



Company Rewards

by CBlack

It couldn't get much better than this.

The Atlantic trailed below him to the east. Directly below his high-rise vista, Miami Beach stretched out her arms, beckoning him to partake of all she had to offer.

Lyle Phelps was in hog heaven! All of his hard work had finally paid off, netting him his companies quarterly sales award and the all-expense paid trip that accompanied it. Eight days and nights in the company condo in the most exclusive part of Miami Beach were his, plus an almost unlimited expense account to boot.

The corner penthouse suite was more luxurious than he could have imagined. And he only had himself to congratulate for this prize he had so diligently sought. Mentally patting himself on the back, his self-satisfied smile slowly turned into an ugly, if not downright evil, grin.

You see, even though he had won the sales award, Lyle Phelps was not a very good salesman. In fact, he was downright pitiful at it. No wonder, since he hated his job. It's not that he hated sales specifically, he just hated work... period. He had always been lazy, unmotivated, and underachieving. Actually, he did excel at one thing... and that was being mean.

That's exactly how he had won the sales award... by being mean and screwing everyone else over. He had sabotaged everyone else's sales to ensure that his pitiful figures were higher than theirs. He wasn't even doing it to win the award, he just enjoyed being an asshole. Considering how poorly the overall sales were that quarter (due to Lyle's undertakings), he was amazed when

the vice president announced at the company meeting that Lyle would be the recipient of the quarterly sales award. After a few token handshakes and forced smiles, Lyle was out the door and on his way to paradise.

Lyle decided to spend his first day checking out the area to see what was available and to get his bearings. After all, he didn't want to look like some naïve tourist as he scoped out the babes. Yes, despite his many flaws, Lyle had even more. The most obvious being his extreme conceitedness. He considered himself God's gift to women. Why else would he have been transplanted into this garden of earthly delights? It sure as hell wasn't his noble work ethic that got him here, he chuckled inwardly to himself. So, obviously he was here for the ladies. He was their reward for being so fine.

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After locating the hottest nightspots, trendiest restaurants, and “well-developed” beaches, Lyle decided to spend a little time “slumming” in one of the market areas near the beach. (The fact that it was loaded with scores of young, scantily-clad, nymphets had practically nothing to do with his decision.) Following a group of prospects into one area, Lyle nearly collided with an elderly woman with a strange accent that he decided had to be fake.

“Hey, mon! Watch it with yourself, now!” she chided. “A man could get hurt tripping over his tongue like that now.”

Lyle spun around and glared at her.

“If you'd keep your fat Haitian-wannabe ass out of my way, this wouldn't have happened,” he spat at her.

Turning back and seeing that his quarry was nowhere in sight, Lyle swore loudly and turned to leave, but the old woman stopped him.

“Oh, and now I've gone and ruined the hunt for ya now, haven't I?” she mocked with a sinister grin. “Depriving those poor young things of your fine self, too.”

Lyle was getting more than a little pissed. But before he could respond, her demeanor changed.

“Well, never let it be said that Mama Zeta was a mean and spiteful old woman,” she started. “Let me give you a little something that should make it up to you... and those poor, deprived young girls.”

She rummaged through her oversized bag and produced a small figurine which she pushed into his hands while mumbling something under her breath Lyle couldn't understand.

"What the hell is this?" Lyle sneered. It looked like any other nondescript figurine found in any of the local tourist traps. He couldn't even tell if it was supposed to be male or female.

"It's a talisman, mon," she beamed. "It has great power."

Lyle had had enough of this crazy old broad, but his curiosity got the better of him.

"Great power to do what?" he snarled sarcastically.

"The power to take your finest attributes and amplify ten fold!" she exclaimed.

"You mean, whatever I'm good at, this will make me better?" he asked, immediately fixating on his "prowess" with the ladies and visualizing the possibilities... if, of course, this whole thing wasn't just a bunch of bullshit.

"Oh, yeah, mon!" she nodded knowingly. "With this, you be pleasing all manner of folks!"

Lyle took another long look at the figurine in his hand. It hardly looked like it even had the power to be a good paperweight, much less enhance his sex life. He looked back toward the old woman to get in one final shot, but she was gone.

"Where the hell...?" Lyle muttered to himself, not seeing her anywhere in either direction. Feeling like a fool for indulging the crazy old broad as long as he had, he tossed the "talisman" into the nearest trash can and headed back to the condo.

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If anyone nearby had been paying attention to that trash can (as very few are wont to), they might have heard some strange sounds emanating from the small figurine resting within it. Sounds that echoed the "mumblings" from Mama Zeta earlier. Sounds that faded away... as did the rest of the figurine...

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Back in his condo, Lyle was psyched for his first night out hitting the clubs. Even though he didn't believe a word of that old woman's mumbo-jumbo, he still felt more confident about his prospects that night than he ever had before. Talisman, or no talisman, he knew he was going to score... and he did. The details aren't important, but suffice to say that the first woman he approached in the first club he went to ended up entertaining "little Lyle" in the backseat of his rented Beemer. True to his nature, however, as soon as he was finished, Lyle left the girl by the roadside and drove off without giving her a second thought.

When he woke the next morning, Lyle noticed something a little strange. Sometime during the night, practically all his body hair had fallen off. It was impossible not to notice, because Lyle had always been a rather hairy guy... a fact that until this moment had him concerned about his inevitable beach appearances. Because of his overall "fuzziness", he had been reluctant to appear on the beach in anything less than a baggy swimsuit and t-shirt. But with his newfound, sleek, smooth bod, Lyle felt confident in displaying much more of his "fabulous" physique to the ladies on the beach.

After a quick trip to a nearby beach shop, Lyle returned to his condo to try on his newest purchase... a tiny, lycra Speedo. Checking himself out in the mirror, he was amazed at how



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good he looked. Even though he was nowhere near as buff as most of the bodybuilders that lingered on the beach, Lyle figured he could now almost pass for one. Maybe he was imagining it, but his perpetually scrawny butt now seemed to have filled out a bit, making his lycra-clad buns all the more enticing.

A crazy thought then jumped into his mind.

What if there was something to that talisman, after all? He thought.

Considering what had transpired during the last 24 hours, he couldn't discount the possibility. First, there was his unnatural luck with whatever-her-name-was last night. That, he could possibly write off to coincidence. But the tangible, physical change that had occurred overnight almost had him convinced that that crazy old woman may not have been so crazy after all. If his luck with the ladies continued, proving it just wasn't a coincidence, he might have to go find the old woman and thank her.

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By the end of the day, Lyle conceded that there must be something to the old woman's talisman. Within an hour of hitting the beach that day, he wound up in a changing tent getting a blowjob from a blonde



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bimbette who couldn't seem to keep her hands off him. Feeling he could do better, he ditched the blonde for a scrumptious redhead he found in a nearby beach bar. She took him back to her place where they ravaged each other for hours. After slipping out while she showered, Lyle returned to the market area where he first encountered the old woman, but no one claimed to have ever seen or heard of her before. Slightly frustrated, he decided to call it a day... anticipating what the next day might bring.

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The next morning

brought more changes for Lyle. But they were changes he wasn't exactly thrilled with. The first thing he noticed when he awoke was the hair in his eyes. Stretching a strand out in front of his face and examining it more closely, it seemed his hair had grown several inches and lightened considerable overnight. Throwing back the covers to get up, Lyle noticed another difference as they brushed across his now puffy pecs and sensitive nipples. The mirror gave him an all-encompassing look at all the changes that had occurred overnight... and it scared the hell out of him!

His hair wasn't just a little longer, it was now down to his shoulders... and instead of dark brown was almost a dirty blonde color. His formerly rock-hard



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pecs were now soft and puffy and definitely tender to the touch. His overall physique and skin also looked softer and smoother than before. The biggest scare, however, lay just below his smooth, hairless stomach... his pride and joy, his cock, was only about half its normal size!

The old woman, Lyle screamed to himself, *she* did this to him!

Whether deliberate or accidental, he had to find her and get her to reverse whatever it was. All thoughts of spending the day scooping out babes went out the window in lieu of tracking down Mama Whatever. Even if he had wanted to, his new androgynous, if not downright effeminate, appearance would have turned off all but the most butch women out there, he figured.

Except for the hair, his clothes hid his new problems, so he was free to comb most of the beach area looking for the old woman, without attracting any undue attention. By the end of the day, though, he was no closer to finding her and solving his problem. Reluctantly returning to the condo, Lyle dreaded going to sleep. Although there had been no perceptible changes throughout the day, he was still afraid of what he might find when he awoke the next morning. Too exhausted to fight it any longer, he finally succumbed to a deep and fitful sleep.

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The screech of a seagull flying past the open patio doors shook Lyle from his sleep. The sun was already high in the sky, making him wonder how late he had slept. Groggy and disoriented, Lyle stumbled out of bed, feeling like he had been drinking the night before or taken a double dose of sleeping pills. Rubbing his eyes and shaking off the cobwebs, it wasn't until he was halfway across the room when he finally remembered the last couple of days. Not prepared to see what he might find, he kept his hands away from his body. Thinking he could delay the inevitable by finding a sheet or blanket to wrap himself in, he slowly opened his eyes to search the room for one. Unfortunately, however, he had ended up directly in front of the full-length mirror and came face to face with his predicament.

The androgynous body he had been saddled with the day before was gone. In its place was a complete, full-formed female body... and a knock-out one at that! Briefly forgetting his situation, he marveled at the babe in the mirror. Lyle had always been a tit man, so his immediate attention was focused on the two glorious orbs in front of him. The trim waist accentuated the full, firm ass on the body and the long, blonde hair framed a cute, definitely feminine face. When that face smiled back at him from the mirror, he felt himself getting a little aroused... but instead of the familiar “elongating” that he had been so accustomed to,

he now felt a strange, damp feeling *inside* his groin. At that instant, it all hit him at once... that babe he was ogling was himself! He was the woman in the mirror! The changes that had been going on for the last few days had taken him all the way to the other side. That freakin' witch, or whatever she was, had turned Lyle into a woman!

Teetering on the brink of a nervous breakdown, Lyle resigned himself to the only task that could save him... finding Mama Zeta! He didn't want to go out looking like he did, but he knew he had no choice. Rummaging through his suitcase, he found the most inconspicuous clothes that looked like they'd fit. An oversized t-shirt and jeans helped hide his new curves, but his sandals looked ridiculously large on his tiny feet. Using a rubber band, he tied his long, blonde hair back into a ponytail. Looking in the mirror, he was almost satisfied with the results. If not for the blonde ponytail, his new sexual status would almost be completely hidden by the baggy clothes and lack of makeup. Lacking any scissors, he figured he could get the hair taken care of at the first barber he found.

Cautiously stepping out onto the street, Lyle still felt on display. Every guy he passed seemed to be checking him out.



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No matter how hard he tried to hide himself in the crowd, that damn blonde hair was still drawing unwanted attention. He needed to get rid of it... and quick.

Not seeing any barber shops in the area, he reluctantly slipped into the nearest beauty salon. Fortunately, he thought, it was very small, only three chairs, and currently void of any customers. The chimes on the door brought a gorgeous, but vaguely familiar, redhead out from the back room.

“Hi, honey! I’m Gail. What can I do for you?” she asked.

Hearing her voice, Lyle immediately recognized her as the redhead from the bar the night before... the one he abandoned while she showered! He came within an instant of panicking and high-tailing it out of there, when he realized that she didn’t recognize him. How could she? Relaxing a little, Lyle tried to explain what he wanted.

“I’m tired of the long hair,” he said nervously. “I’d just like you to cut it all off.”

“Oh, but why, Honey?” Gail replied. “You have such lovely hair! It’d be a shame to get rid of it.”



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“Oh, but why, Honey?” Gail replied. “You have such lovely hair! It’d be a shame to get rid of it.”

“I don’t care,” Lyle emphasized. “I’m tired of it and I want a totally new look, so please just cut it off.”

Gail gave him strange look.

“Well, okay Honey,” she relented. “It’s your hair and your money. Have a seat over here and we’ll get started.”

Sitting for the first time on his new, plump ass was more uncomfortable than he thought it would be. His wallet was digging into him, causing him to squirm in his seat. Noticing his discomfort, Gail offered a solution.

“Why don’t you just put that wallet right up here on the sink until we’re done, okay?”

Eager to relieve his discomfort, he handed her his wallet without giving it a second thought and she placed it on the counter. Unfortunately for him though, it opened up to his drivers license... picture and all.

Gail’s eyes dilated as she immediately recognized the picture on the drivers license. Lyle’s back was to her as she pulled the license from the wallet and headed for the back room.

“I’ll be right back,” she called over her shoulder. “You just get comfortable.”

Closing the door behind her, Gail approached her two partners relaxing in the back room.

“You won’t believe this,” she said excitedly. “You know that prick I told you about who snuck out on me last night? Well, this chick out front has his wallet! I’ll bet she lifted it from him while he was banging her, too!”

She handed the license to her partners, Sunny and Deb, who, after looking at the picture, had the same reaction as Gail.

“This is the asshole who kicked me out of his car the other night!” Sunny cried.

“He’s the fucker who ditched me on the beach yesterday!” yelled Deb.

After a minute or two of heated commiserating between the partners, Gail finally spoke up.

“So, what do we do with *her!*” she motioned toward the salon.

“What does she want done?” asked Deb.

“She wants her hair cut back real short,” Gail answered. “You know, now that I think about it, it makes perfect sense!”

“How so?” inquired Sunny.

“Think about it,” Gail continued, “she stole his wallet and he probably wants it back, so she wants a haircut to change the way she looks so he can’t find her.”

“Of course!” Deb agreed. “So, what do we do?”

Gail got a wicked look on her face.

“Well, we just help her hide from him... just not exactly the way she wants. And at the same time, ring up a few needed charges on his credit card!”

The other girls smiled their approval.

“But from the looks of her and considering how nervous she is, I doubt if she’d go along with this, so we’ll have to put her in a more agreeable mood. Deb, where do you keep your Valium...?”

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Gail reentered the salon a moment later to find an impatient Lyle ready to leave.

“I’m sorry I took so long, honey,” she explained, “but you looked so hot and thirsty I went back and made you a glass of iced tea. I hope you like it, it’s a special blend.” Gail did her best to keep a straight face.

“Well, I guess it’s okay,” Lyle replied. “I am a little thirsty. Thanks!” Taking the glass from Gail, Lyle took a small sip of the tea, decided he liked it, and finished it off while Gail looked on grinning from ear to ear.

It didn’t take long for the Valium in the tea to take effect. One second he was pretending to listen to Gail go on and on about a horrible date she had the other night, and the next moment, Lyle was out like a light.

“Okay, girls!” Gail shouted. “She’s out! Let’s get to work!”

Deb and Sunny hurried into the room, their hands loaded with cosmetics, hair products, and clothes.

“Let’s get started,” Gail instructed. “We need to finish with her and disappear before she wakes up.”

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For the next couple of hours, while Lyle remained blissfully unaware of his surroundings, the girls worked their respective magics on him. Gail worked on his hair while Deb concentrated on his face and nails. Sunny spent her time coordinating the outfit they would eventually slip the unsuspecting Lyle into.

“I still don’t see why we can’t just use his credit cards to go out and get her a new outfit instead of giving her our own stuff,” Sunny griped.

“Look,” Gail sighed. “As much as I want to get back at that bastard, I have no intention of risking ending up in jail for using his stolen cards. Let her take the risk. We’re just doing what we can to help her hide from him, so she can keep using his cards for as long as possible.”



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Whether she understood or not, Sunny smiled her agreement and went back to helping the other two with their “customer’s” total makeover. When they finished, the trio of cosmetic co-conspirators stepped back to survey their new sleeping beauty. The grungy looking tomboy in ill-fitting clothes was nowhere to be seen. In her place lay a softly snoring siren. Her long, blonde hair had been highlighted and styled to frame her perfectly made-up face. Her new clothes oozed feminine sexuality as they enhanced her previously hidden charms. A pair of 6-inch heeled, open-toed sandals adorned her feet showing off her new pedicure. At the other end of her long, smooth legs, a micro miniskirt hugged her hips, barely concealing the lacy bikini-cut panties beneath. A crop-top t-shirt exposed her taut stomach, as well as the lower quarter of her barely encased breasts.

Confident that no one could possibly recognize the gently stirring beauty as the nervous girl who had entered earlier, the girls gave each other a collective high-five. Seeing that she looked about to wake, Gail put Lyle’s cards into a small clutch purse and placed it in the girls lap. The partners then slipped out of the shop, setting the door locks to allow persons to leave, but not enter.

Slowly opening his eyes, Lyle had a hard time remembering where he was. After what seemed to him hours of intense concentration (seconds in reality, though), his fogged mind finally reminded him that he was in Miami, staying at the company’s condo. But that was all the info it



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surrendered to him. He concluded that an intense night of partying had left him with a hangover from hell. Not even noticing (or caring) where he had woken up, Lyle stumbled toward the door and out onto the street. The brightness of the afternoon sun forced him to squint as he staggered down the sidewalk. Not since college had a hangover left him so unsteady and foggy.

After walking what must have been miles (two blocks, actually), Lyle stopped to take a break in the shade of a building and get his bearings. His mind had cleared somewhat and the shade allowed him to take a good look around. Spotting the condo about three blocks down the beach, Lyle was about to gather himself up and venture off home, but he felt someone looking over his shoulder. Turning (carefully) to see who it was, he found himself looking into a storefront window, where two scantily clad mannequins smiled down at him. One modeled lingerie while the other showed off a skimpy nautical-themed outfit. Looking closer, he could also make out a third beauty standing between the two, but she wasn't in the window display. It took Lyle's fogged mind a moment to realize he was seeing a reflection, so he spun around expecting to come face to face with the owner of the reflection. But he was alone. Looking back to the reflection and around himself repeatedly, it didn't take long for him to finally figure out what he was seeing. In an instant, all the memories from the past few days flooded over him... overwhelming him... until everything turned black...

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It took Lyle's fogged mind a moment to realize the third beauty he was seeing was a reflection.

Bolting upright in bed, Lyle abruptly awoke drenched in his own sweat. His mind grasping at memories to help fill the void in his head. It was morning and he was in the condo... but he had no idea how he got there. He struggled to recall his last memory, and when it finally came to him he stopped breathing.

The storefront window... the reflection... *his* reflection!!

Before he took another breath, his hands moved to his chest and felt... nothing. Nothing other than his normal, furry male pecs. Throwing off the sheets and running to the mirror he saw the same person that had graced every mirror for the last 32 years. Lyle was so happy, he almost cried.

“Could it have been a dream?” he wondered to himself.

But it was all so real!

Whatever the case, it was over. Mama Zeta and her curse had either run their course or were nothing more than a twisted nightmare. He still had three days left of his vacation, and now he could enjoy them unencumbered by worry.

A long, leisurely shower gave Lyle the time to plan his next few days. His primary concerns were how to bag as many babes as possible. By the time he eventually returned to work, he'd be revitalized and rejuvenated... all ready for a whole new round of screwing his idiot coworkers.

Without warning, Lyle felt a wave of nausea and dizziness and he stumbled against the bed. For an instant he thought he could hear a woman's mocking laughter in the distance, but before he could concentrate on it, his entire body seized up in one big muscle spasm. With no control over his own body, Lyle stood helplessly in the middle of the room while every muscle in his body was being randomly kneaded and twisted by some unknown force. Soon enough, however, the purpose of the spasms became clear as he felt his body changing shape. Although he couldn't see what was happening, he knew all too well what was going on.

It hadn't been a dream! Mama Zeta's curse was real and she obviously wasn't done with him yet. Rendered motionless by the curse, Lyle was helpless to do anything as he swiftly and effortlessly changed back into the blonde beauty he had seen in the storefront window. But this time it wasn't happening while he slept. He was conscious of every physical change... feeling annoyed at the tickling of his now blonde hair as it grew past his shoulders; straining to force his head downward as his chest pillowed outward; and inwardly screaming as he felt his manhood being sucked into his body.

All too quickly, the changes stopped and Lyle felt control returning to his body. Slowly stepping to the mirror, Lyle was stunned to see that the woman looking back was not the same one he had seen in the storefront window. It seemed the first time was merely a trial, because now Mama Zeta had gotten it dead on perfect! The vision looking back at him was nothing less than a

sexual goddess! She was still a gorgeous blonde, but “gorgeous” was a severe understatement. She was tall, tanned, and toned... atop a pair of long, “wrap-around-you-and-squeeze-the-cum-out-of-you” legs. Her perfect teardrop-shaped ass was beautifully contrasted by her tight, wasp-thin waist. Long blonde hair framed a face that redefined beautiful. The combination of smoky blue eyes, pert nose and full, sensual lips guaranteed to weaken the knees of any male who gazed upon that face.

Then there were the tits.



No, not breasts... these were tits! Like overripe grapefruit that had never heard of Newton, those spherical delicacies proudly presented themselves to any and all who wished to test their fleshy perfection.

Since this change had happened so suddenly, Lyle didn't have the time to get pissed. Instead, he was shocked, amazed... and more than a little aroused! Instinctively, his hands went straight for the tits, eager to test their firmness. However, instead of the usual gratification from squeezing a perfect pair of tits, he received an even more pleasant surprise. The groping of his creamy orbs was producing intoxicating sensations that he had never experienced before. The feeling was incredible! It was amazing how sensitive they were and the way his entire body was responding.

“Jesus!” Lyle whispered to no one in particular. “If the tits feel *this* good, I wonder what would happen if I...”

His voice trailed off as one of his hands disengaged from its respective tit and migrated south. When it reached the edge of the small blonde patch that encircled the target, it hesitated... briefly. After one long breath of anticipation, his fingers penetrated through the short, blonde curls and the outer lips into the warm, moist region within.

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The intense shudder of unexpected pleasure cascaded through his body, almost causing him to puncture a tit with the long, manicured nails that were still groping it.

For an instant, Lyle's mind debated whether or not to continue. Part of him was reluctant or afraid to continue. He wanted to stop this before it got too far, go find that bitch Zeta, and get this all over with once and for all.

Another part of him, though, didn't see the harm in getting the most out of a bad situation by continuing what he'd already started. He could, after all, go after Zeta later.

The point was rendered moot by his body, however, when his fingers took it upon themselves to deftly and expertly work their magic on his new, extremely wet, pussy... bringing him quickly and unexpectedly to the most intense orgasm of his life... to date.

A smaller hotel room might have resulted in startled, albeit amused, neighbors. Fortunately for Lyle, though, his uncontrolled cries of passion were somewhat muffled by the grandiose size of the condo.

Exhausted, dazed, and just a little bit giddy, Lyle lay spread eagle on the bed, trying to comprehend what had just happened and what he was going to do next. He had to go find Zeta, that much was obvious. But to do so, meant going out in public sporting his new, amazing bod. It would be difficult to keep a low profile if he went back out, especially in the same miniskirt and crop top that now lay on the floor near the bed.

"And there's no way in *hell* I'm going back out in *that* outfit!" he confirmed loudly to the walls.

Since he had never really unpacked, Lyle opened his suitcase to find it completely empty. Swearing loudly, Lyle turned to check out the dresser, just in case the maid had unpacked everything for him. Just as he was about to open the top drawer, he caught a glimpse of something out of the corner of his eye that made him stop.

Sitting in a pile behind the chair were about a half dozen empty shopping bags... and each had the logo of several of the trendier women's boutiques in the area... including Victoria's Secret and Frederick's of Hollywood! Turning back to the dresser, he slowly opened the top drawer... only to have his worst fears confirmed. It was full of women's lingerie! Not the run of the mill cotton brief stuff either. Every pair of panties was lace and/or satin and either thong or French-cut bikini. All the bras were either push-up or demi-cup, designed to show as much cleavage as possible. There were also stockings, garters, bustiers, bodysuits... you name it... it was there, in all colors and styles... from classy silk to trashy fishnet.

By the time he got to the closet, he wasn't at all surprised to find it full of miniskirts, mini-dresses, low-cut blouses and tops... it looked like the sexiest pages of all the women's catalogues had come to life in his condo. And he had absolutely no idea how it had happened.

Resolved more than ever to find Zeta and reverse what she had done to him, Lyle rummaged through the entire wardrobe to find the least revealing outfit. He had to settle for a t-shirt that left his tight, flat stomach exposed and a pair of jeans that looked painted on once he finally squeezed into them. After looking through boxes and boxes of shoes with nothing less than a 6-inch heel, he had almost given up, when he was happily surprised to find one pair of women's tennis shoes.

"Holy shit!" Lyle whispered aloud in a breathy contralto voice. "Am I really going to do this?"



Lyle rummaged through the entire wardrobe to find the least revealing outfit. He had to settle for a t-shirt that left his tight, flat stomach exposed and a pair of jeans that looked painted on once he finally squeezed into them.

It was a perfectly legitimate question. The person standing in that room was anything but subtle. Once he stepped outside that door, he would draw the attentions of any male, as well as most females, as he scoured the market area looking for Zeta. But he had no choice, unless he was willing to let his new fleshy balloons announce his entrance into every room he entered from now on.

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Taking a deep breath, he cautiously stepped out of the condo and onto the street. (After noticing the effects of the deep breath on his shirt, he made a mental note to never do that again in a public place.) Immediately, he felt that all eyes were on him as he walked down the street. He tried to write it off as paranoia, but he knew better. His ass seemed to have a mind of its own as it swayed back and forth, taunting any onlookers. He tried to control his walk, to make it more masculine, but it required too much concentration and the results were ridiculous. Deciding to worry more about finding Zeta, he gave in to his body's new tendencies, which resulted in a male-teasing walk that drew everything from slack-jawed stares to wolf whistles as he made his way to the market area.

When he reached the market, he could find no sign of Zeta. When he asked several of the regulars about her, they all stated that she only showed up around the market on Thursdays, even though Lyle insisted he had run into her on Monday. Even so, they all persisted in their accounts that for as long as they had remembered, Zeta had only been seen around the market on Thursdays. Unfortunately for Lyle, it was only Wednesday. If what they said was true, he would be stuck inside that luscious cocoon for another full day. Dejected and exhausted, he went back to the condo to figure out what to do next.

Throwing himself onto the sofa in frustration, Lyle lay staring at the ceiling, wondering how he could possibly find any good in a horrible situation. He had worked his ass off to get this trip, he thought to himself. Screwing your coworkers and undermining their efforts for your own gain wasn't a skill a person learns easily. He'd spent years honing his craft. And now that he was finally seeing a big payoff for his efforts, his big reward was falling apart around him. There he was, in the playground of the rich and beautiful... surrounded by surgically-enhanced, sculpted to perfection, tits and ass. And he couldn't his hands, much less his dick, on any of it! Mama Zeta had seen to that!

The thought of all those gorgeous babes running around unmolested by him got Lyle pissed all over again. Angrily, he yanked one of his shoes off and flung the pink sneaker across the room where it collided loudly with the closet door before coming to rest among the pile of empty shopping bags. Sitting up on the sofa, Lyle glared at the bags, trying to figure out how they and all those clothes had gotten there in the first place. He had all but conceded that Zeta's magic had changed him from stud to curvaceous babe... what other explanation could there be? But magic doesn't need shopping bags to deliver clothes, he reasoned.

"So who the hell brought them here?" he asked himself.

Curiosity winning out, Lyle got to his feet, plodded over to the bags, and started looking through them for any clues. It didn't take him long to find a big one. At the bottom of the first bag he looked in was a receipt for over \$300 worth of women's clothes charged to *his* credit card! And the signature at the bottom was a dead-ringer for his own!

"What the fuck?!" Lyle yelled as he tossed the bag aside and began rummaging through the others. Each one yielded the same evidence... credit card receipts with his signature. He couldn't believe it! He had absolutely no recollection of even being in any of those stores, and even so, why the *hell* would he want to go out and buy all those things anyway?! \$350 dollars for lingerie?! \$250 for shoes? \$500 for a couple of cocktail dresses?! All in all, there was well over \$1,000 in receipts for clothes that he had no intention of wearing and didn't even remember buying.

He was at a total loss as to what he should do. Before seeing the receipts, he thought he had hit rock bottom. But now, instead of just feeling cheated out of an incredible dream vacation and sex-fest, he was also close to being broke!

It took a couple of hours and half a bottle of wine to finally calm Lyle down. Over that time, he had emptied his closet and drawers of the clothes and tried to match them with the receipts in hopes of being able to return the items. In one of the drawers, he pulled out one of the skimpiest bikinis he had ever seen.

“Shit!” He griped as he held it dangling in front of him. “I should be out on the beach seeing something like this tattooed on some babe’s body, not locked up in here hiding!”



The babe looking back at him would have easily won, hands-down, any bikini contest on any beach in the world!

He turned to toss it into the appropriate pile when he caught a glimpse of himself holding the bikini in the full length mirror across the room. For awhile there, he had forgotten just how damn good his new body looked... and it gave him an idea. He may not be able to ogle all the babes out on the beach. But if he really wanted to, he could do some serious ogling right there without stepping foot outside the condo.

Peeling off the t-shirt and jeans, Lyle fumbled with the tiny, blue bikini... trying to figure out how to put it on. The bottoms were pretty obvious as they easily slid snugly into place and almost disappeared between his cheeks. The top took some major trial-and-error attempts before he was able to finally get it positioned right and tied off. Only then do he allow himself to look in the mirror.

His jaw dropped! The shocked look on the bikini-clad vixen in the mirror didn't detract one iota from her stunning beauty and intoxicating sensuality! The babe looking back at him would have easily won, hands-down, any bikini contest on any beach in the world! Just enough of her delicious body was covered to keep her from getting arrested on a public beach. The parts that did show, though, were without a doubt, the most spectacular he'd ever seen on any woman before.

If he still had his dick, the sight of the voluptuous wonder would have made it rock hard. However, his new body compensated in its own way. His nipples hardened, causing the already strained fabric covering his tits to tent outward even more. The results couldn't possibly be ignored by any casual, or not so casual, observer. A warm, moist feeling inside his crotch told him his new plumbing was also getting into the act.

“Holy Shit!” he murmured, turning this way and that to take in every possible delicious view, “I’ve got my own little beach bunny right here!”



The leopard-print leather bustier and matching thigh high boots were almost too much for him to bear. He looked like a stripper and felt like one too!

He turned slowly in front of the mirror, running his hands slowly and deliberately over his body. A sly, seductive grin spread across his face as an intriguing realization dawned upon him.

“And I can make her do *whatever* I want!”

The idea of having his own “Barbie doll” to dress, pose and manipulate obviously agreed with him as his nipples became even more erect at the thought, accompanied by an increasingly moist, pleasant feeling behind the small, blue triangle nestled between his thighs. The fact that *he* was his own “Barbie doll” didn’t seem to phase him one little bit.

For the next several hours, Lyle was like a man (or woman) possessed, rummaging through his whole new wardrobe, locating and trying on the most revealing outfits he could find.

His memory flashed back to one particularly outrageous outfit he had spotted earlier. Finding it buried beneath one of the piles, he struggled at first to squeeze into it, but when he was finished, the view was well worth the effort.

The leopard-print leather bustier and matching thigh high boots were almost too much for him to bear. He looked like a stripper and felt like one too! The way the



He wrapped a short, black miniskirt around his waist, enjoying the way it barely covered his butt cheeks. The stockings slid up his legs and were held in place by lacy elastic bands.

leather conformed to every curve and dipped into every crack made him so damned horny he could hardly stand it!

“I guess if I can’t have a woman like that, this is the next best thing!” he convinced himself as his hands continuously fondled and caressed the skin and leather that encased him. A few seductive poses was all it took before Lyle was on the floor erupting in an incredible orgasm.

Marveling at the way his new female anatomy remained aroused, even after such an intense orgasm, Lyle went back to the pile of clothes to find even more ways to show off his nubile goodies. A matching set of black lace thong panties and bra caught his eye, along with a slutty looking pair of fishnet stockings. He couldn’t resist! He slipped the panties on, producing a slight moan as the thong wedged tightly between his cheeks. (By this point, he had decided that thong underwear was the way to go, even after he was returned to his male body.) He wrapped a short, black miniskirt around his waist, enjoying the way it barely covered his butt cheeks. The stockings slid up his legs and were held in place by lacy elastic bands. He chose one of the many pairs of 6” heeled pumps to help highlight his already spectacular legs.



He found the strapless bra to be a hell of a lot simpler than the bikini top had been. Hooks had always been easier for him than ties. Of course, before he had been *undoing* the bras. Hooking them up, especially from his uniquely new viewpoint, was definitely different, to say the least.

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Lyle didn't stay in any one outfit for very long. By the time he was done slipping into each ensemble, he was so turned on that he immediately had to rip off his panties and finish himself off in wave upon wave of orgasmic bliss.

Several hours later, Lyle once again lay naked on the bed... sprawled out, sweaty, and stupid from the carnal bliss he had subjected himself to all afternoon. Considering his current mood, at the moment Mama Zeta's *curse* seemed anything but.

"Oh, yeah!" he sighed contentedly. "Not bad... not bad at all!"

His long nails trailed lightly over his taut, sweat-drenched skin and he smiled triumphantly into the empty air.

"In your *face*, Zeta! Next time you decide to fuck with someone just because he accidentally bumps into, you better make

damn sure it's not Lyle T. Phelps! I'm having such a good time, I might just actually thank you when I finally catch up to you tomorrow."

His smile then turned a little sinister.

"*Then* I'll wring your scrawny fucking neck until you turn me back into my old self!"

His nose began to tell him that even the most perfect female form can get a little funky after the afternoon his had been through.

He had only been through about half the clothes in his wardrobe, but he figured the rest could wait until after a nice, long shower.

Not surprisingly, the shower took longer than expected... for the usual reason. He just couldn't keep his hands off his body! He had hoped the shower might help quench some of his yearnings, but it was becoming evident that he was getting addicted to satisfying his new, female hormones. Of course Lyle didn't see this as a problem. In fact, the thought of himself as a horny slut only seemed to enhance the auto-fantasies he was carrying out in that condo.

Refreshed, rejuvenated, and ready to get back into it, Lyle again started looking through the clothes. But this time he was looking for something a little different. All the previous outfits had been little more than different combinations of lingerie or, as in the case of the leopard bustier, fantasy wear. Each of those had also driven him to the brink before he had a chance to really enjoy them. He wanted to find an outfit with just a touch more class. Not *too* much more, though. Something that was just as overtly sexy as the others, but didn't scream, "Hooker!"

He found the first part of his ensemble in a black fishnet teddy that clung to him like a second skin. The mesh



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had just the right density that just didn't quite hide his nipples or their surrounding areola. Although he looked fantastic in it, it needed something else. A thorough search yielded the perfect complement... a black leather, micro-miniskirt. Wiggling into the skirt, he knew he had made the right choice. The skirt was so tight and short that conventional panties, even thongs, would have been visible. But the way the skirt rode low on his hips accompanied by the extreme high cut of the teddy produced devastating results.



Wiggling into the skirt, he knew he had made the right choice. The way the skirt rode low on his hips accompanied by the extreme high cut of the teddy produced devastating results.

He decided to forego any stockings which left an unobstructed view of his luscious, long legs... from just above the strappy stiletto-heeled sandals on his feet to where his upper thigh began to merge with his perfect teardrop ass, just barely peeking out from beneath the lower edge of his obscenely short skirt.

Lyle was intoxicated by the vision of seductive lust leering back at him from the mirror.

How the hell can this possibly be me? His inner voice asked dreamily as he turned and posed again and again for himself.

Who knew I had it in me? He chuckled inwardly as his hands caressed his knockers through the taut fishnet. *That witch may have given me the raw materials, but it takes a special kind of person to put a package like **this** together!*

Striking a decidedly raunchy pose, he cast a sultry, yet supremely satisfied look into the mirror.

It's too bad no one else gets this view, Babe. But you're all mine!

No sooner did Lyle finish that thought, when the clammer of alarms sounded throughout the building.

Not being a resident, he had no idea what they meant. Was it a fire?! A hurricane? A tornado? What the hell were they for?! He headed toward the front door to see if there was any kind of info posted there, like in most hotels. But there was nothing. As he turned to return to the bedroom, someone large and loud began pounding on his door.

“This is the Miami Beach fire department!” A voice shouted from the other side of the door. “There’s been a bomb threat called in for this building! Everyone has to evacuate to the hotel across the street immediately!”

The distraction of the alarms and the noisy intruder at his door caught Lyle completely off guard. Momentarily forgetting his altered physical status and how it was currently adorned, he opened the door to yell back at the asshole who was disturbing his quiet evening alone. It all came back to him, though, the instant he saw the look on his visitor’s face.

It was as if time stood still for both Lyle and the fireman as they stood in the doorway, face to face, caught up in a series of mental actions and reactions that rendered them both temporarily motionless.

• • •

Lieutenant “Nick” Blackwell of the Miami Beach Fire Department had already been through several arguments with tenants who were feeling put out by what they perceived as nothing more than an annoyance to them. Fortunately for Nick, besides the law, he also had his impressive size and physique on his side. Practically every tenant had acquiesced so far once they realized that he could most likely just carry them out of the building if he so desired. The arguments were wearing thin on him, though. He just wanted to get these people the hell out of the building so his department could do its job. He had just convinced himself that he wasn’t going to take any crap from the next rich asshole who gave him any shit, when the door opened to reveal what could only be described as a centerfold come to life! His fist, in the process of resuming pounding on the door, was motionless in midair. His face was dumbstruck as he looked up and down every inch of the beauty before him, feeling his cock stiffen beneath his uniform as his eyes lingered and focused on the perfect fishnet-encased tits within hands reach.

• • •

Swinging the door wide open and preparing to yell a string of obscenities, Lyle locked eyes with the large, muscular fireman who immediately froze in place. His eyes almost immediately fixed and dilated on Lyle's impressive chest, causing Lyle to remember exactly what the fireman was seeing before him. His mind seized up, as well as his body. He hadn't planned on any of this at all! No one was supposed to see him like this, but now, here he was face to face with someone. And that someone was very large and very male and obviously getting very turned on by what he was seeing! What was more frightening to Lyle, though, was the fact that his body was getting just as turned on, as evidenced by the growing moistness in his crotch and the obvious stiffening of his nipples!

It seemed like an eternity to both before Nick finally tore his eyes away from Lyle's chest and cleared his throat before speaking.

"I'm, uh, sorry to intrude, Miss," he stammered. "But there's been a bomb threat against this building. I'm afraid you'll have to evacuate immediately, Miss...?"

"Phelps," Lyle replied instinctively. He almost finished his automatic response before catching himself at the last instant. "Ly... I mean, Lana Phelps."

Without any aforethought, it was the best he could come up with. It was also the simplest female name close to his own without sounding completely ridiculous... like Lylene! So, Lana it was.

"Are you sure this isn't just a false alarm?" *Lana* asked. "Couldn't I just wait up here until we know for sure?"

"I'm sorry, Miss," Nick answered sternly. "But my instructions are to get everyone out of this building right now... no exceptions whatsoever!" It was increasingly hard for Nick to stay professional and by-the-book when his eyes kept drifting down and locking onto Lana's huge endowments.

So, like it or not (and he definitely did not!), *Lana* Phelps was ushered out of the building and into the public eye for the very first time. If only the parking garage hadn't been quarantined also, he could have taken refuge in the rental car. But instead, they were all escorted to the hotel bar across the street to wait out what was most likely a false alarm.

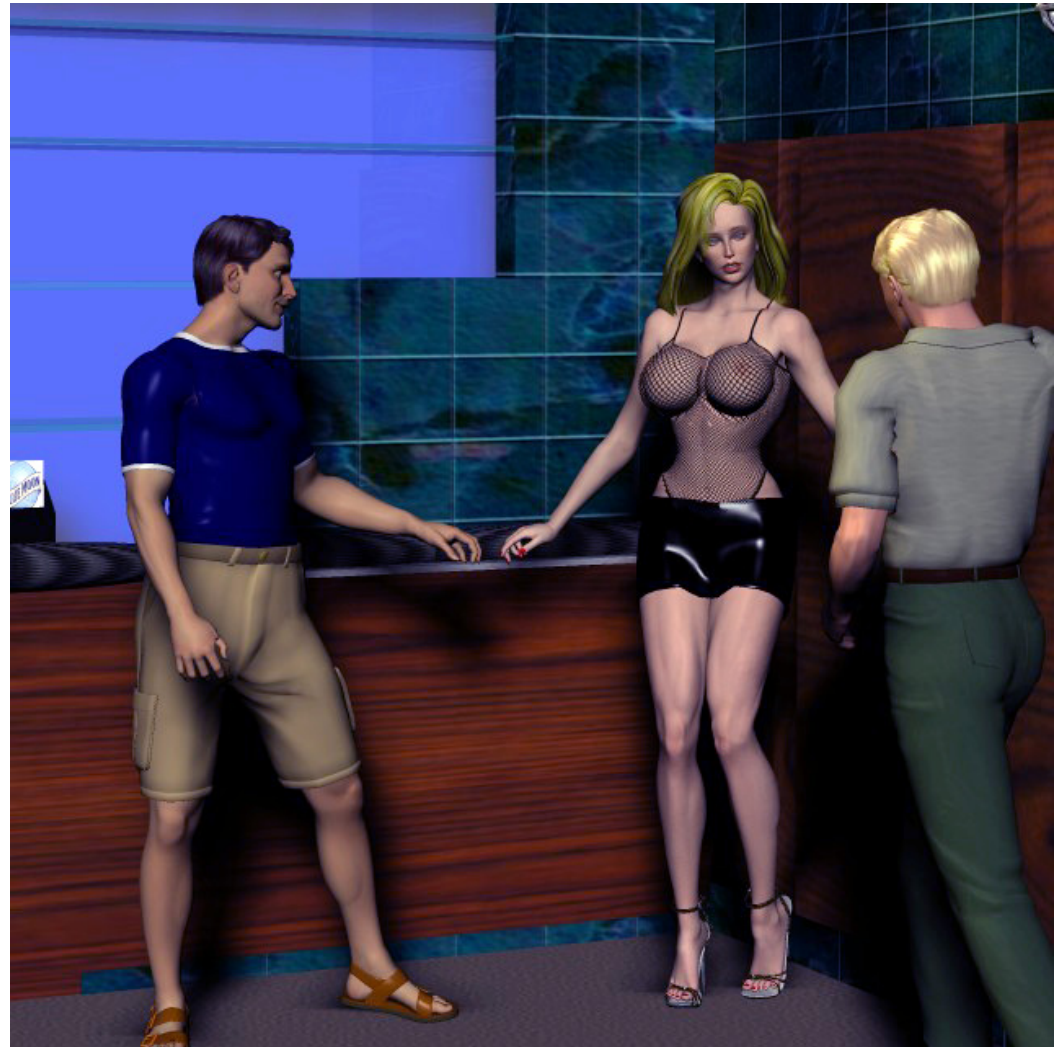
Lana found her way to a darker corner of the bar hoping to avoid as many people as possible. But as soon as her eyes grew accustomed to the dark, she saw that was not to be. Every eye in the bar, male and female alike, was focused on her! He could only imagine what kind of catty remarks the women were saying about her and the way she was dressed. She needed no

imagination at all to know what the men were thinking! The masculine mind being held captive by the temptress's body knew exactly what was behind every leering look being cast her way. And several were already beginning to move in for the kill! How could she blame them? That body... in those clothes... with nipples so erect they cried out to be grabbed and fondled!

Lana was becoming keenly aware that she was losing control of her body's libido. And it was scaring the hell out of Lyle! He wanted nothing more than to get the hell out of there, but his body was reacting just like a woman in heat! The lustful stares from every man in the bar was causing her body to produce massive quantities of hormones, which were playing hell with Lyle's mindset, *and* pheromones, which were having the same effect on the male patrons as throwing gasoline on a bonfire. Lyle/Lana was caught in a vicious cycle... the more they stared, the hornier she got. The hornier she got, the hornier they got and the more they stared.

She tried to back away to a different part of the bar, but her "hiding place" had put her in a corner near the bar. The only way out was through the gauntlet of half-drunken, fully turned-on, men!

Determined to make an escape before the inevitable happened, he made a move to try and squeeze through the encroaching herd of predators. He didn't get very far, though. The would-be suitors had no intention of giving up any ground to her. In fact, they actually moved in closer as she tried to make her escape. Because of this, she literally had to squeeze between two men who were more than happy to actually come into physical contact with the blonde bombshell. Unfortunately for Lyle, coming into direct contact with men was the worst thing that could possibly have happened. Especially the parts of him that made the contact! The instant his already over-aroused tits pressed up against one of the men, the



The masculine mind being held captive by the temptress's body knew exactly what was behind every leering look being cast her way. And several were already beginning to move in for the kill!

intense, semi-orgasmic shudder that resulted stopped him dead in his tracks! (The involuntary, yet intensely seductive, moan that escaped through his soft lips didn't help his situation much either.)

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Roger Harris hadn't really expected to get lucky. The annual trips he took with his business partners (sans wives) usually produced nothing more than lots of hangovers and made up stories. So far, this trip to Miami Beach had been no different. Although he and his partners had booked themselves into three of the most swanky condos on the Beach, the only visitors to any of them had been maids and room service. He wasn't even trying to get any tonight. He had come down to the hotel bar to watch the basketball game and ended up staying after getting a little shit-faced. It wasn't until the overflow from the condo across the street came flooding in that things got interesting.

She was the most incredibly sexy woman he had ever seen in his life! Even if the fishnet body stocking hadn't been holding them, he had no doubt that those tits would have proudly held themselves high against the gravity. That leather micro-mini seemed to be painted onto her delicious ass providing a tantalizing and unobstructed view of her long, perfectly toned legs. Of course, she was *way* out of his league. But enough liquid courage had passed through his lips over the last few hours to give him the guts to make a move. He was almost to her (along with several others) when she suddenly tried to move past him, squeezing her voluptuous jugs against his body as she did. As hard up as he was, he would have been satisfied with that brief encounter. But when she immediately stopped, still pressed firmly against him, and let out a low, sensual moan, he almost came in his pants right there.

This was his chance at greatness! The most gorgeous creature to grace the planet was practically in his arms moaning with pleasure. If he didn't make a serious and decisive move now, he would never forgive himself! So, before she could recover and move away, Roger put his arms around her, pulled her in even closer, and began caressing her fabulous body with his trembling hands.

• • •

Lyle couldn't move! But not because the lout he was pressed against had suddenly grabbed him... he couldn't move because his body wouldn't let him! The instant the guy grabbed him and began feeling him up, Lyle's body reacted... or rather, *Lana's* body reacted! It wasn't only allowing the contact, it was actually *encouraging* it. It pushed itself tighter against the guy, even putting her own arms around him and pulling him into her.

Lyle's mind was frantic! He could see where this was leading and wanted desperately to stop it, but his body was betraying him. It desperately wanted male contact; it was now even beginning to crave it! And those physical longings were wrecking havoc on Lyle's psyche. Mentally, Lyle was just as horny as his body. The main problem, though, was the source of the stimulation... it was all backwards!

He should be the one copping the feel!

He should be the one sliding his hand under the hem of her tight mini skirt, teasing her within inches of her moist, wet pussy!

He should be the one just minutes away from the best fuck of his life!

She needed to get this guy alone somewhere... and fast!

Lyle was broken... and he knew it! The sexual cravings of this body were just too powerful to ignore. If he kept trying to fight it, he just might go insane! His only recourse was to give in to his body and let it lead them wherever it may.



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Lana immediately turned to face Roger, pressing her body so tight against him that her tits were practically oozing out through the fishnet.

“*Please* tell me you have a room here,” she cooed seductively into his ear.

Roger had been on the brink since his first contact with Lana, and her request all but pushed him over the edge. Only through an amazing amount of will-power (or perhaps all the beer), was he able to maintain his composure and answer her without sounding as desperate as he really was.

“As a matter of fact, I have a luxury suite right upstairs,” he responded in a shaky voice.

“Then what are we still doing down here?” Lana murmured as she slid her hand down to his waist. Grabbing hold of the waist band of his shorts, she slowly began to walk backwards, pulling him after her like a puppy on a leash. As they moved from the bar to the hotel lobby, Lana turned around and began walking slowly and sensually toward the elevators, her hand still locked firmly on the waistband of Roger, who followed close behind.

Roger was dumbfounded as he watched her butt wiggle back and forth before him. Not even his wildest sexual fantasies could compare with what he was experiencing. Any anxieties he might have had about making the right move or saying the right thing vanished the instant she grabbed his waist band. She wanted it bad! And he was going to do everything in his power to see that she got it!

Lyle was dumbfounded as he watched *himself* swaying sensually toward the elevator’s mirrored doors with Lana’s prey in tow. Not even his wildest sexual fantasies could compare with what he was experiencing. He was practically dragging a strange man to his hotel room with the sole intent of fucking his brains out... and it couldn’t possibly have made him any hornier! And where the hell had those words and moves come from?! It wasn’t as if he was just along for the ride. Lyle was in full control, albeit heavily influenced by his voluptuous body and its raging hormones. Maybe *Lana* and her moves were the culmination of past sexual fantasies being brought to reality by Lyle’s rather unique situation. It was also very possible that she was just a memory from one of many cheesy X-rated films from Lyle’s collection. Whatever the case, this guy wanted it bad! And she was going to do everything possible to see that he got it!

If there hadn’t been other people on the elevator, Lana would have attacked Roger right there. She was *that* horny! Even with the audience, the two could barely keep their hands off each other as they approached the 23rd floor and Roger’s suite. The instant they cleared the threshold to his suite, Roger slammed the door shut and turned to face Lana, who was already shimmying out of her miniskirt. By the time he reached her, she had the crotch snaps to her bodysuit undone leaving her hands free to hastily

disrobe Roger. As he peeled the bodysuit up and over her head, the scent of her wanton pussy flooded over them both, spurring them even deeper into their sexual frenzy. They didn't even bother finding their way to the bedroom. Instead, Roger roughly pinned her up against the French doors leading to the lanai. Seeing his erect cock positioned just inches from her drenched pussy, she wrapped a leg around him and pulled him deep inside her as he simultaneously thrust with everything he had.

In their current state of arousal, it didn't take long before both were announcing their orgasms at decibel levels that would rival an Aerosmith concert.

Lana was still basking in the afterglow of the most intense and satisfying sexual experience of her life when she felt Roger slowly withdraw from her, his cock now semi-flaccid. I slight whimper escaped her lips at the sight. Roger sensed her disappointment and flashed her a sly smile. She hadn't even begun to try and figure out why he was smiling when she felt his fingers lightly stroking the short blonde hairs that graced her crotch.



Roger roughly pinned her up against the French doors leading to the lanai. Seeing his erect cock positioned just inches from her drenched pussy, she wrapped a leg around him and pulled him deep inside her!

Before long, his fingers had worked their way into her still wet pussy and once again, she found herself near the brink of sexual bliss!

Roger, however, had other ideas. He wanted to keep this masterpiece of sexual art around as long as possible. In order to do that, he had to keep her happy, and stimulated, until he was ready to have another go at her himself. He worked magic on her pussy with his fingers... working her up to as near an orgasm as possible, and then retreating before she reached the summit. He continued his ministrations for almost half an hour before his cock was once again ready for action. By that time, though, Lana was barely capable of rational thought. She was little more than a writhing, sexual object... in agony, yet in ecstasy. Her moans had devolved into whimpers... hungering for the one final filling thrust that would release her from the sensual overload that was threatening to drive her completely over the edge.

When Roger finally did oblige her, furiously thrusting himself into her again and again, only the intensity of the repeated orgasms (and her own screams) kept her from completely losing consciousness. Her rational thought processes were long gone. Pure sexual instinct drove her to match him thrust for thrust, cramming him as deep into her as humanly possible, milking every iota of sexual pleasure out of the experience, before finally, and almost mercifully, collapsing like a stringless marionette into his arms... unconscious.

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The sun was pouring into the bedroom when Lyle was wakened by snores not his own. Unconscious when Roger had carried his lifeless body into the bedroom, Lyle's mind panicked briefly at the unfamiliar surroundings and the unfamiliar figure lying next to him!

Slipping slowly out of bed so as not to awaken the source of the snoring, Lyle wrapped a sheet around himself and tiptoed out of the bedroom in search of clothes. Fuzzy memories of the night before became more focused as he surveyed the outer room, the French doors leading to the wraparound balcony, and the clothes strewn about the room. Staring through the doors that



overlooked the beach, all the memories of the previous night came flooding back... the bomb scare, the fireman (*the way he looked at her*), the bar (*the way all the men wanted her*), Roger pinning her against *these* French doors, thrusting himself deep within her hot, wet pussy...

She looked back over her shoulder into the bedroom where Roger still lay, snoring softly. The strategic tenting of the sheets caused a sly grin to cross her face.

"Hmmm...", she thought to herself. "Nothing like a little morning wood to get the blood going!" She was halfway back to the bedroom with thoughts of impaling herself on the sleeping Roger, when she stopped dead in her tracks.

She looked back over her shoulder into the bedroom where Roger still lay, snoring softly.
The strategic tenting of the sheets caused a sly grin to cross her face.

“My God! What have I become?!” Lyle mentally slapped himself across the face to stem the tide of hormones once again trying to influence his better judgment.

“I’ve gotta get the hell out of here and find that bitch, Zeta, before it’s too late!”

Finding nothing else but the outfit he had worn the night before, Lyle reluctantly slipped it on and quickly and quietly made his way back to his own condo. Once safely inside, he spent nearly an hour in the shower, initially intended to thoroughly cleanse himself of the previous night’s funk. Unable, however, to block out the memories, he ended up spending most of the time in the shower fondling his fabulous female body as the carnal images flashed through his mind.



The looks he was getting from every male eye in the marketplace told him that his new pair of devastatingly short cutoffs was having the desired effect.

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It was late morning when Lyle emerged from the condo, ready to track down Zeta and get his male body back once and for all. Figuring it was his last chance to do so, Lyle took the opportunity to show off his female form one last time, although not nearly as blatantly as the night before. He had originally planned on the same t-shirt and jeans ensemble he’d worn his first day. But recalling how tight and uncomfortable those jeans had been, he opted for a minor alteration. At first he was afraid he might have gone a little overboard with the scissors, but the looks he was getting from every male eye in the marketplace told him that his new pair of devastatingly short cutoffs was having the desired effect.

Lyle knew exactly the kind of effect he was having on the men around him. He had counted on it. Partly because of the feeling of power over them that it gave him. But the main reason he was doing it was because it made him horny, too. He remembered how it had felt yesterday in the bar... all those leering eyes on him... how wet it had made his pussy... He wanted to feel that one more time before he forced Zeta to change him back. He also remembered how easily that feeling could get out of control if he wasn't careful, so he wanted to make damn sure he found Zeta as soon as possible.

The problem was, though, it was taking a hell of a lot longer to find her than he'd planned. The other venders he questioned kept telling him that he'd just missed her. No matter who he asked or where he looked, it seemed he was always just one step behind her. It was almost as if she was toying with him... deliberately stringing him along for her own perverted amusement. Several hours, and half a dozen propositions later, he was still no closer to finding her. Lyle was starting to panic. It was getting harder and harder to rebuff all the men that were coming on to him. He'd actually flirted a little with the last one before catching himself and quickly ducking into a restroom just to avoid further temptation.

Although safely inside a stall in the women's restroom, Lyle could still feel the growing needs of his body aching to make physical contact with any male it could. The situation was quickly getting out of hand. His only choice was to make a break for the safety of the condo. He could regroup there and continue his search for Zeta later. Mentally visualizing the quickest way back to the condo, Lyle took a deep breath and stepped out of the restroom, determined to make it back home before he was forced to succumb to his body's escalating desires. But as soon as he hit the sidewalk, an all too familiar voice behind him made him stop in his tracks.

"Well now, darlin'! Haven't we become quite the young lovely, if I do say so myself!"

Lyle spun around to find Mama Zeta standing right behind him, with a smug, satisfied look on her round face.

"I knew I was good," she gloated as she looked him over, "I just didn't know I was *that* good!"

Lyle didn't know whether to strangle or hug her. Despite the fun he'd been having in his new body, he was still pissed as hell at her for changing him in the first place. And all for just bumping into her in the marketplace! But now, he was just thankful that she was here and could change him back before he lost control again.

"Look," Lyle started, "I don't know how you did this to me, and I don't really care. All I care about is changing back."

Lyle's voice trailed off as his attention was diverted by an especially good-looking hunk giving her the visual once over. Without even thinking about it, she returned his gaze with a sultry come-hither smile as her nipples snapped to attention.

Zeta's smile got broader as she looked over Lyle carefully, taking special note of the extreme shorts and current body language.

“Well, it doesn’t look all that much like you’re sufferin’, darlin’”, Zeta replied. “In fact, it looks a little like you might’ve been enjoying yourself a might.”

Lyle became flustered as Zeta’s grating voice snapped him back to reality. She had him there.

“Look, I admit that I’ve tried to make the best of a bad situation! But I’ve learned my lesson,” Lyle continued. “Anyway, don’t you think you were a bit extreme! After all, I didn’t *mean* to bump into you. It was an accident, and if I was rude to you, I’m sorry! There, I said it! Now, will you *please* change me back to the *real* me?”

Zeta’s smile briefly changed into a slightly confused look at hearing Lyle’s hurried, and not too heartfelt, apology. After a moment or two of thought, she suddenly burst into laughter.

“Oh, darlin’!” she managed between guffaws, “you’ve got it all wrong!”

“What are you talking about?” Lyle exclaimed, the frustration obvious in his sultry, ultra-feminine voice. His annoyance at Zeta’s cryptic reaction was compounded by the realization that his body was still in sexual overdrive... a fact made apparent by the growing moistness in his crotch. “What do you mean, I’ve got it all wrong?! What the fuck have I got wrong?!”

“Oh, honey!” Zeta laughed. “There was nothin’ personal at all in what I’ve done to you. Mama Zeta don’t bear no grudges. Life’s too short for that!”

Now Lyle was totally confused!

“Then why the hell did you do this to me?” Lyle’s voice and behavior were rapidly approaching that of a hysterical woman. But he didn’t notice.

“Darlin’,” Zeta said, “Mama Zeta only works on a contract basis. In other words, it’s just business.”

That bit of information caught Lyle totally off guard, but did nothing to alive his confusion and frustration. If nothing else, it merely added to it... that and the constant distractions of all the surrounding men. It was getting harder and harder for him to ignore his body’s yearnings, but he had to stay focused... had to find out who did this to him and why!

“But who paid you to do this to me?” Lyle was almost crying by now. Her confused state, coupled with the increasing sexual frustration, were taking their toll... and it was beginning to show. Lyle was near the breaking point.

“Who did this to me... and why?!”

“I’m sorry, darlin’”, Zeta said impassionately, “but it’s not good business to reveal that kind of confidential information about Mama Zeta’s clientele.”

Before Lyle could react, Zeta’s attention was suddenly centered behind Lyle’s back and she broke into a big smile.

“But then again, cher, there’s nothin’ that says the client himself can’t answer your questions.” Zeta motioned behind Lyle, but before he could turn around, a strong hand gripped him by the arm and spun him around, leaving him face to face with the vice-president of his company himself!

“M..Mr. Summers?!”

Lyle stammered. “But... but why?!”

Lyle had never noticed it before, but Charles Summers, Senior VP, was a very handsome, and strong man. The peppering of gray in his brown hair and the laugh lines on his face were the only clues to his age which was somewhere in the late forties. Otherwise, it was obvious to Lyle that Summers spent a lot of time in the gym. Unlike many other men in his position, Charles Summers had chosen a healthy lifestyle, and it showed.



“M..Mr. Summers?!” Lyle stammered. “But... but why?!” Lyle had never noticed it before, but Charles Summers, Senior VP, was a very handsome, and strong man.

“Come now, Lyle... or should I say, *Lana*?” Summers snorted. “Surely you didn’t think we sent you on this vacation because you actually *earned* it, did you? We’ve been aware of your shoddy work and *worthless* work ethic for some time now.”

“But then, why didn’t you just fire me instead of putting me through all of this?”

“Actually, I was just about to do that very thing when an acquaintance told me about Mama Zeta here and what she could do,” Summers nodded knowingly at Zeta who stood by gleefully taking in the unfolding melodrama. “And I must say, she did a *fabulous* job!” Keeping a tight hold on Lyle’s arm, Summers took a long, slow look over every inch of Lyle’s body, finishing with a sinister leer.

It was all getting to be way too much for Lyle. The utter confusion, the helpless feeling, the ever-increasing flood of hormones bombarding her, the smell of Summers cologne...

Gathering up his last remaining bit of will power, Lyle made a final plea to both Summers and Zeta.

“Please! I’m sorry for everything I’ve done! I’ll happily leave the company... no pension... no severance... nothing! Just please change me back!”

Summers let out an ugly laugh and sneered back at Lyle.

“Oh, but we have no intention of losing you now, *Lana*! As a matter of fact, we have a whole new position created just for you... a number of positions, actually.”

Lyle didn’t like the sound of that... at first. But something growing in the back of his mind was getting very excited thinking about it... and it worried him.

“You see, Lana,” Summers continued, “we never had any intention of changing you back. Why the hell would we want to do that? We’ve taken a completely worthless employee and created a very *‘attractive commodity’*... if you know what I mean.”

Lyle knew *exactly* what he meant! But the more he thought about it, the less it bothered him and the less he struggled against Summers iron grip.

“And as you’ve probably noticed, your changes aren’t purely physical. Any time now, your attitudes, behaviors... hell your entire personality, will adjust to match that perfect body we’ve been so thoughtful to bestow on you!”

Lyle stopped squirming. He knew Summers wasn’t lying... he could feel it happening!

“In other words,” Summers finished, “very soon, Lyle Phelps will no longer exist. But I’m sure Lana Phelps will enjoy all the perks of her new position in the company.”

Lyle had lost... and he knew it! He could feel himself slipping away as all the sexual urges he tried so hard to suppress came rushing in on him, overpowering him... until the only thing left for him to do... the last thing *Lyle* would ever do... was scream...

...

Lana's screams signaled

the climax of yet another orgasm as her partner's cock was given one final thrust before exploding its load deep within her. Impaled atop him as she was, her expert ministrations allowed her to squeeze every ounce of pleasure from his erect shaft before it lost its immediate usefulness. Slowly raising herself off his now semi-flaccid cock, she flashed a devilish smile down at his exhausted face and slid downwards along his body to "clean up" any mess left over from their activities. The fact that her "cleaning up" just might lead to more of the same didn't bother her in the least.

Her mind wandered a bit as she deftly, and expertly, licked around his balls and slowly started working up the sides of the shaft.



Lana's screams signaled the climax of yet another orgasm as her partner's cock was given one final thrust before exploding its load deep within her.

Rob... something... was his name. (Why did she have such trouble remembering their names?) She couldn't remember exactly what business he was in, but what she did know was that he was a huge client of the company and it was her job to make the clients as happy as possible.

Rob's staff twitched to life as Lana's tongue flicked at the tip, eliciting a moan of pleasure from him and a feigned moan of delight from her. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy what she was doing... on the contrary, she loved her job! She was just very anxious to finish up with Rob Whatever-his-name-was and get back to the party downstairs. That was after all where Charles was... and that's where she belonged... on display at his side. When she wasn't "working" with individual clients, it was her job, and pleasure, to be on his arm at any private or public function that he wished her. In most cases, it was to show others what they could only dream of obtaining. But occasionally, like this evening, it was to show prospective clients what they might get a taste of... if they play their cards right. She enjoyed the variety of parties like this, but she was always eager to return to Charles. She saved her best for him.

Thoughts of Charles were interrupted as Rob suddenly erupted down Lana's throat. Without even realizing it, she



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had expertly brought his lifeless cock back to life and deep-throated him to one final, massive orgasm that finished Rob off for the night... or more. Swallowing every drop, to save him the trouble of cleaning up, she licked her lips, kissed his semi-conscious forehead, and excused herself to the restroom to make herself presentable once more.

A quick shower washed away any trace of Rob from her body. Normally, Lana preferred not to shower immediately after sex... the slick feeling of her body and the residual aromas kept her in a heightened state of arousal long after her partner was gone. She was finished with the clients for this evening, though, and Charles preferred her fresh for him. After reapplying her makeup and touching up her hair, she slithered back into the skin-tight, diaphanous lace mini skirt and stepped into her 6-inch heeled sandals. She had worn nothing less than a 6-inch heel since her “promotion” over a month ago and now she couldn’t imagine wearing anything shorter. A quick check in the mirror was all that was left before returning to the party. The seductive smile that spread across her perfectly made up face belied her approval. Her lack of any lingerie made the translucence of her dress all the more striking... and that’s exactly what she wanted, because that was what Charles liked. Since she had taken care of all the clients there tonight, she could spend the rest of



Her lack of any lingerie made the translucence of her dress all the more striking... and that’s exactly what she wanted, because that was what Charles liked.

the evening as eye candy on Charles' arm... and she couldn't have been more thrilled. An evening like this, with her on wanton display as she was, always left Charles incredibly horny... and Lana loved nothing more than long, torrid nights of raw, carnal sex with the man who had given her so much.

As she made her entrance back into the party, amidst the usual gasps, moans, and neck-snapping double takes, she briefly thought of Lyle. Poor, twisted Lyle... who was too stubborn and self-absorbed to find his niche in the world. She almost felt sorry for him... almost. All her concerns for that poor, pathetic man washed away as soon as she spotted Charles motioning for her to come to him. Gracefully and sensually making her way to him, she couldn't help but smile as she recalled Lyle's one endearing quality that she also shared... she did *love* to screw her coworkers.