

Daeva: Corporate Culture

TG Stories

Story by The Professor Illustrated by
The Might Fenek



10 ILLUSTRATIONS

Book Two of Three



Daeva – Corporate Culture Book Two

Written by The Professor

Illustrated by The Might Fenek



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BOOK TWO

I turned off Michigan Avenue and saw the restaurant just a block away. A few brave souls were sitting on the sidewalk patio, but I was relieved to see Cindy wasn't among them. It was still a little cool for me in the shade of Chicago's ever-present high-rises, and I wasn't used to having as much of my body exposed as it now was. How did women stand wearing such thin clothing while exposing so much skin?

The restaurant was one I hadn't visited before – I guess because, judging from the mostly female clientele, it was designed to attract women with its flowery décor and feminine color shades. Cindy waved at me from a booth along the back wall. I feebly waved back, aware that I was no longer her boyfriend, but instead a girlfriend. I felt my face flush at the thought but managed to keep my composure as I walked to the booth.

Cindy jumped up and hugged me, pressing her breasts against mine. I hugged back, realizing how different this felt. When Cindy had hugged me as Dan, I could feel my penis hardening and would have visions of what we might be doing later in private with no clothing to separate us. That feeling was completely absent now. I might as well have been pressing my breasts against a warm pillow for all the sexual stimulation I felt. We were both young women, I realized dejectedly, and young women mostly hugged out of friendship – not passion.

"How have you been?" Cindy asked me as we sat down. The look she gave me was nothing like the look she gave me as Dan. Before we were lovers; now I was just a friend – a GIRL friend.

"Fine," I managed, barely remembering to carefully smooth my skirt down as I sat. The damned thing was short enough without having it hike further up my thighs. "How about you?"

"Fantastic," she smiled smugly.

I didn't like where this was going. What had Cindy been up to? I had no idea, but Danielle would know. I would have to draw on her memories again, even though that meant losing myself in her persona. I'd just to have to hang onto Dan as tightly as I could...

Cindy had a boyfriend. I remembered him because I'd know him as Dan. He was a decent guy – son of one of her father's yachting buddies. Neil... Broadman. Yeah, he was heir to a real estate

fortune, and he was cute, with those sparkling blue eyes and that wickedly rakish smile. I had gotten wet just being introduced to him when Bobby and I met him at...

Stop that!

I shuddered slightly, hoping Cindy didn't notice. Just in that short moment, I had nearly lost myself to Danielle again.

Cindy hadn't noticed. She went on, "He took me to this great new club Wednesday night. Then we went to my place and... well, you know. It was the most fantastic sex ever!"

I managed to fake a smile. I never expected Cindy to be so open about her relationships. Did she talk about me that way when I was Dan? And as for the best sex ever comment, I had to admit I was jealous.

Cindy put her hand on mine. "Oh, don't be such a prude. It isn't like you and Bobby aren't doing it."

We were. I remembered it earlier. That didn't mean I wanted to be reminded of it, though. Strangely enough, I had already come to accept that I was into guys. When Mike had taken me after my transformation, it was as though a switch had flipped: guys sexy; girls not so much. Still, the realization that I'd likely give myself willingly to Bobby that evening wasn't something I wanted to think about just yet. Right now, all I wanted to do was not alert Cindy or anyone else that anything had changed. Later I'd try to figure out why this had happened and see if there was any way to reverse it.

We chatted while looking at the menu. Actually, Cindy did most of the chatting. I just listened and smiled and nodded at the appropriate moments. We ordered – two salads, which was pretty much what the menu consisted of – and a couple of glasses of white wine. Mentally, I craved something involving red meat, but both my memories and my body told me to stick with greens.

"You'll love the dress I've picked out for you," she said at last.

"Huh?"

"The dress, silly. Remember – the boutique I told you about?"

I had forgotten that part of our lunch date. "I don't think I need – "

"I'm buying it for you," Cindy interrupted. "Now, no more objections. You can wear it tonight for Bobby."

I finally agreed. As a man, I'd been shopping with Cindy. Unlike many women I knew, she didn't waste a lot of time hemming and hawing about what to buy. She was decisive and bought what she wanted. Maybe that was what made her a great commodities trader.

She turned out to be right about the dress. It did look great on me. Essentially, it was the

traditional little black dress, but with a couple of twists that made it sexy as hell. It was revealing without being slutty, and I didn't argue when Cindy paid the outrageous boutique price for it.



It was the traditional little black dress, but with a couple of twists that made it sexy as hell

“Have time for another glass of wine?” she asked me as we left the boutique.

After a pause, I said, “Sure. Why not?” I really shouldn't have. In this smaller female body, I had been able to feel the effects of even a single glass of wine at lunch. But I wasn't ready to go back to my apartment and brood until time for my date with Bobby. Besides, we hadn't talked much about Bobby, and I wanted to be clear on how serious a relationship I had been dropped into. I could have accessed my Danielle memories, but the more I did that, the girlier I seemed to get. Better to work with Cindy's perspective for a while.

Cindy steered me into a little bar that seemed to cater mostly to women. I hadn't realized such

bars existed, but then again, I suspected as a man, I wasn't supposed to know about them. The security seemed tight, with big, muscular bartenders who made sure the women patrons weren't disturbed by lurking males. It didn't seem to have a lesbian crowd, though – just a number of affluent women who wanted to have a drink and talk in private.

Fortunately, Cindy seemed ready to talk about Bobby, so I didn't have to ask. "He really likes you, you know," she told me.

"And I like him," I said truthfully, not adding that I meant I liked him as one straight man likes another – as a friend. "But Bobby does have a reputation."

Cindy nodded. "Yes, he does, but you're a little different from other girls he's dated."

I felt my eyebrows rise. "Different how?"

She shrugged. "I don't know – I think you're smarter and stronger than the other girls he's dated. I know I never became friends with the others like I have with you. It almost seems as if I've known you for a long time."

If only you knew, I thought. But Toni had warned me that I wouldn't be able to tell my story to anyone who hadn't experienced a similar change. At least it was nice to know that Bobby really liked me. As unmasculine as that thought was, I took a certain amount of pride in it.

Cindy gave me a lift in the cab she called to get back to her condo. After another hug, I got out of the cab at my apartment. I was relieved I had passed my first trip out in public. I was actually happy when I got back into my apartment. I quickly took the dress out of the sack and held it up in front of me as I checked myself out in the fully length mirror. Bobby was going to love me in it. He'd love me even more taking it off me...

The smile began to fade, only a day ago, I realized suddenly, I had been a man. Now, here I was, holding up a dress and thinking about how sexy – how feminine – I would look in it. I had lost myself in Danielle again. Being immersed in a feminine world – first, the luncheon with Cindy and then the trip to the boutique with Cindy – had nearly been enough to overpower my male self entirely.

If this was all it took to bring out such a feminine persona, what would I be like after an evening with Bobby? First, my recollections of previous nights with Cindy's brother told me there'd be a nice dinner and drinks. Then, we'd hit a club for dancing and more drinks. Then it would be off to Bobby's for a night of passionate sex. My body even tingled at the thought. I'd be fixing us a quick breakfast the next morning, after another round of sex. And by then, Daniel Wheeler could be completely gone. If two or three hours with Cindy feminized me so much, what would a night with Bobby do?

I had to call it off, I resolved. There was no way I could play the sexy girlfriend all night without actually losing myself in the role.

Or was there?

In this warped reality, I didn't have my education or experience, but in my mind, I was still Dan Wheeler – a business consultant who helped businesses plan and stay on focus. Staying on focus was the key. I had to take the advice I had given to dozens of companies. I needed a plan and I needed to stick to it.

With new resolve, I stripped out of my skirt and heels, settling on a t-shirt and pair of jeans. My “date” with Bobby wasn't until seven, so I had a couple of hours to put things into perspective before I started to get ready. And yes, I realized it would take me more time to get ready than I was used to.

I sat down at the computer. Goals came first:

GOAL 1: I AM DAN WHEELER – NOT DANIELLE. STAY THAT WAY.

I'd be sure to read that goal every time I got on the computer. My goals page would become my startup page. It would be my mantra.

GOAL 2: GET MIKE TO CHANGE ME BACK INTO A MAN.

That was going to be a toughie. I had no idea why he had done this, what he had done and certainly no idea how. Well, the how was magic, but what kind of magic? A day ago, I didn't believe magic even existed. Now, there was no doubt in my mind that it did. What other explanation could there be?

Okay, I thought with growing confidence. Those were the goals. Now, all I had to do was figure out how to stay Dan mentally until I could confront Mike Monday morning. The best way I could think of to accomplish that was to draw as little as possible on Danielle's memories. I'd try to be like Toni, maintaining as much of my masculine mind as I could. In fact, Toni would be a great resource. Together, we might be able to handle Mike.

My other resource would be the internet. A girl like Danielle was bound to have a Facebook page. I'd study it on Sunday. Then, there was my cell phone and e-mail. Both would give me clues as to how to interact without delving into Danielle's memories.

I still had time, so I took a quick look at my e-mails. There were several from my parents, and a couple from my sister, but none from my brother. With my loss in age, I was undoubtedly the youngest child in the family. My brother and I hadn't communicated much when I was his older sibling, so no surprises there. A quick look at my sister's e-mails told me little. She was still married to the same guy as before and her e-mails consisted of advice to me to come back home and work on my education. I wondered what she would have thought if she had known that her older brother Dan had given her much the same advice in the other reality.

My parents – or more specifically my mother – proved a wealth of information. It seemed as if she loved to reminisce, and her “remember when” posts told me a lot about who I now was. The big things I already knew from tapping Danielle's memories, but mom filled in a lot of the blanks.

I had just finished going through my other e-mails, including a couple of very steamy ones from Bobby, when it was time to get ready for my date. It proved easier than I had thought. A black dress called for black shoes and purse, so no problems with coordination. Jewelry was fairly easy, since Toni had talked to me a little about it. Same for makeup. Rather than start all over again, I just touched up what Toni had done, adding a few highlights and deepening the application, since Cindy had told me long ago that women wore heavier makeup in the evening. I knew I hadn't done a perfect job, but the way the dress showed off my breasts and legs, Bobby wouldn't be looking to see how heavy my eyeliner was.

Bobby was prompt, knocking on my door right at seven, for which I was truly grateful. I had actually finished getting ready twenty minutes earlier, and the waiting was starting to make me into a nervous wreck. Getting Cindy to think of me as a girl was one thing. In this reality, we were just friends, and friends cut each other some slack. But how was I going to fool Bobby? I was his girlfriend, and according to both my Danielle memories and Cindy's confirmation, we were sexually active – very, very active. There was no doubt in my mind what Bobby expected that night. After all, I had been a man long enough to know I would have expected it, too, if I were him.

I could always tell him it was my period. But no, if we were already doing it, he'd know when that was. Besides, then he'd probably want oral – or worse yet, anal. Better to go with the flow. I had already been screwed by Mike and survived. Besides, I'd always liked Bobby as Dan. He always seemed to treat women well, even if he didn't date them long. With a resigned sigh, I went back into the bathroom and popped the Saturday pill from my birth control dispenser – just in case.

I had then decided to watch a little baseball while I waited – something to take my mind off Bobby. The Cubs were playing, but I found it hard to concentrate on the game. I didn't think I was losing interest in sports now that I was female – or at least I hoped I wasn't. I was pretty sure it was just worrying about my upcoming date.

And it was then that Bobby knocked on my door. I sighed, braced myself, and tried to put on a natural smile as I opened the door.

Bobby was dressed in a suit I recognized as an Armani. It was black and matched my dress perfectly. His blue eyes widened in surprise as he pushed back a stray lock of dirty blond hair. "My God!" he exclaimed with feigned surprise. "You're ready on time!"

I was a little startled. Then I remembered that practically every girl I had ever known (Cindy included) was late when I picked her up. I'd have to remember to act more "in character" in the future, and be ready a little late.

Bobby didn't wait for a reply, but went on, "And look at the results. You look fantastic!"

I didn't think Danielle was hijacking my reactions, but I found myself blushing with more than a little pride. I suppose everyone, male or female, wants to be told that they are attractive.

"You don't look so bad either," I blurted out, flushing still more. Like most heterosexual men, I couldn't really tell if another man was handsome or not. Oh, I could tell the stunningly good

looking men and the very homely men, but everything in between were something of a mystery. Not anymore, though. Bobby was as good looking as a man as his sister was as a woman. He was taller than I remembered – although I had to remember that I had lost a good seven inches when I changed. I found myself thinking we'd make an attractive couple. Somehow, that didn't bother me.

I spent the first part of the evening making sure I didn't do something obviously out of character. I had no idea how Danielle acted around men – particularly a man she was having sex with. I let Bobby do most of the talking in the cab, concentrating for any clues on how to behave. Was I supposed to be demure? Instead should I be giggling? Should I be clinging to his arm instead of merely brushing my hand against his? Whatever I was supposed to be doing, I must have done enough right to not raise any suspicions, for when we arrived at the Hancock Building, Bobby ran around the cab and opened the door for me, a huge grin on his face. I let him help me out of the cab and smiled at him. To my surprise, his grin collapsed.

“What's wrong?” I asked warily.

“Oh nothing,” he replied, a little crestfallen. “I just thought you'd be excited about going to the Signature Room. Isn't it your favorite?”

Think fast Dan, or Danielle, or whatever your name is.

Fortunately, I did. “Oh! We're going to the Signature Room?” I gushed. “I thought you were taking me to the Cheesecake Factory.” Thank God they were both in the same building.

Bobby stared at me blankly for a moment, then burst out laughing. “You tease. You had me going there for a minute.”

And you had me panicked for a minute, I thought to myself. Well, I had dodged one bullet. I could only hope that there wouldn't be any more. Between trying to act in character and walk in three-inch heels, I only hoped Bobby continued to do most of the talking. I had enough on my mind already.

I had been in the Signature Room many times. Clients loved it for lunch, and since it was just a short cab ride from my office, I used it to entertain them often. The view was unparalleled. From the 95th floor, the entire skyline of Chicago was there for the viewing. And on a clear, sunny day, Lake Michigan sparkled all the way to the horizon. At night, the view was even better, with the lights of the city sharply contrasted to the dark of the lake. I had taken dates here a number of times to impress them – including Cindy. But they had to be special dates, worth impressing.

Was that what I was to Bobby? Was I someone he really wanted to impress? Did Bobby really care for me, or was I just easy? I searched my memories as we studied the menu. Bobby and I had been seeing each other for a couple of months in this new reality. I had given in to him on the second date. That made me semi-easy, I suppose. Cindy had indicated that Bobby really liked me. That was okay, I guessed. I remembered when I was Dan, he had brought along a girl when I had gone sailing with his family. He seemed to really like that girl, too. Maybe I was nothing special, but the Signature Room said otherwise.

I ordered the petite filet and Bobby had the New York strip. We shared a bottle of red wine – an expensive label, I noticed. Mostly, we talked about inconsequential things. I had read somewhere that women let their dates do most of the talking, so they could talk about themselves. I tried that strategy, and it seemed to work – at least until our after dinner drinks came.

“So why did you take a job as a receptionist?” he asked me over brandy.

I knew enough about my history as Danielle to at least give him a plausible answer. “Well, with limited education, I couldn’t qualify for a lot of jobs.”

“But you’re smart,” he returned. “You could do better than being a receptionist. Why not go back to college?”

“Money, I guess,” I replied. It was probably true. I hadn’t looked at my finances, but I was sure I didn’t make enough to afford tuition. Plus, my parents had never been wealthy in Dan’s reality, and I had seen nothing in their e-mails to indicate that it was any different in this world. I had helped my way through college with scholarships, grants, and a few student loans. That had led me to a successful career where I had paid those loans off by the time I was twenty-five. I doubted if Danielle could get that done no matter how smart she – I – was.

I was already a little tipsy when we left the restaurant. I hadn’t been watching how much I drank. Too nervous, I guess, plus not accounting for the smaller body. Then we went to a new nightspot for a little dancing and a couple more drinks, so by the time Bobby got me back to my apartment, I was feeling no pain.

I knew, of course, what was coming next, but somehow it didn’t bother me as much as I thought it would. After all, I had already had sex with Mike, and my fuzzy mind couldn’t recall it being an entirely unpleasant experience. Add to that all the female hormones now coursing through my body and my female form’s natural attraction to men – especially men as attractive as Bobby – and I wasn’t in the mood to offer any resistance.

Bobby was gentle with me while Mike had been rough. He slowly undressed me in the darkness of my bedroom and gently lay me on the bed. I took the whole experience as calmly as I could. There was really no way out of this, and to my new female mind, making love to Bobby didn’t seem so bad. I had made love to women enough times in my life to know what was expected of me, and Bobby was experienced enough to know to go slowly and skillfully. I just let Danielle take over; it seemed the right thing to do. In minutes we were both naked, and Bobby was moving in between my spread legs.



Bobby was moving in between my spread legs.

I was surprised to find myself sighing as he entered me. I was plenty wet, and he was very, very hard, so it felt... well, it was difficult to describe how it felt. There were pleasant tingles all over my body, especially between my legs and my nipples, but there were sensations in many other places as well. He filled me well, but slowly enough to not be painful. I was suddenly hit with the strange thought that I could get used to this. Sure, I wanted to be a man again, but not right that very moment. This was too good to miss.

When he was in me as deep as he could managed, I wrapped my legs around his torso, to get just a little bit more of him. My male mind was screaming silently in terror, but I couldn't deny that all of this felt very, very good – very...natural.

We didn't speak much. There seemed to be nothing to be said. I actually orgasmed first, rather pleased to find I wasn't a screamer. Bobby wasn't far behind, groaning with pleasure as I felt his warm cum enter my body.

We rested a few minutes, looking at each other without speaking, his cock still in me but deflating. I had always heard that women came down slowly from an orgasm, and I found out it was true. My body had tingled as Bobby brought me to arousal, and then I had felt a reaction not entirely unlike my male orgasms, but not as concentrated in one spot. Certainly there had been an intensity in which all mental activity seemed to wane, but unlike the male explosion, I found my body more sensitive after sex, and my reasoning abilities slower to recover. It was a somewhat helpless feeling, and probably one of the reasons women wanted to be held after sex. Bobby was good at that, too, once he withdrew from my body.

As I lay there in his arms, I chided myself about being so clinical about my first genuine experience at lovemaking from the woman's side. As good as it felt, lying there with Bobby, I was still thinking of myself as Dan instead of Danielle. It was as if I was playing a part, just long enough to confront Mike on Monday. Then, somehow, I'd force him to turn me back into a man. After that, this would all seem like a dream. I drifted off to sleep with that thought to console me.

I woke up the next morning to hear Bobby getting dressed. So he was one of those guys who screwed and left before his girl woke up, eh? I found that strangely disappointing. "Where are you going?" I managed to mumble, sitting up as the sheet slid off my bare breasts.

"New York, remember?" he told me as he tucked in his shirt.

Oh yeah, I realized. He had said something about that at dinner. I had been relieved, since it meant I wouldn't have to play his girlfriend all day Sunday. That was fine with me. I wanted to use the day to do a little research on what had happened to me. I didn't need Bobby looking over my shoulder.

"What time does your plane leave?"

"Eleven," he said. "But I've got to go by my place and pack. I'm meeting dad JFK for lunch." He sat next to me on the bed, tipping my face forward as he kissed me. "I'll be back on Tuesday afternoon. Late. How about dinner Tuesday night?"

I nodded. "Sure, Tuesday's fine." With any luck, by Tuesday, I'd be able to figure out a way to set things right and Bobby wouldn't even remember Danielle.

When he was gone, I got up, conscious of an uncomfortable stickiness between my legs. I should have gotten up and showered after sex, but I had been too tired. Maintaining the façade of being a twenty-three year old hottie all day had been tiring.

I decided on a bath instead of a shower. As a man, I never took baths, and more than one girlfriend had told me I didn't know what I was missing. A bath sounded more relaxing. Besides, I had noticed when I had taken a shower the morning before that the rush of water stung my nipples a bit. I even decided on a bubble bath - I figured it was a once in a lifetime experience.

I was relaxing, I thought once I had eased myself into the water. My sensitive skin liked the experience, and my tense muscles relaxed almost at once. I was careful to pull my long hair up as I lay back against the back of the tub. I didn't want to have to wash it. If I did, I would probably have to draw on Danielle's experiences to figure out how to take care of it. I was becoming more and more convinced that every time I accessed her memories, I lost another little piece of myself.

Lying in the bathtub gave me an opportunity to think with no other commitments on my plate. I had leaned back against a headrest, idly watching my bubble-coated breasts semi-floating in the warm water. I could see over them, down to the cleft between my legs, and on to my smooth legs rippling in the filmy water. It was a new perspective for me, and one that caused me to consider

all the ramifications of being a woman. I had no doubt Mike had somehow done the complete job on me. I didn't just look like a woman – I was a woman. That meant periods, pregnancy (not if I could help it) and birth control, lots more time getting ready for work, weaker body... the list went on and on. If there was a way out of this nightmare and back to manhood, I had to find it – and find it fast.

Being in a bubble bath was probably not the best way to continue my resolve to not give in to my Danielle side. It was too relaxing, and it felt great. Reluctantly, I raised myself out of the tub to get dressed.

I dressed casually – a light blue crewneck sweater that showed a little more cleavage than I wanted and jeans. It wasn't too different than what I wore on weekends as a man – except for the way it all fit my curvy new body. At least it was comfortable.



I dressed casually – a light blue crewneck sweater that showed a little more cleavage than I wanted and jeans

After a light breakfast, it was time to do some research. First, I called Toni, who answered on the second ring. “How did it go?” she asked quickly.

“Well hello to you, too,” I said.

“Sorry.” I could almost see her sheepish grin. “I just wanted to see how you pulled it off.”

“It went fine,” I replied, not anxious to repeat the details, but Toni would have none of that.

“No, details, girl. I want to hear details.”

Toni had done her best to retain her male persona, but it was obvious she was mentally more girl than boy now. I knew what she wanted to hear, so I thought I might as well get it over with.

“We had sex.”

“Ooh! How was it?”

“I thought you said you wanted to change back into a man,” I pointed out to her. “You sound an awful lot like someone who likes being a girl.”

Her next statement shocked me. “I do like it. It’s really not so bad when you get used to it. But I’d still change back if I could. You’ll see when you start to work. First, it’ll take you twice as long to get ready. Then you’ll have to fend off a couple of propositions before you get to work.”

I thought about the way men had looked at me yesterday. Surely Toni was exaggerating – looks, yes, but out and out propositions?”

“Then there’s all the sexist comments at work,” she went on. “And now with Dan gone, Pat will be in charge of your department, and you know how sexist he can be without you – that is, the male you – around to rein him in.”

I hadn’t thought about that. Yeah, Pat Anderson would be the likely choice to have my old job now. A quick dip into my new memories told me that was the case. My new memories also told me Pat was making a mess of things. No surprise there. Pat wasn’t up to my job. I always suspected even he knew it. He’d come close to a sexual harassment charge more than once.

“Believe me, Dannie, being a girl can be okay, and the sex is fantastic with the right guy, but being a guy is always better – more status, more opportunities, more power – you name it.”

I was silent for a moment, then asked her, “So you’re still willing to help us get back our rightful sex?”

“Absolutely,” she replied. “Now, how was the sex?”

“It was good, damn it!” I practically shouted, angry to admit it to myself.

“Just good?”

“Don’t push it, Toni.”

We talked for a while longer – mostly Toni preparing me for work in the morning. At least I wouldn’t have much trouble doing the job. Since my memories told me Jack had hired me, the job had to be simple. Jack wouldn’t trust a woman with any responsibility. Jack had never had much respect for women in the workplace. When I had first hired Andrea as the first professional woman in my department, Jack had been against it. “Women should just sit at the reception desk and look pretty,” he had muttered. To this day, he had never hired a woman sales rep, and I doubted if he ever would. According to Toni, I was just expected to match Jack’s requirements: sit at the reception desk and look pretty.

Well, I thought after Toni and I had hung up, hopefully I wouldn’t have to do it very long. I’d corner Mike and demand that he turn all of us back into men immediately. Toni would back me up, and I was reasonably certain Stephanie and Jane would join us once we showed some courage.

Of course, Mike would probably fight us at first, but we’d find some way to get him to cave in. First, I had to determine how he had done this to us. Obviously, it was magic. There was simply no other explanation. As far out as it sounded, what else could it be? But how had he obtained the power? The only way I could think of to find out was to check the internet.

I started my search confidently enough. I started by googling his name, but nothing useful came up. There were dozens of Mike Garrets, but none fit the description of what I was looking for. I tried adding words – magic, the company name, Chicago, and as many other descriptors as I could think of, but nothing worked. I tried to think if there was anything else that he had ever mention, that might give me some clue as to his identity, but again, nothing worked. Maybe it was an assumed name, I reasoned. Whether it was or not, the search seemed hopeless.

Finally, I decided on a different path. I tried magic along with sex change, but again, I got plenty of nothing. The results were mostly fictional stories. There seemed to be thousands of them. I even read a few. They aptly described my situation, but they were nothing but fetish stories. In most of them, the transformed male eventually learned to love being a woman and went on to make a new life for herself.

Bullshit. There was no way that was going to happen to me.

I wrote off my internet search as a complete bust. There was nothing factual that I could come up with that would help me. And as for the fiction, the idea of coming to enjoy shopping, wiggling around in heels, and loving the taste of cum was ridiculous. I had to admit to myself that the sex wasn’t bad. Bobby was a considerate and skilled sexual partner, and having sex with him had been much more enjoyable than I could have imagined, but I missed having a cock and thrusting into a woman. I supposed if I had to, I could become a lesbian, but it wasn’t the same as being a man with a woman. If I remained a woman, I knew I’d be completely heterosexual. I was just wired that way, but it didn’t mean I’d jump into the sexual pool head first.

Then suddenly I had an idea. I had been so focused on my transformation that I had forgotten about the conversation Mike and I had in the restaurant before everything went to hell. He had been bragging to me about what he had done to the former owner – about turning him into a cute young waitress. I was already under the influence of Mike’s spell by then and hadn’t really thought much about it. Maybe she knew something that would be useful. Of course, if she knew anything about how the transformation had been done, she might know some way to reverse it. Mike apparently used the restaurant a lot, since Toni had started her road to transformation there as well.

What was the girl’s name? Charlie? No, Chelsea. Of course if she knew anything about how to get back to her male existence, why hadn’t she done something? Maybe she was like Steve – or Stephanie – locked into a bad relationship and too frightened to do anything about it.

The problem would be finding the restaurant again. I hadn’t been paying much attention to where we were going, but we had walked to it. I remembered the direction we had turned from the office, and I knew it was in a worse part of town than where we started. That narrowed it down quite a bit. But I also recalled the neighborhood wasn’t a good part of town for a woman to be walking alone. I’d need Toni’s help on this one, so I called her again.

When I told her my plan, she was silent for a minute, mulling it over. “I think I remember roughly where the place was. It was really more of a bar than a restaurant, though.”

“Yeah,” I agreed, “but they served food, too. I can probably narrow it down to a three block radius.”

Toni sighed. “It’s worth a try. Where do we start?”

“I’ll take a bus to the office, and we can start from there. How about meeting in an hour?”

“Okay,” she agreed, “but dress down – jeans and a jacket that doesn’t show off those breasts of yours. Even with both of us there, I don’t want to call much attention to us. Now that we’re women, we’ve got to worry about things like that.”

She was right, of course. Not that I had planned to dress sexy anyway. As long as I was stuck like this, I planned to be as unsexy as possible. My relationship with Bobby was one thing. I had to play my role with him, since Dannie had established the relationship. I’d draw too much attention to myself if I didn’t. Besides, Bobby was gentle with me, but if that relationship ended, other men might suddenly be interested. I needed to avoid that; too many complications. And I sure didn’t want to attract any other guys.

I decided on jeans, although even the loosest pair Danielle owned were pretty tight and feminine. I wore the worst looking pair of sneakers that I could find, surprised to find out that Danielle owned four different pair. Only one of them was old enough and not accented in pink, so I chose them. A baggy sweatshirt with no printed message was next. I didn’t want guys using the excuse of reading the lettering on it while checking out my boobs. Finally, a nondescript black jacket completed the outfit.

Of course I couldn't do much about my hair or face. I thought about a ball cap, but couldn't find one. My hair was long and would billow in the breeze, and even after scrubbing my face, I realized I had a face that didn't need a lot of makeup. Still, it was the best I could do.

Toni was waiting for me in the doorway of our office building when I got off the bus (no cabs – according to Dannie's checkbook, I didn't have enough money for luxuries like cabs).. A brisk chilly breeze was blowing off the lake, winding its way through the nearly-empty steel canyon of the edge of the Loop. She was dressed much as I was, and only her black hair differentiated itself from my chestnut mane. "You sure you want to do this?" she asked me.

"Getting cold feet?" I asked, shifting my black leather purse into a more comfortable position on my shoulder. I didn't think I'd ever get used to carrying one.

"Just getting cold," she shrugged. "Let's get this done."

Actually, the more we walked the more I started to get cold feet myself. The sun was already blocked by the buildings around us, and the crowd on the street was getting sparser and seedier as the temperature started to drop. Our attempts at dressing down had pretty much failed, and several men gave us hungry stares. By the time we had wandered around the neighborhood for nearly half an hour, I began to get the distinct feeling that we were being followed. I risked a quick look over my shoulder, my long hair swinging about in a seductive billow.

Toni grabbed my arm. "Don't look!" she cautioned, but it was too late. Two men were following us – two big, burly men. I snapped my head back before I could tell any details, but I had caught a glimpse of their eyes. I sensed what they had in mind for us wouldn't be pleasant.

I was ready to run for my life when Toni called out, "There it is!"

She was right. Half a block ahead on the other side of the street was a shabby little bar with neon beer signs in the window. Over the door was the name of the place: Mac's Drop Inn. It was a crappy name for a crappy bar, but it promised a safe haven for two attractive young women who had been stupid enough to wander into a less than desirable neighborhood. We scampered across the street before our two shadows could guess our intentions, and quickly ducked into the bar.

The place was nearly empty. There were three rough-looking men hunched on bar stools watching a baseball game on the TV behind the bar. As for the booths, they were all empty. A sour-faced bartender leaned against the bar, watching the game with the patrons. He looked over at us when we came in, immediately deciding we were in the wrong place. The three patrons didn't even bother to turn around.



Our attempts at dressing down had pretty much failed, and several men gave us hungry stares

“You ladies need something?” he asked us. His tone indicated he thought we might be prostitutes looking for business.

“Is Chelsea here?” I asked.

“Yeah, in back.” He nodded toward a door near the entrance to the rest rooms.

We started for the door, and the bartender did nothing to stop us. He could have cared less why we were there. Inside was an office, the floor covered with stacks of paper and a few cartons which probably contained bar supplies. Chelsea was leaning back in a tattered office chair, her bare feet on the desk. She was dressed about the same as when I had first seen her in a plain yellow tee shirt and a dark miniskirt. We could see all the way up to her crotch, but she didn’t seem to care. Then she noticed who we were and jumped up out of the chair.

“What the hell are you two doing here?” she snapped. “Are you crazy? If he finds out you were here – ”

“If who finds out?” I broke in. “You mean Mike?”

“If that’s what he’s calling himself now, yeah,” she shot back. “God knows what he’ll do if he finds out you two were snooping around here.”

“We want our lives back,” Toni told her. “You’ve been helping him, so you know what’s going on.”

To our surprise, she laughed. “You think I’m working with him? You dumb bitches! I’m as much of a victim as you are. Look what he changed me into.” She motioned at her body with her hands.

“We know he changed you,” I told her, “but you’ve been working with him.”

Like I have a choice,” she growled. “Look, I want you out of here, so I’ll tell you what happened. He came in here one night about a year ago and got shit-faced drunk at the bar. Then he offered me a deal – he wanted to do business here. I figured him for a drug dealer and threw him out. I didn’t put up with any of that crap in my joint.

“The problem was, Mac, my other bartender overheard him and followed him out on the street. It was closing time, so I didn’t think anything about it. Next thing I know, Mac’s invited him in. That’s how it works, but you probably know that. Same thing that happened to you two happened to me, and the next thing I know, I’m Chelsea and Mac owns the bar. That’s all there is to it. Now get out!”

“Wait a minute,” I broke in. “What do you mean by ‘invited’?”

“You don’t know? This guy you know as Mike. He’s like one of those vampires in the movies. He can’t just come in a place and start changing men into women. He needs to be invited in. Mac invited him, so the next thing I know, I’m Mac’s little girlfriend and he owns the bar. He thought he was being smart – change me into his little fuck toy and get the bar as well. But the joke’s on him. The bar business has gone downhill ever since – probably because it changed when I did. It became more of a restaurant and less of a workman’s bar. Your Mike’s doing. My old customers moved on. Mac barely breaks even. And as for me, he forgot to get me turned into his exclusive girlfriend. I fuck other guys every chance I get.”

Toni and I looked at each other. This was news to both of us. Then Toni asked, “So is there a way to get back to our real lives?”

Chelsea shook her head. “Honey, from here on, these are your real lives. You think if there was a way to change back, I wouldn’t have taken it by now? You’re stuck. Get used to being the fuckee. I just hope for your sakes you don’t get stuck with somebody like Mac. He’s an asshole.”

I thought of what Toni had told me about Stephanie’s boyfriend. It sounded as if she and Chelsea were in a different but equally bad relationship. Was that part of the deal? I had Bobby, and he had impressed me as a kind and considerate lover. Was I going to find out later that he was an asshole too? God, I hoped not.

“Now wiggle your asses out of here!” Chelsea ordered, escorting us to the office door. We were

being given a bum's rush, but I had to consider if Mike did have some way of finding out we had been here, the results might not be pretty.

Just as we were getting ready to walk out, Chelsea pulled us both back inside.
"What the hell?" Toni yelled.

"Quiet," the reluctant barmaid hissed at us. She nodded to two new men sitting at the bar, swigging beer and watching the game. They were the two men who had been about to approach us outside the bar. "Get back in here."

She didn't have to tell us twice. "Who are they?" I asked.

She shook her head. You don't want to know. Let's put it this way, if you accused them of rape later, you wouldn't be the first. They've got connections, though." She picked up her cell phone and pressed a few buttons. "I've had to use Jack a few times myself. He drives a cab. He knows to meet me in the alley. He'll be here in about five minutes."

"Thanks," Toni said, obviously as relieved as I was. "If we can ever do anything for you - "

Chelsea cut her off. "You wanna do something for me? Stay away. You two don't know what you're dealing with, and I hope you never have the opportunity to find out. Just accept what he did to you. You look like classy girls. I've seen him do a lot worse."

We both nodded gratefully and followed her to the back door.

In the cab, Toni whispered to me, "Do you believe that vampire invite line?"

I had been thinking about that, too. Jack Winslow had obviously invited Mike in for an interview. Maybe that was all it took - an innocent business invitation and we're all in skirts and heels.

"I don't know," I sighed. "Chelsea knows him better than we do, though. If she says it takes an invite, then she's probably right."

I said goodnight to Toni as the cab dropped me off first. I trudged up the stairs to my apartment and assembled some leftovers for a light dinner. I hadn't eaten much all day. This slender female body seemed to require a lot less food than my male body needed. I had just finished when my phone rang. It was Bobby.

My evening brightened as I saw his name on my phone. After what had happened out on the streets, I was feeling very lonely and vulnerable. Bobby had been a pleasant surprise for me, appealing to my newly-found female instincts. He had been protective last night, engaging, and if I was to admit it to myself, a skilled lover. My new body had responded urgently to his ministrations, and as I answered the phone, I realized that I would welcome his touch again.

"Hi, Bobby," I said.

“Hey, beautiful,” he answered. Beautiful? He thought I was beautiful? “What’s up?”

“Just finished dinner,” I replied. I had no intention of telling him about my little adventure. “How about you?”

“The same. I’ve been busy all day getting ready for tomorrow’s meeting. I can’t wait to get back to Chicago and see you.”

“Just see me?” I found myself asking coyly. What made me say that? I swore I would bite my tongue before saying something like that again.

“Well... maybe more than just seeing you.”

My body tingled at that.

I suddenly realized that I had been stroking my breast without even being aware. Oh well...

We talked for a few more minutes. I found I really didn’t want to get off the phone. Bobby was an island of peace and sanity in a world that had become both chaotic and dangerous for me. But at last we broke off. I cleaned up my dinner dishes, watched a little mindless TV, and went to bed early, knowing I’d have to get up unusually early in the morning to get ready for work.

Lying there in bed, I realized that except for when I had first awakened as a woman, this was my first true downtime. Most of my Saturday morning had been spent with Toni, the afternoon with Cindy, the evening with Bobby, Sunday first in research and then with Toni. This was the first time I could really relax without something to do. It was the first real time I had been given to reflect on what I would do if I couldn’t get changed back.

Here I was, stuck as an uneducated girl barely scraping by. I hadn’t looked at all my financial assets – just the checking account balance, but I knew that Dan’s plump six-figure 401k had been reduced, according to my Danielle memories, to a little over eight hundred in checking and an uncomfortable credit card balance that would have to be dealt with soon. My financial prospects were poor at best.

Then there was my personal life. Bobby seemed to really like Danielle, but I had known him long enough to know he had really liked other girls as well. When I had been Dan, Cindy had told me that Danny couldn’t keep a relationship going very long. Before long, he’d probably dump me, too. Just where did that leave me? My Danielle memories told me I didn’t have much luck with relationships either. After all, I’d given up an opportunity at a good education to follow some guy to Chicago, and there was more than a single one-night stand in my memory.

So there I was, a real hottie with not much to bank on but my looks.

What would I do? If I was stuck as a girl, I should get an education, I realized – either that or a sugar daddy. I wasn’t going to be attractive enough to be a short-skirted receptionist forever.

With those uncomfortable thoughts, I finally drifted off to sleep.

When is a dream not a dream? Dreams have a distinct feel to themselves. Visions jump from scene to scene. Voices seem to come from your own head instead of from the characters who populate the imaginary tale. There is a sense of unreality to dreams that makes you wake up thinking, that was just a dream – if you remember the experience at all.

I knew this had to be a dream. I remembered drifting off to sleep, and yet this vision seemed far too real to be a true dream. What I saw was sharp and clear, and what I heard came from other people. I was standing at the edge of a crowd in a large, elegant room. It was some sort of cocktail party, and I could smell the appetizers and hear clearly the conversations just in front of me.

Then I became aware of myself. I was still Danielle, and I knew I looked spectacular. I was wearing a little black dress, but not just any little black dress. What I was wearing had to be very revealing since I could feel my long hair tickling my bare back and see my breasts exposed nearly to the nipples. I was wearing dark hose, but the feeling of garter straps on my thighs told me these weren't panty hose. I looked to the right and saw a full-length mirror, showing a young woman with prominent but tasteful makeup, sophisticated jewelry, and black heels that had to be four inches high.

"Aren't we lovely tonight?" a voice suddenly called out. I turned to see Mike Garrett standing there, dressed in an expensive dark suit, a whiskey in his hand.

"This is just a dream," I insisted.

Mike nodded. "A dream, yes, but not 'just' a dream." With no warning, he swept his free hand along the top of my breasts. "Feel that?"



With no warning, he swept his free hand along the top of my breasts. "Feel that?"

I didn't answer, but I did feel his touch.

"Change me back," I ordered, trying to sound confident, but most surely failing.

He shook his head. "You don't understand, do you? There is no going back. You angered me today, bothering Chelsea. Now you and your friend will have to pay the price. Enjoy my little party here. And tomorrow morning, you'd better be a good little girl, or your dreams will come true forever."

In a blink, he was gone.

“Dannie!”

I turned around to see Toni standing there. Like me, she was dressed to the nines, only her dress was a dark red and her black hair was coiled over one side, draped down over full, nearly-exposed breasts.

“This is Mike’s doing,” I told her. “It’s just a dream.”

She shook her head, her gold hoop earrings swinging as she did. “It’s not just a dream. I saw Mike, too. He’s punishing us for seeing Chelsea.”

I was about to ask how he was going to punish us when two big men walked up to us. They were well dressed, but in a way, they reminded me of the two men who had followed us earlier.

“Ladies...” one of the burly men greeted us. In that moment, I knew what our punishment was to be. Toni and I couldn’t take our eyes off the men. We were drawn to them, and I found myself wondering if their cocks were as big as the rest of them. My nipples tingled and there was dampness between my legs as I became more entranced with them.

One of them wrapped his arm around Toni’s waist while the other one placed a huge hand on my ass. “This party is getting boring,” my man said. “Why don’t we find someplace more private?”

Toni and I giggled in spite of ourselves. Our bodies obeyed, leaning into the men as they led us up a flight of stairs. The noise of the party became fainter as we strolled down the hall, Toni’s man opening a door on the right while mine mirrored his actions on the left. I knew what awaited us, but that didn’t matter. I wanted this big hunk inside me, and I wanted him now.

I was nearly panting as we entered a lush bedroom. I was ready to take off my panties and fall onto the bed, but I was disappointed.

“Strip for me,” the big man ordered, reclining on the bed so he could watch. “And do it slowly. Do it like a pro.”



"Strip for me," the big man ordered

I had to obey. There was nothing else I could do. I remembered every strip tease I ever saw, and made it my mission to outdo all of them. With a sweet smile, I reached behind my back and slowly unzipped my dress. I didn't take it off all at once. I leaned over him and slid it down over my breasts, first exposing just the nipples as I sat down beside him.

My mind was screaming. This was wrong – all wrong. I wasn't in control of my body at all. I wasn't Dan; I wasn't even Danielle. I was someone else – something else. My body was craving sex in a way my rational mind couldn't begin to understand. Sex with Mike had been shocking and strange. Sex with Bobby had been gentle and loving. The sex I was about to have was urgent and disgusting.

He took me every way my mind could imagine – in front, in back, in my mouth, between my breasts. His endurance was endless. His only words were commands which I obeyed instantly. There was fulfillment, but no pleasure. I was sweaty and exhausted, and my mind couldn't think as a human. I was nothing more than a rutting animal.

At last, he finished with me. How long had he taken me? The sounds of the party could be heard faintly from the floor below. I had been fucked for what seemed like hours as the guests below us heard nothing. I needed to be held – to be comforted, but that wasn't about to happen. My fucker – I couldn't begin to call him my lover – got out of bed as soon as we were done and dressed quickly. Then, almost as an afterthought, he shoved his hand in his pocket and pulled out a sheaf of bills, peeling what looked like hundreds away, throwing them on the bed. "You were great," he said, as if complementing a faithful dog on a clever trick. "Be here same time next week."



I had been fucked for what seemed like hours

As he walked out, closing the door behind him, I could only lie there naked, staring at the money he had given me, as if I were a common whore. But as I thought about it, wasn't that exactly what I was?

The bedroom faded away, and I was floating bodiless in the darkness.

"Remember what just happened," Mike's voice came from everywhere around me. "Try to find me again, and this will be your life for real. Do you understand?"

I mouthed the word “yes”, but no sound come out. Yet he heard me.

“Good. Enjoy your life, Danielle. We won’t meet again.”

I sat upright in my bed, panting in fear. Everything was quiet – normal even – except my body. I was coated in perspiration, and I was so wet between my legs that I knew I’d have to change my panties. I was sore between my legs, as well as my anus and my jaws. All felt as if they had been stretched to the limits. My nipples were puffy, too, and I remembered my dream partner pulling and twisting them as I rode him.

But it was just a dream, damn it, I tried to tell myself. But the strange salty taste in my mouth told me that this dream was closer to reality than I could ever imagine.

Just then, my phone rang, causing me to jump and let out a quick scream. I half way expected it to be Mike, but to my relief, Ton’s name was flashing on the screen. “Hello?” I answered, my voice shaking.

“Dannie?”

“Yeah.” I looked at the clock. It was three in the morning.

“Did you just...dream?” she asked me.

I knew in an instant, Toni and I had shared the dream.

We compared experiences. Just as I had seen Toni, she had seen me. We each described what the other was wearing, and how we each had been dragged off to the bedrooms and used for what seemed like hours. Reluctantly, we talked about everything that had been done to us until there was nothing left to tell.

“To make things worse,” Toni admitted, “I sort of want to do it all again...”

“What!”

“I’m horny. Aren’t you?” she asked.

Oh my God, she was right. Sitting there in the wet spot on my bed, I was starting to feel the emptiness between my legs. It needed filling. Even though I felt sore and stretched, I wanted a man’s cock in me, thrusting back and forth and making me come again and again.

“I didn’t hear your answer,” Toni urged.

“God yes, I’m horny,” I finally admitted. “What are we going to do? Mike’s punishing us by turning us into sluts.”

“Maybe,” she allowed. “Maybe it was just a warning. Maybe we’ll be okay by morning. We can

still see him at work and try to convince him to change us back.”

I remembered Mike’s last words to me. “I don’t think so. At the end of the... dream, Mike said I wouldn’t see him again.”

“That’s not good,” Toni said.

“Maybe,” I replied. After tonight’s experience, I wasn’t sure I ever wanted to see Mike again.

We said good night and agreed to meet up at her cubicle just before work. I think Toni was worried about how I would react at work the next morning. After all, when I had left Friday, I was the number two man in the office, and I would be returning Monday as the... well, low man – or rather woman – on the totem pole.

I lay back down, avoiding the wet spot on my bed and stripping off my soaked panties. I was too tired to bother to get up and get another pair. That was probably a mistake. As I lay there feeling sticky and disheveled, I was constantly reminded of the nightmare I had experienced. I finally sighed and got up to take a quick shower. I’d have to get up earlier in the morning than usual (girl stuff), but unless I got cleaned up, I wouldn’t get much sleep.

I made my way to the bathroom, stripping off my nightie, but as I walked, I felt my gait was somehow different. There was more of a sway to my hips than usual. Had they changed? I turned on the light and looked in my full-length mirror at my naked body. Strangely enough, I hadn’t really looked at myself as a woman. Oh, I had seen myself naked that first morning after my transformation, but then I saw myself as a man would see me. This time I saw myself as what I was – a woman to the core. I still wanted to be a man again, but Mike’s warning had made it clear that there was little if any chance of that happening. So now I saw myself in a different light – as a woman who wanted – no, needed – to be satisfied. That opening between my legs cried to be filled. My breasts longed to be touched. My lips begged to be kissed...

Without another thought, I rushed to the nightstand. As my Dannie memories had told me earlier, there was a vibrator in the drawer. I had never held one in my hands before. What reason would I have had to do so? I had always had something far superior of my own. In the bathroom light, I could see it was anatomically correct, even in color. I was a little disturbed to note that it was a bit larger than my own penis had been. It was a little soft – like something rubberized. But that was enough of an inspection. I wanted it in me and I wanted it there now.

Positioning myself on the carpet (I didn’t want the bed any wetter), I slowly and carefully shoved it in myself, savoring the relief it gave me. But my pleasure was short-lived. I didn’t want it just sitting in there. Where was the fun in that? I knew what to do. I began to move it in and out, softly moaning as it began to build the desire within me. Before I knew it, I was thrusting it more forcefully. Panting harder and harder and harder until...

“Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!” I was fighting to keep from screaming as I handled the dildo in one hand while playing with my hard nipples with the other. I nearly passed out from the pleasure, my body keeling over on the floor as I cried tears of happiness. But as my orgasm subsided, the tears were suddenly of despair. Was this to be my fate – a desperately needy girl, constantly

requiring sex? Was I going to parade myself in front of countless men, dreaming only of being fucked by them? What was next – five inch heels, skirts so short my sex would always be there visible beneath my thin panties? Would I start to giggle, to prance, to whimper at the sight of a big strong man?

“God, no,” I murmured to myself. I might be a woman forever, but nothing – not even Mike, whoever or whatever he was – could force me into such a fate.

I took my shower, but it wasn’t as quick as I had hoped. I noted a stubble under my arms and on my legs. Knowing how I hated seeing women not being well groomed, I decided I’d have to follow my own rules. I shaved both my pits and my legs, using a shaving gel and women’s razor I found in the shower caddy. As I shaved, I realized shaving as a woman was going to be a much more tiresome experience than shaving as a man. Chalk up one more negative to being a woman, I thought.

I didn’t get much sleep the rest of the night. Between Mike’s induced nightmare and having to face Monday morning as Danielle, the receptionist at the office, sleep just wasn’t in the cards. I had set the alarm for five thirty. I was supposed to be at work by eight, I realized. Although I had never gotten ready for work as Danielle, I knew it took women a lot longer to get ready. I suppose I could have put myself on autopilot by releasing all of Danielle’s memories. That would have made things go faster, but I remembered my key goals that I had saved on the computer. Number one was most important now:

GOAL 1: I AM DAN WHEELER – NOT DANIELLE. STAY THAT WAY.

I was afraid if I opened up Danielle’s memories too much, I would no longer be Dan in any way. Goal number two, the one about getting Mike to change me back didn’t seem quite attainable just yet, but I hadn’t given up yet,

I had never washed my hair as a woman, and I did take a peek at Dannie’s memories to see how to do it. It turned out to be one hell of a chore. I began to understand why women with long hair like mine tended not to wash it every day. As for makeup, Toni had taught me a lot, so I was able to do that with a minimum of drawing on feminine memories. I ended up applying it too light at first, but decided not to try again. I sensed Danielle wore heavier makeup, but I was Dan – not Danielle. Besides, it wasn’t as if my new face required a lot of makeup.

Clothes presented a little problem. I had not spent a lot of time exploring Danielle’s closet, so what I now found was a little unsettling. Danielle had a penchant for bright colors, tight fits, and very, very short skirts. Plus I don’t think there was a pair of dress heels less than three inches high. I sighed to myself. At least it wasn’t as if I was going to look any different than a lot of the office girls in the Loop. Besides, to and from work, it was a cool enough day that I could wear a coat over my outfit.

I ended up deciding upon a conservative (by Dannie’s standards) red dress. It fit me snugly, and the skirt was barely long enough to be street legal, but I found a women’s suit jacket in white that made my ample breasts a little less... obvious. I found a pair of red slingbacks, as the name read on the box, that looked reasonably professional, and I was ready to go.

I looked at the clock. Seven o'clock. It had taken me an hour and a half to do what as a man used to take me thirty minutes to do, and I hadn't even had to shave my face. Well, come to think of it, I had shaved my legs in the shower. Now that so many women went bare-legged, it wouldn't have looked right if they hadn't been silky smooth. Not that that was a feminine thought, I told myself. I was just trying to blend in.

Breakfast was at least normal. As a man, I ate lightly before work – toast, a glass of juice, and a cup of coffee. The same seemed to work for my female persona, although instead of drinking it black as Dan had done, I found I needed just a little cream and sugar to take the edge off of it.

I realized suddenly that the dark purse I had used the day before didn't go with the outfit, so I hurriedly threw everything from it into a larger red purse, trying to ignore the tampons as I did so. It would take me forever to find anything, I realized, so I carefully placed my bus pass at the top of the mess. No wonder women were always fishing through their purses.

I gave myself one last look in the mirror. To my eye, I looked like a normal girl on her way to work. I had even thought to slip on a woman's watch, medium-sized gold hoops in my ears, and a gold necklace with a fake ruby in the center to complete my look. Grabbing my tan raincoat and purse, I rushed out the door, arriving at the bus stop a good five minutes before my bus arrived.

The bus was crowded, and apparently in today's world, even cute young women found themselves standing in a crush of bodies. I was pretty sure a couple of the men around me made it a point to squeeze in a little closer to me than was necessary, but not so close that I could complain about it. I sighed and took it, just as I was sure thousands of women around Chicago were putting up with it right now.

I hadn't realized just how nervous I was going to be as I approached the office. After all, I had had two days to get used to being a woman, but other than Toni, no one else in the office had seen me like this. Jane and Stephanie would know what had happened, since they, too, had been transformed. And Jack Winslow would know, since he was the one who had invited Mike into the office. But to everyone else, I was and always had been Danielle Wheeler – pretty, perky, uneducated, and probably considered about as smart as the chairs in the waiting area.. I dreaded the moment with every fiber of my being.

As I rode up in the elevator, ignoring the sidewise glances from the male passengers, I began to ask myself if Jack had had any idea what he was doing when he invited Mike into the office for the interview. He certainly had no reason to intentionally turn his staff of consultants into women. The chaos I had experienced the last few weeks as my staff became women was not good for the company. Jack would have known that. Mike must have somehow deceived him.

When I entered the office, everything seemed vaguely normal. As I hung my coat up in the closet, I could see Stephanie, Jane and Toni already in their cubicles. They were all busy working on paperwork, but Toni spotted me and came out to the lobby to see me.

"Do Stephanie and Jane know?" I asked nervously.

“Yeah,” Toni said. “I called them yesterday to fill them in. I’ll call them and we’ll all try to meet for lunch and talk.”

I had noticed that memories didn’t change until they had to, so I was glad Toni had warned them. When the rest of the staff saw me, they would instantly forget Dan had ever existed and remember only Danielle.

I sat down at the receptionist’s desk, not really knowing what to do. There was a computer to one side, but the desk itself was without drawers, and there was no paperwork on the glass desk. Apparently, I was supposed to sit there, look pretty, answer the phones, and wait for someone to give me something to do.



Apparently, I was supposed to sit there, look pretty, and answer the phones

It didn't take long for that something to occur. Jack Wheeler rushed into the lobby from his office, a worried look on his face. "Do you have a home phone number for Mike Garrett?" he snapped. No "good morning", no smile, none of the usual pleasantries Jack showered on the women in the office. Also, not sign that he recognized me as transformed, but that was probably for show.

"I'll look, Mr. Wheeler," I said, turning to the keyboard. I knew where the employee directory was in the system. I also knew, as Jack probably did not know, given his age, that most younger employees used their cell phones as a home phone. I was pretty sure I wouldn't find a land line for Mike, and shortly, I confirmed it.

"Damn!" Jack growled, hustling back to his office.

I could guess what had happened. Mike had as much as told me in the dream. He had told me we wouldn't meet again. He had done all the mischief he had planned to do. Now it was up to those of us left behind to pick up the pieces of our lives.

There were still men in the office. Mike's transformations appeared to have affected only my department. If Jack had invited Mike in knowing what he would do, I was certain things hadn't worked out the way he had hoped. Jack probably figured I would balk at hiring his nephew, and he was right. Plus I pretty much ran the office, except for sales since Jack's partner had retired. While I had been the heir apparent, Jack may have resented me more than I realized. That would be why he had listened to Mike.

My memories told me Pat was in charge of the department now, and screwing up badly. He had been losing clients as fast as Jack's sales force could obtain new ones. I felt sorry for Pat. He had been a good right-hand man, but I think even he knew he could never run the department.

That was confirmed for me when Stephanie came up to greet me. "Damn!" she said.

"What's wrong?"

"Pat just pinched my ass!" She rubbed her alluring behind, wrinkling the satiny yellow material of her skirt. "It wasn't like this when you were in charge." Then she looked around furtively, as if checking to see if anyone had overheard her. "Sorry, Dannie," she apologized. "I should have been more concerned about you. How are you holding up?"

"Okay, I guess," I replied. "At least I had the weekend to get used to this."

"At least you don't have a damned boyfriend, do you?"

"Well... sort of."

She looked at me seriously. "He doesn't live with you, does he?"

"Oh! No."

She sighed. "You're lucky. You get to let down when you go home – remember who you really are. When I go home, that asshole Lionel is waiting for me. He wants to fuck the minute I get in the door."

"And you let him?" I gasped.

She arched her eyebrows. “Honey, I used to be a big bad football player at Michigan. Now I look like this...” she motioned at her small, svelte body, “...and Lionel is about the size I used to be.”

I could only imagine. Steve had been a big guy – a powerful guy.

“And he can be nice or he can be mean. I prefer him to be nice. Now I’m stuck like this, and Lionel gets his way, because I don’t like mean Lionel.”

I nodded. I remembered Stephanie right after her transformation. Of course I hadn’t realized at the time that she had been transformed. She had been nervous – upset – and now I knew why. It was bad enough being changed into a girl, but to be changed and saddled with a big brute who demanded sexual satisfaction at the drop of a hat had to be incredibly frightening. No wonder Stephanie had flipped. She had to play the pretty young woman twenty-four hours a day. It had to be like learning a language. They say the best way to do so was total immersion. Stephanie had been immersed in the truest sense of the word.

She looked around. “Gotta go. Pat’s asking for me again.”

As she rushed out, I thought about Pat. More than once, one of the women in the office had complained about his behavior around them, and he had been even worse since his last divorce. I had always kept him on a tight leash. That had undoubtedly saved his job on more than one occasion. Now that he was in charge of my department, there was no one to hold him back.

I heard Pat barking orders to Stephanie. I could tell the tension in his voice. He got that way right after he had been chewed out, I recalled. Jack must have ripped him a new one while Stephanie and I were talking.

Moments later, Pat was towering over my desk. His face was flushed, and he looked as if he had aged ten years since I had last seen him.

“Where’s Brad Winslow?” he snapped.

“I don’t know,” I replied as calmly as I could. This was Pat’s ugly side – demanding, demeaning women, and running around as if his ass was on fire.

“He’s supposed to check in first thing,” Pat went on. “Call him right now!”

I began to dial Jack’s nephew at once. “Do you have a message for him?”

“Tell him he’s fi-” Pat started. Then he forced himself to calm down. He wasn’t about to fire his boss’s nephew, and the receptionist was the last person he would want to know that he even considered it. “Tell him it’s about the Huffman account,” he forced himself to say calmly.

The phone just rang and rang. “Sorry, no answer.”

Pat squeezed his fists together repeatedly. Another bad sign; he only did that when things were

really bad. Then he turned and rushed back to his office, slamming his door behind him.

The Huffman account was one of the firm's oldest accounts. Art had wined and dined Parker Huffman Sr. for years before I had joined the firm. Then, when both Art and his client had retired around the same time, I had developed a good relationship with Parker Jr. We played golf often, went to the Bears games where I sat in his box, and enjoyed a great working relationship since I handled the account personally. Something told me Pat didn't have that going for him. That was pretty well confirmed when Pat rushed out of the office moments later muttering to me that he was on his way to Huffman Interiors.

Toni came back into the lobby just as he left. "Thank God he's gone for awhile," she sighed.

"Do you know what happened?" I asked.

"Parker Huffman just gave Pat ninety day notice on the contract. He's leaving. Jack's nephew fucked up the account."

It was as bad as I feared. "What the hell was Pat doing turning over that account to an idiot like Brad Winslow?"

"No choice," Toni told me. "Jack wanted it that way."

I thought about what Toni and I had learned in the bar the previous day. Chelsea became a girl and her old bartender got the bar, but now it was a failing enterprise. The same thing seemed to be happening here. Jack had invited Mike in and changed all of us. Now Jack was suffering the consequences. Huffman Interiors was ten percent of our billings – and now they were leaving us. I wondered if Jack had made the connection yet.

Things quieted down for a while, and soon it was time for my break. I went to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee and found Toni sitting there. "Jane and Stephanie want to join us for lunch," she told me.

"Okay," I sighed. "As long as it's somewhere cheap. I'm not exactly on an expense account anymore." It was actually worse than that. I only had about two hundred dollars in my checking account to last me until payday at the end of the week.

Toni gave me a look of pity. "You and Stephanie really got the worst of it," she sighed as I took a drink of my coffee.

I arched an eye. "How so? Last time I checked, we were all in skirts and heels."

"Yeah. But Jane and I are still in the same jobs. Stephanie is just a glorified secretary with a dick for a boyfriend. And you... you lost your job to become probably the lowest paid employee on the payroll. Plus you lost Cindy."

I held my tongue rather than tell her that I might have lost Cindy as a girlfriend, but I had gained

Bobby for a boyfriend. She knew I was dating Bobby, of course, but she didn't realize how far the relationship had progressed. The fact was I wasn't exactly unhappy with Bobby. Sex as a girl wasn't my first choice, and I'd go back to my old life in a heartbeat, but being stuck as Bobby's lover wasn't exactly a fate worse than death. Sex as a woman was pretty enjoyable – at least with Bobby. I didn't want to fool myself, though. I knew Bobby well enough in my previous life to know he wasn't known for sticking with one girl very long. I knew he'd dump me eventually.

"You seem to be taking this whole girl thing in stride," I observed.

She shrugged. "I grew up with three sisters – two older and one younger. Being a girl isn't my first choice, but I can handle it. Of course, I'd rather change back into Tony, but if I'm stuck this way, I'll make it work."

"Are you seeing anyone – seriously, I mean?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Not seriously. I've got too much work to do to get involved seriously." She was being a little evasive. I didn't pry, though. This whole situation was embarrassing for all of us. No sense in asking questions that was too private.

I put down my coffee cup, noticing with a little discomfort that I had left an imprint of deep red lipstick on the white porcelain. "After last night, you still think there's a way to change back?"

"I don't know," she admitted. "But it seems to me that we haven't exhausted every possibility yet."

I hope you're right," I said, checking the tiny watch face on my wrist. My fifteen minute break was almost up. "See you at lunch."

I promised myself that morning that if I ever got my male identity back, I would show more respect for secretaries and receptionists. Pat got back from Huffman Interiors with a glum look on his face. It soon spread around the office that Parker Jr. had refused to even see him. After that, either Jack or Pat would come storming out of their respective offices on endless trips to load me down with menial projects. The loss of the Huffman account had everyone on edge. Losses of accounts had a way of doing that. Modesty aside, I had been much better at managing accounts. Sure, we'd lose one every now and then, but nothing of this magnitude.

To make matters even tenser, everyone was saying that Mike Garret had quit. No surprise, I thought. He had told us in the dream that we wouldn't see him again. That meant Jack had to pick up the slack on Mike's accounts, while Pat was left to take care of Brad's disasters.

Brad Wilson came strolling in a little after eleven, looking hung over. "Hey, beautiful," he leered at me.

"Your uncle wants to see you right away," I told him coolly, secretly hoping that Jack would fire the little weasel before he caused even more damage. Fat chance of that, though, I thought.

Brad leaned over my desk, trying to get a good look at my breasts. "My uncle can wait. How

about lunch today?"

What was the fool thinking?

Before I had to answer, I heard Jack's voice bellowing across the office, "Brad, quit playing with receptionist and get your ass in here!"

Brad at least had enough brains to realize he was in serious trouble. He turned away from me and rushed to his uncle's office as quickly as he could. Good. On the chance that Jack did fire him, I wouldn't have to worry about Brad any more.

It was nearly lunchtime when Jack got through with his errant nephew. Brad and his uncle left together. Jack only told me he didn't know when they'd be back. But all of us knew they were on their way to Huffman Interiors. Several employees, including Toni, had lingered around the door to Jack's office to be able to put together the gist of Brad's monumental ass-chewing. When I asked Toni, she said she'd tell me at lunch. Since I was due to break for lunch in less than ten minutes, I agreed to wait.

"Where are we going?" I asked Toni as she, Stephanie and I got out of the elevator and made our way through the busy lobby, our heels clicking on the marble floor.

"Jane's got us a reservation at that little French place two blocks over," Toni replied.

"What!" I gasped. "I can't afford that place."

"Relax," Toni laughed. "I'll put it on my expense account." When I gave her a critical look, she explained, "Pat's not like you were. He never checks our expenses. If he stays with the company much longer, we're all going to get fat with these 'business lunches' every day."

Once I got over my surprise, I had to admit it sounded fine with me. When Jack had invited Mike into the business, none of us owed him any loyalty. What had possessed him to do it? Now his business was falling apart in front of his nose. He had to have known Pat would never be able to hold things together, and as for bringing that idiot nephew of his on board, it was a recipe for disaster.

The restaurant was nice, complete with linen tablecloths and soft classical music. I noted most of the clientele were women, which was fine with me. A morning in the office being ogled by every man who laid eyes on me was enough. Surrounded by mostly women, I could be more comfortable.

Jane and Stephanie were waiting for us at the table, which was in a quiet corner of the restaurant. Jane stood when we arrived, smoothing her gray suit skirt as she did. She looked like the consummate professional businesswoman. She smiled and suddenly hugged me. Tentatively, I hugged back, experiencing once more the odd feel of my breasts pressing against those of another woman. While we were hugging, she said in a low voice to me, "Oh Dan, I'm so sorry this happened to you, too."

I didn't reply. There seemed to be nothing to say.

When we were all seated, Toni next to me looked across the table at Jane. "You look different," she said. "More confident. What happened to you?"

"Becky Glazer had a weekend seminar for us," Jane laughed. I remembered Toni telling me that Dr. Glazer had a support group for men who had been transformed into women. "There were ten of us there, and it was great! I learned makeup techniques, got my nails done..." She held up a hand to show off her pink frosted nails, "...and even went clubbing. It was great to bond with the other girls, and I think it helped all of us accept our new lives."

I shifted uncomfortably. I hadn't known Jane as Jason very well, but to see a former man acting so girly just seemed wrong to me. Was this going to happen to all of us? To me?

"You guys have got to come to Becky's meeting tonight," she gushed.

We were saved by the waitress, who took our drink orders. Toni ordered a round of white wine for all of us. I usually avoided drinking at lunch – you never knew when your afternoon clients might take offense when they smelled your breath. I made an exception today, though. Frankly, as feminine as I smelled a little breath mint would quickly hide any smell of alcohol. No one else turned down the drink either.

"Well, what do you say?" Jane pressed after we had ordered. Apparently our reprieve was to be short-lived.

"I can't," Stephanie said quickly. "Lionel and I have... something planned." It was obvious from the way she said it that it was Lionel who had something planned, and Stephanie wasn't looking forward to it.

Jane shrugged and zeroed in on Toni and me. Especially me. "Look, Dannie," she began in a low voice so as not to be heard by nearby diners, "I know what you're going through. We all did. At first, you're in denial. This can't possibly be happening to you, you think. Then the reality starts to set in – you're stuck like this. How did this morning feel?"

I was too slow in saying, "Okay, I guess."

She frowned. "Okay? You went from being the second most powerful person in the company to the sexy little receptionist, and you say it went okay?"

I looked down. She was right. It didn't go okay. Not only was I either ogled or ignored by everyone in the office, but chaos had broken out and I was the only one who really knew how to fix things. I didn't dare say anything, though. Who would believe the receptionist, who looked like the sort of person whose biggest decision of the day was whether to wear three inch heels or four inch heels? I felt helpless, and worse yet, I felt useless. Was this to be the rest of my life? It didn't seem like a very good one.

"Okay," I sighed. "It was really, really shitty. Happy?"

She shook her head. “No, and you shouldn’t be either. I was scared just like you at first...”

I wouldn’t exactly say I was scared – pissed, but not scared.

“...but Becky showed me how to make the best of things.”

At that moment, our drinks arrived, and we all stopped to order salads. I took a sip of the wine. It was refreshing. I could gladly sit here all afternoon and drink it to drown my sorrows. It was then that I realized that Jane was right. I needed to stop feeling sorry for myself and do something proactive. If I didn’t, I’d just be a piece of eye candy around the office and Bobby’s girlfriend until he became tired of me and dropped me as he had dropped every other girlfriend. Then, I’d probably just become another young underachieving girl in the big city, slaving away on a poorly-paying job during the day and haunting the meat markets at night in search of another drink and another guy for the evening. It didn’t seem like much to look forward to.

“Okay!” I suddenly burst out.

“What?” Toni gasped.

“Yay!” Jane grinned.

“Crap,” Stephanie muttered.

I turned to Toni. “Look, Toni, I still haven’t given up on getting changed back into a man, but I know it may not happen. What would it hurt to see what Dr. Glazer has to offer?”

“Hey,” she reminded me, “I want to get changed back, too. It was me out on that creepy street with you last night, remember?”

I touched her hand without realizing what a feminine gesture that was. “Yes, but no matter what happens, you still have the same job you had before, and you still have a degree. I’ve got a dead-end job and no credentials. I may have to live with this, so why not check it out? In fact, come with me.”

“I...I don’t know,” she started, but I could tell her resistance was crumbling.

Jane broke in, “I’ll buy drinks afterward...”

“All right,” Toni said reluctantly.

“Great!” Jane grinned. “Oh, and don’t forget to wear a skirt and heels.”

“What?” Toni and I said at once. I was looking forward to getting out of my skirt and heels, maybe lounging around in sweats and slippers for the evening. It was one thing to dress all girly for work, but it seemed like since my change, I had spent far more time showing off my legs than I had planned.

“You can be casual,” Jane assured us. “It’s just Dr. Glazer’s way of making us accept what’s been done to us.”

“I don’t want to accept it,” Stephanie broke in. “I want my dick back.”

“Me, too,” I added.

“Me three,” Toni responded.

Jane’s look became more serious as she looked around to make sure no one had heard our outburst at another table. Satisfied that everyone else was wrapped up in their own conversations, she told us, “You think I don’t want that, too? I do, believe me. I don’t like any of this any better than you do, but according to Dr. Glazer, no one has ever been turned back.”

That wasn’t something any of the rest of us wanted to hear. Although our present sex was becoming more... normal (I didn’t want to say “comfortable”) every day, changing back was still the primary goal. To do that, we’d have to run down Mike and find a way to force him to change us back. Until then, this was who we were – four attractive young women who would have to make our way through a man’s world as best we could.

And yes, damn it; it was a man’s world. Whether any of us wanted to admit it or not, I had certainly experienced enough of it in the last three days to determine that it was a lot easier to be a man than a woman. As a man, I wouldn’t have spent my Friday being, for all practical purposes, raped by Mike. I wouldn’t have been walking around Chicago on a nice spring day being ogled by men. I wouldn’t have spent Saturday night being bedded by my girlfriend’s brother. Sunday, I wouldn’t have been scared out of my wits on the streets of the city, and Monday, I wouldn’t have been prancing around in a short skirt being noticed for my body and ignored for my brain.

Well come to think of it, maybe Saturday night with Bobby wasn’t so bad. Making love as a woman did have its advantages, I had to admit to myself as I got back to the reception desk. Or at least it wasn’t so bad with the right partner. Bobby was experienced enough to know how to be the right kind of lover. If I had to stay a girl, I’d not mind making love to Bobby or, when he got tired of me, someone of equal skill.

I had always heard that women got the better end of the deal when it came to experiencing sex. Bobby had brought me to more than one orgasm Saturday night, and I had to admit the experience was worth repeating. Male sex, with its explosive but relatively short climax, did leave something to be desired compared to the long, languorous (and multiple) climaxes women experienced. I could get used to it if I had to, I supposed. The problem was I really missed those explosive male climaxes. And it seemed somehow as if there was more of a feeling of being large (literally) and in charge when penetrating a smaller, more pliant woman. Being the penetratee, to coin a word, made me feel weaker – almost subservient. It was a feeling I didn’t want to get used to, if I could avoid it.

Plus there was the feeling of being on display. I honestly think most men – even extremely

handsome men – are somehow less aware that they are on display. Sure, I had been good looking enough to notice some women gazing at me out of the corner of their eyes, but it wasn't the overtly obvious stares men gave women like me now. Besides, I never expected one of the women who checked out the male me to saunter over and put the moves on me – although that might have been a rather pleasant experience if they had. As a woman, though, I practically held my breath when a man stared at me, expecting him to come on to me without any encouragement.

Maybe Dr. Glazer's evening meeting would help me to deal with situations like that. At least Jane seemed more comfortable in her female body than she had right after her transformation. Of course, at that time, I hadn't realized she had been transformed, but looking back on things, Jane, Toni and Stephanie had all been nervous wrecks at first.

Was I a nervous wreck, too? I didn't think so. Of course I had had Toni to help me out over the weekend, so maybe I was more prepared than the others had been to waltz in Monday morning in full feminine regalia. Besides, unlike the other former men, I had taken a big fall in prestige and pay, and I was probably too pissed to be nervous. I honestly think if one of the men in the office had put the moves on me, I would have kicked him in the balls with one of my deadly high heels.

The afternoon had been a relief after the turmoil of the morning. Jack and Pat had spent all of it out of the office, relieving me of watching them run around like senior officers on the Titanic. Of course, I realized as the clock ticked past five, tomorrow would be another day. Neither Jack nor Pat had the skills I had to bring things under control. The way they had reacted made me realize the turmoil caused by the loss of the Huffman account could easily be repeated in the following weeks with other clients. In my opinion, the firm was on its way to virtual ruin. Well, I smiled to myself, it served Jack right for bringing Mike into the business. As the receptionist, I could honestly say the whole mess was well above my pay grade.

Jane was picking Toni and me up for the evening meeting, so I had plenty of time to get home, grab a bite to eat, and get changed. I suppose I could have worn what I had worn to work and met the requirement of wearing a skirt, but I really wanted to get out of my sexy receptionist outfit as quickly as possible. Unless things changed radically, I'd be wearing similar outfits for years to come, and that wasn't a trend I wanted to carry into my free time.

I was exhausted when I got back to my little apartment. Being used to challenging days solving problems for clients was exhilarating, but sitting at a receptionist's desk answering phones and looking pretty was actually tiring.

I didn't have much time to reflect on my situation, though, as my phone rang right after I closed my apartment door. Digging into my purse being careful not to damage my longer nails, I saw it was Bobby. I tried to ignore my elation at seeing his name on the screen. I felt an unexpected tingle between my legs as I answered, "Hi, Bobby," in my sweetest voice.

"Hi, Beautiful. How was work?"

It was a streaming bore, I wanted to answer. I never wanted to sit at that receptionist desk again. But playing my role, I replied, "Oh about the same as usual."

“That bad, huh?”

His comment surprised me. Apparently the Dannie he knew wasn't crazy about her job any more than I was. At least I wouldn't have to pretend to be content with such a mindless job when I was around Bobby.

“Pretty bad,” I finally admitted.

“I've missed you,” he sighed.

“I've missed you, too,” I sighed back. Strangely, I had to admit to myself it was true.

“Everything went great today,” he told me. “We tied up the negotiations this afternoon. Dad and I will be signing the papers in the morning.”

I had no idea what his meetings had been about, and I wasn't willing to search my Dannie memories right now to find out. The important thing was that whatever he and his father had flown to New York for had gone well, and Bobby was happy.

“We'll be flying back to Chicago late tomorrow morning,” he continued. “How about dinner tomorrow night – about seven?”

“Sounds great,” I replied honestly. I really didn't enjoy being alone in this female body. Bobby made me feel safer somehow. Poor little girly me – all alone in the big city. As stupid as it sounded rattling around in my mind, that was exactly how I felt.

We talked for a while longer – nothing consequential – when Bobby got pulled away for drinks with their New York hosts. I couldn't understand why I was so anxious to see him again, but I was. I knew instinctively that after dinner, there would be lots of sex, but my new body was fine with that.

So how did I really feel about sex with a man? It was a question I was beginning to think about more and more. My experience with Mike had been unexpected, forced, and completely unpleasant in retrospect. My dream Sunday night had been... well, a dream, although it had seemed real enough at the time. I'd give that experience a big F as well. As for Saturday with Bobby, though, it had been an unexpected pleasure – once I got into it, that is. At the time, I had been just going through the motions. Bobby had been gentle while I had been perfunctory. Bobby had expected sex, and I had obliged. Since that experience, though, I had begun to feel as if I had missed something by not giving myself entirely to him.

Hopefully, Bobby hadn't noticed. I suppose I had been very much like him when I was with Cindy. Most men, contrary to the opinion of many women, want love in their relationships just as much as their female companions do. The difference is that while men wanted love, they were usually willing to settle for sex. What was the old saying? Oh, yeah: bad sex is still better than the next best thing. While Bobby had been considerate with me, he had probably been too wrapped up in his own needs to be aware of the internal struggles I was having.

I made a mental note to myself to change my approach when we were together Tuesday. Saturday, I had expected to be male again in no time. Now, though, getting my manhood back looked less and less likely. I owed it to myself – and to Bobby, for that matter – to make Tuesday a night to remember.

I changed clothing before dinner. To my chagrin, I still looked sexy. I had been trying for a more subdued look, but apparently Dannie wasn't into anything else other than full-speed-ahead sexy. I started with an orange turtleneck sweater that went all the way down to my hips. I figured it would be warm on what was to be a chilly early spring evening in the city. The turtleneck just seemed to emphasize my breasts, though, and the way it hung to my hips, it looked like an extra-short dress. Black tights did little to disguise my stunning legs, and the brown denim skirt I selected was still shorter than I would have like it to be. At least the shoes I picked – which I later learned were called “black patent ballet flats” weren't as overtly sexy as the heels I had been wearing all day, and they seemed to reduce the wiggle when I walked. Best of all, they were a damned sight more comfortable than heels. Satisfied with my appearance, I made a small salad with some chicken pieces mixed in and ate dinner.

Waiting for Jane to pick me up, I reflected that I hadn't bothered to change jewelry or makeup. I found some earrings and a bracelet that seemed a little less dressy but did nothing with the makeup. Cindy had told me once that women used different makeup for the evening, but I decided the hell with that. It was too much trouble to redo it. I did touch it up a bit, though. Being a woman was almost like being a work of art, it seemed. The major difference being the canvas was never completely done.

Jane called to let me know she and Toni were waiting in front of my apartment, so I grabbed my purse – an action that was starting to seem all too normal to me now – and rushed down to meet them.

Apparently, I had chosen well. Both Jane and Toni were wearing similar casual outfits. My success at conformity didn't necessarily please me, though. When I had been a man, I never stressed about wearing the “right outfit.” Cindy, though, would constantly pester me when I would take her someplace new, as if her picture was to be on the front page of the Trib the next day under the headline of “Inappropriate Dresser.”



Apparently, I had chosen well. Both Jane and Toni were wearing similar casual outfits

I think you'll like the meeting," Jane gushed. "It's really helped me to adapt. And I found out that we've got a special guest tonight – one of the first transformed women in the city. She's been a girl for over five years now."

I grimaced. Five years as a girl? I hadn't even been one for five days and was already about to lose my mind. What would I be like after five years? I really didn't want to think about that.

Dr. Glazer met us at the door of the firm's executive offices. She had reserved a large conference room for us, and arranged for light refreshments. I helped myself to a glass of iced tea as she told us, "You're the first to arrive tonight. Toni, Dannie, I'm especially pleased you decided to join Jane tonight." She was dressed informally as we were, her blonde hair spilling loosely over the shoulders of her pink blouse, unlike the usual bun I had remembered.

"Thanks for having us, Dr. Glazer," I said.

She smiled. "Call me Becky. We're all on a first name basis here. No last names."

Just like AA, I thought to myself. Maybe we should call ourselves "WA" for Women Anonymous. Hi, I'm Dannie, and I've had a vagina for five days... Nah.

"How many will be here tonight?" Toni asked, noticing that extra chairs had been placed along

the wall behind the conference table and chairs.

“Probably thirty or so – maybe more,” Becky replied. “It’s a special occasion.”

“I told them about our guest,” Jane chimed in.

“So how many men have been transformed into women?” I asked. Thirty sounded like a lot. Becky’s answer stunned me.

“We don’t know for sure, but we’ve estimated the number to be more than five hundred.”

“Five hundred?” I gasped.

Becky’s smile faded. “I forgot you were so new at all this,” she said. “And yes, Dannie, I remember who you used to be. And I realize you’re all new to this. You have no idea what transformed us, do you?”

Sure I did. It was a big evil man named Mike. But, of course, I knew that wasn’t the answer she was looking for. So I shook my head.

Becky checked her watch. “It should be a few minutes before the rest of our members show up. I’ll try to explain. Have you ever heard of Zoroaster?”

I frowned. “Wasn’t he the leader of an ancient religion in the Middle East?”



“And yes, Dannie, I remember who you used to be..”

Becky smiled at me like a teacher complimenting a prize student. “Very good. Yes, you’re right. But did you know that the religion he founded is still alive today, with over two-hundred thousand followers? Plus, Zoroaster appears as a prophet in the Moslem faith, as well as several others.”

“So what does that have to do with our transformation?” Toni asked.

“You’ll learn more later,” Becky replied cryptically. “For now, let’s just say that in the Zoroasteran religion, there are creatures called Daevas. It translates as ‘wrong gods’ or ‘false gods.’ We would call them demons. We were all transformed by such a creature.”

“So demons from the hell of some ancient religion did all this to us?” I asked, the skepticism in my voice obvious.

“Not from hell,” Becky corrected. “They don’t exactly translate into our ideas of demons. But when you get a chance to speak with our special guest tonight, I think you’ll understand better.”

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