

# The Transformation Game: When you're this good at it, go for gold...

Amanda Hawkins

Wow... check me out already. I look like an actual woman! Hard to believe I was a guy when I walked in here---was it only three hours ago? This transformation service is... it's just amazing. Real human hair, my own hair dyed to match, and you can't even tell they're extensions. Silicone breast forms color-matched to my skin and blended with makeup. I know they're fake, but they feel so real... to the touch at least. I could almost convince myself they're a part of me.

God... I can't believe this is actually my face. Doesn't look the least bit like me. For starters, that person is obviously female. I mean, she's seriously gorgeous. I know how much makeup they put on: foundation and blush and powder and all that contouring to bring out my cheekbones. Sculpting my eyes with eye shadow and gel liner, an eyebrow stencil and lots of mascara... lip liner and gloss and lipstick. But I must've had some latent beauty in there already, because it takes more than makeup to make someone this feminine.

The waist cincher is pretty tight, but I'll manage. The guys in gym class used to bug me about being small and having a bit of a femme tush... but they wouldn't be laughing now. I could walk in there and they'd be drooling all over me, like they used to chase after the cheerleaders. Well, look at me now, guys... little Timmy Timmons, every jock's wet dream.

Now I get to pick out a dress: something black and a little slinky and that shows just enough cleavage to get a guy's motor running. In a little while I'll be able to talk again, after they hit me with that throat spray, and I'll have the voice to match the body. Then I'll be able to do what I've always wanted: sashay my pretty little ass into a casino and wait for some good-looking guy with confidence and a decent set of muscles to chat me up. If he treats me right, I'll let him take me up to his hotel room and then he can do me six ways from Sunday, although not down there please because it's my time of the month. But I'll go down on him for sure, and he'll ravage my backside---because this butt wants it---and if he happens to appreciate what a shemale has to offer then we're golden. Otherwise things might get a wee big awkward, but I'll cross that bridge when it gets here. The name of the transformation game is: be a woman.



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