To Boldly Go: Womanhood, the final frontier...

I've always been fascinated by women. They're just so different from men; like my mother, of course, and my sister, four years older, and their friends. Compared to regular guys like my dad, my cousins, my friends, girls were so exotic. All men ever did was talk about sports and business, and boys just ran around and hit each other. Too boring! But women wore lovely clothes, and they talked about their feelings and stuff, but exactly how and why they related to men I could never figure out. It's as if they were some strange alien species; not human at all. I wanted to know why they dressed the way they did, why they acted so strangely, and why they bothered to put up with men and boys at all. God help me, but I wanted to be more like them. That's how I got into wearing their clothes, whenever I could, experimenting with their makeup, to make myself look more like them, and as a teenager growing my hair out. And with a lot of hard work, by the time I left home for college I was able to turn myself into a pretty convincing girl. But I still didn’t understand women.
A few years and a lot of hairstyling and makeup practice later...

I knew I had to take my femulation to a new and frankly disturbing level. After a few years living in student residence I finally scraped together enough of an income to afford the rent on a basement suite. My landlady was a widow who appeared to be a bit of a cougar. But it was my own place, and for the first time in my life I was able to purchase makeup and ladies wear that belonged only to me. After months of dressing up as a woman almost daily, it got to the point where I could pass for female nearly as easily as I could male.

I often asked myself, as I styled my hair into long loose waves and practiced my technique with lipstick and eyeliner and mascara: Just how normal is it for a guy to do this? I was pretty sure none of my friends ever minced around their living rooms wearing high heels and a cocktail dress. No, they were probably watching NFL football and talking about how they were going to take the business world by storm. Not me. All I wanted to do was to understand what it meant to be female: to boldly go where no man had ever gone before. I really did think I was the only guy who’d ever felt this way.

Of course, there’s a lot more to being a girl than just a tight skirt, a kissable pair of lips and gorgeous lashes. Women view the world much differently than men do, so in order to figure women out I had to think like them too. Since I could pass as female I began going out en femme, when I knew my landlady was out for the day. I’d go shopping, have lunch at a quiet cafe, or hit the college library to study. And that’s when I finally got caught. Not at the school, but when I lost track of the time and came home late. Sylvia saw me, and two minutes later she was at my door.
Then, after a crash course in learning how to act more like a girl...

Thankfully, Sylvia could not have been more understanding. She said she knew I was different from the moment we met, that I wasn’t like any other man she knew. I came across more like a girl, which I found thrilling because it meant I was getting close to knowing what it was truly like to be one of them. To that end, Sylvia took me under her wing and taught me everything there was to know about being a sexy girl, starting with hair and makeup, but also how to present myself to others as female.

Gosh, I've never felt more feminine than I do now. Sylvia told me all about how a girl like me should act around guys, because I'll never feel more like a woman than when a man treats me like one. Now I come across so girlish, I can't even go to class anymore. I had to drop out, but I've learned more than I ever thought I could about being a woman like her. She's like the cool aunt I never had.
Success at last! Sylvia set me up with a friend of hers, a man a few years older than me who works for his father's plumbing company and seems to spend a lot of time in the gym. He treats me like a real woman, although I'm not sure if he's in on my little secret. I don't plan on telling him either... Not after he took me out to dinner and a movie, and we made out in the back seat of his car, and then he "serviced" me in his parents' freakishly clean kitchen while they were away on vacation in Acapulco. Oh, lucky me.

Anyway, I guess this is what it's like to be one of the girls. No wonder my mom and my sister and their friends all acted like alien pod-people. If this was what was going on behind closed doors, I'd be all flirty and giggling too. I've worked so hard, the last few years, to turn myself into a beautiful woman, and now I know why. It blows my mind how amazing it feels to be penetrated like this. I'm hooked. I want more.

Oh, yeah... sooo tight. That is the stuff... Babe, where have you been my whole life? You are totally my kind of girl.

Ah-ha, this is what happens when you look like a woman, talk like a woman and pretend to be a woman. He wines and dines you, he says sweet things to you, and then you get bent over the kitchen counter and "used" like a piece of meat. I should've known.

Uhhh, Chad? A little to your left, angle it up a bit, then go extra hard, 'kay? There's a certain spot in there I need you to hit, which will probably make me the happiest girl this side of the Mississippi. Do that for me and I'll be the best girlfriend you ever had.

Ohhh yeah... that did it.