexual fantasies, touching yourself and therefore creating arousal).
 - Try some self-hypnosis. There are plenty of free hypnosis mp3s and videos that are designed only to help you relax and reduce stress. (Stick to the reputable therapeutic files and stay away from any file that might arouse you, no matter how tempting they sound.)
2. Take a bath. It should be cool, not freezing. A tepid, lukewarm temperature is acceptable, but not as useful for deactivating the skin. (Do NOT take a bubble bath. This tends to be fun and girly and arousing, all things you want to avoid for now.) Soak for 30 minutes to an hour. You might try playing some soft music. You might try closing your eyes, but again, do not fall into the sensual trap of touching yourself and increasing

your arousal.

3. Gently pick and pull at the area of where you believe the start of the "zipper" to be. You can use your fingernail to lightly scrape across the surface. Don't just concentrate on one area. Move outward in an expanding spiral. Not only can you misremember where the "zipper" was (you were probably pretty excited when you put it on), but it can also shift slightly as the skin acclimates to your body. It may feel like a little soft "flap" or pimple or extra bump of fleshy skin, or it may be a place where the skin feels a little thinner or looser. Once you've identified the head of the "zipper", work at it gently (you don't want to damage it). Again, pick lightly with your fingernail, massage with the flats of your fingers, pinch it together and pull it apart. You'll know when it begins to open because there will a sudden feeling of decompression from the suit (i.e. your skin will suddenly feel "loose" on your body).
4. Review any instructions that may have come with the suit. If they are present but in a different language, utilize the many free language translation sites available on the internet to decipher them. If no literature is present, help may still be available on the internet. Identify the brand of the suit (most common listed below) and seek out the company's website. There you will often find troubleshooting and FAQ pages, and sometimes forums filled with customers just like you asking the same questions.
5. Some suits are outfitted with an emergency release, which forcibly breaks the chemical bonding agent coated on the interior of the skin. It may be located inside your ear or between one of your toes. It will feel and look a little like a pimple or wart. Press it or pinch it and hold it. Count to 20 and wait. If the suit doesn't release, search for the "zipper" again.
6. Do NOT attempt pull or cut it off you. The bond between the bodysuit and your skin is deep and virtually indefinable. When you pull on it, you're pulling on you. When you cut the skin of the bodysuit, you're cutting you.
7. If all else fails, find a dark room and remove yourself from all stimulation for a minimum of 12 to 24 hours. Pretend you have the flu. Eat only bland foods and sleep as much as

possible (do not take any medications as these can have unreliable effects on the chemical composition of the suit).

If you find you're truly stuck, you may be one of the unfortunate souls who have to start over with a new life. You'll need a new identity and this can be difficult. There are places on the internet that can help you, but be careful. If you get a bad "vibe" from the site or the person helping you, promptly stop all contact. Many of these sites pretend to offer assistance, but are really just fronts for disreputable "white slavery" operations.

Someone gave me a bodysuit. What should I do!?

Let me guess. Your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. has approached you, all smiles and pink-cheeked sweetness, and wants you to wear a female bodysuit because she wants you to dress up for Halloween or she wants you to see how the other side lives or she needs--just temporarily--a really pretty, sexy secretary for her or her office or other.

Proceed with caution!

Whatever her motivations, bodysuits have rules and you're better off knowing them backwards and forwards. Different bodysuits have different wear instructions, but most of them conform to the ones listed below.

1. Perma-Lock! - No matter what you're told, ALL bodysuits are essentially DNA altering traps designed to seep into every cell in your body (including your brain) and reorganize them into extremely specific molds. They are designed to be permanent grafts and to seal up permanently. However, such permanence takes time and manufacturers have worked hard to delay the point-of-no-return so that the wearer can escape and return to their normal body with relative safety. They also work hard to downplay the perma-lock nature of their skins and exaggerate their safety.
2. Length of stay! - Most bodysuits have a maximum wear date spelled out in hours or days. The most common is 24 hours, but some range up to 9-10 days. If you overstay your welcome, start picking out panties because the "new you" will want as many pretty options as possible.
3. Orgasms! - Your bodysuit is a delicate balance of chemicals. A female orgasm sends a dizzying array of confusing electrical / chemical signals through your body and that of your bodysuit. Older bodysuits were more fragile and easily

confused, and a single decent orgasm could zap the inhibiting compounds into submission and leave you locked forever in your new jiggly form. New bodysuits are far more durable, but an orgasm of sufficient intensity can have disastrous effects. (See caution below.)

4. Chemical interference! - Like it or not, the female bodysuit has female DNA and female DNA is designed by Mother Nature (See [Bitch!](#)) to have strong reactions to male, um . . . cum. Semen. Spunk. Creamy Go-Go Juice. Boy milk. Whatever you want to call it, get enough of it inside you and bing-bam-mmm, your perma-lock is triggered. Having it splattered onto your bodysuit should not trigger the reaction. However, as a caution, it's best to give your bodysuit skin a good wipe down or cleaning after any sexual contact (i.e. shower). Make sure condoms are used and that they are not faulty. There are no hard, fast (Bimbo note: *Mmm*) rules for how much semen it takes to trigger a perma-lock reaction, but a little is too much.

Caution: If your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. seem to be working overtime to tease you, deny you and tease you again to a frenzying sexual peak or if they suddenly introduce you to a "bull", "stud" or "alpha" male whose very presence fills you with high levels of nervousness and arousal, she may be trying to trigger the perma-lock feature and trap you forever as her maid, girlfriend or secretary (etc.)

Do not be overconfident! Would you try to outrun an Olympian track star? No? These "bulls", "studs" and "alpha" males are Olympian sex stars. They work 24/7 to learn their craft and their craft is understanding the female body, manipulating the female mind and stimulating female desire. Some do it for the money, and they get paid more than you do (trust me!). Some do it because they love leaving a woman a helpless, addicted, obsessed, worn-out, stretched-out puddle. They love to break a woman sexually again and again and again.

You'll know one of these alpha males because the moment they set eyes on you, you'll feel small, frozen in place and utterly blank. You'll be hot, able to feel your pulse in your neck, nipples and face. Your heart will be racing. You'll be swallowing deeply and

incessantly, your tongue will go dry and your panties will go wet. Their stern, confident glare, their easy grin will make you feel as if being stripped by them and taken by them is a foregone conclusion. They are large in stature, broad-chested, have chiseled iron jaws with extended brows (i.e. "caveman" brows), deep set eyes (sometimes dark, sometimes crystal blue) and they have very large "members".

I'm being taken over by the female soul that was in my bodysuit!?

As near as we can tell, this appears to be an urban myth. Bodysuits are complex organisms, designed to "re-clone" cells. They are not made from actual women, and though they do contain female DNA, they do not have "souls".

Everyone knows of someone who knows someone who has heard of this happening, but it's never someone they know personally. The story goes like this:

A friend of a friend hears about this guy who bought a bodysuit from overseas (China, Japan, Taiwan, etc.) He pays very little for it and it ships super quick. He puts it on for a weekend of fun and is amazed at how quickly he adapts. Not only does he *look* like a natural born female (usually with a perfect body, big breasts, long hair, long legs), but he finds himself behaving just like one as well. He's walking in high heels, applying makeup and flirting with guys like a pro. Even though he is a little embarrassed by how girly he acted when he finally removes the suit, it is such an amazing experience that he can't wait to do it again. Soon, he is spending every weekend in the bodysuit. Then weeknights before and after work. Then he is sleeping in it and enjoying how good it feels to wake up all soft and sexy every morning.

His "girl" personality is evolving and sometimes he swears he can hear a girl's voice whispering to him, giving him instructions, instructions that are so exciting and sexy that he can't help following them.

He is always careful not to wear the suit for too long, but eventually the whispered "voice" gets louder and by then he is so used to doing whatever it says, he begins to find it a real struggle to resist "her" suggestions.

In a moment of panic, he finds himself in a situation that makes it difficult for him to remove the suit. A likely example would be finding himself in a very wealthy, perhaps dangerous man's apartment--a high-rise abode with ridiculously high security--flat on his back, thighs wrapped around the man's waist, getting plowed six ways from Sunday, right on the

edge of a bombastic orgasm even as he watches the minutes tick away to the bodysuit's point of no return.

He manages an inventive escape, promptly discards the bodysuit and promises himself never to wear it again.

Only a little time later, however, he somehow manages to retrieve the bodysuit, convincing himself that if he does wear it again, he won't make the same mistakes.

Finally, the temptation becomes too much and he dons the suit again. He's in heaven then, and he assumes that the "voice" or whatever was acting against him is reset since he hasn't worn it in awhile. The "voice" is now a "presence", however, and it hasn't reset. It picks up right where it left off, stronger than ever, and soon he is wearing the bodysuit as often as before. Each day and each night, the presence gets a little stronger until it is soon able to shift into control. This occurs usually in a moment of distraction, either while the boy is sleeping or being deeply and thoroughly fucked. Often times, the "girl" in the suit will contrive a situation where "she" must give head to a highly aggressive "alpha" male or receive anal sex. This is designed to disgust our hero, who withdraws mentally and emotionally, thereby allowing "her" to take control.

Once she has control, of course, she refuses to give it up, even going so far as to refuse sleep so he cannot somehow squirm his way in while she is unconscious. Since she has waited strategically until almost the point of no return, she doesn't have to hold out long.

There is usually a great showdown, where it is revealed that "she" is/was an actual girl, trapped by nefarious means and wants to live and breathe and love again. She is often a "shamed" girl in her culture, a kidnap victim or sold into slavery. Either way, the great struggle is on between the boy who is in a considerably weakened, highly aroused state and the girl in the suit who has all but won before the battle begins.

Brands, "Zippers" and Release Instructions!?

Disclaimer # 1: This is by no means an all-inclusive list. There are many "third party" manufacturers, many disreputable, many simply "new".

Disclaimer # 2: The author cannot attest to the veracity of the information as such information comes from websites, which is subject to changes without a moment's notice, and anecdotal testimony (and we know how reliable that is).

How do I know if I have one of these brands!?

Search your bodysuit skin very carefully. It's much easier to search when you're not wearing it. There will often be a small tattoo or discoloration that under the right light reveals the logo of the company. They are very small and very faint and difficult to find for a reason, since the very nature of the bodysuit is deception. The last thing you want is someone seeing the logo on your shoulder or belly and realizing you're not really a girl, right?

Good places to search are:

- On the scalp, usually on the side of the head. It's not likely to be on the top of your head as most men will now be taller than you and may look down and notice. It's not likely to be on the back of your head as men fucking you from behind may develop a particular narrow focus on this area. It won't be on the back of your neck under the hairline since this is often an erogenous zone.
- Underside of your tongue. Use a mirror and shine a very bright light and search from the base to the tip.
- Interior cheek. Again, only a dentist might notice this. Use a mirror and a very bright light.
- Interior wall of your vagina. Only a gynecologist might notice this. Again. . . mirror, light, squat and search.
- Interior of your eyelid. The best way to see this is to close your eyes and shine a very bright light at your face. The Sun works very well. You're looking for the slightest impression of the logo.

As no government or medical association will even entertain the existence of such bodysuits (otherwise they would have to admit the moratorium on cloning has been broken and would then have the nightmare of attempting to legislate / regulate such impossible technology), this makes it all but impossible to collect a solid listing.

However, there are a few brands that openly advertise and a few that have stood the test of time.



Girl Skin

Company Info: This is the oldest brand on the market. It's probably the most trustworthy, and provides phone and website support. It's also the most expensive. They will not guarantee their bodysuits beyond six months, so you're either rich or you'll go broke trying to afford a lifestyle. Most people continue to use the Girl Skin bodysuits far beyond the recommended warranty expiration with little trouble.

Zipper: Girl Skin Bodysuits have a "channel-lock" zipper, similar to the type of "zippers" on sandwich bags. One groove fits into the other. You can feel the grooves "lock" together. It can take anywhere from 1 to 12 hours for the zipper to become seamless.

Pre-Wear Instructions: A minimum hot water soak of one hour is required, though the recommended soak time is actually overnight. This softens the skin and activates the bonding agents inside. Note: You soak the bodysuit *before* you put it on.

Wear Instructions: 24 hour maximum wear. Zero contact with semen is recommended, although skin contact appears to have no ill effects. (Remember, semen drips and spatters everywhere and can end up where you don't want it no matter how careful you think you're being.) NO vaginal or oral semen contact should be permitted! This includes pre-cum, so use condoms for everything. Any intake of semen may inhibit the perma-lock inhibiting agents, which will result in permanent wear conditions (i.e. start buying panties.)

Removal Instructions: Soak in cool water for 1 to 12 hours.

Storage: Store in a cool, dry place. If possible, store in a cedar box / chest next to a humidifier.



Femme Flesh:

Company Info: This is another old company that seems to have been around forever, but also has a rather sullied reputation. It's not customer friendly, offers no support, and there's even been some theories that it *wants* customers addicted to their bodysuits. It's also the bodysuit most often "borrowed" by third party manufacturers who almost

always fail to correctly install the chemicals that inhibit the perma-lock feature (or at the very least they do such a shoddy job that the

"lock" feature will almost certainly "catch").

Zipper: Femme Flesh offers a "fold over" seam that appears to disappear instantaneously, but which actually takes 3-4 hours to "cure". Finding it again can be a bitch, just so you know.

Pre-Wear Instructions: Femme Flesh offers an additive that you add to a bath of very hot (but not scalding water). Very hot water with the additive softens the skin and activates the bonding agents. Scalding water with the additive softens the skin and activates the bonding agents and washes the perma-lock inhibitors cleanly away. A matter of a few degrees temperature can leave you trapped as the fairer sex forever.

Wear Instructions: 9.5 days maximum wear. You should treat this as 9 days or less. It's difficult to calculate what the skin thinks of as a half day, and it's confusing. Remember, the clock starts the moment the bodysuit "cures", which could be hours after you put it on, but if the bodysuit has received frequent use, the cure times can be much shorter. Taking a single day's break between wearing periods may not be enough to reset the perma-lock clock; it may only continue the clock, meaning you think you've got another 9 days only to discover that in 6 hours time you're already stuck as a girl permanently.

Removal Instructions: Cool water with yet another additive. Not cold, because you know what happens. That's right, the perma-lock inhibitors freeze up and you're a bra-wearer forever. FF doesn't give you very much removal additive, and extra supplies are expensive, yet you'll find you have to use more than the recommended dosage to get the skin off.

Storage: The instructions are to lay it out flat in a cool, dark area. Do not hang it. Do not fold it or bundle it up. Try explaining that to your wife, maid or visiting relative.



TNG:

Company Info: There's some debate about the name of the company. Some think it stands for "The Next Generation". Others claim it means "The New Girl". Either way, it's a fairly new company which or may not be in business by the time you read this. They provide limited customer service, and you'll find the 1-800 number rings and rings forever. Try off peak times, but it has been reported that someone eventually answers. The website is operational, but rather slim. No forums. No FAQ. No

troubleshooting, though there is contact information. It's unclear as to whether or not emails are returned.

Zipper: TNG offers the familiar and popular channel lock zipper. One groove presses into the other. It can take 3-4 hours to become seamless. TNG purportedly has a fail-safe emergency release "button", though the location is unclear. Allegedly, it is either behind the left ear and will feel a little like a pimple or it is on the right side of the head. Pressing and holding for 10-20 minutes is supposed to break the bonding agents sealing up the bodysuit, but it also destroys it so it cannot be worn again.

Pre-Wear Instructions: There appears to be no soaking required. It comes with a

"sealant" lotion that's applied once the skin is on, and the lotion should be reapplied every day. The lotion keeps the bodysuit active. Failing to apply the lotion will cause the suit to self-release, which sounds remarkably fool-proof safe until you read the next part.

Wear Instructions: 10 days maximum. Remember, the suit releases on its own when you stop applying the "sealant" and this can take hours. Well before the 10th day, you should stop applying the sealant and remain somewhere private and safe as the skin could release at any time. Do NOT apply the sealant more than once a day as it can tip the potency of the bonding agent over the potency of the inhibiting agents. Applying the sealant 10 times in days will have the same effect.

Removal Instructions: See above.

Storage: There are no storage instructions.



She Faire:

Company Info: Unknown. No customer support. No websites. This appears to be a "word-of-mouth" company. If the word of mouth is to be believed, the types of bodysuits this company produces are of infinite variety.

Any ethnicity, any skin pigment, complete with behavior / language modifications. Allegedly, they even offer "mythical" skins. One virtually unbelievable rumor is that not only do they offer ponygirl and puppy girl type skins, but they even offer a "fairy" skin, which purportedly shrinks the wearer down to a few inches in height and comes complete with functional wings.

Zipper: Unknown. Some reports suggest there are no zippers but that the skin is a "slip-on".

Pre-Wear Instructions: Unknown.

Wear Instructions: Unknown.

Removal Instructions: Some report that the more common skins can be removed through a self-massage designed to loosen the skin enough to "slip-out". Other reports are that the more exotic skins are permanent. If you've been shrunk down to only a few inches high and you're buzzing around in fairy wings, it's unlikely to be reversible.

Storage: Unknown.



Spry:

Company Info: While other companies, such as Girl Skin, cater to the American market, offering more curvy, well-endowed figures, Spry professes a more "European" style-set, thin models, supple teenagers and even "little girl" skins. Their bodysuits tend to offer more severe modifications, not in form, but in figure. Their skins are designed to slim the overall mass,

considerably shorten the height, and have long recovery periods. These are not weekend vacations. If you have several months to kill, this may be the bodysuit for you. Note: The behavioral modifications are significant in these. In other words, put on a "little girl" skin and in no time you'll be skipping, giggling, playing with dolls and forgetting (lots). You will also experience some language obfuscation. Within a week you may lose the ability to speak, write, read and think in English. They come in Italian and French, and that's it. (See [I know I'm pouting but I can't stop it!](#))

Zipper: None. This comes with two mesh seams that push together and are sealed with a spray adhesive. Curing time is 12-24 hours.

Pre-Wear Instructions: A warm, saltwater soak is recommended for approximately 8-10 hours. Overnight is best. A solution of 1/4 part salt to 1 part water is suggested.

Wear Instructions: These are long-wear skins and are not intended for short durations. A one month minimum wear duration is suggested for the full effect. These are one-wear-only skins and once removed should *never* be reused.

Removal Instructions: A cool soak in a vinegar water bath is suggested for 3 hours. One part vinegar to one part water. If you feel and smell like a salad, you've got it right. Once released the skin is virtually impossible to remove destroying it. While many of your male features will be instantly revealed, it will take several weeks of

aching growth for you to return to your normal girth and height. A high calcium / high protein diet is recommended with lots of rest, allowing for the re-accumulation of bone and muscle mass. There are reports that you never quite get back to your full height and mass.

Storage: None. It is not intended for storage. Do not buy until you are ready to wear.



Keyhole:

Company Info: This is an interesting company in that only sells "custom" skins. This manufacturer claims to offer celebrity facial features and figures that are accurate to within a millimeter (who knows how they got their measurements). Their gallery of famous faces include domestic (US), international and even historical figures (within the 20th Century). Megan Fox, Marilyn

Monroe, Victoria Beckham, Samantha Faiers, Katie Price, Kyoko Fukada, Miranda Kerr are a few currently offered. The one drawback is that there is some anecdotal evidence that while the similarity is sound, it's not perfect. In other words, while you may be re-molded into the likeness of your favorite model, you may be surprised or disappointed to discover that her real life face doesn't quite match her appearance on magazine covers. Makeup, airbrushing, photo re-touching manipulate celebrity images considerably and this can lead to some disparity between what you expect to see and what you actually get. They will also allow you to send in photos of a non-celebrity and if the images are thorough enough (please don't be a stalker), offer to custom design a skin just for you, which gives rise to certain legal questions, but maybe it's best to such issues well enough alone for now.

Zipper: Keyhole offers the traditional "channel" zipper, one groove fitting into the other. Cure time is 1-12 hours.

Pre-Wear Instructions: A traditional 1-8 hours warm water soak is required before wearing. Overnight is recommended.

Wear Instructions: Keyhole Bodysuits offer a rather short wear time (12 hours Maximum), possibly to avoid issues with identity theft. They don't want you taking acting gigs or taking over your pretty neighbor's life for days or weeks at a time.

Removal Instructions: Aside from the custom design, there's nothing unusual about the skin. The construction is very familiar to

a Girl Skin suit, so much so that there's some conjecture that it's the same company. A cool water soak for 1-8 hours should deactivate the bonding agents.

Storage: Store in a cool, dry place, preferably next to a humidifier.



One Red Shoe (ORS):

Company Info: If Spry offers the European flair for thin, young pouty skins, ORS offers the exact opposite. These bodysuits cater to those who prefer a more voluptuous, "fake" appearance. The smallest cup size offered is a "C", while the most common offering is in

the "DD" range. The hair is always waist length. The facial features tend to be soft and heart-shaped with lips that have a "collagen-injected" appearance. The fingernails are ultra long. There's no other way to describe it . . . ORS offers exclusively Bimbo models. Anecdotal evidence suggests the main drawback to the skins is that the sensory levels are tuned to maximum. The sensitivity of the skin and the pleasure responses are so off the chart that it causes some rather severe side-effects (which may, in fact, be intended). Some wearers have reported the following issues: inability to focus or concentrate, sensory overload cognitive disruption or "blankness" (i.e. wearers feel "spacey", constantly distracted and often find themselves "staring off into space"), euphoria, impaired judgment, extremely high levels of energy, high metabolism, and a hyper-libido. As previously discussed, extremely high levels of pleasure can lead to extremely intense orgasms which can "confuse" the inhibiting agents, leading to permanent giggling bimbo-ness.

WARNING: This is a highly addictive bodysuit!

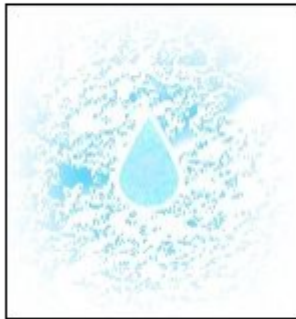
Zipper: ORS also offers the traditional "channel" lock, one groove fitting inside the other, but the problem isn't getting it on, it's remembering how to get it off.

Pre-Wear Instructions: This suit also recommends the traditional warm water soak. 1-12 hours.

Wear Instructions: Maximum wear time is one week or 7 days (whichever comes first). However, due to decreased cognition, wearers are in serious danger of forgetting or losing track of time. Also, the impaired judgment may simply convince the wearer to not care about removing the suit, and the ultra high levels of pleasure can make it difficult to leave such an intense, euphoric environment.

Removal Instructions: Again, the removal instructions are traditional. A cool water soak for 1-12 hours, but the high sensory levels can cause difficulty and distraction. The best recommendation is to have some bind you so you can't touch yourself and turn the lights off and limit all distractions.

Storage: There are no storage instructions.



Tear / Teardrop(?):

Company Info: This is brand-spanking new company. It's so new, in fact, that when I started writing this chapter, it didn't exist, but while re-checking information on another brand, it appeared out of nowhere. Not only that, but the company suddenly has a website complete with testimonies

ranging back 10 years. It appears to be a Swiss company that offers a limited variety of suits: creamy, milky-pale skin, blue eyes, platinum blond hair, ample figure, curvy, very soft and appealing looking skins. Same height, same basic dimensions (36-24-36, "C" Cup). The approximate age of all the bodysuits is 20-25. The skins are *very* similar in appearance and are numbered 1 through 12 and are given names like Barbie, Candee, Amee, etc. Note: the "testimonies" are either entirely fabricated or eerily familiar, intoning the same sentiment again and again (for over 200 entries): *"I love, I love, I love the skin I'm in. I am who I am who I always have been. I am happy and happier still to have joined the tear(drop) family"*, and so on.

Zipper: The zipper style here is unclear. There appears to be no actual "skins" or bodysuits, but only the promise of an "in-home" consultant, though there is reference to a "compression container that is to be released only in a small, closed interior space".

Pre-Wear Instructions: None given.

Wear Instructions: The company details no maximum duration of wear on its site, and there are no pre-soak instructions.

Removal Instructions: The company also offers no removal instructions, which is troubling to say the least.

Storage: None

Chapter Twenty-Four

Help! I'm Stuck In A Virtual World And I Can't Get Out?!

* * *

What is a "sim" and why do I always end up as a girl in them?

A "sim" is a simulated world or a simulated environment, and the reason you keep ending up as a virtual girl is because you either let yourself get talked into letting someone (e.g. wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) have control over the design/appearance of your avatar or you are "in-world" illegally and someone you were easier to control that way. (Keeping you off balance by switching your gender is an easy way of creating uncertainty and creating a sense of desperate trust on the very people who have changed you.)

NISE (Non-Immersive Simulated Experience)

If this is a non-immersive world then the solution is simple. Log off. With that said, most simulated worlds work hard to create level/pleasure reward systems to ensure you remain in-world for as long as possible and that you return frequently. The danger of this type of world is that you probably didn't take it seriously. After all, they're just images on your computer screen. What harm could it do really? The harm comes from the intense highly-eroticized predicaments in which you keep finding yourself. No doubt you are being led into them by your wife, girlfriend or secretary. She's already tricked you into experiencing the sim inside a female avatar. The interesting thing about seeing your female avatar react with the world is that you naturally begin to act like what you see. At first this may be hyperbolized stereotypical behavior, but shortly you'll begin experiencing very real female emotions and you will mentally experience very real female pleasure and exhibit very real female reactions.

It's a short mincing step from the sim to real life, and once these experiences ingrain themselves as vivid memories in your mind, it's an even shorter mincing step from your ratty old sneakers to a gorgeous pair of tall stiletto heels. Once she has your mind full of female thoughts, emotions and reactions, it's far easier for her to convince you to feminize yourself in real life and/or transform you in any capacity she sees fit.

A NISE (i.e. Non-Immersive Simulated Experience) should be

treated like any addiction. There are in fact NISE 12-step groups across the globe, though any conventional addiction treatment should suffice. Above all, resist re-entering the world in any capacity. You may even trick yourself into believing you'll enter the world again as a man and remain that way. You won't. Once you're inside, the world, your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. and even you yourself will find some excuse to utterly girlify you once again.

FISE (Fully-Immersive Simulated Experience)

These are also known as S.E.X. (Simulated Experience Xenome) worlds. A fully immersive world, as you now know, makes wireless connections with your brain so that you can experience all the sensations as if they are 100% real. Most sims do this with virtual helmets. The far more expensive, extensive (and dangerous) sims place your body in an isolation bath and/or maintain it in a state similar to suspended animation, leaving you free to fully experience every nuance of the virtual program.

These worlds are heavily regulated and have personnel available to ensure the world and the experiences of the users are healthy and legal. They do tend to be understaffed and since most sims use what is known as "time dilation", weeks or months of in-world time may pass before you get a response. Be patient.

There are also a tremendous amount of system checks and safeguards in place. You have basic emergency release instructions that you should've become aware of on entry. Use them. However, this world can also be highly-addictive and you may find yourself reluctant to release yourself.

If you are truly "stuck", it's most likely because you were tricked into entering the virtual world illegally. Perhaps you or your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. found an unscrupulous dealer to hack you into the world under the guise that it was harmless and far more affordable.

If you are in the world illegally, you may find the sim administrators less helpful. Theoretically they are responsible for anyone in the sim, legal or not, but there are no regulations on timelines and they will most certainly put their legitimate customers ahead of someone who is stealing their services. Rather than weeks or months of in-world time, it could be a year or more before they deign to take time to help you. By the time they do, you may be too far-gone. Your identification as a user may have been removed from the notice of the grid, making you difficult to find, and they may not be so keen on seeking you out. It's far easier to simply close the

help ticket you opened with your in-world call than it is to find out what happened to you.

What happened to you most likely was you found yourself utterly transformed into some form of utterly helpless girly avatar (e.g. slave girl, stripper, toddler, etc.). They (e.g. your wife, girlfriend, secretary or unscrupulous hacker hired by your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc.) have years of in-world time to convince you there is no escape and probably will try to persuade you to willingly accept code that removes the security safeguards, hides you from the grid by making you appear as a NPC (non-player character or computer constructed character), and imposes very specific restrictive behavior on your avatar (and therefore you).

Accepting any code that convinces the sim that you are a NPC is the worst thing that can happen. Not only does it make you nearly impossible to find, but the sim removes all security passes and safety releases. If a computer believes you are only a program, then it also believes you have no need of user protocols. At that point, a handy hacker can program you into nearly anything they want and the sim will utilize all of its resources to ensure you obey your programming. Even if the sim has no record of you as a previously designed NPC, it will assume you are a user constructed program and reset the world to accommodate your existence.

In other words, if someone has fed you code to turn you into a six-year-old girl, the sim will reprogram itself to accept you as one. Anyone who once knew you as a man will have those memories minimized with overwriting code that makes them believe (unless they try very hard) that you've always been a six-year-old girl and were never anything but a six-year-old girl. Honestly, in such a complete immersive world, it doesn't take long before you begin to believe it as well. It will also place severe restrictions on your coordination, thinking process and vocabulary. You *can* overcome these, but you'll find it's very difficult and requires a tremendous amount of concentration and you probably won't be able to keep it up for long. Plus, the pleasure reward system of going along with your programmed behavior and the relentless consistency with which the computer attempts to mold you is nearly irresistible.

If enough years of in-world time passes, a rescue may not even be possible. By the time sim personnel makes contact, you may actually plead with them to remain as you are. You'll find you've come to crave being a helpless six-year-old girl and the thought of leaving behind your stuffed animals, cartoons and pretty dresses may hurl you straight into a temper tantrum. If you're a stripper, the idea of no longer being able to dress in slutty outfits and heels, swing effortlessly around poles and tease in-world

currency out of patrons may actually depress you. If you're a slave girl, the idea of being anything else but a well-used, pleasing submissive servant to your Master or Mistress may no longer even be a concept you can manage.

Yeah, so how do I get out!?

Method # 1: Switch to a new Sim

All simulated worlds are "hacked" worlds, meaning that quick-witted programmers have punched plenty of holes in their fabric, creating portals for escape routes, portals for safe housing themselves and their property and portals that "tunnel" between sim environments.

If you have been designated as a NPC, then the escape portals simply won't work for you. Remember, the computer doesn't realize you're a real person so all your user rights have been revoked. Portals between environments, however, should allow you to pass through them without difficulty. While you may not be able to escape the world entirely and get back to your real life, you may be able to start over at another sim. Most between-world hacked doorways will automatically adjust your virtual clothing and aspects of your appearance so that you fit the guidelines of the sim. What it will not do, however, is adjust your behavioral programming and restrictions. A six-year-old girl in one world is a six-year-old girl in another.

Portals of any type are hard to spot at first because the programmers work hard to make them appear seamless, but here are some telltale traits:

- The scene looks too cliché or normal. The wall is too white and too long. The large floor-to-ceiling painting is too bland. They are always designed to go unnoticed.
- The scene hiding the portal will always be a non-functional one. People expect things to work so no programmer will create a bookshelf that is really a doorway because inevitably someone will try to pull out a book and discover the shelf's true nature.
- The scene will be bright and use a lot of white light. Portals tend to leak light, so you won't find them in dark alleyways.
- People will appear and disappear around the scene. The most heavily trafficked portals are the easiest to spot.

Once you travel to a new sim, try opening a new help ticket, try contacting the administrators and be very clear and honest about what's

happened to you. This may be difficult, as your behavioral programming will most likely suppress your vocabulary and attention span. Even the most patient of SA's will only listen so long while you giggle and say "um, uh" over and over again. Remember, you have to remain in the sim and wait for a response. If you disappear to yet another sim or back to the one you just came from, the SA will simply close the ticket.

Method # 2: Contact a different hacker.

Yes, it was a hacker that reprogrammed your behavior so now you can only smile cheerily at everyone and babble about how much you love your new party dress and what your dolly thinks about everything all the time, but another hacker can usually undo such programming. Whether they will is dependent on the luck of the draw. Do NOT seek out the perceived enemy of the hacker that got you into this mess. All hackers have a common adversary and that is the administration of the sim. It's far more likely your hacker's enemy will re-program you and send you back as a prank, hoping to trick and trap his "buddy", leaving you as you are, if not worse off.

Method # 3: Be the best darn six-year-old girl you can be.

No, I'm not kidding. When you go along with the program, you'll find you can gain some leeway. You can create some slack in your behavioral restrictions and may be able to develop yourself into a NPC with a certain amount of power. Unlike real NPCs, you have a conscious brain and can act in unpredictable ways, exploiting gaps in the sim world program. This is very difficult to do as you will most certainly become deeply ingrained in your new personality, and will be in real danger of forgetting the original purpose of escaping, but if you can manage it, this may be your only way out.

For example, don't fight the programming of being a cute little six-year-old girl. Go with it. Truly try to live and breathe as a six-year-old girl and you may be able to gain some privileges like going potty by yourself, like spending the night at your best friend's house, like making crayon art that is considered unique enough to gain you some attention.

Remember there are users that may be able to help you, even if they're not aware of it. Sweet talk one into allowing you certain freedoms or even better, find someone who envies the life of a six-year-old girl and persuade them to switch with you. Once you're in a better position, you can either utilize a portal, find a trustworthy hacker (there are a few) or barter with an SA to investigate more closely into your predicament. You

probably have considerable information on the hacker who did this to you and can use that as a bartering chip. You get released in exchange for an SA being able to shut down an instance of illegal usage. Just be aware that once the hackers become aware of this (and they will), you may become a target for all hackers. If you thought being a six-year-old girl was the worst thing they could do you, you're wrong.

Chapter Twenty-Five
Help! I've Been Abducted by the CIA / NSA / Witness
Protection Program And Now They're Feminizing
Me?!

* * *

[redacted]

Chapter Twenty-Six

Help! This Hotel / Institute / Resort Is Not What I Thought?!

* * *

It's unlikely you didn't have some inkling of the feminizing nature of the hotel / institute / resort where you've found yourself. Perhaps you were a cross dresser or a sissy and your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. finally relented to your "weekend" of indulgence. Perhaps you were persuaded this would be a fun time to explore a little gender bending fantasy. Either way, you most likely had some predisposition to exploring your femininity to ever have sought such a place out.

You were probably a little too eager to bother with all the fine details or to spy the warning signs. Perhaps you were enjoying a little stealth submission by allowing "her" to plan the whole thing for you. However you got there, almost at once the seriousness of the place and the cold, calculated, slick manipulative habits of the staff should have been your first clue to get out quickly.

The next step is "waking up". This usually occurs the first time you feel a sense of true helplessness as opposed to the little fantasy you concocted for yourself. The moment it stops feeling like a game and you feel that first pang of deep concern as your control is so effortlessly stripped away is also the moment when you realize in a panic that you're quite trapped. This is coincidentally the moment that marks the point of no return. No matter how you struggle, whimper or whine, by the time the staff moves you through your first hurdle (which usually occurs immediately after arrival), it is probably too late.

Why do I feel like a feminized prisoner?

Because the hotel / institute / resort didn't just pop into being on a whim. They hired or have on staff exceptionally talented, experienced psychologists, sociologists and cerebral biologists, most of whom have a dubious set of ethics. These doctors know what makes people tick and especially know how to manipulate someone like you. Playing on your desires, stripping you down through humiliation and exposure, molding you with situational stress and peer pressure will all work on you as they have on dozens, if not hundreds, of others.

It is very clear: you are free to leave anytime you wish, but it will

not feel like it and there will never be gaps in the highly focused attention you receive where you find the "break" you need to escape. The "therapy" is constant, consistent, well practiced and devastatingly effective.

They may tell you that you can leave whenever you wish, but they will never show you the door. They may tell you the doors are always unlocked, and they're correct. There are no chains on the doors, only on your psyche.

Why isn't she helping me?

There are a number of reasons your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. will demonstrate a blasé attitude to your predicament, the least of which is the more feminized you become the less seriously your demands, whines, whimpers and complaints will sound. It's a vast contrast between being the man you once were that towered over her with your hands curled into fists and a booming voice and being the "girl" you now are lost in your pink petticoated uniform, pouting with glistening painted lips, stamping your high heel and whining with your tiny voice that she's not taking you seriously. If you saw yourself in the mirror, you wouldn't take you seriously either.

Still, you wonder, why can't she see how serious the staff is and what they're doing to you? Remember, her experience with the hotel / institute / resort is very different from yours, and whether or not she is aware of every sinister way in which they're feminizing you inside and out, her motivations for allowing or persuading you to "visit" the place probably fall into one of the following:

Indulging you as a cure:

She doesn't understand or appreciate your inner girliness or sissy nature and seeks to drown you so deeply in your feminine desires that you will never want to indulge in them again.

She hopes by attempting to feminize you utterly that your masculinity will finally rebel and she'll walk away with a man again, but surprise, surprise, she has severely underestimated the persuasive power of the hotel / institute / resort. What she will end up with is someone far more feminine and annoyingly girly than she ever was. This may lead her to simply leave you at the resort for "a while", allowing you to believe she's returning for you. Pay close attention (if you can) to the actual words she uses. She may in fact be returning, but probably not to collect you. She's probably returning only to say her proper goodbye or in hopes that you've finally come to

your senses. (Any senses you once had are being dealt with by the staff in very effective, permanent ways.)

Indulging you out of love:

She may or may not understand your inner girly desires and wishes to indulge you because she loves you and wishes you to be happy. Warning: this does NOT guarantee your safety. She is just as vulnerable to the manipulations of the practiced staff as you are. Perhaps, even more so.

The same hypnotic, subliminal, conditioning and/or behavioral modification techniques they use on you can and will be used on her. They may be so subtle that she will be completely unaware of the change in her thinking.

The logic is simple after all. She wants you to be happy. Look how happy and blushing and aroused you are curtsying and flouncing around in your pretty dress with your curls bouncing and your lips glistening. You're so obviously feeling heavenly in your high heels with the rather stern Mistresses controlling you, pushing you, spanking and whipping you that even though she may not understand why you love it, she will absolutely agree with the staff that you will respond with even more shivers of joy by being taken to the next level of feminine servitude.

They may even arrange interviews between the two of you. You'll note that there is always at least one member of the staff around to keep you under thumb. There will usually be a fair amount of preparation before such an interview where they will spend time exposing you, humiliating you, binding and whipping you, controlling you, using tease and denial techniques until you are so compliant that you hardly know what you're saying. What you will be saying is that you love what's being done to you and you want to remain longer and be even further feminized. You may even beg her to return home without you. You may beg to be cuckolded and she may be under their influence enough that she will agree. In short, they will prep her to begin thinking about making your stay / condition permanent, and they'll use you to provide the final stimulus to trigger that decision in her mind.

"Indulging" you as a hostile takeover:

Perhaps you have something she wants: property, money, control of a company. Perhaps she doesn't want to divorce /fire you

but simply wants you out of the way. Perhaps she actually finds a deep sense of pleasure and satisfaction at the idea of tricking you into being so deeply and permanently feminized somewhat against your will. Whatever the reason, she wants something and she knows or suspects that persuading you to visit the hotel / institute / resort will get it for her.

Make no mistake about it; while you may not see her, she will most certainly be deeply involved in every step of your training. Control over you was passed to her the moment you passed through the doors. Her plans were probably already well documented by the staff before she ever convinced you to visit. She will have decided on how she wants you to appear. Will you be blonde with enormous boobs or a petite mousy brunette? She will have decided on your temperament. Will you be bubbly and giggly with a hyper-libido or you will be quiet and subdued with the mindset of a painfully shy submissive? She will have decided on your future role. Will you be her new secretary, slim and sexy, but in constant need of her praise and direction or will you be her new maid, silent and servile and following her around like a puppy in hopes of pleasing her by attending to her every need? The menu of items for her to select are far reaching and have deep implications for the type of treatment, training and conditioning you will receive.

The overall result, however, is simple: control. She wants to be in control and she wants you to have none.

While you may not physically see her around, she will most likely be staying at the hotel / institute / resort or at the least be a frequent visitor. She will want to witness, perhaps even document, your transformation from well-respected man to submissive sex object step by step. She will want to understand the techniques they use so when she reclaims you, she can continue the treatment, which will frankly be even more devastating to your psyche. After all, while you're in the hotel / institute / resort you have some dim hope of escaping and returning to normal. Once you're home, however, the concept of permanence is overwhelming.

Please, tell me how to get out of this!?

Of course the easiest way is to never have gone into it, but by the time you read this it's probably too late. Still, below are some techniques for escape:

- Leave
 - Use the exit. The nearest exit. Walk out the door. Don't think about it. Don't talk about it. Don't plan on it. Just do it. Once you're out, if you make it out, don't go back. Most escaped "sissies" inevitably fall victim to their programming and feel helpless and call the staff or their wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. to send money, assistance or to come pick them up. This may be your last hurdle before you reach the point of no return, so choose wisely.
- Be shameless
 - The staff and your wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc. will use your male ego, pride and sense of shame to control you. Look what's been done to you. You were never truly a man because a man wouldn't let this happen to him, therefore it's so much easier to go along with the training and simply become perfectly feminized and submissive. Resist these notions.
- Don't trust anyone
 - Not your wife, girlfriend or secretary (etc.), certainly not the staff, not even other "girls" at the hotel / institute / resort no matter how friendly you have become. Assume that everyone is out to drag you further into feminization. Your wife, girlfriend, secretary and your new best friend are more than likely under the powerful influence of the staff and are being controlled and manipulated just like you, and the staff knows exactly what they're doing, which is sinking you deeper into femininity and dependence.
- Call someone
 - Call a male friend from the old days. Do not call any males that you think might have sissy tendencies; you may be unconsciously leading them into a trap. If you feel waves of shame and horror at the idea of this man seeing you in your current feminized condition, then this is the right person to call. Call a family member that you trust. If all else fails, seek out a cult assistants network.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Help! This magical medallion, spell, etc. isn't working anymore?!

* * *

What exactly is a "Zulo" anyway?

So, you or your significant other (wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc.) has "discovered" the fabled Medallion of Zulo. There is a good chance, just so you know, that she didn't discover it so much as she made an exhaustive search so she could place it in the right place at the right time so as to make its discovery appear accidental. It's through this "accidental discovery" that she and you most likely "discovered" its magical properties, and it's through this "discovery" that she most likely convinced you to alter your form, however temporarily. The transformations tend to start out rather benign, altering your form to copy that of another man, perhaps bigger, stronger or more attractive than your own. There may be some experimenting with animal transformations, but in the end, almost without fail, your gender will see its last of itself and your days of pee-standing will be over.

The point is, you are probably either reading this in her body or in the body of another woman and wondering what you've gotten yourself into and more importantly if there's a way out.

The good news is yes, there is a way out. The effects of the medallion are easily reversed.

The bad news is the medallion's tendency to get lost borders on the ridiculous. Whether this is due to the purposeful actions of your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. or because of some karma inherent to the medallion is unclear. More importantly, it tends to get lost with you in a form other than your own, leaving you quite stuck in your current curvy jiggliness.

First, a little history

The origins of the medallion are uncertain, though some dubious speculation traced it to an ancient culture that existed thousands years ago on an island just north of what is now Australia. On the current island of East Timor, there is a town named Zulo, though whether this has any connection to the medallion is unclear. There is a surprising number of women on the island, however, and it's purported to be "the sexiest place

on Earth you've never head about".

Knowledge of the existence of the medallion has drifted into and out of history's awareness for centuries, but was most recently brought to life by an author named Jennifer Adams, who introduced numerous stories in an open universe she labeled "Altered Fates". Whether Adams was writing from personal experience or just from rumors and legends is also unclear. There is also some speculation that the term "Altered Fates" came from a poor translation of the writing inscribed on the medallion itself.

It was Adams who "discovered" or at the very least detailed the rules of the medallion, which may be accurate, conjecture or complete fiction. As with all "transformative" items, proceed with caution.

Second, a few rules

You can transform yourself into another person or even an animal. It's as simple as touching the medallion to the person or animal or any item that has had strong contact with the chosen form (clothing works best). This allows the medallion to "record" the subject's form. Wearing the medallion (usually looped with a chain around the neck) typically begins the transformation process.

The transformation can be paused or stopped at any time simply by removing the medallion. It can be restarted by wearing the medallion once again. This is a one way process until 12 hours of passed, after which the medallion will begin to reverse the transformation to your original form.

If your or your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. wear the medallion, the other party can simply touch it to activate a body switch. Your body will change into an exactly duplicate of hers, while hers does the same. The sad thing is that it really is a lot of fun to play each other, and there is enough of a mental adjustment that it becomes quite easy to fully live each other's lives while not losing your own sense of identity. This is sad, not because of the enormous sense of intimacy and understanding that can be achieved between lovers, but because the medallion has a peculiar sense of timing. It disappears or is disposed of typically at the worst time possible, leaving one or more users stuck.

The general speculation is that the transformation process produces sufficient enough duress on the human form that it requires a lengthy recovery period. Regardless of the reason, the medallion appears to allow only one transformation per person every 12 hours.

The transformation either doesn't work or auto-reverses itself if the subject is menstruating or pregnant. If you're reading this in a sheet of

panic-sweat because it's been well over 12 hours and the Medallion is no longer working, do the following:

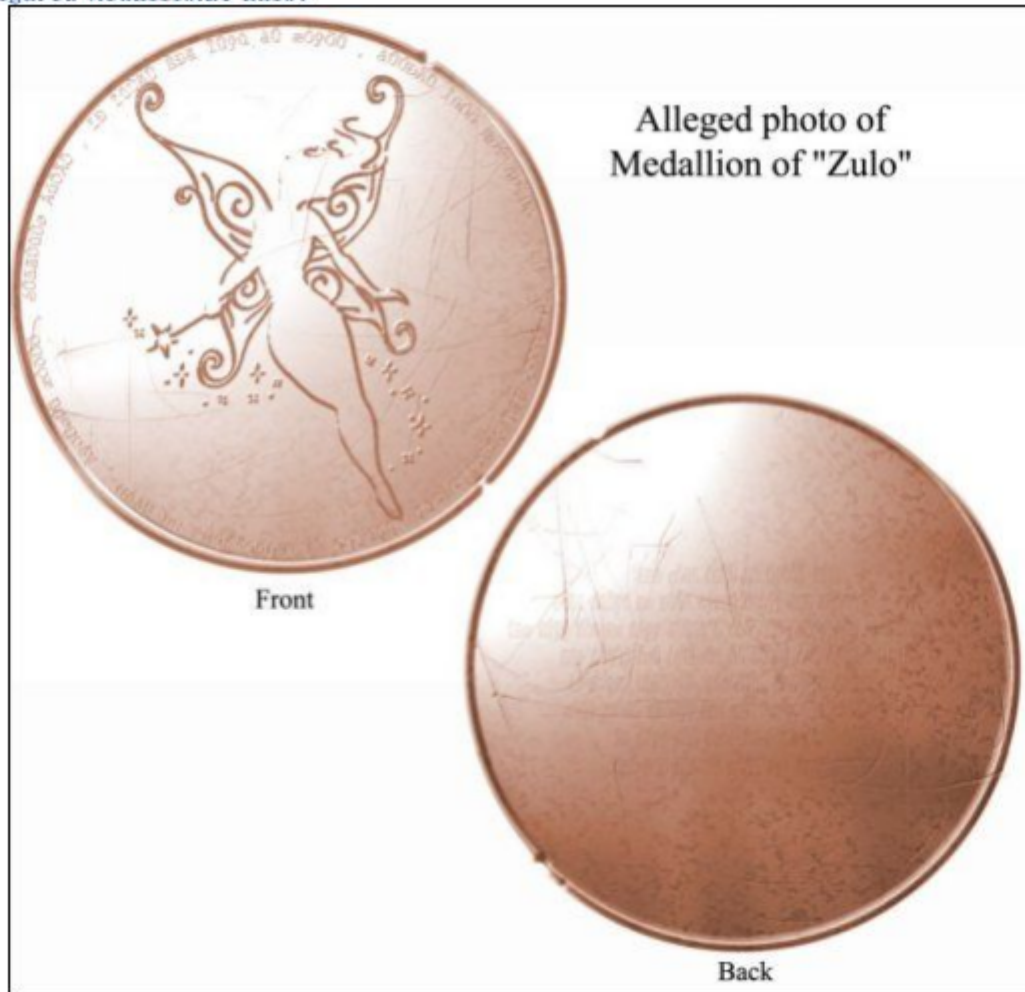
1. Check your panties, dear.

A girl can usually feel when she's menstruating, but since you're new to the "I'm a girl now" game you may be either reluctant to come to terms with your new body's cycle or simply oblivious to the fact that you're not feeling well. If you find you're bleeding, all is well, and you just have to keep a tight-fisted grip on the medallion for another 4-7 days. Good luck. (See [Kill Me . . . Kill Me, Right Fucking Now?!](#))

2. Acquire a home pregnancy testing kit.

The good news is in almost cases if you're menstruating, you're not pregnant. The bad news is if you're not menstruating, then you've almost certainly made the mistake of allowing yourself to be knocked up. This is not an automatic girly life sentence, of course, but the chances of you managing to hold onto the Medallion for nine months are slim at best. Also, the effects of becoming a mommy are powerful enough that the desire to change back in most cases simply goes missing.

Figure3 Medallion of Zulo?



Third, the Medallion looks cheap

If you're wondering if you have the real Medallion of Zulo, you're in luck. Descriptions have been plentiful, though somewhat wide ranging. Strangely, there have been no well-documented photos of the

medallion. See Figure 3 for an alleged photo, which may or may not have been fabricated. There's some speculation it was intended to be an artist's rendering.

The general appearance of the medallion is that of a rather cheap piece of costume jewelry with the weight of light plastic. On the front there is an inscribed figure, resembling a fairy with a wand (though some speculate this is a deception and that the figure is actually a demoness). There are markings around the edge, which may be a written language. The back appears to be blank, though there is the appearance of what some consider inscriptions, but which in fact may be simply scratches.

Fourth, there can be only one

This, too, is uncertain. Perhaps it's rumors and fictionalization or perhaps it's accurate, but the Medallion of Zulo seems to get around. While there are no conflicting stories of two separate parties in possession of the medallion on the same day and time, it appears to pop up around the globe with alarming speed and erratic frequency. There may in fact be a whole chest full of medallions, which is far more likely, but there's nothing to disprove the idea that there is only one. It does have magical properties, after all.

Fifth, I've got it. Now what?

By "I've got it", do you mean, you're holding it in your girlish little hands right this moment? Let me guess. You don't have it "on you", but you know where it is. You might be in for quite a shock, but my advice is to go collect it this very moment.

Is it there? Good. If it's been 12 hours, change now and find some way of dispensing with the medallion and consider yourself lucky to have reacquired your original form. Was it strangely and inexplicably missing? Congratulations, you're now a girl for life. The odds of the medallion resurfacing are 225,000 to 1.

You can expect one of the following now:

- You've switched with your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. and she seems particularly and suspiciously delighted to be stuck with you in her body.

- You've switched with your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. and she has gone missing.
- You've changed into another woman and your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. is oddly just fine with that and hell-bent on helping you adapt to your new utter girliness. (This may involve becoming her maid, secretary or slave.)
- You've changed into another woman and your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. will soon suggest that you both find new male lovers (she may already have someone in mind) since neither of you are lesbians and she thinks it would be best to settle into normal lives.

Why did that "Wizard" at the Spells R Us store grin so much?

He grinned like that because he knew something that you didn't. Whatever magical item(s) he managed to sell you will almost certainly backfire, leaving you trapped as a girl and unable to un-do the spell that got you that way.

First, a little history

It's uncertain when or where the first "Spells R Us" store appeared (seemingly off by itself in a far off corner of a mall), but it was first mentioned by an author named Bill Hart in 2001, who penned what some believe was an autobiographical tale of strange magic in a frat house. This was also considered an open universe and soon other authors began to contribute. While most of the stories are obviously fictional, there is a selection of them that have a ring of authenticity to them.

Second, a few rules

Spells R Us magic come in a variety of forms from written spells to magical items, such as necklaces, rings, etc., and even occasionally pill form. Regardless of the form, you can be certain of the following rules:

1. You must follow the spells or instructions on the item(s) EXACTLY.

The instructions of the spells or magical items will be vague enough that you will almost certainly make a mistake with the spell and find yourself stuck in your new form and/or mental state. (See [OMG!? I'm Like Totally a Total, Like, Total Bimbo??](#))

2. Since you probably do not believe in magic, you will enter rather casually into the whole affair, which will again leading to you performing the spell incorrectly and experience the most

common side effect of all Spells R Us merchandise (i.e. bimboism).

Third, the "Wizard" is not there to help you

While the "Wizard" will appear helpful and seem to know just the thing you need to fix whatever problem you're having, be advised, he is not there to assist you. His actions are selfish and most likely intended to relieve his great boredom at your expense. A quick look at his disheveled appearance should be your first clue. Does he look vaguely like an elderly homeless man who hasn't shaved in twenty years? Does his wizard's robe look suspiciously like a tattered old bathrobe? Does he get an odd twinkle in his eye when he's selling you his bill of goods? Isn't it odd that he knows so much about you and is willing to give you things for free? Isn't it odder still that he's not surprised when you come wiggling back into his shop all pink-cheeked and flustered because the first item didn't work as you'd planned?

With all Spells R Us items (as with most of life), you should've been aware of and adhered to the following 3 principles:

1. Be careful what you wish for; you just might get it.
2. If it sounds too good to be true, it probably is.
3. If something can go wrong, it will.

Fourth, so I got caught by one (or more) of the Wizard's spells. Now what?

Play along. Act genuinely happy and excited at being stuck or having the spell backfire. The wizard(s) enjoy your frustration and get a big kick out of giving you yet another item to fix the side effects of the previous item, thereby tricking you into deeper levels of girliness and bimbo-ness. If you're not entertaining them, they will be reluctant to keep manipulating you.

If you can manage this, you have a 50/50 shot at having a wizard wave their hands or snap their fingers or simply zap you back to normal. They may also assume that since you seem to truly love your new figure, you must want to stay that way. Still, a 50/50 chance is better than 0/100, right?

Afterword

* * *

How do I beat this thing?

You may not be able to beat it. If you do, it will be with intelligence, courage and swift action. Be unpredictable. Surrender your ego, your sense of humility and dignity and do what no one has ever thought you'd do.

Take heart. There are worse things in life than being a submissive girl or a giggly bimbo. You will most likely have a very intense life filled with an enormous amount of pleasure and excitement.

There is no enemy greater than the one that is wearing panties right now. That's you, by the way. Panties are more addictive than heroin if you ask me. In all honesty, it's you in most cases that let yourself get talked into trying things. Don't let her (wife, girlfriend, secretary, etc.) use this against you. However often she repeats that you're becoming a girl because you must secretly be one inside, it's only another of her tricks to ease you further into girliness.

If you're already feminized or a fully transformed girl and you're feeling defeated, then now is the time to take an oath to being the best feminized / fully transformed girl you can be. You've already experience how good it feels. Giving in is not quite the surrender everyone thinks it is. As a girl, you'll discover a different kind of power that is equally if not more effective than the brute force of men.

If you still think you can escape or if you manage it, take a moment and write out what happened to you. Send it to me at thomas_the_tame@yahoo.com.

Your victory may lead to the victory of others. (Of course, it may also lead to your wife, girlfriend or secretary, etc. learning how to build a better girl trap.)

ENDNOTES:

Female Value Equation (FQE):

Where "X" = Symmetry / Beauty,

and "Y" = (BMI \leq 22.8%),

and "Z" = Selectiveness divided by Sexual Proclivity (i.e. Sluttiness),

and "I" = the infamous "Fame" quotient (i.e. local popularity, not so local notoriety, and/or Media outrageousness);

and "V" equals, of course, the woman's worth or "value" as a human being, mate, and/or bankable commodity, etc. in current society.

$$((X+Y)*Z)*33.3i=V$$