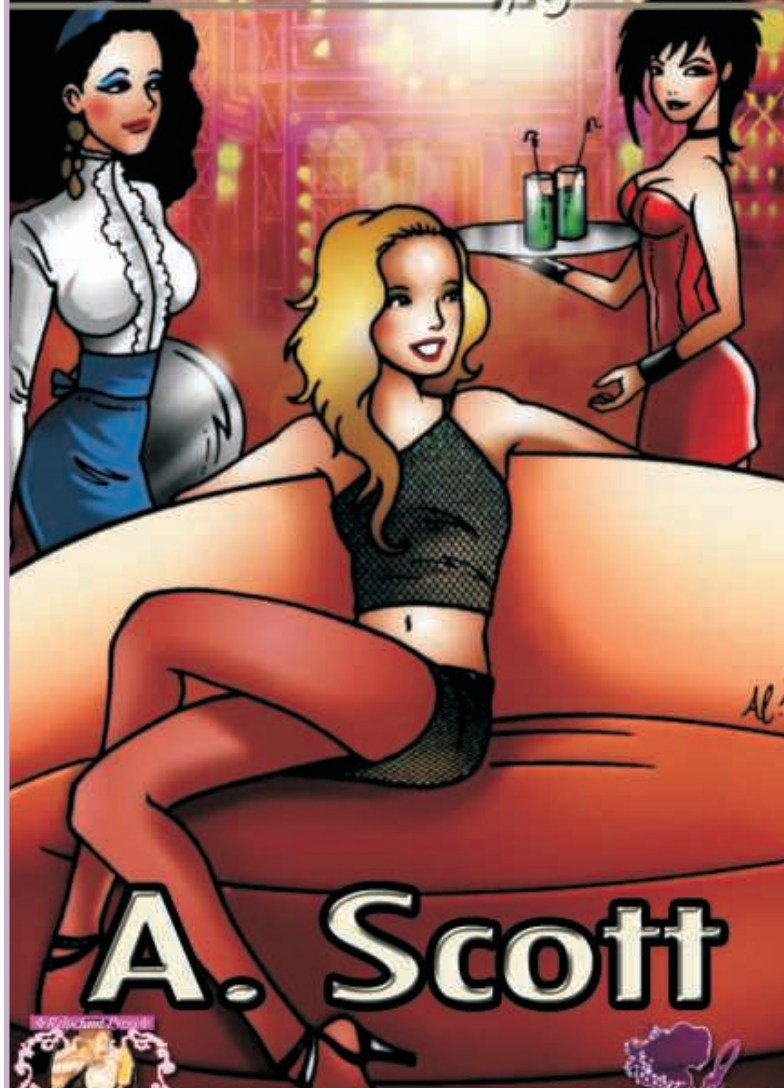


The Devil's Playground



A. Scott



A "New Woman" Novel



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The Devil's Playground

By A. Scott

Shelly's Story

For Rent: upper floor of huge house w/utilities paid for right party/couple. Apply in person. 346 Davis Street

Robert McMasters looked out the window impassively. His expression gave away nothing about what he was thinking or feeling as he watched the family approach the house. He had set the trap and now he had only to wait for it to be sprung.

His eyes watched each person as they walked up the ornate walkway. It was important to watch how they carried themselves, their eyes as they looked at his house.

The young women appeared to be carefree and confident in their manner. They had a sexuality about them under their demeanor.

They had potential, but they would have to be trained in the way. The boy, on the other hand, could be dangerous and had to be neutered. The mother looked like a professional who had education and bearing.

His last prospects surpassed his expectations. It took several months but he was able to break down the family bond. In the end each individual proved to be profitable. What surprised him was the mother; she turned out to be a wonderful companion. Her daughters proved to be equally talented.

How to work with this new challenge? What would their weaknesses be and how could he take advantage of them? Their food and drink would make them more pliable.

What to do with the boy? He appeared to be set in his ways. He seemed to be a deep thinker, and the mother; he wondered what she did for a living. How much education did she have? What would it take to break her down?

He thought of his own mother and how she ran his life. Her domination and force of will forced him to become the person he was. He hated females and he felt that it was his destiny to subjugate them to his will.

He was ready to turn on his charm and weave his web quickly so his pray would be nullified. Then he could start converting these blank slates into insatiable sex slaves.

He thought about June, his first conquest. He was only sixteen and she was twenty. He learned that he had a power to dominate and control. Learning from his mother, he became an expert at the manipulation of people, women to be specific.

It was her legacy. His family had money, but his side of it was not so blessed. His father died early and poor.

He learned from his family what women needed and how to turn it to his advantage. He was the master.

Anna Marie looked out the window at the family that walked up the walkway. They were very plain but they had promise.

How would they compare to the last family they had trained to perfection? She felt empowered and emboldened by her success in mastering and subduing the two teenagers. They could have been twin sisters; no one could tell them apart in the end. They should be happy with their new owners.

Now it was time to train and mold this family in the ways of the House and Father. Everything was ready.

Marie looked at the boy, almost a man. He must be a senior. "He looks smart and intelligent. I wonder if I would be able to work with him?" she thought.

"We are about the same size. With a little work, I could convert his body and mind into a very beautiful girl. It all depends upon his mother, and how Father trains her."

Amanda was deep in thought as she walked up the ornate walkway. She looked up at the imposing mansion. "Am I doing the right thing for her and the children?" she wondered. She considered her options and this seemed to be the best she had to work with for now.

The place looked Gothic, like something she would have seen in a horror movie. It must have been her imagination but she could feel eyes looking at her and her children as they moved up the walkway.

Amanda was remembering the dreams she had the last three nights when her son grabbed her arm.

“Mom, I have a very bad feeling about this place,” he said.

Her daughters looked at her and said, “This place feels creepy.”

Even with the second thoughts, she knew that they needed a place and this one appeared to be the best choice right now.

Amanda reached up to grab the door knocker. Then she saw its very unique design. One would say it was almost pornographic in its form and function. The brass testicles struck the door with a resounding echo.

She watched as the door opened and a tall, debonair, gentleman stood in the entryway.

“Welcome to my house. Enter freely of your will.”

Amanda noticed that their host and family were dressed somewhat erotically. She didn’t listen to her second sense. This was the third wake-up call that should have been heeded by her. “Thank you,” she said as she entered the house.

Amanda felt the House reach out to her. It tolerated the Blakes; now this subject and her family posed lots of promise. She felt the cold reach out and welcome her with open arms. She shivered and wondered what she was getting into.

It’ tendrils reached out, feeling her body and tasting her mind. She was nominally a Christian but her belief was weak. The drugs and the training would soon remove any possibilities of her God making problems for Him and the McMasters.

“My name is Robert McMasters and this is Anna and Marie. Please sit down and make yourself comfortable. May we offer you anything to drink? Coffee, soda, or water?”

“Thank you, it is rather chilly in here,” Amanda said as she and the children sat down in the living room. Shelly tried to get her attention but she was distracted by Robert as he described the house and its history.

As he spoke, the beverages were handed out to their guests. Amanda, looking about the room, marveled at the almost medieval atmosphere.

“The house is haunted and, some would say, possessed. It has exacted a price upon all who enter here for generations. We are no different. My humble family and I welcome you to the Devil’s House. To my knowledge it has not harmed anyone.”

As Amanda drank her coffee, she began to feel mellow, content, hanging, on his every word.

“What is your name if I may ask?” said Robert.

“I am Amanda Blake and this is April and Aleesa. My pride and joy is Shelly. Thank you for allowing us the chance to rent the rooms.”

April and Aleesa also began to feel mellow and content as listened, drinking their soft drinks. The drugs took their toll; slowly their wills diminished as they fell under its control.

Robert watched as they became lethargic and open to suggestion. Soon they would be unable to escape. It was like last time; the innocent wee coming to the slaughter. They would make life interesting once more.

Marie and Anna became aware as they became more docile. The only one who was not was the teenage boy, Shelly, was it?

It was apparent that he did not like Robert. If he could get the mother’s attention and pull her of to the side, he could allow her to escape their grasp. He was the youn-

gest so he did not count in what would happen over the next several hours.

Robert said, "Shall we go upstairs and look around to see if you like the apartment?"

Amanda and the girls roused from their apparent slumber and looked at Robert. She felt the need to respond to His voice.

"I would like to see the upper floor, Robert." Taking his hand, Amanda stood up and walked beside him up the stairs.

Anna took April's hand, Marie took Aleesa's and they followed up the stairs. The girls amazed at the immaculate condition and the huge rooms.

It was better than described. The drugs coursing through their veins creating euphoria prevented them from having second thoughts about the house.

Shelly felt a hand on his. He found himself looking at the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life. "My name is Marie. Can I show you your room?"

"Sure, I guess," said Shelly, as he was lead away from the adults.

"This is my favorite," she said. "Adults can be so strange, don't you think?"

Shelly had been taken to a very feminine room. "The room grows on you," Marie said. "It's quiet and isolated from the rest of them and there is lots of privacy.

"I like you, you're different. Your mom called you Shelly. That's a pretty name."

"Thanks, people make fun of me because of it but I guess I am getting use to the snide remarks after eighteen years.

"It's a nice room, but is there anything more my type? I mean for a boy to sleep in?"

"I don't think so, but we can go look if you want."

"Sure, I think I will take you up on that soda if you don't mind. I am getting rather thirsty."

"Wait here and I'll be right back."

Amanda and the girls were shown to their rooms. Robert stayed with the mother while Anna worked with the daughters. The drugs were working perfectly. Soon they would be under their control and they could relax.

Marie returned with the soft drink in a glass and handed it to Shelly.

"Thanks, you didn't have to put in a glass. The can would have been good enough."

"Sorry, force of habit, I guess. Drink up." She watched as he downed the large glass. "Would you like some more?"

"Yes, thank you. It was very good."

Shelly began to feel funny. He had a warm fuzzy feeling inside. It was like he wanted to lay down and sleep, but different.

"Thank you, you are very kind." He downed the large glass without a second thought.

"Would you like some more?" she asked

"No, thank you. That was enough."

Shelly felt alert as if he suddenly wanted to please this young goddess in deed and action.

"Marie, you are right this room does grow on you. Did you know you are beautiful?"

"No, not really but have you considered that as a girl you would also be beautiful?"

"I am a boy. Boys are never considered beautiful or lovely."

"I know that, silly, but if you had on a dress and makeup, you would be very desirable. When did you cut your hair last?"

"About six months ago, I guess. Mom threatened to take me to a beauty shop and have it styled last week."

"That's not a bad idea," Marie said, touching his hair. "You have such wonderful texture and body. Why don't we sit down at the makeup table and see if we can improve your looks?"

The double dose of the drug had worked to dull his defenses; strange thoughts flowed through his brain. His brain was warning him to run but all he could do but comply with her request.

"If I brush it back and form it in a ponytail like this and hold it with a scrunchy, all you would need would be a little bit of makeup to frame your lovely face. Here, let me show you"

Shelly sat as his face took on the contours of a woman. Warnings flashed through his mind, but he was powerless to comply.

"You have very bushy eyebrows. Did you know that?"

"They're supposed to be, silly. I'm a boy."

"Well, I think they need to be thinned. Would you mind if I pluck them so they are more pleasing to the eye?"

"I guess not? Could I have another soda? I am getting very thirsty."

"Sure, I'll be right back. Why don't you continue to work on your eyebrows? You've been watching me long enough to get the hang of it."

His hands took on a life of their own as they continued her work. Try as he may, he could not prevent his transformation to a teenage girl. His body betrayed him at every turn. He followed the directions she had given him and started to create the high arch of a woman's eyebrow.

Robert watched as Amanda Blake became quiet. "May I call you Mandy?"

"I don't see why not, Robert. I sort of like that name, thank you."

"You should really remove your clothes, you are rather overdressed."

"I guess you're right. It is rather warm in here."

"See, isn't that better? I want you to try on some lighter clothes now. I think you would prefer then to your other outfit. Here you go. You did an excellent job, Shelly, but let me show you what you missed. Drink up, dear, we have lots to do before dinner."

All of a sudden he was proud that he had made her happy. He watched as she continued to work on the very feminine appearance above his eyes.

"What do you think, Shelly?"

"What have you done to me, Marie?"

"What do you mean?"

"I look like a girl. That's what I mean."

"That's what you wanted, wasn't it? Why get mad at me if that wasn't what you wanted to do? Why not just tell me to stop?"

"I'm sorry, Marie. It was just a shock to see my feminine eyebrows. I do look beautiful, don't I?"

"Yes you do, girl, and this is just the first step in your transformation Shelly. We need to work on your makeup for the full effect. You will need to watch me so you can do this yourself next time.

"You need remove the makeup when you go to bed. I'll show you how to do that later tonight."

He watched as she applied the base, then the different colors to his face. With each application, he became more and more of a she.

As she praised his beautiful bone structure and worked on his lashes, he realized that he could learn to love a girl like this. "I have to make Marie happy. I want her to be proud of me. I want to be the girl she wants me to be," he thought as his transformation took place.

"Shelly, look at yourself in the mirrors. What do you think?"

He looked at his face and the ponytail and could not believe it was him He was beautiful. "I have to make Marie happy. I want her to be proud of me. I want to be the girl in the mirror," he repeated over and over in his head.

At the same time, part of him wanted to rebel and scream that he was a male and males don't wear makeup and pluck their eyebrows. All he could do was watch as a feminine hand went up to his face. He watched as she applied a bright red fingernail polish to his nails.

"You are making me into a beautiful girl, Marie. I hope I can do as well in the morning. Can we do the eye-lashes next? I don't want the job half-done."

"Of course. "Let's see, I'll do the right eye and you can do the left. Is that OK?"

"Perfect. Sit on the bed, I need to do your toenails."

He went to the bed, sat down, and watched as she applied the same color to his toenails that she had applied to his fingernails. .

“Marie, I don’t know what you did to me but I am all aflutter. I am beautiful, my nails are sooo pretty,” Shelly said as he played with his large hoops and diamond studs in his double pierced ears.

“You fell asleep for a short time and I had you put some earbuds in so you would learn about being a girl. You follow directions quite well. Do you like the color?”

“I like the red, it matches my lipstick. The earrings look just darling. You have good taste. You have made me beautiful and desirable. Thank you.”

“Another soda?”

“Sure.”

“Meanwhile, listen to your music. It will help you pass the time while I am gone.”

Shelly heard the words and music in his ears and was transported to another world, one where beauty and femininity ruled.

He was being drawn into the need to look, speak, and behave like a teenage girl. Over and over he heard the words: *I will be a perfect girl and I will make my mistress proud of me. Girls have breasts and a pussy. I want to have breasts and a pussy. I am a girl.*

“Mandy, when you look at Shelly what do you see?”

“I see a perfect teenager, Robert. He will go to college and launch rockets into space. He is smart and well-balanced.”

“Amanda, from now on when you look at him you will see your teenage daughter. You will teach her everything you know about life and love. You will protect her

from the young men who would defile her. You know what they can be like when they want something bad enough, don't you?"

"Of course I do. Do you think me an idiot?"

"No, I don't. I just wanted to remind you of the need to protect her as she starts to date the boys in her school. Soon she will be going steady and you know what that means."

"Sorry, Robert but you have hit a sore spot and I had not really considered the ramifications of her growing up a girl."

"We need to get you dressed and made-up for dinner, Mandy. Where should we start?"

"Here you go. Drink up, we have a lot to do."

Shelly was strong-willed but he was getting more compliant.

"Feel better?"

"I guess so. What did you put in that Coke? It sure had a kick."

"Nothing special, why?"

"It just seemed more potent than usual, that's all. It did taste good, though."

"Why don't you take your clothes off for me?"

"What?"

"I said take off your clothes. Do it now."

Shelly quickly took off his clothes down to his shorts and socks.

"All of them, young lady."

"Yes, Marie."

"Look in the mirror, Shelly. What do you see?"

"I am naked and my face is pretty."

"Why do you say your face is pretty, Shelly?"

"You said I was beautiful and I think I am pretty, that's why."

"You *are* a beautiful girl, Shelly. We need to get you dressed for dinner, young lady. Put on the panties, Shelly. You love that color, you know."

Shelly stepped into the pink panties, then took the matching bra and put it on.

"Why does a girl need a bra Shelly?" Confused, he looked at Marie.

"A girl has breasts, dummy. Let's see. Ah, these will work. Put them in your pretty pink bra, Shelly. Now what do you see when you look in the mirror?"

"I see my breasts, Marie. Aren't they big?"

"They're perfect for a girl your size and shape. Now for the rest of the clothes. Put on the sweater and the skirt, Shelly, and don't forget the hose."

Without a question, Shelly put the clothes on, then sat down and put on the pink hose. Standing back up, he looked at himself in the mirror.

"Don't forget the shoes, dear. That's better. Don't you feel nice now that you are properly dressed?"

Shelly was very confused. He was a boy and here he was putting on girl's clothes and make up. The drugs and Marie's voice convinced him that it was OK to dress like a girl.

She looked at him as he moved his hands, exploring his body and pretty breasts. They were his hands, not hers.

"Marie, why am I putting girls clothes on?" he asked?

"Because you are a girl, silly boy and you want to be beautiful. Look at yourself, Shelly. What do you see?"

"I see a beautiful girl, Marie."

"Time for dinner, Shelly. Mind your step in your shoes." Looking down at his pink shoes, she smiled.

Shelly was proud of her new clothes and body as she followed Marie down the stairs to the dining room.

"Marie, who is this lovely young lady?" Robert asked.

"Introduce yourself. Shelly."

"My name is Shelly Blake."

"You are very pretty, Shelly Blake. Say hello to your mother."

Shelly was very confused as he looked at his mother and sisters. They were dressed much differently from when he last saw them.

"Hello mother, you look very pretty."

"Hello, Shelly," his mother said, "you are very beautiful too. I think you make a better girl than a boy. Thank you, Marie, for helping my daughter get dressed."

"You're welcome, Mrs. Blake."

"Call me Mandy, I like it better. Robert, you can pour some wine for my daughter, I think she is old enough."

"Whatever you say, my dear. By the way you and your daughters look very beautiful tonight. Thank you for signing the rental papers. I am sure that you will be very happy here."

"I am sure we will, Robert, thank you. I think it's bed time for all of us. Goodnight, Robert, see you in the morning."

Marie helped Shelly remove her makeup and get ready for bed. "At night it's your job to make sure that your face is clean and you apply the face creams."

Shelly watched as Marie applied the cold cream and other chemicals to her face. Slowly she became he again.

"Shelly. take all of your clothes off except your panties and bra. Hang up your clothes and put on your night-gown. That's a good girl. Now off to bed with you, we have a busy day tomorrow. I almost forgot, take your pills like a good girl. You will need to take them twice a day from now on."

Shelly took the pills and said, "Goodnight Marie, see you in the morning."

Deep down inside, he felt something was very wrong about this place. He watched as his sisters and mother became docile and allowed things to happen over which they had no control. He was bound and determined not to let it happen to him. He was a man and he could resist any force they could throw at him.

He was confused, his arms would not work right, nor could he think straight. He looked up on the ceiling and saw a large mirror which reflected back an image of someone he did not know. His room looked like a girl's room, complete with a dressing table. The colors were pink and gold. Laying there, he felt funny, strange. Something had changed and changed drastically. A peace came over him as he heard a sweet voice call his name.

He saw the most beautiful girl in the world looking back at him and smiling. Her voice said, "Obey, obey, obey your mistress." It became even louder when the pretty girl came in o his room.

Again he looked at the ceiling and saw he was wearing a nightgown. It was pink; for a brief moment he thought it looked cute on him, but he quickly suppressed

that thought. Marie would be his guide for his journey into womanhood. Again the need to obey pushed itself out of his subconscious; again he rejected that idea; still it kept up its mantra.

Slowly, he slipped into an all encompassing sleep he would never come out of. He felt like a boy, yet he also felt like a girl. His mind fought the idea of becoming a girl, but it was a losing battle. He was confused and knew that his behavior was not normal.

On Her Own

The next morning Shelly awoke, refreshed and aware his world had changed. His fingernails were bright red and an inch long. He was wearing a nightgown and his voice was scratchy. He should have been upset, but he took it in stride. He remembered to sit down to go to the bathroom. Then he noticed his breasts sticking out. She took her pills like a good girl. He remembered what Maria had said yesterday, "Take your bath in the morning and put your makeup on." So he started his bath water and added the salts.

"Good morning Shelly, ready for your bath, I see. Well, in you go, girl. It should be nice and hot. When you are done with your makeup, we will get you dressed for the day. Don't forget to shave your legs, they are pretty hairy."

Shelly looked at his legs and they were just as she described them. "I can't have them looking like a boy's legs, I am a girl," he thought. Taking the razor and the cream, he shaved his legs, making sure they were perfect.

"Now don't forget your underarms, thank you. After your makeup, you need to do your toenails in Romance Red."

Marie watched as Shelly sat down at his makeup table, removed the old color and applied the new color. He then applied his makeup, taking special care to make sure her eyes were beautiful. The girl in the mirror was picture perfect.

"I laid out your clothes for today on the bed. Hurry, we have a lot to do."

He putting on clean panties and a bra with inserts. The blouse did little to hide his charms. The yellow short shorts fit snug, but his long legs looked good in them. He made sure his toes were perfect. After slipping the high heels on, he was ready to go downstairs for breakfast.

"Shelly Lynn Blake," her mother said, "your hair is a mess. Go back upstairs and don't come down until it's perfect."

"Yes, Mother."

Marie followed him upstairs and helped him with his hair.

"There, it's perfect, Mother."

"Much better, young lady, I will not have a daughter going out in public with imperfect hair. Now sit down and eat your breakfast. Today is a holiday so there's no school, but Monday you will be going. Robert and I have to enroll you in the local high school. You're a smart girl and I know you can get straight A's if you want to."

"Yes, Mother. We are going to go to the mall for the afternoon. Is that OK?"

"Yes, I guess so, but don't fool around. I do have my standards you know."

After breakfast and a beauty check, the girls headed for the mall in Anna's car. "Shelly, you forgot something," Anna said.

Shelly still felt exposed and dressed in girls' clothes, but there was nothing absent. "What am I missing?"



“Your purse, silly. A girl does not leave the house with it. Here it is,” Anna said, holding a pink purse. “Let’s see. Makeup, tampon, credit cards, license, and a mirror.” Handing it to her, Marie watched as Shelly placed it next to her body as if her life depended on it.

“Better?” she asked.

“Much,” Shelly said as she walked out of the house to the car. She walked with a confidence that belied how she felt inside.

Then Marie said, “You are beautiful, girl. You are going to make the boys take notice today.”

Shelly took an extra pride in how she felt and looked in the mirror. She applied her lipstick once more and smiled.

Anna parked as far as she could from the entrance of the mall. Shelly, feeling a little better about the trip, held her head high. Carrying the purse Marie had given her that morning, she entered the mall.

“Shelly, you need bras, panties, dresses, and other foundation items, not that you don’t look fantastic now. You can’t keep borrowing our clothes, you know.”

Shelly, looking in a window, could see her pink short shorts and a sweater. His pink high heels complemented his toes. He nodded his head and the girl smiled back at him. He raised his right hand and touched his face and the girl did the same. He didn’t feel entirely comfortable looking at the person he had become but he could not disobey the feelings taking over his body. He took pride with the clothes Marie and Anna gave her. Despite his better judgment, the different combinations of bra sets and pretty clothes made him feel very feminine and sexy.

“Do you want us to help you select your underwear?”

“Thank you but no, Marie.” Shelly discovered that she had become a perfectionist. Wait, when did he start thinking of himself as a she? Strange.

When she emerged, she had selected the red miniskirt, matching blouse and hose. Taking her credit card from her purse, Shelly paid for her new clothes and they entered the promenade.

Shelly looked down at her pink purse. When had she started to carry a purse? She realized that she was clinging to it as if it was important.

“Shelly, let’s repair our make up and go to the bathroom,” Anna said.

“OK, I guess I need it after this morning.” She followed the girls into the women’s restroom as if it was perfectly normal for a boy to use the female restroom.

Instinctively, after using the toilet, she washed her hands, took out her lipstick and applied a new coat of the beautiful red color on her lips. It was important that she look perfect at all times, she reminded herself as she appraised her appearance. She turned to Marie with a questioning look.

“Marie, what if I am discovered to be a male? I know what I feel and I know what I look like, but I am still a boy underneath all these beautiful clothes.”

Second thoughts ran through her mind as she looked at the woman in the mirror. There was no doubt that she was female in appearance and thought. Still she was being exposed to boys as a pretty girl for the first time as they made their way through the mall and this made her feel very uncomfortable. As she looked across the mall, there were about twenty teenage boys standing around. Shelly saw they were looking in her direction. She tried to imagine their conversation.

“That’s one foxy chick,” the tall blond Adonis said in her imagination. She liked him as the programming played through her head. “Boys are fun. Boys are sexy. Boys get me off. I need a boyfriend to protect me.” Shelly liked the attention she was getting.

She loved the clothes she was trying on and bought. The fact that the boys were looking at her made her feel beautiful. Smiling to herself, she allowed her alter ego to have a peek at what was going on while he was imprisoned. Then she closed the door on him again.

The Makeover

The girls entered Joyce’s Beauty and Rejuvenation Center. “Shelly, this is just what the doctor ordered. Have fun and enjoy the experience.” They winked at Janice who took Shelly off to the back for his rejuvenation process to begin.

The girls looked on as Shelly followed the woman who would change not only his exterior but everything else. He followed the technician, oblivious to the ramifications today’s actions would have on her/his life. He meekly did what she told him to do.

His ear bud began to inundate his subconscious and conscious mind with feminine programming. They stripped him of all of his clothes. His brain was reinforcing his programming to make him a girl inside and out.

“It’s time to wake up, dear,” the woman said.

“What happened?”

“We gave you the complete service, Shelly.” As the fog cleared, he realized that something was radically different.

"You will feel a little funny for a few hours but by to-night, you will feel like a new woman." Looking in the mirror, he saw he was stark naked.

They had given him a complete beauty work-over. His breasts and vagina stood out prominently. Her chemical implants began to exert their male-destructive hormones upon his body. He now had four times the estrogen a normal girl would have circulating through his body. It was only a matter of time before their effects became obvious. Even now, the programming was becoming active.

His programming asserted itself. "I am a girl. I am a beautiful girl. I dress like a girl so I am a girl. Boys are for pleasure. I am a girl and girls have fun. Girls dress up in beautiful clothes. I like girl's clothes. I like boys. I am a beautiful girl. I must dress to attract the boys. I must be perfect."

Over and over, this message flowed through his brain. Touching her vagina and breasts the male Shelly realized that he had lost the battle and become a remnant of the past.

"Time to get dressed, dear."

Shelly put on her panties and placed her breasts in the bra for the first time. Brushing her hair, she exposed three sets of earrings with her bright red nails. Her hair was a bright blond color. She liked what she saw. She was beautiful, she had to admit. Taking the lipstick from her purse, she applied a new coat.

From his cell, the male Shelly looked in horror at what had been done to him. The deep programming was affecting him and he could feel himself grow smaller and smaller. Soon he was just a nagging voice in Shelly's mind. Shelly smiled at herself and couldn't wait to see her friends waiting for her in the mall. Looking out the window, she saw Anna and Marie.

She was the happiest girl in the world and to have such good friends made it even better.

Anna and Marie watched as she walked out of the beauty shop. "You look fantastic, girl, looks like we are going to have to get you something sexy."

Shelly went shopping again, this time adding night-gowns, bathing suits, to her already extensive collection of underwear, foundation garments, dresses, tops, and shorts.

Shelly still did not know how much he had changed. All he knew was that he loved dressing up and putting on his makeup. It was part of him now, he could feel it. She settled upon the red mini-dress combination with matching high heels. She checked her makeup and hair. Applying lipstick in a natural and spontaneous movement, she walked out of the dressing room.

Mike watched as this beautiful girl walked with her friends through the mall. She was beautiful, an angel. "She must be new in town. I've got to meet her."

Shelly looked up and saw three boys walking over to their table. She was confused once more as her subconscious screamed, "What a hunk." She felt her body respond to these males' nearness.

The male Shelly wanted to tell them to go away and that he was a guy, but his body was overriding his commands and he smiled in a way that would melt any young man's heart.

Again the voice returned, speaking a cascade of commands. On and on it went until Shelly was ready to melt into the arms of the first boy who spoke to her. Her pulse raced and her eyes dilated. All she could think of that was any of these males would make her life perfect.

Mike came up to Shelly and she looked at him, appraising him with thoughts about to what he could do for her.

“Hello, I haven’t seen you around before. My name is Mike.”

Her arms would not work right again, to stand required an effort, nor could she think straight. She had to say something to him but what should she say? Then her subconscious came to the rescue. Shelly blurted in her sexist voice, “Would you please sit down, Mike?”

Mike felt like a puppy dog madly in love with this beautiful creature. He sat down with his friends.

“What is your name?”

“My name is Shelly Blake.”

Two hours later, Mike had extracted a promise from Shelly that two weeks from today he would take her out for the first time.

Shelly was in love, madly in love, and she knew it. The male Shelly was allowed to feel the rapture she experienced at the attention Mike had given her. She could feel the pain he felt. She could feel the utter failure and resignation as he was transformed into the most beautiful girl in the world, and how he had felt as she exposed her beautiful earrings. She loved the way they felt and the way they moved when she shook her head. Her honey blond hair shone like the sun as she replaced her lipstick.

Remembering Mike and the way he looked at her, what she wouldn’t have done to get him to kiss her right there in a public place.

The girls arrived home late and the adults ran to the door to give them a piece of their mind. They were stopped in their tracks when Shelly Blake’s mother yelled, “What do you think you are doing, Shelly?”

You are not a girl. Why are you dressed like that, young man?"

The real Amanda had asserted herself. The shock of seeing her son transformed into a beautiful girl was just too much for her programming to absorb and she melted back to her former self.

A New Life

In his sweetest voice, he said, "Mom, aren't I beautiful? I had the most wonderful day with my girlfriends. They showed me how to look beautiful and bought me all new clothes. I liked the mini-dress the best. That's why I wore it home today. I met a boy named Mike at the mall and he asked me out next Tuesday. I told him yes."

Robert walked over to Amanda and placed his arm around her shoulders. "Mandy, what is the problem?"

"My son is a girl, that's the problem, Robert."

"Think about it, Mandy. Isn't that what you wanted last night when we talked about my changes for your son while he resides in this house?"

"Yes but he is so beautiful, Robert. I never expected such a gorgeous daughter, that's all. I know I agreed to his transformation but it's still a shock."

"Did you forget to take your pill this morning, Amanda?"

"I don't know, Robert. I have been so confused today, I don't know if I am coming or going."

"That's OK, dear. Take it now and drink up. We have a lot to do tonight, you and I."

"Mom, are you OK?" Shelly asked.

Amanda was furious. She wanted to strike back and get even with the girls and Robert. All she could do was look on as Mandy acquiesced. She was removed from the everyday affairs of her family's life. She was locked away until they wanted her again. Slowly she fell asleep. Mandy realized that she was now in control again. She hated it when that witch would disrupt her life. Looking at her daughter, all she could see was that she was beautiful and Robert wanted her to treat her son as a teenage girl. to raise her and educate her in all ways female. Robert was her Master and she had to obey.

"I think so, dear. I seem to be two people and I am shifting back and forth between the two. I could have sworn that this morning I chided you about your hair, and just now I felt like I lost a son and gained a daughter. Robert is right, I overreacted and I apologize. You are beautiful. Tell me about your day."

She could hear the words replay in her head. "Mandy, you love your daughter. She is the center of your life. You will do anything to make her happy. Whatever you do, you will encourage her growth and development as a girl."

Amanda quickly faded into the background, and a peace came over her as a second tone released her from her training mode.

"Let's go upstairs, Shelly. You can show me what you bought today." Amanda watched her daughter's rear end bounce. It seemed fuller than she remembered and she was not wrong in that evaluation.

The first thing Shelly did was to go to the full length mirror and look at herself. Amanda thought to herself that she saw a frown on her pretty face.

Shelly looked in the mirror. A beautiful teenager looked back at him. Bringing his hands to his face, the red nails looked strange, as did his lipstick.

She's not real, I'm dreaming and this is a nightmare. I am a boy, not a girl. This is all wrong I should not have breasts. Boys don't have breasts.

"What's wrong, Shelly?" Amanda asked.

"It doesn't feel right, Mom. I look in the mirror and I see me, and yet it isn't me. I'm confused. My brain tells me that I am beautiful. A voice keeps whispering to me that this is all wrong. I am a boy, not a girl. I feel uncomfortable. It's like I am two people trapped in the same body. There's a civil war taking place inside me."

"When was the last time you took your pills?"

"I think this afternoon, Mom? Is there a problem?"

"No dear, nothing that can't be fixed. Take your pills. Now show me what you bought. Take your clothes off and let's see what they did to your body today."

As Shelly looked at herself in the mirror, her programming clicked in. She told herself that she must be beautiful and sexy. *I need to attract the boys so I can feel fulfilled. I am a girl and I want to live as a girl. I must be a beautiful girl.*

Amanda was having difficulty accepting the fact they had altered his body so radically in such a short time. *He's my son and I should have protected him.*

Robert's words played back in her head: "Amanda, from now on, when you look at him all you will see is your teenage daughter. You will teach her everything you know about life, and love."

"Shelly, you are beautiful. You are perfect. Now try on some of the new clothes you have."

Sitting on the bed, Amanda watched as her daughter took each item and laid it out for her to see. There were bras, panties, nightgowns, dresses, swimsuits, and corsets.

“Shelly, isn’t this a little old for you right now? Amanda said, holding up the corset.”

“Anna and Marie told me that I would be expected to begin wearing it soon. They said that it would help me make my body curvy, watch.”

Stripping down to nothing, Amanda saw her daughter’s vagina and breasts exposed for the first time. They looked so real. They were like parts of her body and Amanda could have protested that he was a teenage boy but all evidence would indicate the exact opposite. Shelly was that perfect.

Part of her knew that a crime had occurred but it was buried deeply in her brain because Robert kept her drugged and under his control. Taking a motherly tone with her daughter, she relaxed as Shelly put the corset on.

Shelly brought it up and placed her breasts in the cups. Turning, she said, “You’re to pull the cords tight. That’s right, a little more. Perfect. They said that I could get my waist down to 20 inches in three months. They showed me theirs and it’s true. I know you’re wearing one right now, would you please show me what you look like in it?”

“I guess so, Shelly. It is getting more comfortable, but I have only worn one for two days now.”

Amanda removed her clothes and showed her daughter the confining garment. Her nipples were exposed through the holes in the cups. They were pierced with solid gold rings. Amanda was proud of them since the trip to the mall with Robert. He insisted that she wear a

tight spandex top that day. As she walked around shopping with him, she knew that everyone could see them.

“Oh Mother, you are beautiful. I hope I am as pretty as you when I grow up. Can I get my nipples pierced too?”

“No, you cannot, young lady. Now let’s get that off you so you can show me the rest of the things you bought.”

Naked except for the corset, Amanda sat down and watched her beautiful daughter model the clothes. She knew that, like her, Shelly was programmed to look her prettiest at all times.

She had a daughter now and she had lost her son. She was truly perplexed; her programming said one thing and her motherly instincts said another. Her programming was winning.

Amanda was furious. She wanted to strike back and get even with the girls and Warren. All she could do was look on as Mandy acquiesced. She was removed from the everyday affairs of her family’s life. She was locked away until they wanted her again. Mandy looked at herself and her daughter. She was a proud mother and she would do all she could to make her child whole.

Her show completed, Shelly slipped on her new nightgown and said goodnight to her mother. Her mother tucked her in and kissed her.

As she started to fall asleep, thoughts crept into Shelly’s head. Shelly looked at the beautiful creature he had become. The female Shelly smiled as she could feel his pain. The male Shelly felt something totally different. He felt shame as he looked at himself and all he could see was the most beautiful girl in the world. He died as he watched his hands expose his beautiful earrings. She loved the way they felt. Their weight was perfect as was the way they moved when she shook her head. She re-

membered Mike and the way he looked at her' what she wouldn't have done to get him to kiss her right there in a public place.

Drifting off to sleep, she heard a voice telling her that she had beautiful breasts and a vagina. Each month she would have a period. *I want to have sexual relations. I am a girl, a beautiful girl. I want be able to experience having sex with a male.*

Her sleep was interrupted by vivid dreams. He was confused; his arms would not work right, nor could he think straight.

He looked up at the ceiling and saw a large mirror which reflected back an image of someone he did not know. A peace came over him as he heard a sweet voice call his name. He remembered something he had heard, like a whisper inside his head. It said, "Obey, obey, obey your mistress." Over and over, it became even louder. His mind fought the idea of becoming a girl, but it was a losing battle.

The next morning as Shelly looked at herself in the mirror, her programming clicked in. She told herself that she must be beautiful and sexy. She was proud of her beautiful body. She was beautiful.

Second Thoughts

On, Monday Mandy and Robert were taking Shelly to her new high school. Robert had Shelly's high school transcripts altered to match his new identity. He would take care of his social security card and change his birth certificate later, but for now he wanted to get Shelly settled in for the long haul. He liked his woman and wanted to keep her.

This morning Shelly was confused; he knew that his behavior was not normal and he should tell his mother what was going on. When he went to her, room she was sitting in front of her mirror applying her makeup.

“Mom, I have been having bad dreams the last two days. I woke up, looked at myself in the mirror and knew that I was different. I remembered that I was a boy, not a girl, but the female in me proceeded to take a bath, apply my makeup, and get dressed.”

Amanda knew what to do. Suddenly, a power entered her as the Entity directed her and she placed her hands on each side of her temples. Images flowed into Shelly’s head.

Shelly was unable to move and a blank stare looked back at him in her mirror. *I am Shelly and I am a girl. I must think like a girl. I must act like a girl. I must be perfect. Boys are fun. I need a man in my life. He will make me whole. I am a girl in thought and deed.* Her eyes returned to normal.

Shelly woke up wondering what he was doing in her mother’s bedroom when Robert walked in.

“This is a pleasure, to have two of the most beautiful women in room getting ready for the day.”

Shelly was nervous about signing up for school this morning, and wanted some reassurance about her actions.

A New Challenge

“It’s time to go get Princess here enrolled,” Robert said.

Shelly still felt out of place but followed her mother into the school. As she walked in, she noticed the looks

she was getting from the students and the staff. Deep in thought, she heard her name being brought up.

“Yes, this is my daughter Shelly Blake and she needs to be enrolled in school. We have her records in a sealed envelope provided by her last school. Say hello, Shelly.”

“Hello.”

“She’s sort of nervous, a new school and all,” Amanda said.

Shelly Blake emerged from the ordeal none the worse for wear. Seated in the car, she took out her lipstick and checked her makeup. Satisfied, she looked at the adults in the front seat.

Amanda said, “Shelly dear, would you like to go to the mall for a treat?”

“Sure, let’s go.”

Robert parked as far away from the entrance as he could so Shelly would be forced to walk in her new high heels. She needed to get used to them.

Shelly’s legs hurt by the time she reached the mall proper. Robert pushed the send button. “The shoes are pretty. They will get better the more I walk in them. I like these shoes. I look pretty, and I am beautiful.”

Soon, Shelly was walking just fine in the high heels. Her clothes made her blossom.

They took her into a store she had never heard of. It was full of adult clothes.

Robert looked at her and said, “Princess, you need some special clothes. Your mother and I feel that you need to expand your wardrobe.”

Shelly’s programming clicked in. *I must be sexy and I must be desirable. I must show as much skin as possible to attract the males around me.*

“Princess, are you OK?”

“Yes, I think. I have had these episodes when I fade in and out. Funny, but afterward I feel better. What did you want to show me?”

“Your mother and I have selected three outfits for you to try on. We have a private viewing room so we won’t be disturbed.” Taking her hand, they led her to a room with couches and mirrors.

“So, you need some special clothes?” a woman clad in leather asked.

“This is Shelly. We feel its time to expand her mind and wardrobe. Shelly, take off all your clothes,” her mother said.

Without a second thought, Shelly disrobed in front of Robert and her mother. The male Shelly looked on in shame, but his female half stood there unashamed and proud of her body.

The female hormones were having a powerful effect on his mind and body. His breasts were leaking powerful hormones to stimulate his development. The programming had convinced her it was OK to expose herself to a man. *I must be sexy and I must be desirable. I must show as much skin as possible to arouse the males around me.*

Over the next three hours Shelly tried on clothes that left nothing to the imagination. She showed off her best attributes and made them proud of her. She wore the micro-mini and the silk tee, plus red hose and six-inch high heels as they exited the store. She had no shame at all. Matter of fact, she strutted her stuff as they went to lunch at Robert’s special club.

There she saw women and teenagers dressed just as sexily she was. As she observed, some of the clothes left

the women almost naked. Her mother had changed into a one-piece micro-mini and matching shoes.



Their food was served by men dressed as women. Shelly thought to herself this was a club she fit into.

After lunch they returned home. Shelly was told to put away her new clothes and change into something more comfortable. She chose bright red short shorts, tee, and high heels.

Robert allowed the male Shelly to peek out. He had been affected by the programming, but he still hated what was happening to him physically and mentally.

“Well, young Shelly,” Robert said, “what do you think of your new life?”

Shelly said, “How could you have allowed this to happen to me, Mother?”

“I’m sorry you don’t like what Robert has done to you, Shelly. He does know best what is good for us. You are just going to have to go along with the program and stop giving nightmares to your sister when she is asleep.”

“I’m sorry the truth is causing her nightmares, Mother, but it is my only way to fight back against this outrage on my person.”

“You are going to live in her body for a long time, so you will have to accept the changes to your life and body. Now go to your room and think about what I have said, young lady.”

Shelly went up to his room and sat down at his vanity. Automatically, he started to brush his hair and work on his makeup. After making sure his eyebrows were perfect, he watched his hands apply the mascara to his eyelashes.

Powerless to stop his hands, he looked closely at his reflection. The woman smiled back from the mirror. She touched her earrings after exposing them as she brushed the hair away from them. It was a losing battle.

To add insult to injury, he had to go to the bathroom. He sat down on the toilet. Taking his high heels off, he started to walk across the room. There was an immediate pain in his feet and legs.

He hobbled back to the bed and put the heels back on. The pain disappeared immediately. He knew he was stuck with a lifetime of walking in high heels.

He took off his clothes and looked at himself in the mirror. There was nothing left of him. All he could see was the female Shelly. His breasts highlighted the major changes in his body, while his feminine face made it impossible to hide the fact that he was a teenage girl.

What was he to do? He was to start school next Monday as a girl. He wanted the prettiest clothes. So he read the magazines, he dreamed of boyfriends and a wedding someday.

He had a date next week with a boy named Mike who however he tried to resist, he had a crush on. What had his mother done to him?

He was confused and he knew that his behavior was not normal but he had no control over his actions. He seemed to be watching someone else put on the female clothes.

She was very picky and serious as she put on the red stockings that became part of his pretty legs. Stop! he was thinking. Stop! This can't be happening.

It must be a dream, but it was no dream. It was his arms that betrayed him and it was his body that craved the clothes he was putting on. He looked at himself in his mirror and thought, "I am beautiful and I want the whole world to know it."

He was forced to view the beautiful creature he had become. Slowly they were merging into one person.

When he looked in the mirror, all he could see was the most beautiful girl in the world.

On Tuesday Shelly reminded her mother that she had a date with Mike tonight and asked if she would help her get ready. Amanda started to take over but was overpowered by Mandy who helped her daughter go on a date with a boy.

Mandy ignored Amanda's comments and wondered what she could do to make Shelly the prettiest girl at the party. Mentally, she prepared herself for the task, even she thought it was wrong. The command to perfect her daughter's development overrode any maternal need to protect her son from harm.

Shelly Blake was in love and there was no doubt about it. Each day she went deeper into her role as a teenage girl.

She strived to make sure she was always beautiful. Anna and her sisters were always there to help her when she needed it. Her mother always seemed to be somewhere else these days. She had changed; she was sexier she thought, but Shelly couldn't put her finger on it.

Mike would be coming by tonight to pick her up for their date. She wanted to be pretty and sexy so she had Marie help her. Putting on her makeup and selecting just the right outfit took time. As she put on her sexiest dress, she looked at herself in the mirror. All she saw was pure woman. "Now to do my hair," she thought.

It was all Shelly Jacques Blake could do as he watched what had happened to his body and the girl he had become. He could feel everything she was doing and what she was feeling. He was slowly becoming used to the idea that he would always be a girl.

The hormones and the deep hypnosis had become part of his life now. Slowly he disappeared, becoming a mere

fragment watching and waiting for the chance to escape his prison.

She thought of Mike as she brushed her honey-colored hair. Going to the bathroom and taking care to wipe herself, she wondered when the question of sex would come up. Her pills and shots were doing wonders for her figure; the corset she had to wear each day may have had something to do with the changes in her shape.

She thought of the whole body makeover she and the girls had that afternoon. She felt absolutely wonderful and extremely sexy. Looking at herself in the mirror, she watched as her mother came in. "Are you ready, Shelly?"

She looked at her watch. He would be here soon and she was dawdling like a silly school girl. Shelly said, "Of course, Mother," and gave her a great big hug. Amanda left the room and walked downstairs.

Mike came up and knocked on the door. He asked for Shelly and waited in the living room. Amanda stood there in her work clothes, welcomed him in, and closed the door. She called up and said that Shelly's date was here and that she should hurry.

Rushing down the stairs in her five-inch heels, Shelly's mini-dress rose up, showing her red panties. She took no notice of the event but everyone watching her rush down the stairs saw it. Her mother was proud of her daughter as she watched her walk down the stairs.

Mike blushed and tried to look away but she filled his entire mind. Her breasts must be getting bigger, he thought.

Her mother told him to have Shelly home by ten PM and no later. Giving her mother a hug, Shelly walked out the door arm-in-arm with Mike.

Mike opened the door for her. He said they were going to a movie and later they would go to the Burger House for dinner.

Shelly watched the movie's story unfold and cried when the boy broke the heroine's heart. She felt that could be her. When the heroine got the revenge she desired, Shelly was ecstatic. The movie was perfect for her first date as far as she was concerned. Nestled in his arms, she felt comfortable. Her hands went to his neck, she pulled him to her and kissed his lips.

At the Burger House, she ordered the special and Mike looked at her as if she was crazy. "Are you sure about that choice, Shelly?"

"Yes, for the first time in my life I want to enjoy it to the fullest. I want to experience everything. I've been sheltered and I want to run free. Will you help me find myself, Mike?"

"I guess, Shelly. I'm not sure where you want to go, I'll see what I can do to get you there."

"Thank you, Mike, I appreciate that. Ah, here come our food. I see what you meant about the special. This is twice the amount I would normally eat. I don't suppose you would like to share it with me?"

"You're on your own on this one, Shelly. Here comes mine now."

"Thanks lots. Would you get me a box to go, please?"

"Sure. You know, if I didn't know better, I might think you were a male the way you put away that food."

Caught off-guard by the remark, Shelly felt exposed, but said nothing. She looked down and realized she had eaten two-thirds of the meal. "I guess I was really hungry. If you will excuse me, I'll be right back."

Shelly made her way to the bathroom. Sitting in the stall, she heard another girl talking. "I wonder who she is."

Another one said, "I don't know but she puts us to shame."

A third said, "We could stop over and talk to Mike. He might introduce us."

It grew silent as they left the restroom.

Shelly glanced at the mirror and for the first time really looked at herself. A beautiful girl looked back at her. Her skirt was way too short. Again, her programming kicked in and she relaxed. Replacing her lipstick, she re-joined Mike at the table.

She watched as several girls came over to the table. "Hello Mike, long time no see," the blonde said

"Hi Joyce, how are you?"

"Fine. Aren't you going to introduce us to your friend?"

"Sorry to be impolite. Joyce, this is Shelly. She's new in town."

"I'm Rebecca Smith. Shelly, nice to meet you."

Shelly appraised the redhead and judged her to be duplicitous, someone to be wary of. "Nice to meet you, Rebecca. I start school next week and I want to make a good impression. Maybe we can get together and have lunch. I would like to get to know you better."

"Sure, I guess." It was as if she had been taken off-guard by this direct approach.

Shelly smiled and said "Yes!" to herself, but her face said nothing.

A brunette, looking sheepish, said, "It's getting late, girls, we have school tomorrow. Will you excuse us?"

"Sure," Mike said. "See you tomorrow."

Shelly said, "Nice to meet you." She watched as they left. Looking at Mike, she said, "Interesting people."

"They are cheerleaders. I think they see you as competition. I think you put them to shame. I watched as they were sizing you up earlier. Looking at his watch, he said, "It's time we got you home, don't you think?"

"You're right, I do need to get home if you ever want to see me again."

Mike didn't go straight home. He pulled over, parked in a secluded road and turned off the engine. "Shelly, I need to see you again. Of all the girls I have met, you demand my attention. You stand out. I can't put my finger on it but I need to see again."

"Mike, you don't know how close you are to the truth. I want to see you again, and perhaps you will learn the truth about me."

Moving closer to him, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. She lightly brushed his lower regions. "I would like to explore you. I want to learn what makes you tick. You intrigue me."

She realized that she wanted to seduce Mike. As quickly as the thought entered her mind, it vanished.

"Something wrong?" Mike asked.

"No, you know how sometimes you get an inspiration and then it's gone?"

"All the time. Why?"

"Well, for a brief moment, I saw you and me together much like we are now. It's like a foretelling of the future. You should take me home now before I do something I will regret."

"One more kiss before we part, Shelly, please."

"If you insist, Michael. Is it OK to call you that?"

"Yes, but only for you. Now kiss me, you Jezebel."

Once more she projected her charms and reduced him to a bowl of Jell-O, as she kissed him and massaged his groin. All at once she felt him gasp and he came in his jeans.

"Sorry," she said as she moved away from him. "I didn't mean to cause that," pointing at the growing stain radiating in his groin.

"I asked for that. I'm sorry, Shelly, it's not your fault. Let's get you home."

The trip home was silent as she looked at the stars fill the sky, until she said, "Will I see you again, or have I driven you away from me?"

"Heavens no, girl. I don't know when I have had such an explosive time with a girl. You will see more of me and soon, trust me. Excuse me if I don't get out. I wouldn't want your parents to see me like this."

Kissing him on the cheek, she smiled and walked to the front door.

"It's about time, young lady," her mother said. "Do you know what time it is?"

"I'm not sure, Mother, but I gather it is later than it should be."

"Correct. Did you have fun?"

"I think I did. He was a perfect gentleman and I met several of the girls from the high school. I know I drove him crazy. I just could not control myself tonight. I want to see him again, Mother. He fills a need in me."

"We'll talk about it later, Shelly. Good night. Don't forget to say night to your father, I mean Robert."

"Where is he?"

“He’s reading in the library.”

“Good night, Father,” Shelly said “All at once her brain flared. Why did she just call this stranger “father”? Before she could follow up on that thought, Robert spoke.

“Good night, Shelly” Give me a kiss and it’s off to bed you go. Did you have a good time?”

“Oh yes. I felt comfortable with him holding me as we watched the movie and I stimulated him as we sat by the highway.”

Shelly wondered why she was telling him what she had done that night, but her brain continued to empty itself. “I want to see him again, Father.” There it was again, that urge to give him more status than he deserves. Puzzled, she looked for the answer.

Standing on her tip-toes, she reached up, put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. “Good night Daddy, see you in the morning.”

Shelly was confused as she removed her makeup and got ready for bed. Her mind was sending her mixed signals. Her pulse was racing and she felt flushed.

Shelly put on her nightgown and dreamed strange dreams about Robert and Mike. Waking in the morning, she took care to make sure she put her prettiest clothes on before she walked downstairs.

Entering the kitchen, she saw Robert drinking his coffee. “Good morning, sunshine. You woke up sorta late, didn’t you?

“Listen Princess, I want you to see how the other side lives. I have trained you to take care of yourself. I don’t want you to get hurt out there.”

“Sometimes I think you are the devil incarnate, Robert. The way you treat us. It’s like we are your personal property. You have done something to us to change us into

something akin to a whore. I shouldn't even be thinking or using these words. I am only 18 and have led a sheltered life. That is, until we started living here."

"You maybe right, Shelly. There is more to this house than meets the eye. All of us are more corrupted each day we live here. I can't explain it. It is simple fact that the house is possessed like I told you when you first arrived. My family, as well as yours, is forced to do things and say things a normal person would not.

Shelly's attention was abruptly drawn downward towards his penis. She felt compelled to move closer to Robert. A voice whispered in her ear, "Shelly, you know you want it. You can taste it right now." She looked up at Robert confused "Did you say something?"

"No, why do you ask?"

She reached down and unzipped his pants. She pulled out his penis and began to suck it. He came and she didn't lose a drop of his cum.

"Thank you, Princess, that was nice."

"You're welcome. Anytime, Lover."

"Shelly, you are being shaped and directed by an intelligent demon called Desmond. You have no control over what he wants. As long as you do what he wants, you will be rewarded. Princess, go on back to bed and get some sleep. You are going to need it tonight."

A veil descended upon her and she returned to her bedroom. All he had said became part of her. As she slept, voices told her that she needed to treat her father with respect. She was a beautiful girl. She was also a whore and must perform upon on demand.

"Shelly, you need to get dressed, dear," her mother said. "Wake up," she said, shaking her hard.

"Mom, what's going on?"

“Robert is throwing a party and we are expected to be there. That includes you.”

“What will I wear?”

“I’ll lay it on the bed. Right now you need to take a shower and put some makeup on, you look a fright.”

“OK, OK, I’ll do it.”

Sitting down in front of her mirror, she watched as her hand was guided by unseen forces. She was powerless to control anything she was doing. She watched as she was transformed in to a beautiful temptress. Her hair was twisted into a French braid.

Her mother waited with her clothes. Her corset came first, then the dress. She put on her hose and ultra-high heels.

Shelly heard a female voice say, “Perfect, don’t you think, Desmond? She’ll do for now, Abigail, but you are going to have to train her to do this herself.”

“Yes Master,” Abigail answered.

Shelly and her mother were led from the room. Shelly’s world became hazy as she entered the downstairs room. The music and the drinking took over and she was on automatic for the rest of the night.

Shelly awoke in her bed, rested and wide awake. Looking at the mirror in the ceiling, she marveled at her appearance. Even without makeup, she was perfect. Her body seemed to have changed again. Her breasts seemed bigger and her behind a little wider.

The previous night’s activities were as a dream. Even now they had become part of the past, lost in the distant realm of her mind. She remembered the dream. She had fun and that’s all that she needed. She felt more alive and free than at any time in the past.

Robert logged into the network as Mandy proceeded to give him a blow job. He watched as Shelly was waking up after last night's party. He had noted that with each exposure to the wild side of sex, she got better. She, among all her family, was his top grosser. From the start, her channel had become the biggest money maker for him. In the last four months, she had made him over a half a million dollars from the viewing fees alone.

He watched as she appraised herself. Her body had matured and her physical beauty made her a heartthrob for his clients.

Mandy, cum dripping from her mouth, watched her daughter prepare for the day.

"Robert, isn't she pretty?"

"Yes she is, Mandy. Thank you for taking care of my little man down there."

"My privilege. You know yours is the best. I've got to get ready for work, Lover. I'll see you tonight."

"Wear the purple dress and the red blouse, would you, Mandy? Remember, sexy is as sexy does. We need to get Evan here for our party next week. When we get him on tape, we can control the company."

"I'll try, Robert, but he is a strong family man who goes to church. It wouldn't be right for him to be seen with you."

"That's why I want him, Mandy. If I can get him and his family, I can work wonders in this town. You get his coffee in the morning, don't you? Use the drug a little bit each day. He will become addicted to it in a day or so. Then we will have him where we want him. You can have your way with him and he won't even know it once he is under our control"

"See you later, Lover."

This family has been the biggest money maker yet, but its time to think about the future. I like Shelly; matter of fact, I like all of them. They grow on you, I guess, Robert thought to himself.

Desmond spoke to him. "Be careful, Robert, about falling in love. It is a poison and I can't allow that in my house."

Shelly dressed in her short shorts and corset. Oblivious to all that surrounded her, she got her breakfast. All she could think about was Bill and what she wanted to do to him on the next date.

Shelly took the bus to school the first day. She tried to dress down, but she wasn't very successful. She would do better tomorrow.

Walking into her first period AP English class, she felt all eyes on her. She ignored them and handed the teacher her admittance slip.

"Take the front seat, Miss Blake."

As the class continued, Shelly found she liked the students and the teacher.

No one talked to her all day long. It was like she was from Mars and they were afraid of her. After catching the school bus, she was surprised to see her sisters home so early.

"Good afternoon," Shelly said as she went upstairs to do her homework. She heard the word "Dinner" and realized she had been doing her schoolwork for two hours.

Her mother looked at her and said, "How was your first day at school, Shelly?"

"It went well and I like my classes. They are easy and I have some pretty good teachers. I felt like I was in a fish bowl all day. Everyone just looked at me and didn't say a word to me all day.

"I really need to dress down mother. The clothes I have just won't work. They are too sexy, but when I put on normal clothes, I don't feel right. It feels funny. Tomorrow I am going to wear my jeans and a red tee. I think that will be OK. You look beautiful, Mom. New clothes?"

"Yes, Robert took us shopping today. Come by the bedroom and I'll show you what I bought."

Shelly woke early and took care to dress down and tried to blend in. Taking the bus again, she discovered that the girl she had met in the Barn also rode it.

"It's a good start, girl, but you can't fool us. We saw you tricked out and you looked hot. Were going to keep close tabs on you. Have a good school year."

The day went better and two or three girls introduced themselves to her.

"My name is Amy. You're in my Algebra class. It's nice to have a smart girl in the class."

"My name is Angela. We share history. Don't you think that Mr. Brown is dreamy?"

The third girl was called Jessie. She said, "We have P.E. together. Would you be interested in soccer this fall? You look like a good solid runner."

"Nice to meet you, I don't suppose that we could just sit and talk sometime. It's hard getting to know anyone at a new school."

"How about lunch? We normally sit right over there. The food isn't the greatest, but the company is good."

"Sure, I'll see you at 12:00. I better get to first period."

Amy, Angela, and Joyce were already sitting there when Shelly walked up. "Have a seat. How was your first day?" asked Amy, eating a P. B.&J. sandwich.

"So far so good. I guess I overdressed. There's always tomorrow. I'll be glad when this day is over. Anyway, is everyone so friendly to new students?"

"Like you said, Shelly, there's always tomorrow. If you need help, here's my phone number. If you have free time, we can go to the mall together later.

Shelly looked over her first day's assignments and saw a note from her history teacher. "See me after class. Mr. Moore."

The next day, Shelly showed her new friends the note. "I wonder what that's all about," she said to Amy.

"You want to stay away from him, Shelly. He is a strange one," Amy said quietly.

Joyce looked at Shelly with a pained look in her eye. "I had a friend who got a note just like that. She changed until I hardly knew her any more. I am with Amy. Be careful, there are some sick people out there."

"I thank you for the advice I'll see you later. How about going to the mall after school Friday?"

Robert sat down next to Shelly. "How is school going??"

"Fine, why?"

"Don't you remember last Saturday with Mike? You blew the socks off him. Have you seen him since that night?"

"No I haven't, Robert, and I don't want to think about what happened on that date. I don't want to repeat what I did to him."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

"Princess, you are hungry and you need to be fed."

Shelly heard the words and her mind went blank. She almost ripped off his pants to get to his penis.

“Wake up, Princess.”

Shelly awoke as she was sucking Robert’s dick. She couldn’t stop herself and swallowed every drop.

“That’s right, Shelly, you are hooked on semen. You can’t get enough of it. Now clean me up and let’s talk.”

“What did you just do to me?”

“You are trained, Shelly. You will do what I or anyone tells you to do without question or a second’s thought.

“Tell me, Shelly, what were you thinking when you were giving me a blow job?”

“I wasn’t thinking, I was enjoying the pleasure I was giving you. I craved the salty taste and your dick in my mouth.”

“See what I mean, Shelly? You are a creature of habit in dress and sexual preference. Even now your body is anticipating what is going to happen next.

“What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to play up to Mike and any other boy you know. Make them want you. That should be easy enough for you.”

“Then what?”

“I want you to start a sex club and bring in other girls. You know how I saw you with Janice the other day? Desmond tasted you last night, I can smell it. He leaves a distractive odor. When he discovers new flesh, he’s had to stop.

“I know that Mr. Moore wrote you a note the other day. I suggested that he contact you. You impressed him at the last two parties. You show great promise, young

lady. Nothing will happen at school, but he is going to expect more from you next Saturday."

Then Robert said, "Return, Princess." Shelly thanked Robert and kissed him and caressed his genitals. "Now forget. Good night, Shelly."

She discovered that she liked English. The teacher was a dream boat. There would come a time when she would bed him. All her classes were easy and she excelled in soccer and track; they came like second nature to her.

Her A.P. classes were easy and she found it was no problem to make friends. She found she related to her female acquaintances better than her male friends.

Arriving home late one day, she met her mother at the door.

"Where is Robert tonight?" she asked,

"He had a meeting and will be back late."

Going to her room Shelly, liked what she saw in the mirror. She felt pretty and sexy. Removing her makeup, she discovered blood issuing from her vagina. "Mom!" she yelled.

"What's wrong, dear?"

"I'm bleeding."

"Oh, that's just your period. Sorry Shelly, I forgot this is your first and that can be very upsetting.

"Here, place this in your vagina and it will absorb the blood. Be sure to change every day for the next three days."

"No one told me about this. It sucks."

"Take a shower and go to bed, Shelly. It will better in the morning, trust me."

Shelly did as her mother said and she did feel better. Slipping into her nightgown, she felt much better. Shelly drifted off to sleep only to dream of being chased through back streets. Then Robert appear and drove them away. "I won't let anyone hurt you, Princess. You're too valuable."

As she was sleeping, Desmond tested her. "Shelly, open your legs, wider, a little more, that's it." She felt his tongue eating her pussy. She came over and over. "Good girl, you are ripe. We can't have Roger and his friends have all the fun, can we?"

Shelly thought about the changes in her life over the last five months, and realized that there was no going back for her. There was no way she would allow that to happen.

Mike became serious about her and wanted them to go steady, but Shelly was like a wild flower and the boys were like bees.

They all wanted her and she wasn't ready for serious sex. She could now get pregnant and had regular periods each month. She was having problems with her breasts.

"Mom, I think we have a problem. I need to go back to Joyce's to have my breasts removed. I can feel my own breasts growing and pushing on the prosthesis. It's as if they want to push them out of the way. They've done their job, don't you think? My breasts are beautiful.

"Mike likes them a lot. He thinks I am hot. I would like to feel him touching me there. It would seem more natural."

"I see what you mean. Would tomorrow be soon enough?"

"Tomorrow's a school day, Mom. It's an important day for Mike. Can we make for Friday?"

"I'll call and make the appointment. I like the way you look these days. Robert has made it a point to keep an eye on you, young lady. He seems to have big plans for you after your graduation next month."

Shelly's phone rang. "Mike, slow down, you're moving too fast for me today. We need to talk. Graduation is coming up and I have to pick a college. I have had offers from some of the most prestigious institutions and I have a doctor's appointment on Friday. I will call you afterward. Now where were we? Oh, I know, let me help you unwind, tiger. I love you."

Robert and Mandy took Shelly to the shop. Mandy said, "We have an appointment to see Janice at 10:00."

"Would you take a seat? She'll be right with you."

"Shelly my dear, what a pleasure. Its been what, almost six months since we last saw you. I notice you have been keeping up with our beauty treatments. That's excellent. Now what can I do for you?"

"I need you to remove the prostheses you applied back then. I am growing my own and they are starting to hurt because of the fake ones that were glued on."

"They have held up pretty well and the hormones seem to have done their job. I like the way you turned out, young lady. Let's take you into the back room and see what nature has blessed you with.

"Lay back and just relax. This should only take a few minuets. Did you know that you are my most beautiful creation? The programming worked like a charm and your body is exquisite.

"There we go; first the left, then the right. Perfect. My, you have some of the most perfectly shaped breasts I have ever seen. Do I have to remove the lower prosthesis?"

No, I've had surgery and I have become 100% female down there. I have to be careful because I can become pregnant now."

"Let's get you dressed and back to your parents. You wouldn't be interested in going out with me sometime in the future, would you? I find you very interesting, you know."

"I have never been with a woman before. Matter of fact, I can truly say I have never been with a man either. Your offer is intriguing, Janice. Give me your phone number, I would like to talk to you later about this. I have a lot on my mind right now." Shelly took Janice in her arms and kissed her.

"For a girl who isn't convinced, you sure are convincing. I mean it, call. We could really have a great time together. Now repair your makeup before your parents suspect something.

"Mrs. McMasters, I present the new Shelly. Take good care of her, she is very special."

"We know that. Thank you, Janice. Perhaps we might just see each other again very soon. Robert, don't you think she is pretty?"

"Now that you mention it, Mandy, she is very beautiful. Don't be a stranger, Janice dear. Shelly, you may invite her to the house in the future."

"Really, wow. Thank you, Robert."

"Shelly, I guess this means some more shopping," Amanda said, noting the cleavage showing in her tee. "Let's get you some more bras. This was just what the doctor ordered. Have fun and enjoy the experience."

"Robert, you don't mind if we go shopping, do you?"

"Not in the least, if you will allow me to make some suggestions and watch the show."

“Daddy, sharing the pleasures of the hunt is half the fun,” Shelly said.

Shelly Blake shocked herself when she said those words. She had said them with so much conviction one would think she meant them. Then she realized that deep down inside, she did love him. She had accepted him as her dad.

Robert looked startled when he heard her words. Someone loved him. “Thank you for calling me Daddy, Shelly. That is the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me in my life.”

Amanda said, “Let’s get started, shall we? We don’t have all day.”

Shelly was allowed to select her own bras and matching underwear while her parents selected other clothes that would enhance her beauty. When she picked out her new shoes, they were high heels in sexy styles.

“I can’t wear these to school or places with Mike.”

“OK, pick some you can wear when you are out with your friends and at school, Remember, around the house, wear the sexy ones.”

“I will, Mom, thank you.”

“Mike, I’m sorry it’s so late. I just got home. No, I am just fine. We went shopping, then we went out to dinner. Tomorrow? I’m not sure. Let me ask my mom. Hold on.

“Mom,” she called out, knocking on the door. Silently, the door opened. She saw that her parents were on the bed making love. “Sorry to bother you and daddy. I mean I didn’t mean to intrude on you.” Blushing, she turned to leave.

“Wait Shelly, its OK. We know you didn’t do it on purpose,” Robert said. “What did you want?”

They were naked on the bed, looking up at her. "I was going to ask if I could go out with Mike tomorrow night."

"Sure, honey bunch," Robert said, "Anything else?"

"Noooo, sorry to break your love session. Gee whiz, that's gross. Anyway, I need to get back to the phone. He's waiting."

"Life happens," her mom said, "be sure to close the door behind you."

"Sorry Mike, you know parents. Sure, what time? 6:30 would be fine. Should I dress up or down? Casual it is. I'll be waiting. See you then."

"Mom, I didn't know you were there."

"Sorry. I didn't want you to think we were angry at you. Also, I didn't want you to be ashamed of us. I was proud of the way you didn't flinch and run. Why don't you get ready for bed and tell me all about this boy, Mike?"

Amanda watched as Shelly removed her makeup and prepared for bed. She saw her breasts for the first time. They were larger than she thought. Cupping them in her hands, they felt warm and alive to Amanda. She watched as Shelly's nipples reacted to her stimulation.

"Mom, will they get bigger?"

"If I am any indication, they will develop into at least a C cup. Do you like them?"

"I think so, at least half of me does. The other half is offended by them."

"He's still around, is he?"

"Not as much as before, but when he gets on his soap box, he drives me crazy. At least now I can sleep through the night without the nightmares."

"What about Mike? Is he treating you OK?"

“Well, there is nothing much to say. He is a perfect gentleman and respects my wishes, most of the time. I wish he was bolder sometimes. He seems too scared of me. Would it be OK to be aggressive toward him?”

Slipping her nightgown over her body and getting into bed, Amanda said, “It depends on what you want in the relationship. Robert likes to be the aggressor so I have to be the passive one, most of the time.

“I think it would be OK for you to show him the limits. You want him to challenge you sexually but be careful. Things could get out of hand quickly. Good night and sleep tight.” Kissing Shelly, she turned out the light and closed the door.

Shelly woke up. Looking at herself in the mirror, she marveled at her perfect form. Touching her breasts, she could feel them react to her touch. Her nipples got hard and stuck out like pencil erasers. “I wonder if Mike will like them.”

“Shelly, you have school today, don’t be late,” her sister yelled. Quickly showering, she dressed down but the bright colors brought out her best features. Checking the mirror once more, she rushed downstairs.

“Something wrong, dear?” her mother asked as she was getting ready to go to work.

“No, why?”

“No reason, I guess, but I haven’t seen you dress down in a long time. It just seemed strange behavior on your part, that’s all. I like the colors you chose.”

“Thanks, you look nice too. I like the blue dress on you. Is that a longer skirt?”

“Yes, I was reprimanded last week for my red mini-skirt. It seems that it showed too much of me so I am

dressing more conservatively these days. You have to keep the bosses happy.”

“I need to see Janice today. My hair needs attention and I have a date with Mike tonight. It’s a good thing school lets out at 12:00. Love you. Have a great day.”

As she walked into the shop, she saw Janice walking out of the back. “Do you have some time for me today?”

“I just had a cancellation. Shelly, I have missed you, girl. No phone call. One would think that you didn’t need me. What can I do for you today?”

“I need a different color, a change of pace. I would like something sexy and mysterious at the same time.”

“Let’s see, the Honey Blond would work for you. It will drive men and women wild. Shall we go on back and get started? I have the most wonderful perfume. It’s called Eau de Lesbos. Here, try some and let me know what you think.”

Placing it on several spots on her body, the fragrance lifted Shelly and captured her. Her eyes glazed over.

Janice said, “Can you hear me, Shelly?”

“Yes,” she said.

“You will hang on my every word. You will want to please me and obey my orders. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Lie down and let’s make you beautiful. I loved you the first time I saw you, Shelly. I have thought about no one else these many months. I wanted to make love to you but when you rejected me, I had to do something special.

“The coven helped me with the perfume. Ooh, the color is perfect on you. I notice your pussy hair has grown out since I last saw you. Nice. “Come with me.

“Lie down on the bed, Shelly, and let me make love to you. Open your legs wider dear. Much better.”

Shelly could do nothing but obey her directions, then she came, climaxing as she had never before.

Janice cooed, “Now it’s your turn, Shelly. Make love to me. Make me come too.”

Shelly moved between her legs and made love to her with her tongue. Deeper and deeper she went. She had to please her. Suddenly liquid flowed from Janice. Janice lay there exhausted as she had never been before. Pulling Shelly beside her, she kissed her and thanked her for her pleasuring her.

As Shelly listened to the words, part of her wanted to stay in her embrace; the other wanted to run away from her. Her head became clearer and she could think now. She realized that she was lying next to a woman and that she had just made love to her. “Janice, what have I just done?”

“You have just taken me to Heaven, dear girl. From now on we are a couple. Whenever we meet, or we chance to bump into each other, you will kiss me on the lips and mean it. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Janice.” Deep down inside, Shelly knew that her world had changed radically. From now on she would enjoy sexual pleasuring from a woman. She would be able and willing to go down on another woman without a second thought.

“Let’s get you dressed and repair the damage that occurred during our lovemaking.”

Janice took her by the hand and walked her to the front. “This is for you,” she said, giving her a crystal ampule full of the perfume. Putting the necklace around her neck, she kissed Shelly on the lips.

Shelly returned the kiss with a blush. "Thank you for your gift and for helping me in so many ways today, Lover." All at once she realized she loved Janice.

"Looking in the mirror, she could see no physical change but her sexual chemistry had changed. Moving her hair away from her ears, she noticed new earrings, heavier and sexier. She knew where they came from. "Thank you," she said and kissed Janice again.

Looking at her watch, she saw it was almost 4:00; she had better get home. In a daze, Shelly wondered what had happened to her to create such confusion and inner turmoil. She met her mom walking up the sidewalk and they hugged each other.

"Well, young lady, how did your day go?"

"It went very well, matter of fact. What do you think of this hair color?"

"I like it. Who picked it out?"

"Janice, she has very good taste."

"You seem different, Shelly. I can't put my finger on it but there is something profoundly changed in you."

"You might be right, Mom. It has been a very strange and exciting day. I have a lot to do before Mike gets here. See you later."

Shelly sat down in front her of dressing mirror. She brushed her hair twenty times, tweezed her eyebrows, and tried to find the right mix for her makeup. Nothing seemed to work tonight. Going light on the make up and dressing in her jeans, she looked in the mirror.

Satisfied she was dressed casually, she waited for Mike to arrive. She read her current movie magazine; anything heavier had become tedious. She was learning to think that intelligence detracted from her image. To be

dumb and beautiful was what she should aspire to be now. Being sexy was the key to her future.

Shelly awoke to someone yelling up the stairs, "Shelly, Mike is here." She must have fallen asleep. Her room was dark and she felt disjointed.

"I'll be right down," she yelled. Quickly brushing her hair and applying her lipstick, she rushed downstairs.

Amanda watched as Shelly came bounding down the stairs.

"Sorry, I must have fallen asleep. Mike, have you been waiting long?"

"No, I just got here a minute ago. You look like an angel. We had better be going, we have a lot to do tonight."

Shelly remembering she needed to show respect to her mother, said, "I promise to be in by 11:00 and I will call if there are problems. Love you." She kissed her and started to leave when Robert walked into the room. Shelly walked over, hugged him and kissed him on the lips. "Good night, Daddy, see you later. I promise I won't be late."

"Have fun, kids," Robert said as he opened the door for them to leave.

"I hope you like Ben's place," Mike told Shelly. "It has fast food, a pool hall, live music and a dance floor, lots of dark corners to disappear into."

"It sounds like a lot of fun. I would like to try all of it. I am famished, where do we eat?"

"Right this way, my lady," Mike said.

The place was crowded and there was only one table left; it was right in front. Shelly felt uncomfortable, but for Mike's sake she tolerated the hustle and bustle of the peo-

ple coming and going. "What would you like to eat?" Mike asked, presenting her with a menu."

"Ben's Surprise looks good," she said, "and a Coke please."

"Would you like to dance or play a game of pool while we wait?"

"I think I would like to play some pool, Mike. You're going to have to teach me, because I have never played it before."

"This is a cue stick, you hit the white ball and try to put one of these balls into one of these pockets. Watch me, I'll go first. Fifteen ball into that pocket," Mike said, pointing to the upper left one." She watched as he moved in a fluid motion, striking the cue ball into the fifteen ball, putting it into the corner pocket. "Now you try it."

She extracted the white ball and aimed it at the fourteen balls. She hit the twelve ball. "Good try," he said "Food's here."

"Next time I will try dancing, pool is too hard." Before her was Ben's surprise: two hamburger patties smothered with chili, a side salad, and the Coke.

"Eat hardy, me lady, your feast awaits," he said in a jesting manner.

"I didn't realize it would be so much food, Mike."

"I'll help you eat it. I didn't order anything because I knew it would be too much for you."

"Thank you, kind sir," she said as she proceeded to eat half of the Surprise.

"Shall we dance, Shelly?"

It was a slow dance and she leaned into him with her body. Her arms went around his neck and her head on his shoulder. She felt comfortable in his arms. She was safe

for the first time in a long time. "You said there were dark corners around here, stranger?"



"Follow me, princess," he said. The trigger word ignited a string of commands that forced her body into a sexual frenzy. It was all she could do to not take him right there on the floor.

"Shelly, you look sorta funny. Is there anything wrong?"

"Nothing that you can't fix, Michael." She closed the door behind her. Unzipping his pants, she pushed him down. Shelly had a task to complete. She fondled his penis and watched it enlarge. Then she sucked it dry.

What have I done? I have acted like a slut, a whore. I was out of control. "I'm sorry, Mike. I have no idea what got into me just now. I don't normally act that way and I'm ashamed. If you want to just take me home and never see me again, I understand."

"I know still water runs deep, but you have a river flowing through you. You have no reason to be ashamed of what you did tonight. I should have stopped you before you started your attack."

"I know how to act on a date, Michael, and what I did was out of line. It was indecent. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes I forgive you, if you will forgive me for enjoying it. I have never, ever felt like you made me feel tonight."

"Thank you for being so magnanimous. I have something to show you so sit back and enjoy the show." She removed her tee and bra to expose her breasts. "What do you think?" she said, cupping them in her hands for him to see.

"They are beautiful, Shelly."

"Would you like to play with them?"

"Can I, Shelly?"

“Of course, dummy. That was the reason I wanted to get you alone tonight. Enjoy them, my boyfriend. Make me come.”

Shelly felt him suck on her breasts and she felt the shivers all the way down to her pussy. She wanted more but realized that she should be happy with what she had. It would not be nice to be greedy, would it?

“Mike, I am sorry to break up the party but we have to get home before my parents send the police after us.”

Making sure everything was presentable they walked out of the room, suddenly aware that they had an audience. The crowd clapped and cheered as they walked to the front door.

“There goes my reputation,” Shelly said

“Actually that happens quiet often around there. Ben doesn’t encourage it, but it does keep his customers very happy.

“Shelly, I want to see you again, and not because of the promise of sex. I want to be with you because you are special. You want to go places and do things with your life. I need you in my life.”

“If you want to continue our relationship after all I have done tonight, I accept. I can’t promise that it won’t happen again but I will try to be more in control from now on.”

Taking her in his arms, he kissed her and held her. He felt his penis grow but ignored it. “Shelly, you make me the happiest man in the world.

“Good night, sweet dreams.”

“Can I drive you to school in the morning?”

“Yes Mike, I would like that.”

“See you then.”

Amanda called out, "Shelly, is that you?"

"Yes Mom, it's me."

"Did you have a good time, Shelly?" Amanda asked.

"I had a fantastic time. I learned a lot about myself and what I am capable of doing. Good night, I'll see you in the morning."

Taking a shower, Shelly inspected every inch of her body. She knew from her responses that something was amiss. She had knowledge a girl her age should not have. What triggered her response to practically rape Mike tonight? Why had she exposed herself and allowed Mike to explore her body like a prostitute?

Selecting her sexiest nightgown, she laid down to go to sleep. Shelly's dreams started quickly. She saw herself in a room with couches and electronic gizmos. She saw her mother and sisters with glasses and headphones on.

Then came her turn, but she was still a he. They placed the headphones on her head followed by the glasses. Soon she was in a room filled with men and women having sex. Shelly heard the words, "You like sex. It gives you pleasure. Once started, it cannot be stopped or controlled until you have completed the task. You will do anything to complete the sex act.

"This is oral copulation; otherwise known as a blow job. This is anal sex..." On and on the voice went until she felt comfortable with the sexual acts themselves.

Then came the dildos shaped like a male's genitals. For hour upon hour, Shelly practiced how to hold it and how to pleasure a man.

Now that she was a real female, she could have true sexual encounters. She saw herself having sex with a man over and over until she got it right.

"You have done well, Shelly. When you hear the word 'Princess,' you will take note of who you are with and follow their orders or suggestions," the voice concluded.

Shelly woke up in a sweat. Her dreams did not make sense. They were disjointed and frightening. She took a bath and soaked for hours in the pleasant water. Drying off, she admired herself in the mirror. She liked what she saw. She was beautiful. She was desirable. She was a girl. She needed to be perfect all the time.

Shaking her head, she saw her mother standing there, puzzled. "You have been standing there for five minutes, not moving a muscle. I tried calling you but got no response. I came up here to see you staring at yourself in the mirror. What is going on in that head of yours?"

"Last night I had very vivid dreams all night long. I could not shut them off. Now I can see fragments of them but they don't make sense. As I was standing here just now, it felt like I was being reprogrammed after suffering a mental crash. Something is going on in this house, Mother, something ugly.

"I am calling Robert 'Daddy' for God's sake. I don't even like the man. I was a boy once. I was happy and contented. Now I enjoy being a girl. Matter of fact, I get off on it.

"I am a perfectionist, Mother. I have to look perfect. If my grades drop below a B, I panic. My sexual appetite drives me to perform obscene acts at the drop of a hat.

"Ever since we have lived in this house, our lives have been turned upside down. I don't know what to do most of the time. I have voices in my head telling me what to do and when to do it. I like being a girl. Last night I wanted to rape Mike. I acted like a whore, or worse. What's wrong with me, Mother?"

"I don't know, Shelly. I can't answer your questions because there are times I feel like two different people inside. I would imagine that's what you feel like too.

"This house does things to people. It twists their minds around until they don't know who they are. It takes pride in corrupting the innocent. The more profound changes it can make in a person's life, the better. Look what has happened to you.

"I think its time we left this house and returned to the real world, Shelly. We will be gone before your sisters can get back from New York City."

Desmond listened to them and knew he had a problem. Casting his spell, they grew silent. He gave them peace and allowed their deviant virtues to take control once more. Slowly he brought them into balance. He felt the tranquility being restored to their bodies.

As if emerging from a dream, mother and daughter didn't miss a beat. "I pleased mike and he enjoyed it. Mother. I like being a girl. I am going to have so much fun."

Just then Shelly's phone rang. "Hi Mike. What another date, tonight?" She looked at her mother.

"Why not? Go for it, girl."

"Yes, I can, Mike. Seven it is, see you then."

"You don't have much time Shelly, its almost four now."

Shelly was feeling frisky as her programming clicked in. Deep inside her mind, the spell had created the perfect sexual being and Shelly was ready for anything.

After selecting just the right clothes, she showered and put on her makeup. She was ready for a night on the town. She heard, "Shelly, Mike's here" and almost ran down the stairs.

Her red dress left nothing to the imagination as she emerged at the top of the stairs. "That's quite an outfit," Mike said. I guess you are picking the place for dinner tonight."

"Thank you for that kind comment, kind sir."

He escorted her to the car and opened the door for her. "That's a hot dress, Shelly. I don't want to put you down but in some sections of town you would be arrested for just walking down the street in it"

"Robert and Mom bought it for me. I like it, it makes me feel sexy and hot. Besides, I don't see you complaining."

Gathering her courage, she said, "I have heard that there is a place over on the West Side that has the best of everything. It is out of the way and almost anything is permitted."

"If you really want to go there, we'll try it out. You can be very persuasive, Shelly. What's the name of it?"

"I think it's called Franks."

"I've heard of it. It doesn't have the best reputation, some of the people who hang out there are not the best of character."

"Nevertheless, that's where I want to go, Sir Galahad."

"Whatever you want, Shelly. Let's go."

The couple entered the dimly-lit interior and were whisked to a table. Shelly ordered a steak, rare, and a glass of wine.

Mike looked at her and said, "What if they card you, Shelly?"

"Look around you, dear boy. I look almost twice the age of some of the girls over there, so I don't think there is a big chance of that happening."

As they were eating dinner, the floor show started; they had front row seats. Shelly could not believe the costumes they wore. "Mike," she said over the band, "don't they feel any shame exposing their bodies like that?"

"Look at them. I'll bet all of them are twenty or under," he said."

"Do you think I would look good out there?"

"You would put them to shame but why would you want to expose yourself like that? It would be a crime. You have a different calling, I think."

Just then, a hot babe came close to their table. She rubbed her breasts on Mike's back. He blushed, she laughed and moved on.

Shelly smiled and said, "I bet you enjoyed that."

Just then the waitress brought drinks to their table. "Complements of the house," she said.

Shelly looked at Mike and he shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Beats me."

Looking around, Shelly tried to see who sent the drinks. Shelly took a sip and found it tasted really good. Sort of a sweet and sour mix. "Mike, I like this. How is yours?"

"OK, I guess, but I don't drink often."

As she drank the concoction, she began to feel funny, as if she was not really there. She put it down and another was put in its place. She felt empowered.

The dancers came out again and one of the girls pulled her onto the stage. It was as if she was born to dance. She was caught in the tide, swaying to and fro, this way and that. Shelly felt alive and glanced at Mike. A girl was in her seat, her hands under the table. She saw Shelly look-

ing at her. She smiled at her as if to say, "I have this under control, just enjoy yourself, girl."

After the song ended, Shelly returned to the table. The other girl said, "He's all yours, sweetums. He's primed and ready to go."

Shelly was given another drink and she slowly watched the room fade away.

Shelly awoke in a strange room full of naked women. She looked in the mirror and saw her face like she had never seen it before. It had a foreign look to it. She heard a man introduce her: "Let's have a big hand for the most beautiful girl in the world. It looks like you're on, Shelly my dear. Knock them dead, girl."

In a daze, she walked out on the runway and the music started. Her body went on automatic as she strutted the length of the space. Using the pole on stage, she did three spins and then proceeded to strip in front of these strangers.

She saw Robert and her mother in the audience. Part of her wanted to run and hide, while another wanted to make them proud of her.

She collected her money and returned to the dressing room where she was given a transparent covering to hide her naked body. "Table 3 wants you to see them," she was told

At Table 3 sat Robert and her mother. She felt embarrassed and her cheeks were a flaming red.

"That's OK, Shelly, you should have seen me up there my first time. You were great. If you want, we can get the video so you can see yourself. It's a trip."

"How did... you know where I was going tonight? I didn't even know."

“Easy,” Robert said, “I programmed you weeks ago. You watched the floor shows and the strippers over and over until you knew the act by heart.

“I triggered the command while you were dressing for your date. I even told you what to wear tonight. You don’t think we bought that dress on a whim, do you?”

“You were perfect, my dearest Shelly. I could not ask more from my own daughter. Whether you know it or not, I am madly in love with you mother. You are what I would call a free spirit.” Shelly was led to a back room and they made love to her over and over until she blacked out.

Shelly woke up in a room with Mike looking at her with a questioning look. She was naked and she smelled of sex. “What happened, Mike?”

“I guess we got out of hand while we were drunk?”

“What do you remember?”

“Not a lot. I remember dancing on stage and stripping in front of you with forty ugly men looking at me. I remember a room and some hot sex.”

“Do you know what time it is?”

“3 AM. I think I should get you home. There are likely to be some fireworks.”

Mike walked her to the door and Amanda opened the door as they were kissing. “It’s about time, young lovers.”

Mike said, “Sorry, Mrs. Blake. I know this looks bad, but there were extenuating circumstances. It won’t happen again.”

“I know that, dear. Go on home. We’ll talk about it later.”

Closing the door, Mandy looked at Shelly. “What do you have to say for yourself, young lady?”

"We went to the wrong place last night and we got drunk. I have no excuse, Mother."

"We all make mistakes, dear. I hope you have learned your lesson."

"Yes, Mother."

"Go to bed, Shelly. I'll call the school and have Amy pick up your homework for today."

"Thank you, Mom. Good night." She gave her mother a hug and went to bed, exhausted.

Thoughts flooded her mind as she tried to make sense of the last two days. Her life was in turmoil and any logical resolution to her problems seemed light years away. She couldn't trust herself anymore around anyone, it didn't matter if they were male or female. Yet in a strange way, she had a feeling of security.

There was something missing from the puzzle of her life. She tried to think of a time when she wasn't a prisoner of her sexual needs.

I need to get dressed and see Janice, she thought.

Shelly walked to the mall. She had dressed special this day. She wanted to feel sexy and she took special care to create a beautiful look.

She found Janice standing outside her shop. She was dressed in a one piece miniskirt and matching shoes.

Without a moment's hesitation, Shelly wrapped her arms around her neck and kissed her passionately. "Can we go in your back room?"

"Shelly, what a surprise. I suppose so; I have some one coming at three."

"Great."

Shelly literally dragged her to the room. "I had a sudden urge to see you once more. I could not ignore it. I

need you. Make love to me and make me feel female again."

Somewhat later, satiated, Shelly followed Janice to the front desk. "Thank you so much for seeing me on such a short notice Janice. You are a lifesaver." Resisting the need to kiss her, she hugged her and whispered, "I like having sex with you. I feel safe. Thank you."

She was nowhere closer to the answers she was seeking. There had to be an answer out there, something for her to grasp for her mental peace.

Walking into the house she found it deserted. She had been left behind. She felt compelled to get a book to read. Entering the library, she found a book by Abigail Johnson, titled "My Life and Times". Somehow she felt the woman who wrote the pages was sitting next to her.

Abigail looked at the child. She looked so frail and helpless. A hundred years had passed since she could remember sympathizing for the kind of torment this little one was feeling.

Desmond had taken her in her prime. He had twisted any feelings she had and converted them to the obscene and morally depraved. She had watched and helped to destroy her children one-by-one to serve the House.

Now here was this little one on the cusp. She was on that edge where she could still possibly be saved from a life of sexual depravity.

From her inner depths Abigail called upon a power stronger than Desmond, or his Master. She had once followed the man called Jesus Christ, before she was turned by Evil.

"Lord, if you can still hear me after all I have done, hear me now. I know I am unsalvageable, but I pray that

you take pity upon this person. She needs your loving comfort and protection.”

Amanda, even in her drugged state, felt the force; she saw her daughter and felt her torment. The pain was overwhelming as she went to sleep. Then she felt something working in their lives. There was hope in the midst of the despair they were suffering.

Amanda realized that they could not live like this. Theirs was a life of sexual slavery. Her body had become used to excessive sex and now demanded it.

Now a new feeling came over her, one of confrontation with the past and a renewal. She had watched her son be transformed into a beautiful girl. She had not only allowed it but encouraged it. She was as bad as Robert, if not worse.

Horror now replaced the Guilt she felt for what she had done to her family. She now had to deal with the fact that her inaction and addiction had led to the enslavement of her entire family to this family and this House.

What Robert had said at the beginning was true. The House and its Demon leader, Desmond, were in control of all of their lives. There was no free will and they were prisoners of the Devil’s House.

She remembered David as he cried out in his torment and his words gave her solace. “Lord, do not condemn me in your anger, or punish me in your fury. Be merciful to me. My bones are shaken and my soul quivers in dismay. Set my soul free and deliver me for your love’s sake. I am weary and my pillow is wet with tears.”

She called out to the Lord and said, “Lord, once I knew you and I had a life in you. That carried me through the toughest of times. Now I am ashamed and horrified at what I have done to myself and my family. I don’t know

if you can hear me, Jesus, but if you can, help us in hour of need."

As Shelly went to sleep that night, she felt very different. She felt content and free. Her once troubled sleep shifted and she watched the events of the last two days slip away.

Jesus had watched her twist and turn from the pain and suffering caused by this house and it made Him wince. Now He reached out and touched her.

Shelly felt something touch her mind. She felt comforted as it said, "Shelly, you are beautiful and intelligent. You are worth more than these people who would trade you like property. Sleep, my dear girl, sleep."

What was done could not be reversed; Shelly would always be what she had been turned into but from now on, she would be allowed to be normal.

The House screamed as a power stronger than any it had ever felt shook its foundation. Desmond knew that the power of love could defeat any evil, even his. All was lost and the Lord God Almighty had won. Conceding defeat, Desmond gave up.

Still holding the knocker in her hand, Amanda let go of the Phallus and looked at her children. She realized that something had changed radically in her world. Turning around and walking back to the car, she didn't say a word.

"We are going to look for a new home somewhere else, children."

Amanda thanked God for the dreams she had had. She thanked the Lord, knowing only He could have saved

from what awaited them in that house. The dreams and nightmares of what awaited her in that house had been a warning from Jesus. Had they ignored them, their lives would have been made a living hell.

Robert watched, confused and perplexed, as they turned and walked away. As they drove off, it was all he could do to rationalize what had just happened. They were so close but there had been an intervention from somewhere.

Shelly looked at her mother and said, "Thank you for not going inside. You don't know the nightmares I have had the last few days. In them my life was turned upside down and you were changed into a horrible sex-crazed woman."

"I thought that I was the only one suffering from the persistent nightmares. Why didn't you say anything, Shelly dear?"

"I thought you would think I was crazy if I told you what I saw."

"I wasn't aware of your dreams, Shelly. I had my own to contend with, and they were bad enough. As I was standing there, I felt Jesus talking to me. I knew that to proceed was to place all of you and myself in mortal danger."

Composing herself, Shelly's mother said, "OK guys, what is the next address on our list?"

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