Runaway Feminization: Somebody stop me before it's too late!

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You know what they say about climate change? You get feedback loops. Stuff like melting permafrost and methane deposits on the sea floor. Once they start going you get runaway warming and then every coastal city in the world is underwater. That's the way it is with feminization. It gets away from you.

Once I had the hair, I couldn't stop. I had to diet and work out like crazy to get this figure, but it's all me. The corset is just for show. I love the feel.

That's when I hit the hard stuff. Nose job, jawline contouring, fillers to create these high and mighty cheeks. Thyroid cartilage reduction for this smooth feminine throat.

The cleavage? It's as real as implants can be. I chose the size to go with my height and weight, which is why they don't look fake.

Downstairs? No changes there, although I do keep it shaved which makes it that much smaller and easier to tape out of sight. I guess that makes me a shemale.

So, to answer your original question, I accept your offer of an evening of wanton passion. Treat me like the woman I seem to be and I'll make you forget every G6 you ever screwed.

Seriously, I can't stop. Feminize me.