

The Third Sex Book 3

THE THIRD SEX

Book
THREE



By

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CHAPTER ONE

A NEW REALITY

"It must be evening," Karen thought.

The redhead decided that he-she should take stock. First was the obvious yet tricky question of sex. For months now, Karen had been thinking of herself as dual gendered. His-her, he-she had been the kind of pronouns she had come to associate with herself. These no longer seemed appropriate.

Karen lifted the covers off her body and sitting up slipped her nightgown over her head. She looked at her body. The most obvious and first thing she noted was the large breasts projecting out from her chest. They were swollen and sore again. She remembered that she hadn't been milked that morning, when the two doctors had taken her to the examination table. She knew that she needed to milk herself soon but first Karen wanted to think about herself, and what had happened.

Beyond her full breasts were a narrow waist and a flat tummy. Her whole body was hairless and her small penis stood absurdly out, projecting from the top a public area cleavage that was clearly female. Her smooth hairless thighs and legs were a girl's, her hips and ass were feminine, she had lactating breasts that filled an A cup bra. Realization, after realization poured in to her tormented brain.

Holding her penis aside with her left hand Karen used her right to explore the folds of flesh which now stretched from just above her penis to beyond the point she could feel. Probing with her fingers, she felt a most opening a little less than an inch behind the base of her penis. It was slippery.

"It's lubricating itself!" Karen realized with a start.

"It feels just like Diane's vagina," she thought. "Only the opening is smaller."

The area around the vaginal opening was very tender but the vagina itself was not. Karen realized that not only were her fingers feeling her vagina, 'her' vagina was feeling her fingers touching it. Tentatively she slipped a finger into the slippery opening. The first thing she realized was that it opened readily, not like her anus which needed the force of steady pressure to accommodate penetration.

The second thing she noticed was that his finger sliding around inside the lips of this new orifice felt stimulating, even good. She explored and lightly fingered herself for a few moments. She became absorbed in these new sensations and feelings. Her breathing increased and there was more liquid lubricating her fingers. Her nipples came to erection and almost hurt, they were so stiff.

The third and final thing she noticed was there was a barrier her fingers had found as she had tried probing deeper in her new organ.

"A hymen. My god! There is even a cherry," she realized with a start.

Shocked out of her first taste of female arousal Karen moved her fingers to explore further and felt her anal opening about another inch behind 'her vagina.' There was no escape, no mistake, nothing which could be done she realized. It was her vagina.

"Although I may be able to get an erection, once in a while, there is no escaping the fact that I'm now a girl," Karen thought. "Or at least mostly a girl."

She got carefully out of the bed and walked over to the full-length mirror. On impulse, she slipped her penis back between her legs. Before Karen realized what was happening, the organ disappeared in the folds of flesh that crowned her new vagina.

"Oh," she said with a start.



Looking at herself in the mirror, she saw a disheveled and somewhat unkempt girl. Her hair was a mess, her nails needed to be redone, and she needed a little make-up. Nevertheless, there was no doubt, she was a she. Nothing about her was anything but feminine. Her hips could have been a little wider, but they were as wide as those of many of the young women Karen, as Michael, had seen among the freshman at college. Even the public area was completely feminine. It was totally hairless but the only thing visible was the start of her sex slit. Other than Karen's fairer skin, it looked just like Diane's hairless public area. In a moment of panic Karen bent over, separated her vaginal lips, and pulled her penis back out.

"Yes it's still there," Karen reassured herself.

It was small, and looking closely Karen saw that its base was within her sex slit, not above it. In fact, she realized it looked rather out of place and odd. Without really thinking about it, she slipped it back into the fold of her vaginal lips. A moment later Karen realized what she had done.

I deliberately denied by male tool's existence, she realized. I guess I'm more interested in being accepted as female, than in having it be quite so obvious that I'm some kind of sex freak.

Well this should make it even easier to pass. If that police officer comes around again I can wear something really tight in the crotch. Something that shows a totally flat public area and a hint of this slit should do it. I guess that yellow bikini and those short shorts Diane insisted I get may come in handy.

Looking at herself in the mirror again Karen realized she liked what she saw. Her pert breasts, hairless body, smooth groin, and longish red hair were very attractive.

Well my hair is a mess, the redhead admitted to herself. Better get myself prettied up, Karen thought.

And, dear reader, it had also occurred to Karen that sex as a

female, with the beautiful Diane Taylor and the tall Sonya Michaelson, and maybe their other lesbian friends was something she looked forward to.

Karen hummed a little tune as she went to her bathroom. There she first used her breast pump to relieve some of the pressure in her breasts. She was careful to only pump enough milk out to end her discomfort. She hoped to get Diane or Sonya to finish the job later. Karen then took a long bubble bath, and washed and set her hair. After her bath, she spread moisturizer over her whole body and the powdered herself.

Returning to her room Karen slipped on a satin negligee and sat down at the small vanity table Diane had placed in the room. Karen proceeded to redo her nails. She picked a color called 'fire red.' She applied two coats to first her fingers then her toes. As the second coat was drying on her toenails, Karen started to work on her face. A little light blue eye shadow and some dark blue eye liner and mascara gave her eyes more depth and made them seem bigger. Karen added some pale peach blusher to her cheeks with a brush to emphasize her cheekbones. Finally, she applied a coat of lipstick, which matched her nails, to her lips and used a slightly darker lip pencil to outline them.

Going to her chest of drawers she selected a set of matching midnight blue satin underwear. She picked these out because the panties were tap pants and Karen remembered her doctors saying she should be letting air get to her public area to aid in healing. For the same reason she selected a garter belt and rather than pantyhose. Of-course she also recollected with a smile that Diane thought a garter belt and nylons were much sexier than pantyhose.

She slipped off her negligee and put on the garter belt, tap pants and bra. Karen then went to her closet, hung up her negligee, and selected her outfit for the evening. She decided on a white sheer silk blouse and a dark blue jumper that had a very full skirt. Karen also picked up a pair of matching dark blue kid open toed sling backed

pumps. The pumps had a one-inch heel that helped give a nice shape to her calves.

"Lots of air they said," Karen remembered as she carried the outfit to her bed.

The redhead sat on the edge of the bed and slipped on a pair of white nylons, attaching the tops to the six straps of her garter belt. She then put on the blouse and the jumper and slipped on the pumps. Walking over to her vanity again Karen sat and began the process of brushing out her hair. On an impulse, she removed the large loop earrings she had worn since they had pierced her ears and inserted a set of beaded dangling earrings. The beads were blue and white. When Karen shook out her hair one final time she was pleased to see and feel the beads brush her neck, just below the point her hair came to.

Karen stood up and again approached the full-length mirror. She looked herself up and down and smiled. She looked and felt pretty. Her figure was thinner again but it looked better. Not just her waist, but her arms were also reduced in size. The thin fabric of her blouse allowed the dark straps of her bra to show. Karen realized that she was attractive and she felt confident. She remembered that as Michael she had always felt awkward and insecure.

"Well for good or bad Michael is gone forever," the redhead said to herself.

Although she was still feeling a little weak, Karen went downstairs on her own. When Diane and Sonya looked up from the books they were reading they both smiled very warmly at the redhead.

"Why Karen you look lovely tonight," Diane commented with approval.

"Yes you do dear. I suspect that you are feeling better about what you discovered concerning your body's evolution this morning," Sonya commented.

"Yes Sonya. I'm afraid I haven't expressed my appreciation very

well. To either of you. What has happened came as such a surprise that I forgot for a little while that you have both risked so much to help me. You saved my life and I am very grateful. When I felt I was losing the ability to perform sexually as a man, you helped me again. Things have not turned out the way I imagined, but you are right. I now have many possibilities to explore with my life. And without your help my life would have been ended by now."

As she spoke, Diane saw that Karen was getting close to tears.

"It's her new hormonal balance kicking in," thought the brunette. "She will probably go through the same emotional swings that a teenage girl goes through during puberty."

Aloud Diane commented, "That outfit is very becoming. I see that you have tried your new beaded earrings. But the jumper is just a little big for you isn't it."

"Yes Diane. It seems that I have lost weight again. The jumper I suspect and all my dresses and skirts will need to be taken in. But my arms have gotten smaller, and my breasts are a little bigger and this blouse seems to fit me a little better."

"Yes it does," said Sonya with approval. "Well its getting late—why don't we celebrate Karen's return to health by going out for dinner?"

"An excellent idea Sonya," said Diane.

The three women got their coats and went out to Sonya's car. The tall blonde drove and before long, they were at a quite restaurant a few miles from their home. When they came in, they attracted a lot of attention. The striking blonde, whose hair cascaded to below her waist, the more petite brunette, and the slightly taller redhead together, was quite a sight.

As they moved to their table many heads turned, it was clear to the three women that they were each getting stripped in the eyes and mind of the many men watching them. Once they were seated things

quieted down and they were able to have a pleasant meal. As they ate, the conversation returned to Karen's loss of weight.

"While your loss of weight has improved your figure a little I'm concerned about your loss of strength. You will need your strength to recover dear," Sonya advised.

"But she won't need a bunch of bulky muscles Sonya," added Diane. "I know! Let's enroll Karen with us in our aerobics class. If she remembers to rest when she gets tired, she should be able to start next week. That will tone her muscles and build her endurance without adding any unsightly bulk."

So, it was agreed, over dinner that in ten days the two women would pick Karen up after work on their way to their aerobics class. They would continue to attend the classes twice a week and take the redhead with them to the aerobics classes. Karen was a little nervous, but also very excited about starting the class. She was feeling that getting out of the house would be a very nice change and a little exercise would be even better.

Additionally, the redhead clearly remembered the fantasies she had, as a boy, about watching women in an aerobics class. Although her perspective was now quite different, Karen realized that the prospect of all those firm female bodies in motion, breasts bouncing and bottoms moving, was still a turn on for her.

Karen knew she was feeling a little turned on. However, she was shocked to realize that her panties had gotten damp. The sensation stunned Karen for a moment into silence as the redhead realized just how real her new female organ was. She felt aroused. Her nipples were hard, her crotch was lubricating itself, but her cock felt almost nothing. Well, not quite nothing. While it wasn't expanding at all, it did get a little tingly sensation as it slipped back and forth inside her now moist sex slit when she shifted her legs. Karen was relieved that Diane and Sonya did not seem to notice. She didn't see the blonde wink at the brunette.

Later that night Karen, as she had hopped, was treated by Sonya who came up to tuck the redhead into bed but didn't leave until she was sure Karen's breasts were dry. After Sonya had finished suckling on Karen's breast the blonde had lifted her skirt and removed her panties, which were very damp at that point. Sonya sat with her thighs on either side of Karen's head and pushed her dripping sex into the redhead's mouth. Karen had managed to please the blonde well.

The redhead was left unsatisfied. Her own panties were quite wet but Sonya had warned her that it would be several more weeks before her healing genital area would be up to the rigors of sex. Even relatively gentile, female to female sex would have to wait. Although Sonya did promise to share some lesbian sex with Karen as soon as the redhead was well.

The next ten days went quickly by for Karen. Each day she felt a little stronger and after five days, she resumed doing her housework. Sonya advised her that light activity was good for her but Karen was to stop if she started to feel tired. However, Karen was healing rapidly. In just a few more days, she was able to complete all of her chores again with energy to spare.

Sonya and Diane were now checking her recovery every other day. The rate of healing was high and the two were sure that Karen's body would not be at any risk when she started aerobics. Diane noted that the healing and joining process was nearly complete while the vagina was maturing at an accelerated rate. Karen's new female organ when closely examined now appeared more like that of a twelve year old girl and a fairly precocious one at that. Karen's weight was holding steady at one hundred and twenty pounds, although much of her body mass seemed to have shifted to her widening hips and growing breasts.

"She could probable have sex now," Diane had observed one night to Sonya after she had tucked Karen into bed.

"But it will still be safer to wait a few more weeks," had been the blonde's reply. "Although the vagina is maturing rapidly we must

recognize that the filter organ and penile erection mechanism may take longer. We can't see those to measure their development. It might take longer. Remember those organs are new. No one has ever had them before and we have no way of judging their rate of their development. It's important that the first time we introduce sperm into Karen's body that she be able to achieve an erection. Her acceptance of her new condition is good, but it's all based on her confidence that her male sex will again function in the future."

Karen had implemented her plan of wearing the sexiest most revealing clothes she had while cleaning the house each day. A few days before she was to go to her first aerobics class she was interrupted in the afternoon by the doorbell.

The redhead was wearing her yellow bikini. Her well filled top and tight bottoms were both a little sweaty from her exertion when she open the door.

Officer Bill James was struck dumb when the door opened. He had been fantasizing about the shapely redhead, when he saw her; the man's breath was taken away. Her only clothing was a skimpy yellow bikini swimsuit. It just barely covered her breasts, her nipples stood out distinctly, and it covered her crotch like paint. The crease of her sex slit was as evident as it would have been, had the redhead been nude.

Karen started to blush after a moment. She could clearly see that the officer was developing a huge hard-on inside his pants. Karen knew that she was scantily attired and was slightly frightened that the man might make advances. However, she was also mindful of how critically important it was that the police think of her as one hundred percent girl. Any doubt about her sex might also lead them back to her as a suspect in the still unsolved mob elated robbery murder case.

"Oh, it's Officer James isn't it? I'll be right back. Please wait while I slip on some clothes," Karen gave the Officer James a smile as she spoke.

Leaving the man at the door, Karen ran upstairs and slipped on a short white silk housecoat. It tied around her waist covering her breasts and hips but it only came about one-third of the way down her thighs.

It's the best I can do to cover up in a hurry, the redhead thought as she scampered back downstairs.

Returning to the door, she apologized.

"Sorry to leave you standing at the door Officer James. I was doing housework, and I like to do it in my bathing suit. It's cooler and I don't have to worry about getting my good clothes dirty. In fact, I'd rather do it in the nude, but I thought that someone might come to the door and you have proved me right. Would you like to come in? I could make some coffee?"

"Coffee would be nice but I don't want you to go to any trouble."

"Oh it's no trouble. Please come in. I'll be just a minute."

Officer James followed the shapely redhead to the living room and took a chair, waiting as Karen went to make coffee. He took great pleasure in watching her barefoot form walk out of the room. Karen had tied the belt on her housecoat tightly about her waist and it accentuated her figure while pulling the short garment high on the girl's hips. Sitting back Bill James smiled.

She sure is a dish, he thought. I hope I can get her to go out with me.

When Karen returned a few minutes later with the coffee, she was immediately aware of the man's eyes undressing her. Karen was surprised at the feelings this produced in her. She had, as Michael, often done the same thing to girls and women. It had seemed like a harmless activity. Yet, she felt somehow violated by Officer James lustful glances at her legs, hips, and breasts.