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Boys Will Be Girls: The name of the game is verisimilitude...

Amanda Hawkins

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H-h-hmmm... this is so nice. I'm a woman... mmm... I'm his woman. He wants me, I can tell. I'm all kinds of soft, with curves in the right places, and I smell nice, and my hair's way down past my shoulders. I'm wearing a pretty dress and high heels, and a sexy silk slip and French cut panties and a push-up bra, and nothing else! For sure nothing else that a guy would wear, except maybe a guy like me who has a serious need to feel what it's like to be treated like a real woman.

H-hmmm... poor Ben. He doesn't have a clue that he's kissing his best friend, the guy who set him up on this blind date. With these mastectomy breast forms glued to my chest, human-grade hair extensions and a silicone vagina that might be stuck there for awhile, he won't discover my secret tonight, that's for sure. This girl don't put out on a first date. But she does do some other stuff that'll get his motor going. He's my man and I'm gonna prove it.

Mmmm... this is what I need. This is what I've been missing. I love being the small one, the soft one, the sexy one. I love the way long hair enfolds my neck, and how there's nothing but a thin layer of fabric between his hand and everything that makes me a woman. He can play me like a harp and all I'd do is stand here and kiss him back, and maybe touch his pants, and then act all coy and say something like, "Oh, Benny, I'm a good girl and this is our first date... is there anything else I can do, hmmm?"

Mmm-hmm... this is pretty sweet. But man, I wish the dude would just hurry up and transition already...

So obvious he was meant to be a woman.

I wonder if I should tell him I know...

Nah. Let him have his fun. He must need this pretty badly or he wouldn't go to so much trouble to try and fool me.

We can share a laugh about it some other time... like when she's my best girl for keeps.

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