

# Perfection: Don't mess with it!

Amanda Hawkins

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Oh my God... what have I done?  
What have I done to my own body?  
How can I ever go back to being an ordinary man after looking like this?

I didn't want to change my head at first. For sure not my face. I mean, c'mon. I was just having a bit of fun. It's still me in here.

That machine made it so easy... too easy. At first it was just lose weight and make it so I didn't have to shave. No problem. I can always change back.

But if you totally dress up as a woman, and you're female where it counts, you really do have to wear your hair long, don't you? It's like a rule or something. And it has to be styled the right way.

Taller, shorter... I tried it both ways, but smaller guys live longer. And who needs body hair anyhow?

Then I tried a little makeup, only it looked weird because it was still my old male face.

Then I got curious. Tuck in the tummy, slope the shoulders, thin the arms and legs... a little bounce in the chest. How would that feel? Not bad at all.

So... make the head a bit smaller, face a bit rounder, cheekbones higher, eyes larger, mouth smaller, lips...

So... lose the dick. That took some getting used to. But I can bring it back anytime I want. On, off... but sleeping is easier when I'm smooth down there. So, no thingy.

You can always go back, and I did. Back and forth, until I hit the right proportions. All of a sudden I was totally gorgeous.

The love tunnel kinda messed with my head for awhile. But you can get used to anything, right? Especially after I figured out how to use it.

How can I go back now? You don't mess with perfection. You just don't. It's a rule.

After all that I sort of wanted to see how the whole package looked. So ease in the waist, puff up the chest; slimmer arms and legs, dainty hands and feet. Brenda's clothes looked pretty damn good on me; way better than on her.

What's Brenda gonna say? I'm a goddess and she's, like... not. Yeah, just tell her that. She'll understand.

I'll have to use the machine on her. For one thing, that's the only way she'll ever believe this girl is me.

She won't mind being a man. The machine will make sure of that. I'll be the woman from now on. Helena... his perfect woman.