



Reluctant Press presents:

The Devil's Own



A Scott

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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The Devil's Own

By A. Scott

The Johnson House Anniversary

Duncan felt his addiction return as Desmond took over his body once more. The House never dies, he realized. The power lies in wait for the right moment to reassert itself. He was a puppet again, trapped, while the entity controlled his body.

"April, come into my office please," Duncan Abercrombie said.

"Yes, Mr. Abercrombie?"

"April, I am giving you the Johnson house to sell. I know it will be difficult. It's supposedly haunted and some say it's possessed by the Devil. Use any means at your Disposal. I know you can do it if you come up

with a plan. I am going to make it one of your priorities. Besides, I think you will learn to enjoy the side benefits of the transaction. They can be most stimulating."

"Duncan, you can't do this to me. Please, for the love of God, don't put me in charge of that house. It gives me nightmares. The house is evil and I don't want to be alone in it."

"I can understand your apprehension and your concern in this case, April, but we really need to get this house sold."

April felt tears form as she looked into his cold steel gray eyes and saw no remorse there. "I'll do it, Mr. Abercrombie."

"You may go now."

"I want her, Duncan," Desmond said, "you can't protect her. She will be mine. I want April North in my stable."

"April, you look very nice today. You should dress down more, it becomes you."

"Strange," April thought as she heard the words when she turned to leave.

Desmond/Duncan reached out and sent visions. Sexual depravity and violence were flooding her being, as he reached out and touched her.

April felt the electricity and she turned to see her boss sitting there with a smile on his face. The touch, what else could you call it, had evilness to it. Pictures and sounds flooding her head, pulling her toward them. They beckoned to her, pulling her closer

and closer. They were so real it was almost as if she were there, participating in their obscene and graphic nature.

They were composed of pure evil, directed at her. She could feel hands caress her body.

Duncan said nothing as she continued out of his office. She sought the safety of

her cubicle. It didn't help; the images crowded out all thought. It was a surreal experience that threatened to overpower her Christian beliefs.

Flushed, she removed her coat. She sat down at her desk, her head swam as she visions of sexual intercourse and deviant acts beckoned to her. She wanted to become one of those

tormented creatures. She relished the feelings and the emotions as they danced the macabre that seeped into her soul and clouded her mind. A flush overcame her body and invaded her. She felt a climax roll over her.

Lust took control of her emotions and physical needs. The house seemed to beckon to her. Slowly the experience faded away and she began to feel normal. Images registered in her brain and were taking root, becoming part of her very nature. Inside, she was fighting a battle against good and evil. She wanted her husband home so he could comfort her in her torment. She shivered at the thoughts and feeling that whoever sent them was attempting to control her, forcing her to do their bidding.

"Lord, I don't understand what is happening, but I ask you to intercede and give me peace and comfort." The entity knew he had a battle for this woman and her

soul. It would be one he would win. She would be his, body and soul.

Duncan's words played in her head. "You should dress down more, it becomes you." She was dressed in a conservative manner and was, if anything, overdressed for the office. She began to feel uncomfortable in her restricting clothes.

April left work early. She saw David's car parked outside. Rushing in, she found him sitting down, reading the paper. "David, what are you doing home?"

"I finished early and I had a feeling that something was wrong."

"You are a sight for sore eyes, and I do need you." Hugging him, she held on for dear life as she kissed him. "How long will you be here? Is everything OK?"

"I have another trip planned for Tuesday next week. I will be away for about two weeks, and everything is fine. I gather, though, that things have taken a turn for the worse on this end. Tell me about it."

"You must be clairvoyant, either that or the Good Lord knew I needed you home and He sent you to me. I was just assigned the Johnson House."

"That's a tall order, April. How much time did Duncan give you?"

"No specific deadline, but I got the feeling he wanted it done sooner than later. As I was leaving his office, I felt something touch me in an obscene way. It was as if he was trying to possess me. As I looked into Duncan's eyes, I saw someone very different behind them. He made a comment about how I looked and how I should dress down more often, which was strange because he's always praised my professional look.

“Duncan didn’t see to be his normal self. He was acting out of character, strange, even for him. He seemed more dominant and forceful. It was hard to resist anything he told me to do. I was drawn to him in a sexual way, as a slave serves her master.

“As I walked out of his office, I felt a dark force envelop me. It touched me and sent images to my brain that stimulated all my senses. They were evil and obscene. They enticed me to enjoy the lust and depravity they offered me.

“I looked back. He was smiling and I heard his words in my head. ‘Enjoy, April, absorb what I have given you. You are going to need it before we part.’

“Even now I feel something profound has altered me. I am different. I feel dirty and unclean, yet I look forward to the feelings of sexual gratification they offer. It was deep and profound. As they replayed in my head, they became part of me. I saw pictures and heard words that no Christian person should be exposed to.

“I know that Jesus is there, watching over me, keeping me safe. I still feel Duncan, or whatever is controlling him, is not through yet. I believe that I saw the devil today. He entered me, probing and fishing looking for any weakness or fault inside me.”

“I don’t know how you feel April. I wish I could help but I don’t know what to do in this case.”

“Hold me, please. I need to be loved and comforted, David.”

“How about going out to dinner as a start?”

“That would be great. Give me some time to change.

How about Andre’s?”

"I'll make the arrangements now."

As April went up the stairs, she started to feel funny. It was like she was drifting in a fog.

"This is strange," she thought as she entered her bedroom. "It's like I am not in control." Undressing, she searched for the right thing to wear.

April found a corset given to her by Aunt Betsy years ago. Naked, she placed it around her body and began to hook the clasps in the front. Slowly, it began to shape her body into an hourglass figure.

"Perfect," she thought. "Now for the rest of the clothes." She found her sexiest dress and hose, then applied her make up. Slipping on her tallest high heels, she walked downstairs.

"That's some outfit, April."

"I felt like dressing up tonight. I wanted to feel special."

"You look great. Is that a corset you're wearing?"

"Yes, I found it as I was looking the right thing to wear. It was as if I had no choice, my hands put it on and my body accepted it as normal attire. It does fit me quiet well, don't you think?"

"It does something for you April that's for a fact. I'm not even sure you should go out tonight dressed like that, but we don't have time for you to change right now."

April looked at David and said, "Are you jealous, David?"

"Yes and no. I don't want to share you with anyone else. The way you are dressed, every man in their right mind would be wanting you."

As they entered Andre's, April felt all eyes on her. For some reason, she wanted to show off her body for all to see. That was the exact opposite of her normal behavior. Smiling at her husband, she took his hand and lead him to their table.

David asked, "Are you hungry, April?"

April said, "Of course, lover."

The waiter asked if they would like something to drink.

David said, "Iced tea,"

April said, "I'll have a Scotch on the rocks."

"You don't drink, when did you start?"

"I just felt like it, lover. I feel a little wild. It sort of goes with my new look. Shall we order?"

"I find your behavior very strange, April. Perhaps you were right, something did happen to you today. You are hard to resist, you know, and tonight you are even stronger."

"Oh goody, here comes our food. Let's eat."

A few minutes later, April blurted, "Let's dance, David."

"You know I don't dance, and neither do you."

"I do tonight, spoil sport, you're nothing but a party pooper." With that, she moved to the dance floor.

"Lord, I don't know what's gotten into April tonight," David thought. He watched as she found three people dancing and fitted right in with them. She was acting in a wanton way. Men and women touched. It was indecent.

April felt the warm bodies close to her. Their heat saturated her skin and her sweat poured off her. Satisfied, she returned to the table. As the waiter came by, she got his attention. "May I have another drink please, the same. That was fun, you don't know what you are missing."

After she finished her drink, she looked up at David.

"Are you ready to go home?"

"Yes, I am. By the way, my dear man, I am telling you right now that I have big plans for you when we get home."

David felt relieved that he had removed April from the restaurant. Now to get her home in one piece. April was touching him everywhere and it was driving him crazy. It was all he could do to control himself. "April, slow down for Heaven's sake. What's

wrong with you?"

"Nothing that you can't cure, my dear husband. Let's just get home, OK."

Entering the house, April grabbed his tie and said, "Come to bed, dear."

Hours later, April lay naked next to her husband and looked at his flaccid cock. Reaching over, she played with it. She took it into her mouth until it exploded in her mouth. She then rode it until David came in her for the seventh time tonight.

"April, have a heart, I'm exhausted." She curled up next to him and fell asleep.

When April awoke, her head hurt and her body felt like it had been run over. Naked, she reached over to her husband.

"Not now, April, forget it."

"David, what's wrong?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her. She looked tired and worn out. "Are you finally through?"

"What do you mean?"

"Last night you dressed and acted like a whore. You tried to drink yourself into oblivion. You danced and if I had let you, would have made love to at least two men, and maybe their dates. When we got home, you pulled me up stairs and made love like a demon. You would not leave me alone all night long. You were insatiable. You were driven and you would not stop."

"I would never do that. It goes against my Christian principles."

"Well you did, my dear April. It was like you were possessed and you should be ashamed of yourself."

"I don't remember any of that. Matter of fact, the last thing I remember is going up the stairs yesterday. The rest of the time is a blank."

"Go to sleep, dear. We'll sort out what happened after I get back from the office. Are you going to work today?"

"Yes. I'll see you later, dear. Have a blessed day."

April slept for a few more hours and woke up with a start. She could have sworn that someone, or something was in the room with her. Looking around, she saw no one and proceeded to get ready for work.

She spent an extraordinary time on her make up. She looked at the marks on her body. She noticed a tattoo on her right breast. It was in bright red and said, "The Devils Bitch." Her breasts seemed to be bigger

this morning and more tender. Touching the tattoo, she went over to select her clothes.

Someone had laid out the clothes she was to wear today. Her body betrayed her as it put on the cursed corset. It fit tight, but not too tight. She put on her shortest skirt and red blouse. She put on the red hose and some shoes she didn't know she had.

Desmond was proud of his work so far. She was unaware of just how deep he had gone in the last ten hours. She was almost as easy as the man Duncan.

As she walked down the stairs and prepared to leave the house, she looked at herself in the mirror. She like what she saw. Her hair now was colored red and her image shouted 'sexy'. "When did I dye my hair red," she wondered as she ran her fingers through it.

Duncan saw April walk in to work and smiled and knew that Desmond was working on her.

Karen watched as April pass by and said, "April, is anything wrong?"

"Not to my knowledge, Karen, why do you ask?"

"Have you looked at yourself in the mirror today?"

"Yes, I did. I took special care to look my best today."

"I'm your friend, April. You look like a slut. What were you thinking this morning when you were dressing?"

"Nothing, Karen. The clothes were laid out as if someone wanted me to put them on. David said I acted strange last night. I haven't felt right ever since Duncan gave me the Johnson House to sell yesterday.

"He what?"

“He wants to sell the House again, even after what happened with the Browns.”

Duncan called April to his office. “Excuse me, Karen. Thank you for listening to me.”

“Yes, Mr. Abercrombie.”

“You took my advice and dressed down April. How do you feel, April?”

“Feel?”

“Come over here, April.”

April moved to the other side of the desk. She looked down at his groin and said, “I feel hungry Duncan, may I service you? I am feeling kind of horny right now.”

The House was in charge and she had no control over her life or body. Sex is what she wanted and he would oblige her.

She moved quickly to Duncan and unzipped his pants. Taking the limp object in her mouth, she nursed it to its proper size. Looking up into the violet eyes, she knew they were not Duncan’s’. Desmond thrived on this attention. April could not control herself.

She had to have this man. It was her duty, an obligation. He ejaculated in her mouth and she swallowed the enormous amount.

Still unsatisfied, she placed her pussy on his pole and rode it until he came inside her once more.

Desmond/Duncan said, “April, you have outdone yourself today. I like what you have done with your hair. Sort of a red, isn’t it? Your clothes seem to fit your new personality. I realize that we could do this all day,

but this is an office and we do have work to do, so off you go."

Making herself presentable, she turned to leave.

"Oh April, what do you think of your new tattoo?"

She looked at her breasts and thought about her answer for a minute. "You're not Duncan. What should I call you?"

"You can call me Desmond or Master, either will do, April. You have the rest of the day off, my dear, enjoy it. When you leave here, you will forget what we have done, you will remember the hunger and the need. You need to touch up your lipstick, dear."

"Yes, Master."

As April left his office, she looked in the mirror at the end of the hall. All of a sudden, her confidence took a drop. She saw that the miniskirt rode up her thighs and exposed her pussy. She realized that she was almost naked.

"Karen, I need go home I'll see you later." Why was she dressed like this and what happened?

"It's about time you woke up, girl. By the way, what did Duncan want to see you about?"

April could not remember what had taken place in his office but much of it was like a dream, horrid pictures and her doing the unthinkable. "I think we talked about the Johnson house, that's all."

Rushing home, April scrubbed her self clean and saw that she was now a redhead. Somehow in the last twenty-four hours she had been changed. Then she saw the tattoo. She touched it and felt special for an instant. Then she felt filthy when she looked at it. She

could not throw the corset away. She stored it away for now.

David came home early and asked "How did your day go?"

"It started off all wrong. I put the wrong clothes on and I looked like a slut. I didn't even care, David. It was like I was proud of how I looked. Karen tried to tell me what I looked like but I couldn't see what she saw. She told me I went in to see Duncan for a long time. I don't remember what happened in there, David. I woke up looking at myself in the office mirror. I saw what I had become. I looked like a whore, David. I allowed myself to go out in public almost naked. I now have a tattoo on my right breast. It's big and red.

"From what you told me about how I acted like last night and what I

did today, I feel cursed. I am not really sure of who I am from one moment to another."

All David could do was listen to his wife talk about her transformation from a housewife and Realtor to prostitute overnight.

As she was talking, she could feel a change taking place. The Entity was coming closer. She realized that only Jesus could save her now. April prayed fervently. "Jesus, you led the Hebrews out of Egypt and you allowed them to cross the Red Sea on dry land. If you could do that for your chosen people, you can open a door and let me escape the devil in this place."

Just then a loud scream issued from the room, a door closed and she was allowed to escape the devil's trap. She felt at peace for the first time in hours.

Desmond wailed as the opening to April slammed shut with a bang and he was alone on the outside, suffering from the rebuke her God had dealt him.

She thanked Jesus for hearing her prayers. Her belief in Christ had saved her from a fate the house had in store for her. From the images received in the office, the previous night's activities, not to mention her behavior at work today. She realized that she could have been consigned to a living hell on this Earth.

She could not imagine living such a life. The effects upon her marriage and her family would have been detrimental. This had never happened before and the house felt the pain of being violated. This person had accessed God and he had given army of angels the task of rescuing April North from the devil's grasp.

April realized that the Lord had rescued her from imminent harm and the house had lost perhaps the first victim in its memory. She decided to use the media to sell her house. Thanking the Lord for answered prayer, she set about to create a market for her house.

After all April had been through, Desmond was still not finished with her. She wanted to think that she could return to her normal existence and pick up where she left off. She had been damaged and her very nature had been altered.

"David, I think He's gone. It feels different. All I can feel is Christ right now. He drove the Demon away. Thank you for being here with me, it gave me hope."

"You're welcome, glad to be of service."

"Thank you for standing by me when I was acting like a whore. You don't know it that felt like as I acted out what Desmond wanted me to do. I had no control, all I wanted to do was carry out his wishes and orders.

It was a pleasure to serve him and that was all I wanted to do.”

“You could have knocked me over with a feather last night at dinner. You demanded and received everything you wanted. It was as if we had no choice in it.”

“It’s late. Do you want to try Sam’s for dinner?”

“That sounds like an excellent idea.”

“Do you think you should cover up a bit before we leave? That Tee and the corset leave little to the imagination, don’t you think?”

“I suppose I have become sort of attached to the corset for some reason. It’s like part of me now. Let me go upstairs and I’ll get a top to cover it up.”

Searching for the right top, April realized her makeup was all wrong so she sat down and redid it to match the night. Brushing her beautiful red hair she created the perfect style for tonight.

“Maybe Debbie has something I can wear,” she thought. Going into her daughter’s bedroom, she rummaged through her tops, “Perfect,” she thought. Looking in the mirror, she appraised herself. The sheer red shirt and her medium-length skirt was a perfect match for her high heels.

Back downstairs, she saw the look on David’s face. “Too much?” she said.

“We’re just going to Sam’s, not the Bistro, April. Did you look closely at your makeup?”

“Yes.” She looked again in the mirror. She was shocked when she saw her face, not to mention her clothes. She looked like she was going for a stroll on 2nd

Street. Except for the longer skirt, she would have fit in perfectly with the hookers and their pimps.

“Let’s not go out then. I’ll cook something her and we can have a quiet night together.”

“I think that’s a good idea, Mrs. North,” he said, smiling back at her.”

Later that night, April undressed and put on her prettiest nightgown and came to bed. Looking at her husband, she felt horny again. “David, I feel the need for making love again. Do you feel up to it once more?”

“Sure I guess, now that I know that our whole world has shifted and changed. There is nothing I can do to change that, but I will always love you no matter what. When I married you, it was for better or worse, till death do us part. I think that includes changing sexually. Now come to bed before I change my mind, you succubus.”

Part of her cried out in horror as she slipped off her nightgown. Her new tattoo seemed to be burning deeper into her soul. Slipping into a trance, David pleased her. They made passionate love.

She awoke to an empty house. David went to work early. He left a note on his pillow. “Sorry to leave so soon. Thank you for last night, and no, it was perfect. Maybe in about one hundred years I’ll get used to it, Love David.”

April smiled and looked down at her breasts. They looked even bigger than yesterday. It must be her imagination. Showering, taking special care to make sure she was clean all over, she douched her pussy and anus. “Where did I get that thing? I don’t even own one of those. “ Yet there it was in her shower stall.

Desmond smiled as he watched as she prepared for her day. Her God did not say he couldn't watch her, or play tricks on her to trip her up. While he no longer had control of her body, His previous commands and instructions were still in effect and by all indications, she was progressing well. By the end of the month, her breasts should be two sizes larger.

She needed to go shopping and soon, she said to her herself as she looked for clothes to wear to work. With the corset in place, she decided panties were not in order. Again she went to Debbie's room and borrowed one of her miniskirts and tops.

When she got work she presented herself to Karen for dress code inspection. She looked her over.

"Well, it's an improvement over yesterday, April. Dipping into your daughter's clothes, I see.

"What's she going to think when she gets back from San Francisco?"

"I hope she'll understand. I need to go shopping today. Care to go with me and be my chaperone? I have some ideas I need to run through with Duncan this morning. I think I know how to sell the Johnson House. See you later, love"

She called his office to request a meeting later on. "Mr Abercrombie, do you have some time this morning I have an idea that just might work to sell the Johnson House."

"Of course, April. I'll see you in about a half-hour."

For some reason, April used that time to do her nails. When she was done, she had created talons of a deep red. It matched her lipstick and hair. Checking her mirror, she saw a glint in her eye. It almost looked like a red hue in her eye color.

“Thank you for seeing me so soon, Mr. Abercrombie.”

“My privilege, April. You look very nice today. I like the way the corset accents your body. Mr. Jordan at the bank made comment last night about your attire the previous evening when you were having dinner with your husband. He thought it did wonders for your professional career. When did you start drinking?”

“I don’t know, Duncan. It struck me that I wanted to do it, and I like the way it tends to exaggerate my virtues. I can’t seem to do without it these days.

“Would you like a drink, April? I’ll join you.”

“I think I would. Make mine a double, please.”

“Here you go. Now, what are your ideas?”

“I want to do a video expose on the house and spread it on the web for all to see. It is going to take a special person to be interested in this house. It will be a fishing expedition, but all I need is the right person to take the bait.”

“You took my advice and dressed down April. How do you feel?”

“May I have another one please?”

“Of course, my dear. I like the idea, April. Use what ever you need to get the job done and keep me posted about your progress. How do you feel, April?”

“Feel, Duncan?” The trigger words made her mind go blank

“Come over here, April.”

April moved to the other side of the desk. She looked down at his groin and said, “I feel hungry, Duncan. May I service you?”

The controls the House had imparted took control. She was on automatic. Sex is what she wanted and he would oblige her.

She moved quickly to Duncan and unzipped his pants. Taking the limp object in her mouth, she nursed it to its proper size. This time it wasn't Desmond, Looking up into Duncan's eyes, she knew that she had to have this man. It was her duty, an obligation. He ejaculated in her mouth and she swallowed the enormous amount.

Bending over his desk, he had his way with her until both were satisfied.

"Please Duncan, in my pussy, please." She was carried away on waves of passion as he came inside her once more.

Duncan said, "April, you have outdone yourself today. I like what you have done with your hair. Sort of a red, isn't it?"

"It's all natural Duncan. I don't know how or why but I am now a redhead. I seem to be repeating myself, but we could do this all day."

"This is an office and we do have work to do, so off you go."

Making herself presentable, she turned to leave.

"Oh April, showing off your new tattoo?"

She looked down at her breasts and was surprised to see her blouse off and the Devil's Bitch tat clearly visible. Searching for an answer she said for the second time in two days, "I guess I am living up to its promises aren't I, Duncan? Should I call you Master, Duncan?"

“No April, I am not your master, I am a slave just like you are. I am sorry but Desmond controlled me this morning. He could not be present at your sexual exploitation, not after what happened to him yesterday.

“You will be safe from the House and Desmond. They will even help you with the special effects, if you know what I mean.

“When you leave the room, you will remember only that we talked about your plans to sell the house. You will have flashbacks of what we did together, but they will be like a dream half-remembered. You will feel refreshed and invigorated. Now put your blouse on and look presentable for the public.”

Duncan hated himself for what he had done as she left.

April grasped the door handle, turned it and said for all to hear, “Thank you for your help with this project. It was most helpful.”

Duncan said in a professional voice, “It was my pleasure, April, anytime.”

Once more, April looked in the mirror at the end of the hall as she left his office. Her confidence climbed as she looked at the total picture. She heard Karen say, “You were in there a long time. Is everything OK?”

“Things couldn’t be better. He was giving some tips on how to present the house in its most favorable light. We were going shopping later, are we still on for it?”

“Yes, as soon as I clean up a few things here. Be ready about 2:00, April.”

Returning to her office, April felt flushed as she made the list of materials she would need to buy to do

her video presentation. Her shirt rode up, exposing her pussy. She looked at it and wondered why she hadn't worn panties today. She realized that she was naked, but today it didn't bother her as much.

April and Karen fought and battled over each purchase. April's inner nature had been turned upside-down. Even as Karen battled with her, she knew that she could trust her judgment.

Karen let April have her way with her underwear. She had to admit that she had a great body and she had the right to show it off. Her job was to keep the outer clothing as civil as possible.

After four hours and ten yelling matches, they walked the mall, still friends. April said, "Thank you for keeping me honest. I don't understand what is going on and yet I know what I want. It's as if I am two people fighting over one body."

"You're welcome, friend. At least you won't look like the local hooker when you come to work. You might try to tone down the makeup though; it makes you stand out."

"You're rather late," David said as she walked in the door.

"I've been shopping, dear husband, and you don't do that quickly."

"I suppose I deserve that, sorry. What did you buy?"

"Well, let's see, four work outfits, three for home and recreation, some new underwear, and three new pairs of shoes."

"Is the dress you're wearing new?"

“Yes, I liked the way it hung on me, and Karen said it wasn’t too sexy to wear out in public.”

“Why was Karen with you?”

“She was my clothes coach today. For what ever reason, I have been irresponsible of late when it come to the clothes I want to put on my body. She went along to keep me on the straight and narrow. By myself, I would have gone off the deep end today.

“She is a true friend, David. I can trust her when I can’t trust the image in the mirror. I made a fool of myself at work these last two days. I’m like a drug addict, I am living in my own little world. It is only the Good Lord and his infinite wisdom that is keeping me afloat, David. Can you understand that? I am going crazy and I don’t know why. Ever since last Monday when Duncan assigned that house to me, my life has been screwed up. You are my witness. I am being turned in to a whore, or at least a slut. I am not all there when it comes to common sense, or my social life. For God’s sake, I douched this morning and I have never in my life done that before.”

“You what?”

“Douched. That’s where you wash out those areas you have sexual contact with. I did it in my pussy, pardon me, vagina, and my colon. It seemed so natural, it even came with my favorite flavor. When I used it, warmed me up and made me horny. You can try it to-night if you want.”

“I think I’ll pass. Some other time. I brought home Chinese. Hungry?”

“Famished, lets eat.”

“April, I have a friend in the police department that I trust. If it’s OK, I’d like your permission to contact

him for some help. He's a special person. He was the Lead Detective on the Brown case. you know what a mess that was."

"I don't see why not, if it leads back to the Johnson House. I am at wit's end."

"Good, let's finish up and go to bed. I want to make love to my wife."

"That's the best offer I've heard tonight. Let's go."

It had been years and even now Donald Lightener kept the Brown case open. Strange he would think about that case just now.

David found what he was looking for and called Don. Don's phone rang. "Early," he thought.

"Hello Don, this is David."

"How are you, old friend? It's been a long time. I hope this is a friendly call, and not the call I think it is."

"I need your help and advice, Don. You worked on the Brown Case and that involved the Johnson House, did it not?"

"Yes, it did. The Johnson House was a big factor in that disappearance, I think. But officially it could not be linked to Professor Brown and his family. Too much internal politics, I guess. Anyway, what does that have to do with your problem?"

"My wife, April North works for the real-estate office of Dominick and Douglas. Duncan Abercrombie assigned April the task of selling the Johnson House last week. She has had reoccurring wild mood swings and she's been exhibiting abnormal behavior. It's almost as if she has been possessed by an evil force."

“Strange you should say that. Emmett Brown had the same complaint about his wife and daughters when we picked up their girls for prostitution. The detectives thought he was crazy at the time, but in light of what happened to them, it would make sense.”

“Can you help me?”

“If I can’t right now, I know someone who can. By the way you mentioned the name ‘Duncan Abercrombie’. If I recall, he was the realtor who sold the property to the Brown family back in ’96. If he is involved in this, your wife had better be very careful. We had several complaints about him and his wife before the sale. It seems their behavior changed radically almost overnight after taking on the Johnson House. Sound familiar?”

“I see what you mean. It is too much of a coincidence, but what can we do about it?”

“Let’s see what my friend Amy Whitehead has to say about this case. She just might have an answer for you and April.”

“Mind if I tag along on this one, old friend, an interested observer so to speak.”

“I think April would feel more comfortable in numbers on this, Don. Where and when?”

“I’ll get back to you today. Whatever I do on this, it is going to be on my own time.”

April woke up and showered. Looking at herself, she noticed that her waist was noticeably smaller. For some reason, that pleased her.

“I don’t like to be in a state of limbo,” she thought as she brushed her hair to a high luster. Her hair seemed longer today, fuller. It reached the middle of

her back. She found that she did not mind being naked as much now. It seemed to be a natural state for her, much better than wearing clothes.

Putting on the pink corset, she noticed that it was a little loose. "I'll need to adjust it later." She decided to wear her jeans to work today with the red shirt. She applied her makeup and changed her earrings to the dangles. Putting her high heels on, she went downstairs.

David thought she looked like Dolly Parton. Maybe she was right, her breasts *were* getting bigger.

"The corset seems to make them even more pronounced. Why has she started to wear those things? She seems to be fixated on her body and how it looks," he thought

"April."

Surprised, she looked up.

"I was able to get some help. Don has a friend who works with the paranormal and he thinks that she will also assist us."

"Thank God, David. When?"

"Don will let us know."

He was amazed at how much she sounded like his wife when she spoke, but when he looked, he could see her morphing, changing in many little ways. "God, I ask for your intercession for my April. She's under attack and she doesn't know it. Help her, please."

"Why do you look so sad, David? I thought you would be happy we are getting some help."

"I am, April. To be honest with you, it is you I am worried about. You are changing before my eyes. Each

day something has altered your body, and, for all I know, your mind."

"This morning, I noticed several things different about me. My hair, my boobs, my attitude toward being naked, and the need to get my waist even smaller. I never considered these things to be important and now they take all my time to get them perfect. I see the changes, David, I am adapting as they occur. I have become comfortable showing off my body."

David's phone rang, "Hello?" Pause. "It's Don," David said. "3 PM, the Burger King on Fifth and Main. We'll be there, thank you for your help." He hung up the phone. "April, do you have to go into work today?"

"Not really, I can do most of it from home. I need to drive by the property anyway. I haven't seen it for at least ten years. Pick me up at 2 PM, I'll be waiting.

"I'll see you later then. Love you."

April started to work on her list when the phone rang. "Hello"" she said. "Oh Duncan, I was meaning to call you. I was going to work from home today, pick up the video equipment and run by the Johnson house.

"Are you feeling well, April?"

She felt her mind go blank as she waited for direction.

"I need you to get dressed up and meet me at 1400 South 2nd as soon as you can. Do you understand?"

"Yes Duncan, I do understand."

"Good, wear your prettiest and shortest skirt."

Hanging up the phone she went on automatic; rushing up the stairs, she did as she was ordered. She selected the one-piece red dress and hose. She wore no

panties for this visit. She checked her makeup and walked out of the house.

She pulled up to a nondescript building surrounded by rundown store fronts. Walking up to the door, she knocked and someone said, "Come in."

"You must be April. Duncan wasn't lying, you are a beauty. My name is Mr. Smith and he said I could use you this morning."

"How may I serve you, Mr. Smith?"

Taking her by the hand, he took her to an ornate bedroom. "Take off your clothes, April."

April quickly removed her clothes and stood there. "The corset too, Missy."

Naked, she waited. "Make love to me, April." As the cameras ran, they recorded her making love to this total stranger. It showed her enjoying being taken from the rear and giving him a blow job that he would never forget.

Duncan watched as April performed like the pro she was. He was proud of her and knew that Desmond had trained her well.

Her phone rang and April got off the bed and answered it. "Hello?" she said.

Duncan said, "April, the video equipment is in your car. You spent all morning shopping and your feet hurt. Give Mr. Smith another blow job and then ask him to help you with your corset. Get dressed, repair your makeup, and go home. You went shopping, April, but you will dream of the sex each night."

April arrived home, foot sore and tired. Going upstairs, she removed her clothes and took a shower. Re-

membering to douche, she used the special powder Desmond had left just for today.

The chemical flooded her body she lay on her bed, lost in his words with his pictures already in her head. Beside her bed, she found a necklace with a small penis and balls.

Desmond looked on as she picked it up and it began to grow larger and larger in her hands.

April inserted the phallus into her pussy where it took on a life of its own. It was as if someone was making love to her over and over. She felt it orgasm and flood her with its semen. She lay there inert until she heard her husband come in.

“April, are you ready?”

“Just a minute, David. I’ll be right out.”

She removed the charm from her pussy. Licking it clean, she placed it around her neck and felt its warmth between her breasts. Putting her corset on, she noticed it was much tighter. She then put her jeans on and blouse. After checking her makeup and freshening her lipstick, she put her shoes on and walked downstairs.

“I guess I fell asleep, David. Shall we go?”

He looked concerned, she seemed frazzled and disjointed. There wasn’t time to worry about that now. Something major had happened to her today. Maybe Don would be able to help her.

“Hello.”

“Amy, this is Donald Lightener.”

“How are you, Don?”

"I'm fine. I have a friend who has a problem and it falls into your area of expertise. There is a direct tie in to the Kendal Brown Case and the Johnson House. Interested?"

"Does the sun rise in the east? Of course I'm interested.

"When are you free?"

"How about 3PM at the Burger King next to your office?"

"Sounds good, Donald, see you and your friends then."

David's phone rang. "Hello?"

"David, I have Amy free at 2 PM at the Burger King at Fifth and Elm. I will meet you and April there."

Don and Amy watched as the couple walked through the doors. David was nondescript, while April radiated confidence and power. Her clothes appeared normal, but if you looked closely, she looked like she was stuffed into them. This was not the April North

Donald saw six years ago when they returned from the Army.

April looked and acted like an addict. It didn't matter what she said, she was lost in her own little world. She sat down and introduced herself as April North.

Donald said, "Nice to see you again, it's been a long time."

She looked at him and tried to place him.

"Sorry, I was in your husbands unit six years ago. We never met formally, but David showed off your picture every chance he got. So I think I got to know

you from afar. David, you haven't changed a bit. Nice to see you."

"April, my office is just around the corner. Would you mind if we went there?" It would be more comfortable and private."

"Sure, anything to figure out what is going on with me."

"Can I ask you a question, April? When did you start wearing a corset?"

"I guess last Friday night when we went out to dinner. That was the start of our problems. I made an utter fool of myself that night, so David says. I remember nothing of it except the sex which was excellent. I didn't even know I had the dumb thing until then. There it was, begging to be put on and worn."

"Prior to that night, had you ever thought about wearing a corset?"

"Absolutely not, I hate it with a passion. I don't like what is doing to my body and it's uncomfortable."

"Yet you are wearing it and appear comfortable, if not proud you can wear one."

"Yes, that appears to be true on the outside. Matter of fact, my body is demanding that I wear it. It craves the structure and support it gives me."

"Why don't you stop wearing it?"

"I can't stop. My mind and body won't let me. I go through withdrawal each time I remove it. It's like part of my body now."

Seated on the circular sofas, Amy asked if everyone was comfortable. She said, "I am not sure Donald or I can help you, but we will do our best to unravel what

is going on in your life and, if possible, stop the damage or reverse it some respects. All activities are video taped for research and our own protection."

"April I am going to ask you some questions. Please answer them as fully as you can."

"OK."

"I notice you are wearing a necklace, April. When did you get it?"

"I don't remember, I guess today."

"May I look at it?"

"Sure." Removing the heavy gold chain from around her neck, she handed it to Amy.

"It's quite heavy. What's this hanging from it?"

"A big chunk of gold, I guess. I really haven't looked closely at it."

"May I keep it to do some research on it? I'll give it back later?"

"Of course, it means nothing to me. Besides it was getting rather warm next to my skin."

"Was it uncomfortable?"

"No, but..."

"But what? It's like my corset. It was beginning to work its way into my system. giving me energy and stamina for something."

As Amy held the obscene object in her hand, it throbbed as if it had a pulse. It was warm to the touch and acted as if it had a life of its own.

"When did your problems begin?"

"Last Monday when Duncan assigned me to the Johnson House."

“What happened then?”

“He had an odd look on his face, almost like he wasn’t there, but he was. His eyes had an odd look to them, sort of a red ting. As I was leaving his office, I felt like I was being attacked by pictures and obscene words telling me things to do, say, and act.”

“How has this affected your job and your personal life?”

“My energies are being diverted. More and more time and effort is going into how I look and the clothes I am wearing. I keep looking for ways to entice my husband to make love to me. There are times that I don’t know where I have been, or what I have done. Like last Monday night, my husband told me what I did, but I remember nothing of that event.

The day before yesterday I went to work dressed as a prostitute, or worse. I didn’t even care I thought I looked fantastic. I guess Duncan did too because I was in his office for over two hours.”

“How are you feeling now, April?”

They watched as her eyes became vacant, as if there was no one there. she looked like she was waiting for someone, or something to tell her what to do.

“April, who are you?”

“I am my master’s sexual slave. I will do anything he tells me to do without question.”

“Tell me about the necklace.”

“It is a gift from Desmond. One he give to all his disciplines. It give pleasure and allows me to pleasure others. I too can have a cock and fuck like a man.

“When did you get it, April?”

"This afternoon after I got home from Mr. Smith's apartment and took my shower and douched. It was on my nightstand."

"Where did you go this morning?"

"I got a call from Duncan to go to 1400 2nd street and to dress pretty for this date."

"Is Duncan your master?"

"No, he is in control of me. Desmond controls both of us, but I am programmed to respond to any one who says, 'How are you feeling, April?' I cannot refuse anyone while I am under this spell. That is why I am answering your questions now."

"What did he tell you to do, April?"

"I was telling him about my plans when he spoke those words. He told me to go to 1400 2nd street and knock. I was to do anything the person there wanted. He said I was to pleasure him and make love to him.

"Does that mean give him a blow job?"

"Yes. He also buggered me."

"What happened next?"

"I got a phone call. I had to walk to where my purse was and answer it. To do so, I had to walk over my John. It was Duncan on the phone. He told me to give Mr. Smith the best blow job I could and go home.

"When I left the address, I was to remember only the fact that I had been shopping all morning for video equipment. My feet would be hurting and I would be tired of shopping. He had already put the equipment in my car. As I drove home, all I could think about was

the shopping I had done and how happy it would be to rest my aching feet.

“What happened in your meeting with Duncan?”

“I had a sudden hunger for semen and he was the only source. Besides, I was programmed to allow him to use my body. If you wanted me to make love to you, I would be happy to do so, Amy.”

“April, when I count to ten you will only remember the good things that happened to you in the last three days. Desmond will no longer be part of your existence. The events of the last three days will seem like a distant memory. You will be able to access them, but they will no longer hurt, or influence you. You will be able to sell the house and the inhalants will not affect you.

“You will reject the messages the Desmond sent you, and the pictures and obscene words will be part of your nightmare. They are not real, and can’t hurt you. You will be at peace with yourself when and if you are confronted about these events. They are part of your past and Jesus will forgive of any sins you may have committed while you were sick.

“You will never wear a corset again. You will enjoy sex with your husband, even more now he will be your sole comfort. You will no longer crave to wear the sexy clothes; at the same time you will be proud of your body, so you can wear any clothes you wish. You will be able to return to your normal life. No longer will you respond to ‘April how are you feeling’? It will only be a question from now on.

“One, two, three, four, five, six. You are returning to normal, April. Seven, eight, nine, ten. Wake up, April.”

April looked out upon a whole new world.

"Why is everyone looking at me?" April said.
"Have I done something wrong?"

"On the contrary, my dear April, we were just talking about your rapid recovery. How do you feel?"

"I remember being told I was being assigned the Johnson House to sell and I have spent the last three days trying to figure out a sales plan. Duncan has already approved it and I am good to go. I also know I like my red hair, David. Thank you all for helping me escape my nightmare.

"Amy, I don't know the extent of what you did today, but if the ghosts of the last three days are any indication I have been through, you and the Lord raised the dead today."

Selling the House

After doing a walk through of the Johnson House, April watched the still and video. Her commentary started when she entered the wrought iron gate bearing the image of the captain's schooner. Then they drove down the back country road that twisted and turned among the pines that comprised the driveway to the house. This formed a tunnel that opened up to a well manicured lawn and garden which framed a magnificent mansion.

"Composed of 120 acres of pristine woods, streams greet the visitor to this palatial estate. The Johnson House is in excellent condition and has been modernized over the last forty years. The house is haunted and has a reputation for extreme behavior toward individuals who would invade its domain. This property is not

for the faint of heart, or those who tend to disregard the supernatural as a fable," the commentary said.

As she watched, they were walking up the walkway to the front door. The picture focused on the door knocker. April shuddered, thankful that she did not have to use the obscene object.

The door opened on its own and they were in the Foyer. "The house has a cold feel to it no matter what room you are in."

She felt comfortable as if she belonged there, even though it had a chilly feel to it.

"The living room is modern, yet an evil presence seems to have occupied its civilized façade."

The video panned a painting placed over the mantle which seemed to be alive. She was sickened at the sexual content, but at the same time, she was drawn into it.

"The house exudes an energy hard to explain to the average person. As soon as you enter the House, you will be able to feel the evil nature and the powerful forces at work in the house."

April realized the video was compelling and seductive, inviting them in with each frame. The shutters opened with an a loud noise. It startled her even now, and the light flooded the House. The video now moved to the library and showed books moving from the shelf to the table and chair. It showed the figure of a man reading a book framed by the fire in the fireplace. He turned and looked at her and said, "April beware, you escaped us once but you won't be so lucky next time."

The shadows seemed to hover just above the floor of the master bedroom, creating the illusion of some half-formed person standing there. It appeared to be a

red headed woman looking at her. It walked toward the viewer and slowly faded away into nothing.

As she was getting ready to leave, she heard the radio come on and a broadcast about 1929 stock market emerged from the speakers, then abruptly turned itself off.

“Duncan this is what I have come up with to sell the house. I think it is unique. It just might do the trick. Now all we need is the national exposure.”

“Let’s try it out, April. You might be right.”

The Investigation

A tall black woman in a SUV pulled up and six individuals got out. She walked into the office and asked for April North.

“It’s nice to see you in person. Everything is ready for your stay. Do be careful, please. I can’t over-emphasize the need for caution when you are working in the house and surrounding structures.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is April North and we have her to thank for this journey into the unknown. She wants to make sure that we know what we are getting into. We are a seasoned crew up for anything.

“April, I would like to get an early start in setting up the house with our equipment, so if you can lead the way we would greatly appreciate it.” The house had been isolated one hundred years ago, but now it was only ten miles out of town.

Standing on the sidewalk, April asked, “Any questions before we go in?”

Adrianna asked, “Was the house really haunted?”

April replied, "The house was not only haunted in the traditional sense, but it seemed to be possessed by an evil incarnate. You are all free to use the research I have collected on the house for the story, if you wish."

A young woman named Angie looked at the house, asking, "Does it really hate females?"

April responded by saying, "It did not hate females. Matter of fact, it cherished the female sex. It gave women delight so it could exploit their weaknesses. It looked for those individuals that it could control.

"Be careful in there, it has many pitfalls and traps. It is a cunning entity that controls this house and all who dare to enter it, or attempt to live in it. Do not underestimate its power. It will corrupt and destroy the lives of everyone no matter how strong they think they are. It is very dangerous and should not be taken lightly. No more questions." She proceeded to unlock the door and gave Ruth a key. Someone saw the door knocker and made a comment about it.

April said, "As far as she knew, it was the most profane object she had ever seen. The house has no door bell and touching it gave one goosebumps."

Duryea scoffed at the idea. "What rubbish that something as common as a door-knocker could be possessed." The redhead looked at April with a look of disbelief in anything supernatural.

"You are free to challenge the House, Ms...", April said.

"Duryea. Duryea Robertson, Investigative Reporter, I have been with the newspaper for the last three years and I have yet to see anything that I could not explain or disprove. That includes your belief in God, Jesus Christ, and the Devil."

“Well,” April answered, “As I said, you are free to prove, or disprove what I told you if you wish, but I will warn you with your attitude, the House will find you interesting and will test your belief system to its fullest. Be prepared to be tested, Ms. Duryea.”

Duryea, taking the door knocker in her hand, prepared to announce their presence to the House. The first thing she felt was a warm comforting feeling run through her body. Next thing was a sexual rush that caused her shiver. And the last experience was one of welcome calm as sexual fervor invaded her being.

Striking the door three times, she felt its power flow through her. “You maybe right, April,” she said, breathing hard, “I apologize for my dogmatic attitude. “Perhaps there is more in Heaven or Hell than I have been led to expect.”

The House watched as the nine individuals walked up the sidewalk. April North was not a fool, nor was she a coward. She had been tested and proved herself a worthy adversary.

The questions being asked showed ignorance which thrilled the Entity. April’s answers were correct and filled with a knowledge far beyond her years. She had bested them and walked away proud and vindicated in her belief in her God.

The redhead sprit, Abigail, said, “That Duryea had qualities which I could really enjoy exploring while they are here. I felt her hot blooded sexual nature as she tried to prove her invulnerability when she grasped its cock. She tastes good. She would make a fine catch, Desmond.”

The residents watched as April opened the door and the nine individuals entered the foyer.

April had caused them much pain and suffering when she escaped them. Her Lord protected her. Someday she would slip and they would get their revenge. Even now they could see their influence on her appearance and demeanor. They knew they still had a chance.

The House looked on with anticipation at the people who could provide new life and energy to their group.

April was amazed at the resilience of the enemy as they watched and waited. She could still feel the perverse and evil presence as it watched them.

Ruth divided them into teams while they set up their cameras and video equipment and explored the house from top to bottom. They departed for the day and the inhabitants wondered what lay ahead for them and the innocents that had been given them by April North.

Ruth thanked April for all she had done to prepare the house for their visit and they returned to the hotel for the night. Ruth said, "Have a good night's sleep. Remember, safety first."

The Testing

Sitting in the living room, they collected the overnight tapes and she assigned them their rooms for the morning. Watching the monitors, she said, "Good luck and be safe."

The teams spread out throughout the house and it wasn't long before the noises started and the light orbs began to appear. One by one, Ruth watched the remote cameras start to fail. Soon, Ruth was blind.

The house was living up to its true potential. Ruth discovered to her horror the devices had failed. She realized that her teams were in danger and she was helpless in the face of this disaster.

“Radio check all teams.” No one answered. Leaving the station, she went to check on her team’s last-known location.

Entering the first bedroom, she saw Sally and Roger naked on the bed, having sex. Two ghosts looked over at her. This was the first time as far as she knew that a full intelligent apparition had been captured on tape. The two individuals on the bed seemed safe for the time being. She started to move on to the next bedroom

As she tried to leave, the ghosts stopped directing the people and moved to block her escape path. Jasmine and Henry were curious about this mortal. The Entity was able to stop the broadcast, and allow them some privacy.

Jasmine touched her hair while Henry explored the rest of her body. She must have been a leader because she fought them and walked out of the bedroom not even giving their attentions a second thought.

Ruth watched as they walked toward her; she could feel them touching her. She closed her mind to them and realized that the apparitions were powerless to affect her. She could feel curiosity and loneliness from these two.

Jim and Debra checked went to the third bedroom. They turned to leave the room and discovered the door locked.

They felt like they were being smothered and it was getting hard to breath. Looking in the mirror, they watched as their bodies were invaded by two appari-

tions. Soon they had no control over their movements and their emotions. They could see and feel what they were doing and saying but they had no control over their bodies.

Jim and Debra did not want to began the dark journey to sexual depravity. They were married but had no sexual interest in each other, still they undressed each other in a sexual frenzy, falling into each other's arms and making passionate love. This was recorded as their surrender sent sexual waves rippling throughout the House.

Reaching the library, Ruth found Jeff and Marie unconscious. Rushing over to them, she saw they were alive but sleeping. They were not in any danger so she proceeded to the library. There she found Adrian unconscious and bleeding from a cut on his head. "Are you OK?"

He said, "Duryea was being attacked by an unseen spirit."

She rushed over to assist her but was sent flying by a powerful force. Blood streaming from a cut, she moved Adrian to the living room where he recovered consciousness. After tending to their wounds, they returned to rescue Duryea from her attacker.

There sitting on the bed was a giant red-haired man. He stroked her gently. She cried out for him not to stop. Looking at the two, he disappeared and they were alone.

Duryea looked at them with a dazed look in her eyes. She allowed them to take her to the living room in a cationic state.

Adrian looked at Ruth and said, "I saw a man walk through the wall and literally pick up Duryea. I rushed

over to protect her but was pushed aside and struck my head on something.”

Duryea awoke with a start. “Help me.”

Debra rushed over to her and held her tight, “It’s OK, Duryea.” Duryea started to hear her name being called and became aroused as she was being lifted to the bed.

She remembered being ravished and filled with dark delights. She seemed proud of it and her whole demeanor had changed in an afternoon.

Jim and Debra’s room was locked from the inside. From the sounds emanating they were still in the throws of sexual bliss so she went to find Sally and Roger.

April had been right about the House. It had a hunger and a never-ending desire for fresh blood. She would just have to let it play out to the end.

Sally and Roger lay naked on the bed. The room smelled like sex. The odor permeated everything. After time to get dressed they were taken to the assembly point. On the way there, Sally and Roger described a fog that settled over them. Before they knew it, they were having sex. They couldn’t stop; it became their sole purpose in life. It felt like someone was in control of their bodies. Even now they felt the need for continued sex and the depravity and sexual fervor that it demanded from them.

Jeff and Marie also felt trapped in their room. They felt helpless and their training had not prepared them for this. Like the others, they felt like they were being smothered and watched as their bodies were invaded. Soon they had no control over their movements, or

their emotions. The video equipment recorded their surrender to the House.

Ruth realized that none of her people were harmed physically, except for Duryea's new tattoo. The women excused themselves and returned dressed in the clothes the House laid out for them. Each outfit accented their physical gifts and natural beauty with makeup.

Looking at the women, Ruth was amazed at the sophistication that went into the transformation of each woman. The Entity or the house took special care to bring out the best in each of them.

"Duryea, do you know what you are doing? You look like a tramp."

Each one became a sexual icon in their own right. Sitting there in their miniskirts and skimpy tops, they exuded sex with every move. They had little or no control over their bodies.

Ruth said, "I want each of you to change your clothes. You look like prostitutes, not scientific research assistants. Change your clothes before we leave for the day. Be sensible." One by one, they gave in and changed their clothes.

Duryea was the only hold out. "I can't do it Ruth. I like what I look like. I feel sluttish."

Ruth knew she had changed and was more head-strong, more independent and very much a free thinker. It was then she noticed Duryea's new tattoo on her right breast. In vibrant colors, it said, "Devil's Bitch".

Duryea didn't know how it got there, nor did she seem concerned what it said about her character. A fire in her eye and a spirit of rebellion were manifesting themselves. What she didn't realize was that the men

were also affected by the Entity. The House knew it would make profound changes in their lives too.

Setting the video devices for the night, they left for a well-deserved rest. After a substantial meal, the pool sounded particularly inviting. Ruth listened to their idle chatter.

An hour later they watched video of what had happened to them that afternoon. It forced them to relive those events as the rapture and terror replayed itself. They experienced the feelings and emotional trauma a second time.

They watched as books were removed from the shelves and read by a man with red hair sitting next to a beautiful blond with little on. They watched as a family sat in the living room conducting normal everyday activities when the picture on the wall absorbed them into it. In each of the bedrooms, sexual activity was rampant. It was as if the House was alive.

Jim and Debra played the video and audio from the day for all to see and analyze. As each one watched the events play, they took notes and made comments about what was taking place.

Duryea's said that after she held the door knocker, she felt special. She felt as if she had a dildo in her pussy all day long. At times it would move and cause strange feelings throughout her body. It was if as she was the one chosen by the Entity. After this afternoon she felt at one with the House. More alive than before. She felt willing to take a risk and exploit another's weakness for her own gain.

Ruth called it a wrap and wished them a peaceful night and pleasant dreams. She would see them at 6:30

tomorrow morning. They drifted off to their rooms, tired from the day's activities.

Duryea could not sleep. She felt restless and decided to swim in the pool. Having bought a new bathing suit, she wanted to try it out. Walking through the main lobby in nothing more than underwear and a thin top, she got the attention of none other than George Raven, the producer. One thing led to another and they ended back in her room making mad passionate love all night.

Seduction and Transformation

Ruth asked how everyone had slept. They all reported a sound sleep. Except Duryea, she seemed different from her former disposition. She said she didn't get much sleep, but she sure had fun. She looked and acted differently than last night.

Ruth decided that they would spend the morning and perhaps the afternoon checking out the rest of the property including the landing dock, guest house, green house, and the cemetery.

They all agreed that the House was possessed and that it had a perverse nature. Each of them had experienced it first hand and knew it had affected them in ways they could not really evaluate right now. Duryea wanted more of the House and whatever demons lived there. She seemed possessed after her experience yesterday.

She also argued that they should spend the night there to get a real taste of it. They hadn't experienced the haunting and the perverse nature of the entities that resided here. Duryea, after listening to Ruth's plan,

relished the idea of going down to the guest house and asked anyone if they wanted to go with her.

Sally looked at her and said that she would look forward to investigating the cottage. She felt funny after her sexual experience and was having trouble internalizing it.

Ruth told her staff to enjoy the day and not to forget to keep the headsets along with portable DVR's. Lunch was at 12:00; they should be ready to depart for the hotel 6:00 P.M.

Duryea was wearing the clothes selected for her yesterday. The micro-mini hid nothing, and she seemed to have no shame. It had been an interesting experience and it would make a fantastic story when they put it in print.

The teams went off in ones and twos to explore the property. It seemed to be an idyllic setting for the house, and yet even here, there seemed to be a presence.

Duryea and Sally commented on the beautiful forest and creek they walked through when it climbed a knoll that over looked the bay. The path to the cottage took them past the cemetery. The guest house was a modest structure.

Duryea made the remark that Sally seemed so prim and proper, she should loosen up. She checked her equipment and set out to explore the confines of the building.

Sally looked at her friend, then at what she was wearing. She was a conservative person and yesterday had shocked her. Putting the skimpy outfits on had shaken her moral fiber. She felt so alive and yet she was not in control of her body. Someone else moved

her arms and legs yesterday; she was along for the ride. Her body wasn't hers; the ghost was living its fantasy through her.

The structure did not seem to be haunted to her so she felt there was little to fear. As they entered the bedroom, she could feel a presence as they moved around the room. D opened the closet and the dresser, much to her surprise.

Duryea had been here before, she was sure of it. she was compelled to open and investigate. Couldn't Sally feel it? What was wrong with her? Pushing a button in the back of the closet exposed a hidden room.

Sally watched as the back of the closet opened and D went in. Following her into the room, it looked like a gym. Watching Duryea open a cabinet, she reached in and removed some clothing. Setting up the camera to capture what happened in the room, Sally returned to D's activities.

Duryea found the leather soft and supple; it felt good in her hands. Something other than herself began to undress her body. She needed to be the person who wore this item. She needed to experience what they felt.

Sally's jaw dropped when she saw Duryea undress. Her eyes had an unfocused quality in them. The leather garment moved up her body sculpting it and creating a goddess. As she put on the boots, it completed the picture. Then Duryea took a soft leather whip from its rack and struck the equipment.

Duryea looked at her friend with a strange look.

Her eyes changed and seemed to envelop her and pull her into them. She wanted to disappear into them. Sally, as if following a mental command, began to re-

move her clothes. She needed to be naked. She wanted to please the woman in front of her. That was her only objective: to please her mistress. All of this activity was captured by the static camera she had set up.

The Entity controlling Duryea's body liked her muscular condition. It had form and function. Her mind and body was moldable and she could train her to do her bidding.

Reaching her hand out, she touched Sally's breasts as only a lover could. She felt the shiver of pleasure run through her body. Her eyes closed and her breathing became rapid. "Come," D said as she was led to the exercise horse.

Following obediently like a slave, Sally laid down in the depressions and shivered with anticipation as D caressed her backside. Then the whip struck her. Over and over it connected with her body. Pleasure rippled through her brain. She came, then blacked out.

Sally had blacked out because of the pain and pleasure encountered at the hands of the ghost. Recovering consciousness, she was taken to the dressing table and sat down. She felt drained and tired. Duryea began to feel control return to her as she sat behind Sally, brushing her hair and fixing her makeup.

Allowing D to brush her hair and apply the makeup, Sally began to feel human again. As she watched, D plucked her eye brows, and applied mascara to her lashes. She then applied her makeup and lipstick.

Duryea applied makeup to her breasts as well as her face. "What do you think, Sally?"

Sally almost said “mistress its beautiful,” but stopped herself. “D, I think I look beautiful, Why are you being so kind to me?”

I love you Sally, besides Duryea is not here right now. I am Sara Brown and I am going to treat you very special. I am going to dress you and treat you as you need to be treated. It’s time to get dressed, young lady.”

Removing the leather garment, she pulled a pair of short shorts and a halter top for each of them. Having no bra or panties made Sally blush. Finishing off the skimpy outfit was a pair of red hose and six-inch heels.

Duryea/Sara had both of them stand in front of the full-length mirror. They could be sisters, Sally thought. As she moved, her breasts brushed the silky fabric of the halter.

“Lets get a move on. It’s almost lunch time and I think we earned it, don’t you?” Sara said, kissing her full on the lips.

Sally began to feel different as time passed from her whipping and dressing session. As they walked back to the main house, she was becoming self-conscious of what she was wearing, and her makeup.

“D, I don’t think I can do this.”

“What?” Duryea/Sara asked.

“I don’t think I can have Ruth and the team sees me dressed like I am. I feel ashamed and unclean.” They passed the cemetery and a mist glided out of a grave and entered her. She stood taller and became more comfortable with her attire.

Duryea saw the merging of the sprit and Sally and the change in her demeanor. She held her head taller

and her shoulders back which forced her breasts out even more than they were. Then her eyes returned to their normal state. "Are you OK?"

"D, I think I better than fine. That was Abigail and I don't know what she did but I have a confidence now I didn't have before. She left some of her behind as she left. It's like a drug. I think I know how you feel."

Duryea had that funny look in her eye again; she had Sally remove her clothes and lay down on Abigail Johnson's tombstone. Sally was her slave and whatever she wanted, she did, no matter how strange. Duryea/Sara then took a dildo from her purse and let Sally look at it and feel it soft and supple form. It felt almost human.

Sally felt the obscene being put in her hands and it wiggled, or so she thought. It must have been her imagination, it couldn't be alive. D said, "Open your mouth, dear," and Sally felt it slide past her lips and deep down her throat. It then began to move. This time it wasn't just her mind. It took on a life of its own and she had an orgasm.

D then had her insert it into her pussy. She caressed it and it grew. She was in a sexual fog as she opened her legs and inserted into her vaginal canal.

Once more it began to control her body and its movement drove her crazy. D climbed on top of her and the penis and tentacles seemed to pull into her pussy.

Duryea felt it become part of her as she began to pump the organ in and out of Sally's pussy. She felt the testes discharge sperm into the channel. Sally became one with D. She was better than any man. She felt it flow into her.

Spent, Sally lay there in a daze. Looking across at Duryea, she whispered, "Thank you."

Removing the dildo from Sally's love canal, Duryea had her clean it up with her mouth, then she gave it to her to put in her purse.

New Blood

Unknown to either of them, their sexual adventure was being recorded by Jeff and Marie who were returning from the docks. Walking over to them through the cemetery gates, they were could not believe what they had just seen.

Looking up, D poked Sally and said, "Lover, guess who just showed up."

Sally said, "Who, Mistress?"

"Look," she said.

"Marie, what a sight for sore eyes," Sally said.

"Jeff," said Duryea, "what were you peeping perverts doing just now?"

"We were passing the cemetery and it was hard to avoid you two. On Abigail's grave, no less. You have been going hot and heavy for the last twenty minutes. We didn't know what to do so we recorded it and waited for you to finish."

"Sally, would you please take Marie over to Samuel's grave stone and keep her busy for the next few minutes?"

"That would be my privilege, D."

Marie froze for a moment and by the time she could react, Sally had her by the hand and walked away from D's next conquest. All of sudden she felt powerless. It

was as if she had no will of her own. All she could do was follow Sally and do what she wanted.

Sally felt empowered. She was naked and she was in charge. Marie was putty in her hands and she knew what she was going to do with her.

Marie had to look twice at Sally. She seemed out of focus like there were two people there. It was Sally's voice, but Sally was locked away, looking out. The Entity possessed her body for now. His seed flowed through her veins. She was his to direct and control.

Marie was told to remove her clothes and lay down on the cold stone. She quickly removed them and laid down. Sally smothered her with kisses and her fingers made love to her. Enraptured, she floated. A male voice issued from her tiny body.

Taking the dildo which had been inside her, he/she had her lick it, then had her make love to it with her mouth. It was now placed in Sally's pussy and it was part of her. She knew she was not in control, but she could feel every thrust into Marie's mouth. She then worked on her love button and could feel her rise.

Marie could feel both openings being accessed and she could not contain herself. Her body shook with a tremendous orgasm. The sperm flowed from her mouth and down her face. The wonderful cock disappeared and Sally's beautiful face was kissing her again.

The cock was part of her now and she could feel its power running through her body. Marie helped her enter her pussy and held on for her dear life as Sally made love to her and filled her with his sperm.

"You two make a beautiful couple," D said as the two of them stood looking down on the happy two-

some. Jeff had a funny look on his face as Duryea smiled.

"Lets go to lunch," she said helping the two women up from the stone.

As Sally put on her hot pink short shorts and halter top, she saw D helping Marie dress. She gave the panties and bra to Jeff. "Strange," she thought, but the whole trip had been strange as far as she was concerned.

Marie listened to D's words and didn't question them. From somewhere she produced a mini-dress in a bright red and hose. She handed her bra and panties to Jeff. "Men don't wear woman's clothes," she thought as she put on her six-inch high heels.

Jeff, at a loss to understand what had just happened to him, accepted the bra and panties. Holding them away from his body, he looked at them again. "Why did you give me Marie's underwear?"

D said, "Remember, Jennifer, how you like the feel of silk against your skin? The panties felt so soft and smooth against your skin and how the bra held your breasts secure and safe?"

"No," said Jeff, "I do not, Duryea. What kind of a fool I am?"

"Of course you do, Jennifer. Think of our making love and how you felt as my cock entered your love channel. I told you about the pleasures of being a woman."

"I am a man, D, not your plaything."

"This person is strong, stronger than April," the Entity thought.

Directing Duryea to the reluctant Jeff, he had her have him lay down and she made love to him. She made love to his cock and had him masturbate as she made love to his ass. All the time she was speaking softly to him and convincing him that he was Jennifer. His moans and cries convinced her that he was ready to switch sexes.

Now a subservient male stood before her. Jennifer bent over and touched his toes. Her hands touched her toes and exposed her anus. Taking the dildo, she inserted it and allowed it to make love to him. She moved it in and out just like a man would to a woman. He came as she came with a cry of joy.

He accepted the panties and put them on. As they were pulled up his legs, the hair fell off, leaving perfect limbs. He felt a quickening in his groin and in an instant he realized that he wanted fully functioning female organs so he could experience the joy of normal sex.

He put the bra on. She reached up and covered his empty cups with her hands and he wanted them to be filled by his own breasts, not empty cups. In an instant, Abigail/D put lifelike breasts in his bra. When she touched his nipples, he could feel her pinching them.

She touched his sides and they seemed to slim down to accept a dress. Then she ran her fingers through his hair and it seemed to become longer. He was now Jennifer with full breasts and she felt like she had a pussy. Touching her face, Jeff/Jennifer felt it change shape and her eyes became feminine. "Your lips need lipstick, young lady. No self-respecting woman goes out with out her lipstick. Here is your purse, Jennifer."

Jennifer took out her mirror, applied her bright red lipstick and looked at her face.

“D, what have you done to me?” Jeff said to her.



"I have made you a woman. When I touch you here, caressing his breasts, what do you feel?"

"Pleasure, Mistress, pure pleasure."

"Who are you?" asked Duryea?

A confused look came across her face as she tried to form an answer to the question, and a smile appeared on her beautiful face.

"My name is Jennifer, Mistress Duryea, and I am your slave."

'Good answer.'

Jennifer was given a miniskirt and a halter top. Putting them on, he joined the female sex. Next came the stockings and shoes.

Standing before Abigail/Duryea was a beautiful woman. "Not bad for a day's work," she thought. Letting go of these frail humans, they revert to themselves, but with major changes.

Looking about as if emerging from a dream, each of them looked lost and surprised. They looked to each other for answers.

The most surprised was Jeff. He looked down at his new body. He reached up to feel his breasts, then felt below only to discover he had no penis. He cried. D reached over and hugged him telling him, "That's OK, Jennifer, you are beautiful just the way you are."

He looked up and replied, "I'll bet I shock Ruth by how I look and what I am wearing." He then noticed his voice had changed to a soft contralto."

"It's time ladies, shall we go?" Duryea said.

The women walked down the path to the house. They knew no one would believe what had happened

to them this morning, but the video would back them up.

Ruth looked up from the table and said, "What happened to you?"

Lunch

"You would not believe what we encountered today, Ruth," said D.

Ruth looked at D and smiled. "I think I know what happened to you, my dear. You went to the cottage, didn't you?"

"That's right and we found a hidden room full of interesting things. Angie had the most fun," D said. "Look at how she has changed. And speaking of changes, look at Jennifer, isn't she beautiful?" Jeff blushed as he was referred to as beautiful.

"What happened, Jeff?" Ruth asked

"Marie and I were walking past the cemetery when we saw Duryea and Angie taking part in some ancient ritual. It's all on tape.

"Duryea has some special powers and she created what you see before you, Ruth. I have been recreated into a woman, both inside and out. It feels strange but wonderful. Marie videotaped the process. Perhaps we can break it down and understand how it was done."

Shocked at this turn of events, Ruth realized the house was not through with them yet. "This afternoon I want Marie, Jennifer/Jeff, Jim and Debra to visit the guest Cottage and document what they find. If they can document that more than one structure is haunted, that will enhance the validity of this visit."

As they ate lunch, no one could top the experiences Duryea, Angie, Marie, and Jennifer/Jeff had that morn-

ing. Everyone was in very good spirits as they departed for their respective assignments.

Ruth looked at Angie and Duryea and said, "We need to talk."

D said, "My life feels like it has been turned upside down by this house. I have been possessed and controlled to the point that I don't know who I am anymore. Where does the House start and I end? I have a power I didn't have before we entered this house. I can control and dominate almost anyone. Did you see what I did to Jeff this afternoon? Now that's power!"

Angie looked at Duryea, then at Ruth, and said, "Before entering the cottage, I would not have ever considered lesbianism as a life style. I enjoyed the torture and the sexual abuse at the hands of my mistress. She gave me pleasure and I thank her for that. Now I would embrace it again in a heart beat."

Ruth documented the exchange and pondered what they had told her. What had she done sending four more individuals into that environment?

An Education

D walked over to Ruth. She thought that Duryea looked different and walked different. Looking into those eyes, she knew that Duryea was not in control. Suddenly, she was powerless.

"Ruth," the Entity said as it grasped her hands and guided her toward the master bedroom.

It allowed her to stand near the bed. Powerless to move, she was instructed to remove her clothes and lay down. Try as she may to stop her hands, they quickly removed her clothes, then she felt her body lay down to await further instructions.

Duryea/Entity removed what clothes she had on and a penis appeared in her vagina. It appeared to be fully functional; Ruth was ordered to touch it and fondle it.

Ruth reached out and did as she was bid. It was hers and she had to serve it. Ruth felt like she was being taken over. Then she felt Abigail command her thought processes. Getting on her knees, she made love to it and prepared to have it enter her Holy Spot.

As the team entered the guest cottage, it looked benign and very comfortable. Unlike the House, it did not have that heavy feeling of being watched and evaluated. They looked but could not find the hidden room. Just then, a beautiful chocolate-colored woman walked through the wall. Checking their equipment, they were satisfied that she was real.

"Jennifer, it's a pleasure to meet you. I do hope you enjoy being one of us," she said. "Would you please follow me?"

After my father moved us here I elected to continue living here. I liked the isolation. Joshua showed me the hidden room. The rest is history. I don't have the power of the older ghosts, but I am learning.

"When I died, I grieved along with my family. We were boating on a bright and sunny day, like today, when a freak accident occurred. I fell overboard and drowned. I am buried on the hill over looking the ocean if you want to see my grave.

"Like with all who die here, the Entity does not allow me to depart this Earth. I belonged to him body and soul after he altered who I was and corrupted me to accept his ways.

"Jennifer, come over here, dear."

Meekly she did as she was asked and was directed to lay down on the horse. As she did so, she felt her vagina and anus begin to fill and move around as if alive. Her body responded and she orgasmed three times.

“Marie, come over here and put your hands in these cuffs.” Jim, take the whip and bring it here.”

Like puppets, each did as they were told. Jim ripped her clothes off and used the whip on her. As the wraith watched each stroke being applied, she knew the House was growing stronger because it lived from the torment and suffering that took place within its walls.

Debra watched as her friends were made to suffer at the hands of this woman. She was lead to a bedroom where she was told to take her clothes off. She wanted to disobey but her hands did as they were told.

“You have a beautiful body my dear I am going to teach you how to make love to a woman, and accept the same love in return.”

Debra shuttered and convulsed as her fingers entered and touched her vaginal opening. She heard the woman tell her to lay down and be prepared to be made love to.

A New World

Ruth awoke next to Angie and Duryea. All were naked and Ruth looked up into Angie’s pussy. She felt the overpowering urge to stick her tongue inside of it and bring Angie to orgasm. As soon as she started, Angie came alive.

Then she felt her pussy being invaded by a foreign object. That motion in her vaginal canal drove her to complete her task.

Slowly, Ruth began to stir again and this time she felt free from whoever was controlling her. Looking at the carnage around her, she got up and used the restroom.

When she emerged, she saw Angie and Duryea getting dressed in clothes from the wardrobe. Feeling compelled, she walked over to them and they gave her the clothes she was going to wear back to the hotel that night.

The team returned from the cottage and was waiting in the living room. They watched as three women emerged from the bedroom dressed in the finest the House could offer. They

appeared to be dressed as ladies of the night and they acted the part.

Marie, Jennifer/Jeff, Jim and Debra had changed also. Dressed in their micro-mini skirts, hooker high heels and see-through tops, they had no right to throw the first stone.

Ruth looked at her team. She asked if they had documented their day and would be able to review it tomorrow morning. Each member nodded in the affirmative.

“Good, let’s get back to the hotel, have dinner and sleep on what happened today.”

The Truth be Told

As they drove up in the parking lot, they got a lot of stares from the people in the lobby. They went to their room to get cleaned up for dinner.

They ate their dinner quietly. Again, their appearances startled many of the patrons sitting near them.

A beautiful blond bombshell stood out in the group. They referred to her as Jennifer. Several of the men in the room asked if she would like to dance. Everyone laughed and the woman blushed a bright red. Finally, the group broke up and went to their respective rooms. The bright colors of their gaudy dresses illuminated the room as they left for the night.

The girls went swimming in the pool and Jennifer attracted the most attention of all of them. Duryea was jealous of her; then she realized that she had created her and laughed at her thoughts.



Jeff woke up wearing a nightgown and panties. He was normal. He checked and he was all-male. Deep down inside, however, he felt female.

Getting dressed, he left the panties and put on a bra. He put the breast forms in and again they felt alive. He put on his normal clothes except for the top. Applying his makeup and lipstick and brushing his long blond hair, he looked more female than male. After putting on his high heels, he looked at himself in the mirror. Satisfied, he walked out of the room.

A New Day

As they gathered together for breakfast, Ruth could see the confused state of their minds as their clothes mirrored their experiences yesterday. Later that morning in the conference room, they watched the tapes they made yesterday. They had been very professional and recorded everything that happened, Ruth noted.

She envisioned that the final day of research in the House would culminate in a blockbuster article on the Johnson house. Perhaps they could present it as a video story of their visit to the devil's house.

Arriving at the house at 6:30, they set about to record any additional observations they had about the house and secure the equipment in the SUV.

The house was not through with them, though, and it closed the front door and the shutters which had been opened the whole time they were investigating inside it. Then Abigail and Samuel walked down the stairway in regal splendor.

Addressing the assembled group, they gave them a going away speech.

"Thank you for coming to my house" said Samuel. "You have given us great pleasure, and allowed us to

sample each of you over these many days. I know you will take back many memories and experiences and I want you to know you have become a member of this household. You will take with you part of us and wherever you go, we will be part of your new existence. We, my wife and I, grant you safe passage and bid you return another day. The House is pleased with what you have given it. In return, you have been given powers and abilities to give you sway over mere mortals. You were virgins and now we give you the world; you are empowered as more confident individuals willing to spread our philosophy of sexual domination and control.

“Duryea, you are a proper student. Jeff, enjoy your new life; may you grow and develop your innate abilities. The House and all who live here thank you for allowing us to export and expand our dominion over mankind. Please thank Angie for being our messenger to the world.”

Suddenly the door opened, shutters opened with a bang and they were alone in the house. Watching the replay on the videotape, they were astonished at the quality of the recording.

They put the equipment back in the vehicle and made ready to go back to the hotel and review the footage of the previous night. The red-haired man and the blonde waved good-by to them. They snapped a picture of this parting send off by the House.

The Devil Escapes

The van pulled up to the office and the staff watched as Ruth and her team got out. They looked nothing like the professionals who went into the house

four days ago. As April came out of her office, she saw women dressed for the streets. All of them had their lives altered. She felt a kinship with them.

Returning the key, Ruth thanked her for allowing them to document the house and its inhabitants. "Ladies, its time to hit the road."

April looked for Jeff. "Ruth are you missing someone?" she asked.

"You see April, we really didn't believe you when you said the House was evil. Each one of us suffered at the hands of the spirits that live there. Jeff got a double dose. Come over here, dear."

April watched as a beautiful blonde bombshell walked toward her. "Jeff, is that you?"

"Call me Jennifer, that's who I am now. It's kinda hard to get used to, but D said she would help me adjust to my new personality and gender. Being a female is very different. It is sort of fun to be the other sex. I keep shifting from female to male and it gets very confusing. Desmond, the Entity of the House, has allowed me to experience many shattering experiences in the last two days. I even have my own necklace, see? Thank you for allowing us to see hell close up and survive."

"Take care all of you. Ruth keep me posted as to the progress towards finalizing the article. Have you thought about doing a video presentation while you are at it? I'll bet you have enough video to fill up two hours on the Travel Channel."

April waved to them as they drove off. She clutched her own necklace tightly and could feel its energy flow into her body. She relished the feelings and the emotions as they danced the macabre. It seeped into her

soul and clouded her mind. She felt a flush overcome her as if she would like to climax. Lust began to take control of her emotions and physical needs. The House seemed to beckon to her. Slowly, the experience faded away and she began to feel normal.

Going into Duncan's office, she said, "Ruth said the results would be dramatic." Looking at his groin she said "May I service you? I am feeling kind of horny right now?"

The House was in control and she had no control over her actions or body. Sex is what she wanted and he would oblige her. She moved quickly to Duncan and unzipped his pants. Taking the limp object in her mouth, she nursed it to its proper size. Looking up into the violet eyes, she knew they were not Duncan's'. Desmond thrived on this attention.

April could not control herself. She had to have this man. It was her duty, an obligation. He ejaculated in her mouth and she swallowed the enormous amount. Still unsatisfied, she placed her pussy on his pole and rode it until he came inside her once more.

Desmond/Duncan said, "April, you have out done yourself today. I like what you have done with your hair. Sort of a blond, isn't it? Your clothes seem to fit your new personality. I realize that we could do this all day, but this is an office and we do have

work to do, so off you go." Making herself presentable, she left.

Results And Aftermath

April received a box via Fed-Ex three weeks later and showed the contents to Duncan and the rest of the office. It included the printed article, the general distribution DVD, and the non-rated version. They were al-

lowed to make personal copies for themselves as a thank-you for allowing them to experience the house and be able to show it to the world.

A side note to April from Ruth went on to extol the virtues of the House and how because of it, she had altered her lifestyle and behavior. This was also true for every member of the team. She did not realize that the House was capable of such drastic and long-lasting changes in one's life.

The video story gave April the exposure she needed for people to realize that this house was special. Because of this exposure, the newspaper grew and expanded its reach to a national and international real-estate market. In less than a week after the story made its media debut, it exploded. The x-rated version went viral overnight, selling over a hundred thousand copies. April's e-mail and phone were inundated by people who were interested in the house.

April was surprised at the response to the article and video. She had no idea that there was such an interest in haunted houses. The town had been put on the map and people came from around world to see the famous Johnson House, the Devil's House. She would be asked to show skeptics the house because they thought it was a hoax. They were given proof in the form of the stories and the pictures, but still they did not believe.

It got to the point where the company charged those who would show up and demand to experience the House firsthand. Soon the company was making thousands of dollars from escorting the public through the house. It was like the local Disneyland. The income from the tourists benefited the whole town and local businesses.

Desmond was happy, no longer would he be confined within the walls of the House.

April felt the House calling. "Duncan, I need to attend to the House and I will probably gone all day."

He said, "I understand. Take as much time as you need. Enjoy your day."

An Afternoon of Pain and Pleasure

She walked in expecting someone, or something, to greet her. She was met with a deathly silence. She said in a soft voice, "Hello is anyone here? Silence again greeted her entreaty. The door slammed shut with a loud noise. Startled, she saw a young lady. She was drawn to a hidden door opening off to the side. The woman beckoned her to join her. Drawn as if a moth to a flame, April followed her down the dark passageway. A ghostly light illuminated the hall. She stopped at a door and tried the door which opened silently into a candle-lit room. She was alone.

As she looked around, she saw devices to torture a person body and soul. Standing there, a man took her hand and lead her to a women who was naked on a rack.

The man smiled as he picked up and handed to her a short leather whip. "Beat her, April." She struck the woman over and over, yet she remained silent as the blows fell on her back side.

"Your turn now," he said. "Remove your clothes and place yourself on the rack." He now gave the strap to the victim.

She proceeded to alternately beat April with a soft strap and make love to her. April did not know what to think or feel as this punishment was administered with loving care. With each blow and tender touch she re-

ceived, april grew to love her. Blacking out, she came to on a bed.

There was no sign of the room where she was tortured. Beside her were the man and the woman. When they saw she was awake, they made passionate love to her. "Thank you

April," Desmond said, "for what you did for the House."

Climaxing, she felt his power flowing through her.

"My turn," said the mystery woman as she also made love with her using her massive organ. "You will get one too, April, thank you again for your help."

April woke up and saw the marks of her beating and a necklace. Touching it, she saw a miniature male organ hanging from it. It felt warm and began to grow. It pulsated as if alive. Taking it, she placed it in her vaginal opening. It merged with her and now she, too, had the ability to make love like a man.

"You've discovered the gift Desmond gave you?" asked the woman.

"Yes and it feels functional. Does it work?"

"Of course, silly. I used one like it on you. Don't you remember? You feel the power, don't you?"

"Yes. What's your name?"

"Celeste."

"I can touch you. You are solid."

Celeste laid down beside her and allowed April to use her new organ to make love to her. Empowered, she ejaculated and climaxed at the same time.

“See, wasn’t that fun? You have other powers too but you will have to discover them on your own, dear April.” With that, she disappeared.

April went to the bathroom and used the tub of hot water to wash away the evidence. She fondled her prize and wondered what other gifts she may now have. She soaked for what seemed like hours. Drying off, she dressed in a red corset and the panties, a see-through blouse, and a micro-mini skirt. After applying her makeup, she put on her high heels. She looked at her image in the mirror. She looked like a hooker. If only her husband could see her now, wouldn’t he be surprised? What about Alma? Would she accept the new April? Her organ grew warm at the thought of conquering her and making her a disciple.

She heard Desmond speak to her. “You escaped once and you came back, now you belong to me wherever you go. Whatever you are doing, you will belong to me. You are beautiful, sexy, and desirable.”

“You are wrong!” she yelled in her head but the words would not leave her mouth. A compulsion took over as she reevaluated what she was seeing. His words flooded her brain.

“No matter what you do, you cannot counteract their effect, April.”

Slowly, she began to accept that she had become the Devil’s Whore. “I need to be exploited and subjugated for the pleasures of men and women.”

April left the House a much changed woman. Her life had been turned upside-down in one afternoon.

The Seduction of Aquilla

Aquilla walked off to the East toward the Devil's Bay. She noticed a trail off to the right and followed it up to a small rise. There she found a pentagram about eight feet on a side. Looking at her map, she determined its location and noted the position of the swimming pool in relation to the house.

She noticed some movement in the brush. She saw a woman emerge from the surrounding forest. She was naked and about twenty years old. The camera mounted on Aquilla's forehead captured the event.

"Hello," Aquilla said. "Not a lot of people come up here anymore now that the Brown Family moved away."

"My name is Cassandra Lourdes. I lived here with my family in 1924. We moved in right after Abigail died. She was a powerful force back then. I must have been eighteen when we moved in.

"Then I was introduced to Samuel. He proved to a very corruptive force in my life. I joined the coven shortly after and I was the first to use the pleasure room. I believe you referred to it as the torture room.

"You are most beautiful, Aquilla Lucius. Desmond, you refer to him as the Entity, tasted you today. He said you tasted like honey. I can see why he would be attracted to you.

"I met Samuel Harold Joseph Johnson. He introduced me to the pleasures of this house. Then his wife, Abigail, showed me how to express myself in other ways. Soon I no longer feared the night, and the creatures in it.

“A coven had begun to practice here while Abigail was still alive. She allowed them free access to her property and took part in their ceremonies sometimes.”

“She and her live-in lovers enjoyed life. Did you know that she was almost ninety years old when she died? She never grew old because the original sprite granted her beauty.

“I learned how to seduce and bring people to their knees. I had the best teachers and they allowed me full reign over those I conquered.

“Aquilla, you have such a beautiful face, and your body is perfect. You should really get to know me better, I think I could teach you a lot about who and what you are.”

Aquilla awoke lying in the middle of the pentagram, naked and cold. She saw the girl and she didn't feel alone. She was given a necklace around her neck and noticed a tattoo of a pentagram on her left breast. She tried to remember what had taken place and why she allowed it to happen to her. All she knew was that she was chosen by Lucifer to do his bidding and that she now had gifts.

The girl said, “Forget being normal,” and she disappeared.

Looking around, Aquilla found her camera which she hoped had recorded everything that took place during her blackout time.

Putting her clothes back on, she realized that something was different but she could not put her finger on it. She needed to talk with Matthew about it later. Looking at her watch, she saw that four hours had passed. It was past time to return to the house and she was way off the beaten path.

Finding her way back to the house, she was confronted by worried friends and colleges.

“Where were you, Aquilla?”

Laying out the map, she showed them the pentagram and its position on her map. She gave them her equipment for download and analysis. Then she told them of meeting a ghost called Cassandra Lourdes. Perhaps it would be a good thing to check out that name at the Hall of Records. As for what happened, they would have to look at her videos. She gave them a thumbnail sketch about what she could remember, leaving out personal things to talk about later with Matthew

Seeing that she was not harmed and was safe, they packed up for the night and closed the door to the Devil’s House. It was only the first day, but they had seen more today than many had experienced in years of ghost hunting.

The Possession

Aquilla made ready for bed and after a shower, she felt better. Her breast hurt and she felt like she had taken part in a brisk sexual escapade. To her knowledge, she had not had intercourse for at least three weeks.

Taking a closer look at the necklace she realized that it was made of solid gold and the pendent was in the shape of a man’s penis and scrotum. When she touched it with her hand, it began to grow and take on a life of its own.

Removing it from around her neck, she placed it where it belonged. As it moved in and out of her, she began to remember bits and pieces of what happened that afternoon and it scared her.

She orgasmed and dreamed of an orgy over and over. She awoke the next morning; it was still active. Removing it, she watched as it assumed its original shape and size.

Putting it back around her neck, she got ready for the coming day. As she got dressed, she felt dissatisfied with her choices to pick from. Nothing seemed to suit her today. She put on her tightest blue jeans and T-shirt and saw that the combination left nothing to the imagination. It would do for now. She put on her makeup and perfume before checking herself out and going downstairs.

“Now, why did I do that?” she wondered, looking at her face. “I don’t normally wear make up on the job.” She felt a compromise had taken place between her new expectations and her old self. Putting her high heels on, she took the elevator downstairs.

She could feel everyone looking at her and she was not the least ashamed. She was proud of her body and she wanted everyone to know it.

Aquilla could feel her necklace swing to and fro, knowing it drew the eyes of others to her breasts. They felt bigger today.

The Second Day

“Matthew,” she said in her most sexy voice, “how wonderful to see you, dear. I hope you didn’t wait too long I wanted to be perfect for the House today. Good morning everyone, I hope you slept well.”

She sat down and the waitress took her order. As she did, Aquilla touched her hand slightly and she jumped.

Aquilla said, "Sorry my dear, but you are most beautiful and I could not resist touching your soft hand. What's your name?"

"My name is Lexine. What can I get you for breakfast?"

"Can I have two eggs, bacon, milk, and orange juice, please. Lex, you have a beautiful body."

Lexine almost fainted at the praise from this total stranger. She smiled at her with her legs shaking as she walked back to the kitchen. She had the sudden urge to write her phone number on a piece of paper and give it to the woman. She had never felt like this before, not even with her husband. She ripped a receipt from the pad and wrote her name and her phone number on it so she could give it to Aquilla when she brought their order to them.

She heard "Order up!" and she took it to table 16. Giving each person their order, she gave Aquilla's last. Making sure Aquilla saw the paper, she placed it under the plate for her to retrieve.

Aquilla had no idea what was written on the paper as she removed it from under her plate. Seeing the name and phone number startled her. She had never even dreamed that she was capable of anything so bold as to go through with such a bizarre plan. To seduce another woman would have turned her stomach yesterday, but today she had considered it. Looking at the waitress across the room stimulated her imagination and made her consider the various possibilities.

She ate her breakfast and went to the restroom. While there, she wrote her room number and cell phone number along with the following note. "I will

expect you at 8:00 tonight. Knock four times and wait. Aquilla.”

Placing it inside a twenty-dollar bill she gave it to the waitress as she passed her station. She took her hands and held them as she thanked her for her service and said she hoped to see her later.

Lexine watched her come close to her and she saw the tip in her hand. Aquilla reached out and took her hands. Again she got that funny feeling, but stronger this time. She was ready to put the twenty with her other tips when she saw the note. Taking it out, she read it and her heart began to pound.

Why had she even given her phone number? That was a crazy thing to do. It was all she could do to concentrate on her work to finish her shift. What to wear? Should I dress up for her? She had another six hours before her shift ended.

Lexine Ambridge's Seduction

She watched them leave and her mind gradually settled down to a routine as she worked her tables. At her break, she called home and left a message to tell her husband she would be home late and not to wait up for her. She felt like a schoolgirl again. She could not get the strange woman out of her head. It felt like a disease corrupting her body and her mind. After her shift, instead of going home she decided to go shopping for some strange reason.

Aquilla passed on going to dinner with the team tonight. She had other plans which included getting some proper clothes. She felt like shopping to whet her appetite for sexy clothing and show off her beautiful body.

She chanced to meet Lexine at the clothing shop. "Hello Beautiful," she said. "What brings you to this neck of the woods?"

"Oh, it's you," Lexine said as she thumbed through some dresses. "Actually, I am here because of you. I can't get you out of my mind. I have been fixated upon you and your lovely voice all day. I don't know what you did to me today, but you have captured me and I can't escape you. I would like to go home to my husband right now, I really would, but for some reason I have been drawn here with you, Aquilla."

"Lex, I have found the sexiest outfits today and I was about to try them on. Would you like to join me? Maybe we could find the perfect ensemble for you?"

Aquilla selected two outfits for herself and two for Lex. She had Lex try on outrageous outfits and photographed her as she modeled them. Lexine had little choice but to follow her directions.

Lex in turn watched as Aquilla removed her clothes and put on the most sexy miniskirt and top she had ever seen. Along with the high heels, it would create a stir about town if she wore it in public.

Once more, it was Lexine's turn. She removed her clothes and put on what Aquilla gave her. First came the corset and the stockings, then the miniskirt and slinky top.

Going across to Maxine's, Lex was led to the back of the shop and asked to remove her clothes. Aquilla told her to follow their direction and not question anything they said. Knowing it was wrong to do so, Lex removed all her clothes.

"Lay down," Estelle said. She and two helpers set about to remake this simple woman into someone spe-

cial. She fell asleep. When she woke up, she discovered she had been transformed.

She was now sitting down and her face was being perfected. She was still naked but she looked totally different. She had headphones on and was listening to what some would call music. She was wearing special glasses that provided a 360-degree view of someplace she should not have been, and was being inundated by verbal commands that prompted her to aspire to being a slave to her desires and her mistress.

“Oh, you’re awake, welcome back to the real world,” Estelle said, “I hope you like what we have done, Lex.”

They removed the glasses. She looked at the platinum blond hair that was bobbed. Wherever she turned, it shimmered and glowed. She also saw the rose red fingernails, blood red lipstick, and luscious eye lashes. Her pussy hair had also been dyed to match her hair.

“Time to get dressed, woman. Your date awaits.”

Lex started to dress in front of these total strangers; she put on her hose that matched her new dress. This was a one-piece knit mini that was skintight. It was as red as her lips. Then she put on her shoes which were six inches tall. She started to falter when an internal voice said, “Take one step at a time.” She could see a mental image of herself as she walked in even taller shoes.

Her next steps were with a confidence unknown to her before. She walked to the full-length mirror and appraised herself. She looked like she had seen other woman looked when they were looking for men on the street. She had a new mission; she was to become a willing partner to another women for the night.

Walking out to the lobby of the shop, she saw Aquilla dressed much the way she was, but with a more Latin look about her. She was unable to control herself as she walked over to her Mistress and kissed her on the lips.

“Careful,” Aquilla said, “you will need some more lipstick if you keep that up, Lex.”

“I hope so, Mistress. I truly hope so.”

Taking their bags, they walked back to the hotel. Moving across the lobby, they drew stares. As they entered the elevator, the women contemplated their future. On the fourth floor Lex met one of her co-workers in the hall, but there was no recognition on their part of her existence.

In the room, Aquilla said, “Make your self to home, Lex. If you want, you can make us both a drink. I’ll take my whisky straight up, no ice.”

Lex did as she was told and made one for Aquilla and one for herself. She handed it to her. “Cheers,” she said as she touched Aquilla’s glass.

Aquilla could feel Desmond assert himself and take control. She removed her necklace and had Lex remove her panties. Then she inserted the necklace into her pussy where it grew and began to explore new territory. As it went, it left behind evidence of its passage.

Lex felt something enter her. It grew and became part of her. Larger and more violent the movement came. She was almost ready to come when she was told not to, and she felt the emotion build.

She was stripped naked and thrown to the bed. Aquilla removed her clothes and placed the dildo in her pussy. Its roots extended deep into her so when she moved inside Lex, she was also stimulated

Lex felt her enter as their breasts touched and they kissed. Slowly Aquilla moved, bringing Lex to a fever pitch. To her surprise, the cock ejaculated. Each woman was satisfied as they continued to explore each other's body. There was a cycle developing to this relationship and it became more intense with each session.

Looking down on the sleeping woman, Aquilla said, "Forget, my beautiful Lexina. I will be nothing more than a dream. Remember what you have been taught, and the gifts I have given you." Kissing her on the lips, Aquilla dressed for work. She realized that the jeans and T's would be as sexy as she could push on this trip, but she would make up for it later. She enjoyed her new-found powers.

Strange Sensations and The Transformation

Lex awoke in the bed alone. She had no memory of what had happened the last twenty-four hours. She had a hunger that could only be filled by one thing. She called her husband at home and told him to call in sick today because she had other plans for his body. As she looked in the mirror, she knew she was different today. Her new necklace looked nice on her. Today was her day off so she went straight home to her husband.

She walked in and Steven saw a Lexine he had never seen before. She was dressed in a one piece mini-skirt and little else. She had lost her bra during the night and her breasts moved as if they had a mind of their own.

She looked at her husband; a power took over and she led him up stairs as one would lead a child. Taking his hands, she removed his clothes, then hers and proceeded to make love to this man. Turning him over, she

inserted her necklace into his rectum. It became alive and he came in her mouth as it exploded inside him. With each load of cum that he swallowed, he wanted more. The cum filled his rectum to overflowing.

He was like a doll with no will of his own, only hers. She tortured him for hours. Dripping cum from his anus, he was turned over and she worked on his penis again until it became erect. Then she mounted him and he came time after time inside his wife.

Lying there exhausted, Lex tried to understand what had just happened when Steven asked her a question. She had to listen to it a second time before she could answer it. "Lexine, what happened to you last night?"

"Call me Lex from now on, lover. I'm not sure what happened to me myself, but I like the way I feel. By the way, there are going to be some changes around here."

She willed the dildo to activate in his rectum once more, saying, "Steve, I need you to become more female in your dress and appearance, can you do that for me?"

Steve felt the penis grow once more in his love channel. As it did so, his penis became hard again. He was ready to come when she said, "Don't come, let it build, Steve." He was forced to endure the torture of not coming. The dildo continued to excite his body while she waited for an answer to her question.

"Steve, will you allow me to change you into a woman?"

"Yes Lexina, anything you say, just let me come. It's killing me. Let me come for God's sake.

"You may come...Stella. Fill me, lover."

Steven/Stella felt the cock in him ejaculate inside him. At the same time, he filled his for the second time that morning.

Again, Steven lay there stripped naked for all to see. Lexina gently traced designs on his body with her fingers. They imparted a power as they traveled around his breasts and groin region. "Roll over Stella, please."

He meekly turned over once more. She extracted her dildo and put it inside her again. Once more she made love to both of them.

Desmond had made great progress with Duyrea, Jennifer/Jeff, Aquilla, Lexina, and now Steven/Stella. He felt that he could now expand beyond the House. His power to infect others had increased in the last six months. Each of them had become his emissary to a corrupt and sick world.

Lexina slowly emerged from her slumber and looked about her. The bed smelled of cum and she was filthy. Steven was beside her and her organ was still inside him. Extracting it, he gowned.

Steven rolled over and looked at her. His eyes were red and he felt ashamed. He had no honor left and he was powerless when he was around Lexina. He felt he had been invaded and was vanquished to an exile inside his brain. Stella loomed larger than life now. Her demands became more and more dominant.

Lexine was now again in control of her body and she felt ashamed about what had happened to her husband. She now looked at a broken man, humiliated and defeated by her and the power that controls her.

"Steven, I am sorry this happened. I have no idea what came over me. I met a woman yesterday and became infatuated with her. I could not get her out of my

mind. She changed me from Lexine to Lexa. You called me Lexa which gave me honor and power. It increased my hold over you. You became my slave and I enjoyed doing it."

"That's OK Lexa, what's done is done. Where do we go from here?"

"That depends upon you Stella, or do you wish to remain Steven?"

"I don't know. I am very confused and I feel that I have been torn apart from the inside out."

"I know, Steven. It hurts, it hurts a lot. I was tormented and cowed by a woman and the Devil, just like you. We are now prisoners of the same cell.

"You need a bath, young lady, then we can decide what to do next. Your hair is a mess and I need to wash it. Get undressed while I start your bath, dear. What color should we make it, Stella? I like red. I think I still have some left."

She started the water and found the hair color. It was Ravishing Red. Her husband had hated it. It would be perfect for him now.

She felt a force working in her bending her to its will. It was as if Aquilla was still there standing right beside her, but this was more overwhelming, more sinister. It was a male sprit. Forcing her to find her purse, she extracted a large vile of a red powder.

"I am Desmond and I am your Master. You will follow and worship me. You cannot defy me. You will add one-third of the contents to his bath today, and continue that for the next two days.

"You will praise him for his beauty and feminine charm. You will forget he was once your husband. She

will be Stella, your lesbian lover. You will seduce others to my cause, just like Aquilla did you. I will supply you with all you need to carry out my wishes."

As if coming out of a trance, she added the chemical to the bath water. When it stopped foaming, she looked to the bedroom. "Stella, it's time for your bath."

Her naked husband walked into the bathroom blushing a bright red. "Why are you doing this to me, Lexa? Have I done something wrong? Why do you hate me?"

"Stella, I don't hate you. I love you."

"Don't call me Stella, I am Steven, your husband."

"Nevertheless, Stella, get in the bathtub. I have a lot of work to do on you." Steven, powerless to fight her, settled into the hot water.

He began to relax while Lexa washed body and colored his hair red. He fell asleep and dreamed of men and sex, going shopping and looking beautiful as Lexa transformed him into Stella Rayburn. With each step, she took pride in her work.

"Wake up, dear. It's time to get out of the tub." He was roused from his deep sleep, exhausted after what seemed like hours of sexual activity.

He stood up and she toweled him dry. His skin felt slick and silky. He heard her say that he needed to apply lotion to his body from now on to keep it soft and beautiful. In the mirror, a woman looked back at him. His hair was soft and silky and red. His body seemed softer and more sexy. Looking down at his groin, he found his hair had grown thicker. His penis and balls had virtually disappeared into the red mass. He looked like a woman with red hair. As he fondled his breasts,

they seemed very sensitive to the touch. His body was hairless and his face was altered.



“I am beautiful”, she said as she looked at her new body. “Lexa, thank you for making me what I have always wanted to be.” Moving her hands over her sexy body, she felt a presence inside her, an evil feeling hovering next to her soul.

“It’s time to get you ready for the world, my darling Stella. Do you have any idea what you would like to wear today?”

The Seduction Continues

Their work done, they retired for the day. Marc and Aquilla described working in the guest house and how the EMF reading was off the scale the whole time they were there. The EVP’s never stopped.

Calling it a day they returned to the hotel for some much needed rest and relaxation. Tomorrow they would wind up the investigation and collate all their experiences. They accepted Aquilla as one of their own and she had performed well. She seemed to walk and talk as one who knew something the others did not. She could do things to them and they would not object. She had altered the reality of the team.

Saying good night, she took Hazel off to the side and asked if she would like to go swimming in the pool later. An avid swimmer, Hazel decided that she would enjoy the release of pent up energy and agreed to meet her at the pool around nine.

Matthew Cambridge watched as the team broke up and went their separate ways. His heart was heavy as he pondered the report he was to write over the next few days.

Aquilla looked across the street and saw two officers in a coffee shop. The two women were conversing when she approached their table. Her pheromones

were at maximum and she hoped that it would be enough to tempt these women to share her room.

“Good evening ladies, can I buy you a cup of coffee?”

With the combination of the chemicals and Aquilla’s deep blue eyes, they softened and said yes. They looked at each other and wondered why they had agreed to have her sit with them.

Aquilla sat next to the pretty blond. The waitress came by and she ordered coffee for all of them. Her perfume had allowed her entry into their personal space and that was all she needed.

The blond introduced herself to Aquilla. I’m Patty Gomez and this is June Grove. And you are?”

“My name is Aquilla Lucius and I would like to have you come over to my room tonight after your shift is over.” Taking Patty’s hand, she allowed her power to flow through her and Patty became even more malleable. She could feel herself give in to Aquilla’s request.

Patty suddenly felt powerless, unable to make a decision. Something had entered her body. It felt like a drug, but it demanded obedience to another. It was something she had never experienced before in her life.

“We don’t get off for three more hours Aquilla, but I suppose we could meet you in your room about 11:00.” Her partner appeared drugged and nodded her head in approval. She

allowed Aquilla to kiss her on the cheek.

Taking June Grove’s hands, Aquilla felt her tremble at her touch. There was a deep sensual feeling that crossed the boundary between the two women.

Desmond, working through Aquilla, probed deeper and stroked the pleasure center of her brain. He placed images of sexual frenzy and of submitting to a woman's touch in her mind. He felt the submission of this one to his will. It was good to be free and unconfined once more.

June melted under the onslaught of this sprit. She caved in and accepted his message, as one who was now a slave to another. She said, "We would be pleased to spend a night with you, Aquilla. Be prepared for a night to remember."

"Great," Aquilla said as she gave them her room number. Getting up, she said, "I have another date right now. I will see you later." As she left, she told them that they should only remember she bought them a cup of coffee and left. They were to go about their patrol as if nothing had happened. All they would know was that they were to be at her room at 11:00.

"Nice to meet you ladies and have a quiet night. See you later."

"It was a pleasure to meet you too, have a good night."

Aquilla returned to the hotel assured of a fun night. Changing into her most seductive swimming attire, she met Hazel in the lobby. Hazel was dressed in a conservative one-piece suit covered by a see-through covering. Aquilla's choice disturbed her. This had been a bad idea.

"Hazel, do I detect a hesitation on your part to be seen with me tonight? We need to get to the pool as I have guests coming later on tonight. You look very lovely tonight. Have you done something special with your hair recently?"

Reaching the deserted pool, they both jumped in the heated water and began to swim and enjoy the relaxing waters. Aquilla told her about the pool and the hot spring water that flows through it year round.

“I saw fear in your eyes as we met in the lobby to-night.”

“Yes. You have become so free, and uninhibited since your time at the swimming pool and pentagram. I hardly know you anymore. I realize now I am afraid of you. You have a power that intimidates others. You have always been a leader among us, and now that is even stronger.

“What you did to the waitress the other morning really creeped me out. I had never seen a woman subject another to the intensity you inflicted upon that waitress. You have changed, Aquilla. Now you are wearing outlandish clothes and seem to have forgotten your moral upbringing.

Aquilla allowed Desmond to assume control, knowing he would be able deal with this threat to her dominance in the group. “I have changed, Hazel. I have learned the power of dominance. You are a very strong individual. I have known only one other to be as strong as you are.” Taking her hands, she moved Hazel to the deep part of the pool.

Hazel felt her body move to the center of the deep section. At the same time she felt a force enter her body. It calmed her fears and created a quiet zone where she could listen to her body. She felt the fears sinking to the bottom of the pool.

She did not feel the dread of drowning. There was a peace here. Looking into Aquilla’s eyes, she saw the

truth. Reaching across, she pulled her close and kissed her on the lips.

When she awoke, she was in Aquilla's room, lying on her bed, her swimsuit off to the side. There was a sound in the bathroom.

"You are awake. It's about time, sleepy head." Climbing on the bed, Aquilla reached over and touched her breasts.

Hazel reacted to her touch with instant bliss. She wanted more. Just then there was a knock on the door.

Aquilla asked who it was and the response came "The Police."

She said, "Come in, officers."

Hazel watched as two police women came in the room and shut the door. Aquilla reached over, pulled Hazel to her and made love to her with her caresses. She was swooning under the intense desire welling to the surface of her body.

A Romantic Interlude

"Welcome ladies, we have been expecting you for hours. Why don't you make each other comfortable by undressing each other?"

They watched as the women quickly undressed each other as if trying to please their Mistress.

"What do you think, Hazel?"

Hazel looked at the naked women, then at Aquilla and said, "You have picked some beautiful playmates, Mistress. When do we get to pay with them?"

"Why don't you direct them, Hazel? They are here to amuse us."

Aquilla watched as Hazel walked over to them, touched their bodies and made them groan.

“Go over to the bed and lay down like the whores you are.” Desmond was strong in her and he watched as she mastered the art of domination.

“Yes Mistress,” they said in unison and climbed on the bed. Aquilla and Hazel made love to these women. Hazel used her necklace to become one with it. It sprouted out of her pubic region. The penis assumed its erect position.

Aquilla did the same and they ravished the two docile women for several hours. Tired, she knew she needed her sleep as did Hazel so he instructed the two women to dress and leave the back way from the hotel. They were to forget they were here, but from now on they would only prefer women. They would become lesbians, dedicated to pleasuring other women. She gave each of them their own necklace.

Desmond/Aquilla watched as they dressed and left the room without a word or looking back. They now had two new conquests in important positions. He would use them in the future.

The policewomen sat in the coffee shop as they always did, but this time was different. They felt, and smelled, like they had just completed hours of sexual activity. It was 5:30 and they had to go home to their husbands.

Patty tried to figure out where they had been for the last six hours and why she suddenly felt a longing for her partner. June noticed a gold chain around her neck and pulled it out of her uniform blouse. Taking it in her hand, she held the golden pendent. It looked like her husband’s penis and testicles, only much smaller. She

looked over at Patty and could not get the picture of both of them being made love to by women with penises out of her mind. Her pussy felt abused, yet she found that she liked the feeling.

She wanted to feel dominated and made subject to another's will. The thought of going home to her husband and having him touch her made her physically ill.

Aquilla awoke and dressed in her short shorts and silk top. She put on her makeup and went downstairs for breakfast.

Hazel woke up in a strange bed. She was confused as to where she should be right now. She felt very different this morning. She remembered going swimming with Aquilla last night, and something about extreme sexual activity. She reached down and felt a penis growing out of her vagina. She was a woman, and women do not have male organs. Suddenly it became smaller and turned into a golden pendent. She placed the necklace around her neck.

She realized that all she had to wear was her bathing suit and all of her clothes were in her room. Looking about the room, she knew that Aquilla and she were about the same size. She certainly wouldn't mind if she borrowed her clothes for the day.

In the mirror she saw a mess. Her hair needed major work and makeup would be required before she went down stairs. After her shower, she selected her bra and panties. Aquilla had a wide range of clothes to select from, but work clothes were in short supply as she proceeded to get dressed for the day's activities. She looked at the choices of things to wear today and found nothing looked good. She settled on tight jeans and a silk top that hid nothing.

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

Andréa and Paxton Marsh were bored. They needed a new challenge and Halloween looked like the perfect chance to raise hell. They had kept track of the family that had escaped their grasp. Robert Morgan and his sister were handpicked to join the coven. Somehow the parents got wind of it, left everything they owned behind and escaped their grasp.

Now they had a second chance. He was fool enough to accept their invitation and return to Wallenburg. What would he look like now after six years? Would his bride be acceptable to the Village?

Robert received a package in the mail on the 20th of October. Enclosed was an invitation to a Halloween party to be held in Wallenburg, a close-knit village located just outside of Demonville. They also received two costumes for them to wear that night. It had been years since he had thought about the medieval village. Why would someone send him an invitation to spend Halloween with them?

Robert's family lived in the village for about a year when he was fourteen. All he remembered was that they had moved abruptly when he was fifteen. They gave no reason for moving when they left. All he knew is that they never looked back. He showed the invitation to his wife. "It looks interesting. I think I will accept to see the village that time forgot, Mary."

Mary was very pretty; only 19 years old. Robert was two years older than her, but some said he looked three years younger than her. Mary had been told by her friends that there were times when Robert could be mistaken for her from behind as he had long hair and a petite body.

They filled up and their Volkswagen had more than enough fuel to travel eight hundred miles before they would run out of gas. Following the directions that came with their invitation, they traveled down roads not listed any of their maps. At State Route 47, there was a sign: "WALLENBURG, 145 miles."

The two-lane road wound up the hills toward the Village of Wallenburg. Mary had a feeling that they should have turned back miles ago.

Her costume wasn't uncomfortable, but it did expose more of her than she would have liked. Robert's costume, for some reason, brought out more of his feminine characteristics.

She had made it a point during their marriage to get him to emphasize his maleness in the clothes he wore. He insisted that the party was a one-time affair and it would be OK. Still, her gut instincts were telling her that this was a mistake and that they would soon regret accepting the invitation.

She tried to convince herself that they were in no danger and that it was her imagination. Robert looked over at her and smiled his best reassurance that everything would be OK. He had arranged a long-delayed vacation after this so they did not have to return home until November 20TH

As they entered the outskirts of the village, their car suddenly quit. It stopped dead in the middle of the

road for no apparent reason. The lights of the village shone in the distance so they grabbed their traveling bags and pushed the car to the side of the road. Robert told his wife that it would be OK. It was Tuesday and the repair shop should be able to find out what was wrong with the car and fix it before they left the next day.

The sun setting, they proceeded to start walking the quarter mile to the village gates. Their instructions said that the hotel was located in the center of town and that a room had been reserved for them for that night.

They were tired and hungry and looked like they had been on the road for a while. They walked into the village square filled with the townspeople. They stood out and felt out of place.

The hair on Mary's neck stood up and she took notice of this quaint village and its equally quaint hotel. The village seemed to be a throw back to the 1700's. She told her husband that this seemed to be a bad idea, they should rent a car and move on. Robert looked at her and scoffed at such an idea. He told her to shut up and let him handle this matter.

Andréa was the first to meet the couple when they came to dinner after cleaning up in their room. She offered Mary and Robert a seat at their table. Not wanting to offend them, Robert accepted for the both of them. Paxton joined them and introduced himself to Robert and Mary who were taken back at this handsome, debonair gentleman. He through them off-balance for a brief moment. Andrea looked to be about twenty-five, very beautiful and sultry. Mary thought that this was one very dangerous woman. She watched Robert look this woman over from head to toe, captivated by her beauty.

Mary looked at what she was wearing; a simple skirt and blouse over a corset that carved sex into every movement she made. Mary thought of how she herself looked and jabbed Robert in the ribs as he stared at the women.

They sat down and ate and talked and enjoyed each other's company, so much so that they closed the place down. Andréa said that they would see about getting the car fixed later.

Sleep did not come to Mary as she drifted into dreams and visions that filled her mind with obscene thoughts and actions. What she didn't know was that Paxton and Andrea had collected some of her hair as well as Robert's to be used for their black magic rites.

As they combined their skills they mixed and chanted. Paxton invaded Mary's dreams and Andréa sought to control Robert's body; it would be the pinnacle of her success if she was able to change him from a man to a woman. Hour after hour they worked their magic. Success was theirs. Now they only had to wait for the effects to show themselves in Robert and Mary.

Mary awoke in a confused mental state. She could not concentrate on anything. She had a need but didn't know what it was; she only knew her need was greater than anything she had ever felt before. Robert wasn't much better. He looked a little different; his eyes looked softer, his skin looked softer too and his body was more feminine.

Together they got ready for the rest of the day. Robert noticed that he felt funny. His body hurt and his chest was very sensitive to touch. When Mary touched his breast he shivered. "Strange," she thought. His hair seemed longer and his body hair was more sparse than she had ever seen. When he spoke, his voice sounded

softer and seductive. His clothes didn't seem to fit as they had yesterday. *"Very strange,"* she thought.

At 10:00, Paxton came by the room; Mary was just getting dressed for the sixth time this morning. As Paxton walked into the room, order seemed to be restored to Mary's world. He suggested they go shopping and get some new clothes, as her old clothes didn't seem to please her today. She looked in the mirror and agreed with him that she could use some new clothes.

She was extremely excited about this prospect and quickly dressed for the seventh time in front of Paxton, unashamed and asking him for advice about what to wear for this shopping trip.

Robert seemed listless and drifted in his own little world as Mary and Paxton decided what she should wear that day. There was a knock on the door and Andrea entered the room.

She kissed her husband and looked at Mary, then reached out and took her head in her hands, bringing her lips to Mary's mouth. She kissed her softly and affectionately. Mary responded as she had never before to a woman's touch.

Mary exploded, returning the kiss and grabbing on for dear life as the two women were lost in a timeless state. Slowly, Mary let go of Andrea and brushed her breasts in a casual manner, showing a sly smile. She then turned to Clayton and said, "Shall we go, Master?"

Mary was taken to a obscure shop called "Tallia's Place." Paxton explained to Mary that he was to be addressed as Master and she should address Andrea as "Mistress Andrea." Mary looked up and said, "I understand, Master."

He then had her strip all her old clothes off and stand there with her arms to her side. She was only to hear his voice and respond to his commands.

She was shown clothes that would have caused her to run away and hide her head in shame only yesterday. On this morning, however, it didn't matter what she was given. She accepted it gratefully and thanked her Master as she took off her clothes and stood in front of them, naked and unashamed. The revealing clothes given to her showed everything she had to offer and more. It magnified what she had and yelled "sexy slave" to the world.

It seemed like hours passed as she took off one revealing costume only to put on another, even more revealing. It didn't matter how much of her body showed as long as Paxton approved, she was happy just to receive this attention from Paxton Marsh. She was dressing only for Paxton and no one else.

When she returned to the hotel room, Robert looked even stranger than before. His hair was much longer and his body was changing shape. He referred to Mrs. Marsh as "Mistress" as he stood there almost naked in front of her. He was very submissive and docile as he addressed Andréa Marsh. She looked at her husband and his slave and smiled. Paxton said, "You have been a busy little girl, haven't you?"

Andrea called Robert "Robin" and back came a voice definitely female saying, "Yes, Mistress Marsh" from this young man's voice box. Andrea smiled as this and took his, no, *her* hand as it seemed to take on a very feminine shape.

It was as if his body was changing from the inside out. Andrea ran her finger tips around the newly formed breasts that seemed to reach out, begging to be

touched. She now took an interest in Robin's groin where his penis seemed to shrink at her touch. Andrea surveyed what she had to work with. Robert had lost 25 pounds and where his hairy chest had been, there was now baby smooth skin with two soft mounds.

She tweaked each nipple and they sprang to life, hard as nails. Robin moaned as she did this. She looked down to his groin. His penis had shifted back and had become less than 1" long; testicles were nowhere to be seen.

Mary looked on as Robin's breasts grew several inches and her hair added almost two inches in length. The man Robert no longer existed; there was only Robin. His penis became smaller and smaller and disappeared as his body created a vagina.

Robin smiled and her eyes expressed emotions she/he had never felt before. Andrea turned Robin around for Mary and her husband to see the changes. Mary addressed her husband. "What happened to you, Robert?"

Paxton looked at her and said, "Mary, you will never refer to your husband as Robert again. Her name is Robin and you will always treat her as a woman. Is that understood?"

Mistress Paxton now addressed, "Mary, do you have some bras and panties for her to wear? Together, they helped Robin select a bra and panties to wear the rest of the day. Mary selected a dress and shoes for her to put on.

Robin sat at the vanity and brushed her hair and applied her makeup. Standing, she turned for her Mistress' approval.

"Very well done, Robin. What do you think, Mary?"

“Robin, you are beautiful. I wish I looked as lovely as you. I didn’t realize until now that I should have been encouraging your feminine side all these years.”

Before going downstairs to dinner, the Master watched with an extreme interest in Mary’s progress in showing her treasures to the world. She was developing quite well. He praised her for her natural beauty and sexy body. He said, “I want you to wear the corsets in your room and don’t forget to have Robin wear them too. They will do wonders for your figure and posture. Andrea show them yours.”

Andrea removed her outer garments and exposed her hourglass figure. “After dinner, I will help you select one and fit it to your body. It will increase your libido.”

Mary and Robin sat across from each other, the perfect mates to Paxton and Andrea. They were introduced to the well-wishers in the room. With each bit of praise, the former husband and the wife blushed, ever more prideful of their beauty.

Andrea said, “Ladies, I think we need to repair our faces.” Mary made sure that Robin sat down to urinate.

Standing in front of the mirror, Robin started to shake uncontrollably. “What have you done to me, Mary? I am a man, not a woman.” Tears streaming down his face, he watched his red fingernails wipe away the stream. A calmness slowly returned to his continence. She now repaired the damage done in his fit. Assured she was ready, they returned to the table and dinner.

Paxton said, “You certainly took a long time,” looking at his wife.

“We had to do some battle damage, dear. It seems that Robert is alive. Robin took care of the problem. I don’t expect that it will reoccur.”

After dinner, they returned to the room. Mary had on a bright red corset and a micro-miniskirt. She was sitting next to Master Paxton Marsh, content to be dominated by this total stranger. When Robin entered with Mistress Andrea, she looked beautiful. Mary was told to greet Mistress Andrea. This she did with vigor and a passion she had never in her life shown to anyone.

Part of Andrea wanted to see her husband, but Robert was transformed; his hair was now long and blond, down to his waist. He had prominent breasts that stood out in her bra. Below, his uterus was flooding his body with hormones. He was now She, designed to wear such sexy underwear that it made Mary blush just to think about it.

Today was Halloween . Robin and Mary went shopping and returned to the hotel room. Their arms loaded, they hugged each other. Both of them showered and put on their costume. Mary liked how hers did not leave her unexposed. Robin put on hers and Mary now knew why she had been given the most beautiful costume of all. She realized that she was jealous of her husband and laughed. They joined the festivities outside as sisters.

The Resort-Hotel Hades

The day started out very beautiful. It was the first day of a very long vacation. Bridget and Ryan Grant-ham drove up Highway 214, then crossed over to Road 304. They were looking for a short cut to State Highway 97.



They got lost but eventually found a sign that said “Highway 97: 20 miles, Putnam: 10 miles.” Putnam was not on their map, nor was this cutoff to State Highway 97.

They followed the map to a small town. Unsuspecting, they followed the map to their descent into Hell.

They did not reach the town until dark. The road had been full of twists and turns with dirt sections that were washed out down to one lane. They had not seen one living soul in the last four hours and they were getting worried.

Ryan came to a sign that said "Putnam: 1 mile. They were relieved and smiled at each other, knowing that they had reached civilization. A half-mile up the road, the car quit.

They could see the lights of the town as they carried their bags in the dark. Their cell phones refused to work; they seemed to be in an electronic dead zone.

The sign said "Putnam: Population 100." As they walked into town, there seemed to be a party going on as the street was lit up and people were dancing and drinking.

The celebration was in full swing as Bridget and Ryan entered the main street. A man introduced himself as Darcy Dmitri, listened to their story and offered to help them to get their car towed into town and get it repaired.

It was clear to both of them that nothing was going to happen tonight so they resigned themselves to stay in the local hotel until the car was fixed and they could get back on the road once more.

Darcy was met by a woman named Adrianna who he introduced as his wife. She took charge of Bridget and off they went to the hotel to secure a room for the duration. She talked on and on about this and that, all the while keeping the couple separate in a planned move to isolate them. The hotel was called "The

Hades" and for good reason. It was dark and sinister, very quiet compared to the party down the street.

Bridget waited for her husband to catch up with her and Adrianna, but Darcy said they would be up later. Bridget suggested that they go ahead and get the room and wait for them. They could settle down and relax, perhaps have a drink while they waited.

Bridget was issued Room 67. The room had been specially fitted for such visitors. As she was escorted upstairs, strange pictures adorned the walls. Something told her to leave now and take her chances downstairs.

Adrianna calmed her fears and took her to her room. Brigitte was hungry and tired, as was her husband. Adrianna suggested that they go downstairs and get something to eat. Perhaps their husbands would meet them there later.

Bridget grew restless as Adrianna plied her with drugged wine. After dinner and still no husband, Adrianna suggested that they go to her house and wait for the men.

As Adrianna led the docile woman through the streets, Bridget thought she saw Ryan but before she could say anything, Adrianna pulled her towards a large house. Bridget entered the bright hallway; Adrianna turned towards Bridget and her lime green eyes captured her soul.

Lost, Bridget stood and Adrianna suggested that she find her some different clothes as hers were dirty and somewhat damp due to the humid air.

Bridget took her hand and allowed herself to be ushered down the dark passageway. From behind a door came a beautiful women dressed like a whore .

Like a puppet, she followed this enchantress to her house as if she were her dearest friend.

Bridget followed her to an upstairs bedroom where she was given a strangely scented bath that utterly relaxed her. Her thoughts drifted toward things sensual and sexual.

Bridget was given a fragrant tea that made her feel euphoric and trouble-free. There were no cares to worry about, no missing husband, or being alone in a strange house with a strange seductive women.

Adrianna told her she was going to call her by a pet name. She would be called Jasmine. Bridget was not to respond any other name.

She had been soaking in the comforting bath for over an hour when Adrianna called out, "Jasmine, it's time to get out of there, get dressed for the party and meet your husband at the dance."

Jasmine didn't question a word and stepped out of the tub into the waiting arms of Adrianna Dmitri who dried her off in a very sensual manner. Jasmine looked into her lime green eyes and kissed her on the lips, thanking her for her rescue.

Jasmine stood stark naked in front of this strange alluring women, neither afraid or ashamed of her condition. Adrianna took her hand and lead her to another room. Passing an open door that caught her eye, she thought she saw someone she knew but the view was so quick she wasn't sure. Adrianna told Jasmine to sit on the bed and look at the room. As she looked around the room, it was cheerful and seemed to be a happy place, someplace she could stay and be content.

Adrianna then had her stand up and proceeded to cover her body with the strangest lotion she had ever

smelled or experienced. It made her feel loose and extremely sexy. Adrianna made sure that no area of her body was neglected. When Jasmine felt Adrianna's hands down where only her husband had been, she shivered, knowing what was to follow.

Adrianna now gave her a strange garment. It was a corset made of the softest of silk and lace, much like the one she saw on the whore at the hotel. As she stepped into this suggestive underwear, it captured her breasts in its grasp and created a new Jasmine, full of a future yet to be created this magic evening.

It molded her figure and created one just like Adrianna's. This was the first time she noticed that Adrianna's waist was so tiny; now Jasmine's waist was just like hers. Adrianna tightened the ties until Jasmine could hardly breathe. Jasmine looked at Adrianna and started to say something but Adrianna put a finger to her lips and told her she could breathe just fine.

Just like magic, instantly she could take deep breaths again. Jasmine sat down in front of the dressing table and allowed Adrianna to apply her makeup for the dance. Her hair was next. When it was done, Jasmine was ready for her new dress. Jasmine was offered no panties nor did she ask for any to be given her. The dress floated down and about her body and seemed to take on a life of its own. It molded to her every curve, showing her breasts like the beautiful globes they were.

Adrianna then got dressed and proceeded to look like Jasmine, a perfect whore. With their legs encased in silk and six-inch shoes to top off the effect, they were off to the dance. Like teenagers, these two women looked every bit the ladies of the night they were. As they walked, Adrianna instructed Jasmine in her expected behavior and ordered her not to answer to

Bridget under any conditions. She was to tell any one she met her that name was Jasmine and that she belonged Adrianna.

Jasmine performed exceedingly well and proved to be the delight of the men, dancing with all of them and tantalizing them, tempting them with her sexuality. Her husband attempted to get her attention but she refused to respond to her name or his entreaties. She came up to him as if she was meeting a stranger and told him her name was Jasmine and she belonged to Adrianna. He was shocked and, in disbelief, cried. She would have liked to make love the men on the dance floor. Ryan could do little but look on this abhorrent behavior from his wife.

As dawn broke so did the dance and Jasmine went home with Adrianna. She awoke in a strange bed next to a very beautiful woman. She reached out and ran her hands over the woman's beautiful breasts and followed the curve of her body down to her most secret spot.

There she dallied. Her fingers played with her jet black hair and proceeded to find her clitoris; then she played with it until the woman moaned and reached down to encourage her in this pleasurable endeavor. The woman repeated and improved Jasmine's sexual favors until both women, satisfied, fell asleep in each other's arms.

Several hours later she woke up again and she was alone in the huge bed. A note was pinned to the pillow beside her. It read: "Jasmine, I didn't have the heart to wake you as you looked so peaceful sleeping there. When you wake up, please take a bath. Monacella will prepare it for you and help you get ready for tonight."

Before she could say a word, a beautiful young woman was assisting her in getting out of the huge feather bed. The process was exactly the same as the night before. This time she took note of what was done and each step as she felt it was important to her.

She remembered she belonged to Adrianna and her name was Jasmine. This time, though, the clothes were different. Yes, the corset was tight as usual but she wore the most sexually suggestive dress that left nothing to the imagination. Her hair, makeup, and clothes were perfect and she was ready.

Her husband had attempted to locate her but to no avail. She had disappeared off the face of the earth, or so it seemed. He found out that she had paid for the hotel room but after that, her activities became lost in the confusion of the night. Darcy assured him that his wife had been taken up to a room so she could be cleaned up, as she was in no condition to see anyone without further conditioning after the dance.

He found his hotel room and found his and his wife's bags sitting in the room. Her bags had not been opened and the bed had not been slept in. He himself had experienced very erotic dreams. They must have been dreams, for no one could have done all those things unless they were drunk or perverts.

During the night, he himself under the influence of drugs. He found himself doing things that could have put him in prison for at least forty years. Women had him sexually abusing them; he enjoyed it so much that when he woke up in the morning in a bed with three women, he felt no shame.

As he was sleeping off the previous night's excesses, the three women played with his mind. They stretched it until he no longer thought of him as a man.

He dreamed about dressing in beautiful clothes and dancing with handsome men. His long blond tresses flowed down his back and his breasts attracted their attention. As he became aware of his surroundings, he saw a woman who had disappeared several months ago without a trace.

He had been assigned to her case and had to put it off to one side for lack of clues. Her husband had turned up in a local hospital with a total loss of memory.

“Hello,” she said, “I have been sent here to assist you this morning.”

“Assist me?” Ryan said

“Yes, I am to make sure you are properly dressed and presentable for tonight’s dinner party.”

“What do you mean, properly dressed?”

“You are a man, Ryan, but it has been ordained that you will become a woman in both spirit and body. We have already planted the desire and the need to comply with my demands and you cannot defy me.”

“I have no intention of doing anything of the kind, Randy Vandergrahm. Yes, I know your name. Surprised?”

The woman said, “My name is Molina.” With a heavy Spanish accent and with her hair and chocolate complexion, one would be hard put to dispute her claim, but what gave her away were her deep blue eyes. “I know of no one by the name of Randy Vandergrahm. I have been told if you do not cooperate your wife is endangered. Her life is in your hands. From now on your name will be Rosalinda. Is that clear.”

“You wouldn’t hurt her, would you?”

“As I said, her life is in your hands.”

“I believe you would allow her to be hurt if I don’t comply with your demands, Molina.”

“I need you to undress and take a bath, Rosalinda, then we will begin.”

Ryan had no choice so he undressed and was lead to the bathroom. He climbed in and headphones were placed on his him.

An hour later, he was roused out of a deep sleep. What...where...who am I? How did I get here?”

“In good time, Rosalinda, in good time. You need to shave your hairy legs and I need to wash and color your hair. So let’s get to work. Do a good job and don’t forget your underarms.”

As if under a spell, Ryan did just as she told him to. He paid special attention his groin hair.

“Good girl, you did a perfect job. Now it’s time to get you out of that dirty water. Stand up so I can dry you off. Pretty good, Rosalinda, but I need to do your behind. There, now don’t you feel better?”

“I think so, but I’m not sure what I am expected to feel right now.”

“Do you like the color? It’s just like mine.”

“I like it very much, Molina. Why is my skin color darker?”

“This is the new you, my dearest Rosalinda. Soon you will unlearn your English and know only Spanish. You will learn what it is like to be a slave to another. To be dedicated to the personal needs of a Master, or Mis-

tress. Put on your head phones and sleep while I do your makeup.”

Ryan slept as she applied his makeup and did his nails.

“Rosalinda, wake up. Who is Ryan?”

“I don’t know, Molina.”

“Who are you?”

“I am Rosalinda, a beautiful woman.”

“It’s time to get dressed,” Molina said

Rosalinda put on her corset and Molina tightened it up until his waist was reduced to twenty inches. “It’s too tight, Molina, I can’t breathe.”

“You’ll get use to it, we all did.”

“Now the rest of the clothes, Rosalinda. We must hurry.”

Like an expert, Rosalinda’s fingers put on her panties and bra. Molina added the inserts so they would look natural. The skirt and the blouse came next. Ryan’s fingers put the hose on, then his shoes.

“What do you think, Mr. Ryan?”

Like a man drawn from a deep slumber, he looked upon one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen, only this woman did everything he did. Her fingers touched his hair and exposed his earrings that dangled with their jeweled refraction. “What have you done to me?” he said as he marveled at the woman in front of him.

His breasts towered, filling the multi-colored blouse to perfection. He felt his chest tingle and itch. “Strange,” he thought, “this has never happened to me before.”

His mind began to accept that she was him and that realization forced him to also accept the fact that she/he was beautiful. Her gray eyes and chocolate-colored skin matched the black hair that hung down to her ass. "How did I get such long hair?" he wondered.

"What have you done with my hair? It is so long."

"Mistress Adrianna gave me the hair color and it stimulated the growth while you slept. Master Darcy has taken an interest in you, Rosalinda. You should be excited that one so high in the order has taken the time and effort to shape your development.

"I have done my job, Mr. Ryan, shall we go to dinner now? You will answer only to Rosalinda and you will only be able to act like a woman, Ryan, no matter what you feel or think."

They went down to dinner and Adrianna saw Molina and a beautiful woman walking towards her. "Who are you?" she addressed Ryan.

Try as he may, he could only say, "My name is Rosalinda, Mistress." Where did that come from? he wondered

"You are very beautiful, young lady. Come over here and sit with me. Your name is Rosalinda, you say. What a pretty name."

"You did well, Molina. Please bring Jasmine here."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Now, tell me about yourself, Rosalinda."

"I was born in Mexico and my last name is Estella. I have six brothers and sisters. Andrea is the oldest in the family. She has six children. Someday I hope to have children.

"I am sure you will, Rosalinda. A glass of wine?"

"Yes, please." Ryan looked on as he rattled off a fiction that had been created in his head only a few hours ago. Even he began to believe it as she continued to tell her about herself. Looking over the edge of the glass, he saw his wife standing there, waiting.

"Rosalinda, this is Jasmine. Isn't she beautiful?"

"Bridget," Ryan thought, "this is my wife." All he could say was, "Yes Mistress, she is very beautiful." Molina was right. Rosalinda was in control, and he was powerless to confront the forces around him.

"Jasmine, look at Rosalinda. Tell me what you see."

"I see a woman, a beautiful woman, Mistress."

"Look very close, Jasmine. Rosalinda, stand up and allow Jasmine to examine you.

She obeyed and watched as Jasmine looked closely at this new addition to the fold. Ryan wanted to scream out and tell her who he was, but only a whimper emerged.

"She is a woman, Mistress."

"Thank you, Jasmine. You may stay and enjoy the food and the dancing."

"Rosalinda, you are to serve Jasmine as you would your mistress. You will do everything she tells you to do without question."

"Yes, Mistress Adrianna."

"Come, slave," Jasmine said, as she walked across the floor. She made Rosalinda give the women pleasure and the men blow jobs. With each betrayal, Rosalinda-inside-Ryan became stronger and stronger. No longer did Ryan look to his wife for assistance. He

was alone in a woman's world. Powerless and afraid, he accepted the fact that he no longer existed; only Rosalinda would exist to confront the powers that be. He had been transformed in a few hours from a man to mere woman, scared to disobey, or contradict her superiors.

"Jasmine, when will I get breasts like you? I feel naked and like half a woman?"

"I'll see what I can do, maybe Adrianna has some magic to speed up the process."

"Thank you. May I make love to you?"

"I would like that, Rosalinda. If you are good, I will pleasure you also."

"Thank you, Jasmine."

Jasmine, true to her word, brought back four bottles. "These will help you become the woman you want to be, Rosalinda. Follow the directions and I will get you some more when these run out."

Ten months later, the community was given a 6 pound 12 oz. baby girl compliments of the newest mother. Darcy had completed the process Adrianna had started. She had become the mother she had always wanted to be. With his guidance, she blossomed into a woman perfected.

"Rosalinda, you have made me the happiest man in the world," he said. "I think it's time to feed the baby, dear."

"Yes, thank you." She laid the baby girl on her flat stomach and it began to suckle. Rosalinda nursed her child as the father looked on with pride. She said,

"Darcy, you have made me a complete woman, thank you."

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