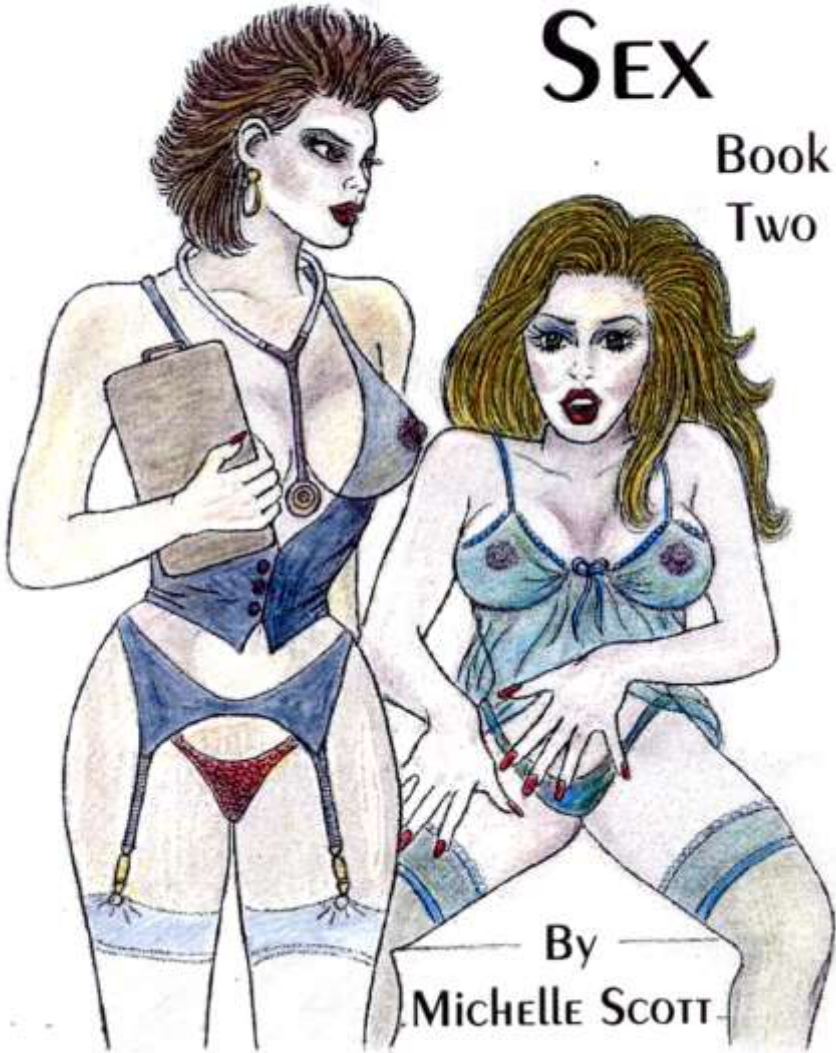


THE THIRD SEX

Book
Two



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By Michelle Scott

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CHAPTER ONE

BUDDING WOMANHOOD

In the following days a routine developed between Michael/Karen and the two female doctors. In the either morning Sonya or Diane would come upstairs and help their charge get dressed. They would also provide him with reading material to study during the day. The material always covered some issue related to feminine behavior, deportment, make-up, or dress. In the evening one or both of the women would test him on what he had learned and advise the boy on how he might improve. In this way, over a few weeks, his skills in make-up, in acting, and moving in a feminine manner, were greatly improved.

Each week they also took him into the laboratory for a heavy supplemental dose of Diane's female hormone booster. The booster acted with the implanted time release capsule to quicken his transformation. With just the implant, the development of secondary sexual characteristics might have taken many additional months. Aided by the booster the transformation seemed to be occurring as Diane and Sonya watched. Every day Michael/Karen's body became more feminine. His breasts continued to sprout. Their nipples grew larger and the aureoles spread, doubling their original size in just over one month.

Nearly every day Diane also found time to make love with the boy. She gathered dozens of sperm samples. The brunette found the experience increasingly enjoyable, as Karen's appearance became more feminine. As Michael/Karen's breasts became pronounced, Diane found herself drawn to them. On several occasions Diane licked and sucked at the pointed cones for nearly an hour. She found that the sucking made the cones swell and they never seemed to diminish to their former size after she had stimulated them, sucking on them seemed to stimulate the growing breasts to flush and expand slightly. Diane enjoyed playing with Michael/Karen's new toys and she made sure that the boy-girl was also

enjoying the experience.

Diane would suck on the growing mammaries until she felt the nipples harden in her mouth. Then she would slip her hand into Michael/Karen's panties and begin to massage his shaft in time with her sucking. Moving her head back and forth between the boy's breasts, she would bring him to near the point of no return. Diane normally would pause then, just long enough to slip a condom on his hard member to capture the precious baby making love juice.

Then she would drop her own sex onto the boy's mouth and make him please her while she massaged his breasts and shaft with her hands. She would keep him on the edge till he had satisfied her, then she would lower her mouth onto his hard tool and quickly suck him off, finally allowing his cock to fill the condom with his sperm.

Under the regime of treatment, Michael/Karen's breasts continued to grow. By the end of the month, he had graduated to an AA cup bra. The mounds that had started as swelling had progressed to being cones tipped with ever more sensitive ruby caps. Then they filled out below and started to show the soft double crescent of mature breasts. They were always sore and the boy-girl complained to Diane about the soreness. Diane gave the Karen a cream to rub on them that helped relieve the soreness. It would soften the nipples and aureoles, preparing the breasts for nursing, and encouraging lactation.

However, genteel reader, the brunette didn't tell Karen about that side effect.

Diane was using another of the pharmaceutical products she had developed; a new cream that was just completing its final tested on humans, prior being marketed. It was made for expectant mothers, both stimulated the users' mammaries to lactate, and reduced the tenderness, and soreness of the swelling of breasts that is a normal occurrence with pregnancy. It also softened the breast flesh, allowing these feminine organs to expand without damaging the skin or leaving stretch marks. Because the cream did relieve the soreness, Michael/Karen eagerly used it, several times a day.

Karen found that an application of the cream reduced the soreness of his breasts for several hours. It wasn't very long before he realized that the soreness was greatly reduced if he wore a bra as well. His-her breasts were now large enough that they needed the support a bra provided.

Diane periodically measured Karen's changing body. Karen was surprised to learn that while the mounds on his-her chest were growing, his chest seemed to shrinking. While he chest had measured thirty-six inches once, it now measured thirty-three. His waist had also considerably narrowed. Down to twenty-nine inches, and his hips slightly widened, out to thirty-six inches, due to the combination of diet, being sick, and the hormone therapy. His weight had continued to decline, it had dropped to one hundred twenty-four pounds. He was amazed to find that his facial and body hair did not grow back.

When Karen asked Karen about the lack of hair growth, she told him that the cream had been designed to be long acting. Her answer satisfied him for the moment. He was, in fact, somewhat relieved that he didn't need to worry about shaving his body, legs, or chest. At the month's end Diane and Sonya decided that Karen had progressed enough in moving, dressing, and acting like a girl that they could risk his being seen around the house. Karen's strength had also returned enough so that she-he was able to start his-her duties as housekeeper.

At about the same time the boy noticed that it was taking him longer to become erect when Diane made love with him. Since the brunette always succeeded in getting him hard, he wasn't terribly worried. He assumed that it was because he was having such frequent sex with the beautiful lady doctor. Of course, Diane had also noticed his declining potency, but she said nothing. She knew that the high level of female hormones they had introduced into the boy's body was starting to chemically castrate him. She determined to distract him with plenty of sex and to quickly accumulate plenty of sperm samples while his body was still responding like a male's.

"Tomorrow we want you to start work as our housekeeper," Sonya informed the now very girlish looking boy over dinner. "Your strength is coming back and some light exercise will hasten your recovery," the

blonde continued.

"That will be fine Sonya," Karen replied. "I'm eager to have something to do and I want to start showing you, and Diane, how thankful I am for your care and help."

Diane and Sonya were pleased by this speech. Their plans for the boy were working out fine. The three made out a schedule of chores for Karen to do. The schedule covered a month and increased the number of activities each week. The end of the month was the final schedule that he-she would be expected to follow every week from then on. They estimated it would require about six hours a day, four days a week.

Most tasks were flexible and could be done any day of the week. Laundry and vacuum cleaning were among the flexible tasks. A few were fixed. Karen was expected to prepare dinner, four-weekday evening, and to take the garbage and recycling out on Tuesday night, for Wednesday morning pick up. Sonya explained that they were leaving the schedule flexible to allow Karen to go to school part time later if she wanted.

Michael/Karen was surprised to learn they intended to pay him a thousand dollars a month plus room and board. It was more money than he could imagine. Diane and Sonya had decided to tempt the boy-girl with a generous salary, as a way of encouraging Karen to stay with them while he or she went to school. If it was his-her decision to remain, they thought the rest of their plans for Karen might be easier to accomplish.

"But that's over ten dollars an hour," Karen/Michael responded to the figure, "Not counting room and board."

"What were you paid on your last job, Karen?" Sonya asked.

"Last summer I worked at a burger joint. They paid me six and a quarter."

Diane laughed, "Well Karen, we aren't an exploitative multi-national corporation that want to squeeze as much out of you as we can for as little money as possible. Your part of our household and we want to be sure you are treated fairly."

"If it makes you feel better, ten an hour is less than we pay the receptionist in my medical office, and she doesn't really need a high-school degree." Sonya added.

"If you think we're paying you too much you can work a little longer, if it makes you feel better."

Again, Michael/Karen was nearly overwhelmed by the kindness the two doctors were showing him. They saved my life, they treated my wounds, there helping me build a new identity with a fool proof disguise. How will I ever be able to thank them, let alone leave, if they want me to stay?

About two weeks later the police called Diane. They were looking for a boy matching Michael's description who might have seen here at the youth clinic a little over a month earlier. Diane decided to move the boy/girl on the road to femininity a little farther and mentioned the young woman staying with her. She explained that the young woman had been in the waiting room at the same time as the boy they were asking her about had been there.

The police wanted to meet the girl and ask her a few questions. Diane suggested they come by her house the next week to talk with Karen. That night at dinner she had an announcement.

"Karen, today a police detective came by the clinic and asked about you. The receptionist there called me at my lab and advised me that she had given them my name and address, both at work and here at home," Diane informed the now frightened boy.

"Do you think they might come here?" Michael/Karen asked.

"I'm sure they will. What's more, they will find out that someone has been staying with us. The police will probably insist on meeting you."

Now the boy girl was near panicking. "What should I do? Do you want me to leave?"

Sonya calmed the boy-girl. "Of course we don't want you to leave. What you must do is be very careful to dress and behave in the most feminine way. You now know how to do that. If these police officers meet an attractive teenage girl who is working as our housekeeper, they will leave and continue their search for a teenage boy somewhere else."

"If you think I can convince them that I'm a girl, then I'll try."

"Of course you can convince them. Over the last month, you have learned all you need to know to pass as a female in many situations. Of course, you should avoid some situations. You should not try to discuss fashions, or makeup, or child rearing with another woman. And you should be careful when you dress to reveal as much cleavage as possible, within the limits of what a housekeeper might wear while working," Sonya advised him.

"Too bad you aren't pregnant," added Diane laughing. "Nothing would be quite as convincing as a pregnant girl. But I'm sure, even without that, you can pass any casual inspection."

"Well I'm glad I'm not pregnant," Karen replied. "I'm having enough trouble dealing with my life, let alone taking care of someone else."

"But don't you want to have children?" Diane asked.

"Well, I always thought that someday I would be a father, but I thought of it as something that would come with falling in love and getting married. I think the falling in love part is what's important. I always think of children as sort of a side effect. I guess that's good. It doesn't seem likely that anyone is going to want to marry me now that I look like a girl," he said, sounding a little depressed.

What Karen didn't mention was his-her increasing concern at the difficulty he-she was having in getting an erection. So far, Diane had always been able to stimulate him eventually to a point where his manhood would rise to the occasion, but as his breasts were growing he thought his cock and balls were shrinking.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that if I were you," Sonya continued. "I know lots of lesbian, and bisexual, women that would think you're the

answer to their dreams. Tell you what. Once you're comfortable passing as a girl I will invite some lesbian friends over so you and they can meet. A few blind dates might help you get a whole new perspective on the opportunities offered by being and looking girlish," Sonya smiled at her last comment.

"But it doesn't sound like you have any deep burning desire to father a child, or a litter of the little dears," Diane pressed.

"No, I guess not," Michael/Karen replied. "But the right woman could probably talk me into it."

"You make it sound like the right woman could talk you into just about anything," Diane stated smiling.

The boy blushed and looked at his plate in response. He was thinking that the right woman just might be the beautiful brunette sitting across from him. He was sure that Diane could talk him into just about anything. After all, here he was in a dress, growing breasts, and living as a girl. All because he trusted this beautiful and sensual Doctor Taylor.

"Diane?" Sonya asked, changing the subject. "When do you think the police might come by?"

"I have no idea. I think it will be a few days yet. It's Thursday today. They probably won't come by till sometime next week, although they could come by any time. We need to remember that they may stop by more than once.

"I know what we should do! Let's take Karen shopping this weekend. We can get her some additional clothes and take care of any little adjustments that are still needed. It will also give her a chance to practice interacting with other people. What do you think Karen? Are you up for a little shopping?" Diane asked.

"You mean go out in public, dressed as a girl?" He blushed.

"Yes of course that's what I mean. If you can't manage to pass with strangers in a crowded shop, you will never make it when alone with an

inquisitive police officer. I'm sure that looking as you do, and with us along to coach you, that you will have no problem," Diane concluded.

"Karen it's time. I know that you are very uneasy about this, but we should do it now. If you can't pass on Saturday in a shop you will still have time to get away before the police come here to question us," Sonya added.

"Well then I guess I should try. It's very nice of you to help me. But, you know, I don't have much money. I can't afford to buy much."

Diane laughed, "Karen, don't worry about that. We will be doing the buying. You have been working for us as housekeeper for nearly three weeks now. If you want to keep accounts, we will call it an advance on your salary. Nevertheless, Karen you really do need some new things. The two outfits I started you with have been fine, so far, and we have let you wear some of our things, but a girl needs her own clothes. Why don't you just let us treat you."

"Gee Diane. If you feel OK about it that's fine. I know that all the care and help you have given me would have cost plenty if I had to pay. I just don't want you to feel that I'm trying to take unfair advantage."

"Why Karen," cried Sonya, "that's so sweet. We have really enjoyed having you live with us. In fact, I know that Diane, in particular, has really gotten a bang out of having you around. *We've* taken advantage of you. Relax and let us do this thing for you." As she spoke, Sonya gently nudged Diane under the table.

So it was settled. The next day Michael/Karen found that he was nervous as he did a few household chores. The idea of going out in public terrified the boy-girl. He was used to Sonya and Diane. They almost felt like family and they knew all about him. However, strangers were different. He really didn't believe that anyone seeing him would be fooled into believing he was a girl.